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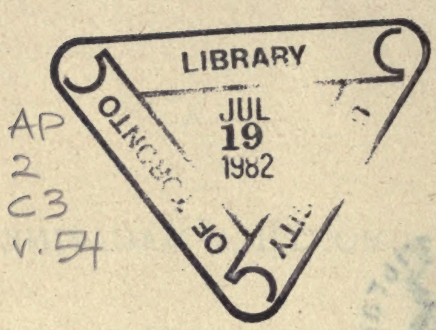

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THE

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THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE archæologist is one who studies the past history, the existing state, the form, uses, and meaning of ancient things, who explains the origin and purpose of buildings, monuments, inscriptions, coins, medals, vases, instruments, and in general, if we may use the word, of all the *materia* which by gradual accumulation has been preserved in a bodily shape, and is known collectively by the name of Antiquities. With the revival of letters in the fifteenth and the renaissance of art in the sixteenth century an immense enthusiasm was excited for the discovery, study, and preservation of Greek and Roman pagan antiquities, which alone were styled classical. The learned men of that great age did not give their attention to, but rather disdained, the subject of Christian antiquities. Poggio Bracciolini, for many years an apostolic secretary, turning his thoughts

> "To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
> Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
> Mournfully rolls" (Dyer "Ruins of Rome"),

made excavations at Ostia, since so fruitful a soil of Christian discoveries, and in the Campagna around Rome, without one gleam of knowledge or a single thought of the inestimable treasures of ancient Christianity which lay around him and beneath his feet in the subterranean cemeteries of the early Christians, being solely occupied with searching for such miserable remains of fallen empire as might serve to contrast the latter state of Rome with her former magnificence. Even the honorable and important office under the Papal government of com-

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missioner of antiquities, a charge instituted by Pope Paul III. in 1534, and first conferred upon the celebrated Latino Manetti, is chiefly if not exclusively directed to the care and preservation of monuments of profane archæology. The pagan grandeur of Rome seized on men's minds, at this period, with a perfect frenzy: and there exists an original letter in the Vatican archives from Raphael Sanzio, the great architect and painter, to his patron Leo X., concerning that pope's design of a systematic restoration of the classical monuments of the city. It was on this occasion that some one wrote, in anticipation of such an event—made impossible, however, by the premature death of both artist and pontiff—an enthusiastic epigram:

> "Tot proceres Romam, tam longa struxerat actas
> Totque hostes et tot sæcula diruerant;
> Nunc Romam in Româ quærit—reperitque Raphael"—

which may be rendered:

> Tyrants and Fire and Time have crushed the "Imperial City":
> A thousand years have passed and shown to her no pity;
> Now Raphael Rome, in Roman ruin, seeks:
> Finds, and restores her loss in fewer weeks.

Hallam, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, says of this prejudice for antiquity: "The tide of public opinion had hitherto set regularly in one direction; ancient times, ancient learning, ancient wisdom and virtue, were regarded with unqualified veneration; the very course of nature was hardly believed to be the same, and a common degeneracy was thought to have overspread the earth and its inhabitants" (iii. p. 459). Thus was engendered in the minds of more reasonable men a prejudice against the study of archæology; isolation too and want of experience making its followers often more bookish than learned, and forcing them into a ridiculous pedantry such as is so humorously described in Scott's *Antiquary;* for a fanatical lover of the antique *per se* is less a genuine antiquary than a mere *antiquitarian*, such an one as is justly placed by Milton in the first rank of the three great hinderers of progress, for, as Bacon says in his essay on *Innovations:* "They that reverence too much Old Times are but a scorne to the New." This, however, should be understood only of an extravagant devotion to antiquity; because archæology, which is the study of antiquities, is of its very nature one of the most respectable and agreeable studies: one especially adapted to men of scholarly leisure and of letters, who are instinctively men of conservative ideas,

searching the past for a key to the present. It excites the imagination and elevates the mind beyond the ken of material objects, and justifies the remark of Doctor Johnson in his reflections among the ruins of Iona: "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." This is also well expressed by the late lamented Monsieur de Caumont in his famous *Cours d'Antiquités*, as quoted by Professor Reussens, of the University of Louvain, in the introduction to the first volume of his *Éléments d'Archéologie Chrétienne.*

"There is," he says, "a powerful attraction, a source of deep emotions in the remains of generations that have passed away. It is pleasant to withdraw one's self from the present day and, going back to remote ages, to enter into the lives and thoughts of those who then lived. It is an illusion, easier felt than expressed; but perfectly well understood by men endowed with the imaginative faculty."

On the last day of May, in the year 1578, some laborers who were digging in a vineyard on the Via Salaria, about two miles beyond the walls of Rome, happened to break into a gallery of graves, ornamented with Christian paintings, with Greek and Latin inscriptions, and with two or three sculptured stone coffins, called *sarcophagi.* Such a discovery at once attracted universal attention, and persons of all classes and of every nationality in the city flocked to see it. "Rome was amazed," says a contemporary author, "at finding that she had other cities, unknown to her, concealed beneath her own suburbs, beginning now to understand what she had before only heard or read of," and, we may add, had heard but vaguely and had read of in very scanty notices. With this important discovery dawned the propitious era of Christian Archæology. The learned Baronius was then engaged upon his immense work, the *Ecclesiastical Annals;* he made repeated visits to the scene of this subterranean revelation, and in more than one page of his volumes he shows the warmth of his interest in the new discovery, and his just appreciation of its importance. We can hardly conceive of a more signal vindication of the church's traditions; nor a more consoling spectacle for a devout Catholic, mourning over the schisms and heresies of those unhappy times; nor a more striking commentary on the Divine Word: "They shall fight against thee, and shall not prevail; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee" (Jeremias, i. 19). It was doubtless a provident-

tial circumstance that just about the time when the Protestant Reformers, tired of revolutions and religious wars, had persuaded their learned men to engage in calmer controversy and appeal directly to primitive doctrines and institutions, the Roman Catacombs revealed their long hidden and neglected treasures, and that remains of every kind of early Christian art now found an honorable place in private cabinets and in public museums; and that Christian archæology occupied a large share of the attention of honest and erudite men. We may here (despoiling, as it were, the Egyptians) apply the splendid words of the *Areopagitica:*

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

From the inexhaustible mine of the Roman Catacombs have since this period been drawn that multitudinous collection of Christian antiquities and early inscriptions which, with so much taste and with such skill and art, were, by order of Pope Pius VII., placed on one side of the long corridors leading to the Vatican library and facing an equally multitudinous collection of pagan inscriptions and antiquities. This juxtaposition is interesting and triumphant. I would not venture to use my own words to describe the effect when we have in those of the late Cardinal Wiseman such an animated description as the following:

"You walk along an avenue, one side adorned by the stately and mature, or even decaying, memorials of heathen dominion; the other by the young and growing and vigorous monuments of early Christian culture. There they stand face to face, as if in hostile array, about to begin a battle long since fought and won. On the right may be read laudatory epitaphs of men whose families were conspicuous in republican Rome, long inscriptions descriptive of the victories and commemorative of the titles of Nerva or Trajan; then dedications to deities, announcements of their feasts, or fairs in their honor; and an endless variety of edicts, descriptions of property, sacred and domestic, and sepulchral monuments. The great business of a mighty empire still in glory, military, administrative, religious, and social, stands catalogued on the wall. What can ever take its place? And the outward form itself exhibits stability and high civilization. These various records are inscribed with all the elegance

of an accomplished chisel, in straight lines and in bold uncial letters; with occasional ornaments or reliefs, that bespeak the sculptor, on blocks or slabs of valuable marbles, with a beauty of phrase that forms the scholar's envy. Opposite to these imperial monuments are arranged a multitude of irregular broken fragments of marble, picked up apparently here and there, on which are scratched, or crookedly carved, in a rude Latinity and inaccurate orthography, short and simple notes, not of living achievements, but of deaths and burials. There are no sounding titles, no boastful pretensions. This is to a 'sweet' wife, that to 'a most innocent' child, a third to 'a well-deserving' friend. If the other side records victories, this only speaks of losses; if that roars out war, this murmurs only soft peace; if that adorns with military trophies, this illuminates with scourges and pincers; the one may perhaps surmount with the soaring eagle, the other crowns with the olive-bearing dove. Here are two antagonistic races, speaking in their monuments, like the front lines of two embattled armies, about to close in earnest and decisive battle: the strong one, that lived upon and over the earth and thrust its rival beneath it, then slept secure, like Jupiter above the buried Titans; and the weak and contemptible one, that burrowed below, and dug its long and deep mines, and buried its dead in them, almost under the palaces whence issued decrees for its extermination, and the amphitheatres to which it was dragged up from its caverns to fight with wild beasts. At length the mines were sprung, and heathenism tottered, fell and crashed, like Dagon, on its own pavements. And through the rents and fissures basilicas started up from their concealment below, cast in moulds of hardened sand, unseen in these depths; altar and chancel, roof and pavement, baptistery and pontifical chair, up they rose in brick and marble, wood or bronze, what they had been in friable sandstone below. A new empire; new laws; a new civilization, a new art; a new learning, a new morality, covered the space occupied by the monuments to which the inscriptions opposite belonged" (*Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, page 155).

It was standing in this long and magnificent vestibule of the Museo Pio-Clementino that we were first most strongly impressed with the fascinating interest of the study of Christian antiquities, in which are seen the earliest expressions of our faith and the earliest origin of our religious practices; and we at once perceived its greater importance over that of heathen antiquities, which may, indeed, amuse a leisure hour, satisfy a passing curiosity, or open the mind to a clearer understanding of obscure passages in the works of classical authors; but can have otherwise no practical utility. Truly the words of that old seventeenth century writer, Thomas Reinesius—the continuator of Gruter's enormous collection of Latin inscriptions—are well worth ponder-

ing: *Antiquitatis Christianæ particula quæque, quâvis pagana est nobilior honoratiorque*—"The least fragment of an ancient Christian monument is nobler and more valuable than any remains whatsoever of pagan antiquity." It must be remembered, however, in this connection, that it is extremely difficult to give an interesting, or even a perfectly intelligible, course of Christian antiquities in a country in which we have not the very monuments themselves to refer to, and in which we cannot study the treasures contained in great collections; for, as the poet said, "That which we *hear* moves less than what we *see*."

Our weekly visits, during a long residence at Rome, to the Christian museums of the Vatican and the Lateran, under the guidance of the famous Visconti, and to the Kircherian Museum with its learned curator, Father Marchi, which used to be made by the pupils of these professors while still under the impression of their lectures, and the frequent examination, with the celebrated De Rossi, of the different catacombs around the city in which so many early monuments and inscriptions are still preserved *in situ*—delightful antiquarian excursions made doubly entertaining and instructive by the felicity of expression, the charm of language, the expert familiarity with their subjects possessed by these men of more than European reputation—constantly reminded us of what Doctor Johnson said of Percy, the author of the *Reliques:* "Percy's attention to poetry has given grace and splendor to his studies of antiquity. A mere antiquarian is a rugged being."

Christian archæology may be divided into two sections: 1st. The manners and customs of the early Christians—on which subject the celebrated Abbé Fleury published a short but elegant treatise in 1682, *Mœurs des Chrétiens;* and 2d. Their monuments. Under the first head are treated the peculiar traits and differences between the Christians and their neighbors in pagan society, in the eras of persecution, in periods of toleration, of partial liberty, and finally of open and exclusive protection on the part of the state. We learn their virtues, their trials, the calumnies directed against them, the various modes of torture employed against them; we learn to know their forms and the circumstances of private prayer and of public worship, in the houses of individuals, in subterranean recesses and other hiding-places, and finally in magnificent and imperial basilicas. We learn their special discipline, the liturgy of the sacrifice and the ritual of the sacraments; the hierarchy with its several grades and orders, the councils, religious associations, and the manner of meeting and

of opposing abuses, schisms, and heresies. We are led to study their institutions for fraternal assistance, such as alms-giving, collections, hospices, hospitals, the care of the sick and the abandoned; the education of the young: schools, libraries, and the occupations and professions which Christians could follow and those which they conscientiously rejected. We see their provisions for the passage of life: preparation of the dying, funeral services, sepulture. Under the second head (of monuments, namely) six principal subjects are usually embraced, and to these all others can be conveniently reduced. They are architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving, earthenware or pottery, and domestic or miscellaneous objects.

The utility, the importance, and the consequences of the study of Christian antiquities is very great. An old manuscript, or even a whole series and class of manuscripts, might have been mutilated in bad faith or altered through ignorance or the neglect of copyists; but the monuments, great and little, of Christian archæology could suffer no such treatment. They are now as they were then, and are irrefragable, although mute, witnesses of those very early ages of the Christian Church. Many converts were made by the study of Bosio's great and pioneer work on the Roman Catacombs; and I do not believe that any one can examine carefully and critically the testimony of Christian antiquities without becoming convinced that, as an historical fact, there is no essential matter of belief and of practice presently retained by the Catholic Church which was not also believed and practised by the early Christians. The late very learned and celebrated Italian theologian, Father Perrone, S.J., was so well aware of the importance of the appeal to antiquity as proving and illustrating continuity of faith and discipline, that he has a special chapter in the third volume of his work, entitled *Prælectiones Theologicæ*, on the singular proofs of Christian tradition then recently brought to light; devoting one section to the testimony of ancient inscriptions and the other to that of ancient paintings, sculptures, and engravings. But almost a century earlier another Jesuit, the Spaniard Father Gèner, published in six volumes the *Theologia Dogmatico-Scholastica, sacræ Antiquitatis Monumentis illustrata, Romæ*, 1767–1777. There is a notable instance in ecclesiastical history of a direct appeal to an old Christian monument in vindication of Catholic doctrine, when the mosaic over the arch of the church of Saint Mary Major, at Rome, made by order of Pope Sixtus III. (432–440), was cited at the second general Council of Nice, held in the year 787,

against the Iconoclasts, to prove the tradition concerning the worship of images. And I might mention here, as evidencing the proofs that can be drawn from Christian antiquities upon one of those much-disputed points between Catholics and non-Catholics, viz., the worship of Mary, the great use made of them in a remarkable work on the Blessed Virgin published by a Protestant firm at London in 1868, in which the author has given exact copies of extremely ancient paintings and sculptures, and has drawn in nineteen chapters Catholic evidence from Christian archæology.* So important has the study of Christian archæology come to be recognized that chairs of this subject have been successively established in some of the principal seminaries of Italy and of France—that of Milan being the first to endow such a professorship, in 1849—and in the famous University of Louvain, in Belgium.

I will now say a few words on the sources and the literature of Christian antiquities, because, as Dr. Johnson remarked, a great part of knowledge consists in knowing *where* knowledge is to be found. The most learned investigators of Christian antiquities have been in past times Ciaconius, a Spanish Dominican; Philip de Winghe, a Fleming; John L'Hureux, better known under the name of Macarius, a Frenchman; Anthony Bosio, a Maltese; and, to be brief and not specify their countries, Lucas Hostenius, Leo Allatius, Armighi, Fabretti, Boldetti, Bottari, the Marquis Maffei, Buonarotti, Marangoni, D'Agincourt, Father Lupi, and, in more recent times, Raoul-Rochette, Novaes, Father Marchi, Cardinal Pitra, Edmond Le Blant—whose specialty is epigraphy—De Richemont, Greppo, Barbet de Jouy, Allard, Franz Xaver Kraus, in Germany, and Northcote and Brownlow, in England, are the principal ones who have written on particular points or special subjects of Christian archæology.

It will be seen that the Italians and the French are those who have chiefly cultivated this science. Our dear and learned friends and teachers, Father Sarrucci, S.J., whose last and greatest work was the *History of Christian Art* during the first eight centuries of our era, in six volumes elephant folio, and the Commendatore John Baptist de Rossi, whose works on the Roman Catacombs, on the Christian inscriptions of the first five centuries, and on the ancient mosaics and tesselated pavements of the churches and basilicas of Rome are the principal monuments of his genius, stand apart from and above all other writers on the

* *The Woman Blessed by all Generations.* Rev. Raphael Melia, D.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

matter of which we treat, both for the special aptitude and skill that they have brought to this study, and for the advantages which they possess of having under their eyes the very latest discoveries of Christian archæology which have been made in Italy, France, Asia Minor, and Africa, which, strange as it may seem at first sight, although long a "dark continent" in every sense, has recently thrown a flood of light on the researches of Christian archæologists. An English scholar and divine, Joseph Bingham, published in ten volumes octavo, in 1722, his famous work entitled *Origines Christianæ; or, Antiquities of the Christian Church.* It was impossible that an Anglican of that age should not pervert the testimony of the past; and his work is worthless except for polemical purposes or as a literary curiosity. Pope Benedict XIV. somewhere remarks that we should not expect much profit out of our reading if we seek information from unsafe authorities, and Archbishop Dixon says, in his *Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures:* "It is not laudable to seek knowledge in all sorts of books. Water from the pure fountain is delicious to the weary traveller; but it is better to endure thirst than to drink of the poisonous stream." The publication of Bingham's *Antiquities* gave occasion to a celebrated Dominican, Thomas Mamacchi, to write his monumental work, in Latin, *Origines et Antiquitates Christianæ*, of which a new, enlarged, and more correct edition was issued at Rome, in six volumes, 1841–1851. The original and this later edition were published at the expense of two wealthy and scholarly South Americans: the Very Rev. Father Roselio, of Peru, having defrayed the expenses of the first edition, and his Excellency Mouttinho-Rima, Brazilian minister to the court of Rome, having been the Mæcenas of the second.

In approaching the study of Christian archæology we must remember that a knowledge of Latin is absolutely required, as the celebrated Stephen Morcelli insists in the preface to his work on Latin inscriptions, which is addressed *Cultoribus Antiquitatis.*

Robert Seton.

PUEBLA.

ONE of the most important cities in Mexico, and possibly the most attractive one, is Puebla de Zaragoza, as it is now officially styled, in memory of the Mexican general of that name, who here repulsed the French attack on the 5th of May, 1862. It is, however, better known as Puebla de los Angeles (the Angelic City), as it was called for three centuries and a half, and is still styled in common parlance. In this title is recalled the legend of its foundation, which is variously narrated by different chroniclers, who, however, agree in this: that in 1529 the Bishop Fray Julian Garces contemplated the foundation of a city hereabouts which should serve as a station between the coast and the capital, and should also gather together and usefully employ the vagrant Europeans wandering aimlessly about the country. The prelate saw in a vision two angels measuring the ground and laying out the future city. He shortly afterwards came to the spot which he recognized as that seen in his dream, and here the foundations of the town were laid in April, 1532, forty Spanish families forming its first inhabitants, the neighboring Indians aiding them by supplying materials with great readiness and good will.

At present Puebla is a clean, bright, and regular city of some seventy thousand souls, over one hundred miles south-east of the capital, and at an elevation of over seven thousand feet above the sea-level. Between the two cities tower the twin snow-clad volcanoes with impossible Aztec names, their summits full ten thousand feet above our heads. Two lines of rail, the Mexican and the Interoceanic connect Puebla with the coast and the capital; but it does not owe its importance to either of these, its prosperity being of old standing. If one arrives by the Mexican Railway's branch line from Apizaco, one alights at a commodious station; the Interoceanic is located in the old church of San Marcos, where the shrieks of locomotives have taken the place of mass-bells. The Mexican Southern, which starts from Puebla, is being rapidly constructed, and will traverse the rich State of Oaxaca. The consequence of all this railroading is that one meets a large number of English engineers and railway officials at the Hôtel Diligencias. The Universal is hard by, and should be inspected for its tasteful façade and its inner courts, gay in

embellishments of red, blue, and white tiles, arrayed in pleasing designs. This glazed tile-work is a feature of the place, and a stroll through the streets is a perpetual pleasure, delightfully decorated houses adorning every thoroughfare; whilst when viewed from an elevation the glistening domes of the numerous churches, red and yellow, white and blue, produce an effect of dazzling loveliness worthy of the *Arabian Nights*.

Some score of factories are situated in or near Puebla, and a concession has lately been granted for a railway to connect some of these with each other and the city. A factory in this country is not the prosaic, money-grinding mill of hideous aspect that one finds in Manchester; of course it is run for profit, but in an æsthetic country like Mexico a *fabrica* is nothing if unlovely, and fountains and fish-ponds, groves of evergreens and flower-gardens, act as a setting to the airy work-shops, where cotton goods or tiles, glass or soap, are manufactured.

Outside the city are a succession of quarries. Here is reaped the most abundant crop of the district; for the ribs of these mountains are formed of a dark, durable stone somewhat like blue basalt, of which the city and its beautiful palaces, temples, and mansions are constructed, and we see venturesome quarrymen, like Shetland bird-catchers or animated plummets, dangling at dizzy heights from the extremities of slender cords, and patiently with their crowbars detaching huge masses of rock from the flanks of the cliffs. Hereabouts is the Fort of Loreto, so called because it encloses the church, which a devout Indian of the last age erected in memory of his deliverance whilst belated on this spot in a terrific hurricane. Though this stronghold is recent, it has no value for defensive purposes; but a few soldiers still occupy the place. The church is in decay, as is also the penitential cobblestone road, over which pilgrims from the city used to reach the shrine, passing beneath a fine archway with representation of the Holy House of Loreto, surmounted by a figure of St. Michael, now all crumbling away. Half a mile off, and at a higher elevation, is the Fort of Guadalupe, which, like the others, has been constructed around an ancient pilgrimage church, or rather around its site, for the walls were employed to strengthen the earthworks hastily thrown up to defend the position, and little now remains to indicate its former position but the crypt, once used as a powder magazine; the chaplain's house, now occupied by a veteran of the war; and a ruined cloister, where lie a couple of dismounted cannon half a century old. The custodian conducted us from point to point of the fortress,

fighting the various sieges of Puebla over again—from the Mexican point of view, of course. And, indeed, the Mexicans may be excused for the fuss they annually make on the 5th of May, the second holiday of the year in point of dignity, when they vaunt the prowess of Zaragoza and his brave handful of followers, who here repulsed the attack of a superior French force. From a military point of view the achievement was inconsiderable, but this was the first occasion on which the national forces had succeeded in coping successfully with the sprightly Gallic chasseurs and zouaves, and it gave heart to the obstinate resistance of Juarez and his followers. The real battle of Puebla was that in April, 1867, when the present Mexican President stormed the works, considerably strengthened since the last assault, and captured not only the city but its French defenders.

The views to be obtained from the bastions of the fort well reward one for the dusty journey from town. Behind us tower the majestic volcanoes, with their glistening crowns of snow; to the right, beyond the hill of St. John with its sky-blue hacienda with arcaded façade, is the famous pyramid of Cholula, surmounted by the church of Los Remedios. At our feet lies the city, rectangular, compact, and gay in the many-hued tints of graceful campaniles and enamelled domes, relieved here and there by refreshing intervals of cool green foliage, restful to the eye and to the weary body; pleasant plazas and plazuelas, with seats and fountains and parterres of flowers. This is actually a socialistic people. A man with but a gaily-striped blanket and a packet of cigarettes is as affluent as an hidalgo of vast estates. He may lounge the livelong day in beautiful gardens, as much his as his neighbor's, chatting with his acquaintances, quizzing the passer-by, and enjoying *al-fresco* concerts of a high order. Where he takes his scanty meal or his nightly repose matters little; his life is beneath the blue vault of heaven, his days are serene, placid, and unambitious, and he regards the restless Yankee contractor or hurrying speculator much as did the old Russian count in the "Great Pink Pearl," muttering *sotto voce:* "These people have no repose." Albeit the dreams of the Pueblanos are rudely disturbed at four in the morning by the deep booming of the cathedral bell; others of lesser size then join the chorus, and a discordant clamor, inimical to slumber, ensues, the ecclesiastical authorities being evidently resolved on granting no peace to the wicked, and safety is alone to be found in meekly submitting and betaking one's self forthwith to the temple; but even here quiet is unobtainable, for therein is a huge wheel, pro-

vided with thirty or more tinkling *campanillas*, which the server revolves with a will at the Sanctus, Consecration, and priest's Communion. For thirsty peasants ample provision is made, and at intervals in the *portales* surrounding the plaza occur mounds of clay in which rest vast jars containing *pulque*, dispensed in pint measures by attendant Hebes to ragged *peones*. Much *pulque* is produced at the extensive *maguey* plantations in this district, the Lake of Apam being a centre of the industry. From Apam station a *pulque* train leaves daily for the capital, and dozens of the unshapely casks in which the Mexican cider is stored may be seen around, awaiting transportation. Over a Pueblan *pulqueria* we noted a rhyming legend to the effect that if only the Lake of Apam were filled with *pulque* instead of water heaven would be let down to earth. Another drinking den had as its sign "The great Temple of Bacchus," whilst a third cynically described itself in vast gilt letters as "The Sword of Satan." Shortly after reading this we saw a gentle peasant woman with infinite patience endeavoring to induce her staggering and bemuddled lord to accompany her homewards; she would probably have concurred in the appositeness of the saloon sign.

A more attractive Pueblan characteristic is the large number of ornaments exposed for sale in shops and at street-corners, carved from the lovely onyx quarried hard by. The mines are now in the hands of a foreign company and large quantities of this beautiful stone are exported. No one leaves Puebla without taking a memento in the shape of a paper-weight, fruit, or penholder of Puebla onyx, a fine assortment of which may be seen in a shop facing the Dominican church. In the cathedral the enormous holy-water stoups are of this material, as also are the three pulpits. Onyx is, in fact, to Puebla what ivory carving is to Dieppe and filigree jewelry to Malta. There are also other curiosities, stained basket-work, clay images and pottery. The guide book advising us of the excellence of Pueblan soap, we found some, after various inquiries, in a butcher's shop—of all places in the world!—joints of beef and pendent haunches alternating with symmetrically arranged saponaceous pyramids. It proved, however, to be a malodorous and uncanny compound; in fact, a gruesome and unctuous article.

The visitor to Puebla will be agreeably impressed by the universal kindliness and urbanity of its inhabitants. If he lounges under the spreading shade-trees of the *paseo*—the Rotten Row of the town—the odds are that some friendly citizen will engage him in conversation, point out various objects worthy of his at-

tention, and make him feel at home in the Angelic City. Several times the writer has been called back in Pueblan shops to take the balance of small change due him, and he has been asked a lower price for articles than he had expressed his willingness to give; and then the banquetings, the well-turned speeches, the bands, and the agreeable courtesies that one has encountered here on gala occasions—all these concur in making Puebla among the pleasantest of memories.

As might be supposed from the amiability of the citizens, Puebla is well provided with hospitals, asylums, and educational establishments, and the State College, which originated over a century ago under Jesuit management, has a large library, a well-furnished museum, and a strong professional staff. But the leading characteristic of Puebla is the number, beauty, and general interest of its temples, which are encountered at every turn. True, Mexican churches are now the property of the state; there is even a bill before Congress to let them out to the highest bidder; however, they are graceful monuments of the old order of things, and for the most part are yet employed for Christian worship. The cathedral of Puebla is the most attractive ecclesiastical edifice in Mexico, and stands on a paved platform elevated above the main plaza, and occupying the entire length of its southern side. Even the iron railings which separate this atrium from the square are a work of art, erected to the memory of Pope Pius IX., and comprehending a number of well-executed statues: the twelve apostles, doctors, saints, and the angels to whose initiative the city owns its origin. The church, which is over three hundred feet long by one hundred broad, dates from the commencement of the seventeenth century, and is constructed of the dark-blue stone from the neighboring quarries, having two western towers and a graceful central dome. The old tower contains the instruments of matutinal torture already mentioned, one ponderous bell scaling nigh on twenty thousand pounds. The interior of the cathedral is superb, and is being judiciously restored by a native artist. It is unfortunate that, the centre of the building being occupied by the choir after the Spanish fashion, a view of the entirety of the temple cannot be obtained. By this arrangement there is no nave, the choir being near the western entrance; this is connected with the high altar by the *crujia*, or railed-in gangway. The "main altar" in a Mexican cathedral is in reality a number of altars ranged around a central pyramid of rich marbles, adorned with statues and gilding, and tapering upwards to the roof. There are also

three pulpits, for the epistle, gospel, and sermon respectively, and beyond this, at the extreme east of the church, is the Lady Chapel, with marvellous paintings of the Assumption and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, the culminating glories of this museum of sacred treasures. In the choir a thorn from the crown of our Lord is kept in a shrine over the bishop's throne, and in the relic chapel are a number of precious remains of saints, statues of many of whom line the walls. In fine, it would require a treatise to do justice to the carving in wood and stone, in marble and onyx; to the rich metal-work in iron, brass, and silver; to the tapestry, the paintings, and the unique antiquities contained in this glorious temple.

The public services are here rendered with unusual pomp and solemnity, and at High Mass the very choristers are robed in golden copes. These offices are attended by crowds of devout worshippers, and family groups may frequently be seen scattered about the floors, the mother with her numerous brood, from the infant in arms to the lusty youngster from school; it is thus that Pueblan habits of piety are early formed. One morning we saw an aged woman leading a blind old priest to his confessional, in which, having safely deposited him, she knelt before him in the tribunal of penance; it recalled an expression of Victor Hugo's in *Les Misérables*, "Two weaknesses supporting each other." Notices are hung in the churches here, very properly, prohibiting women from wearing hats and bonnets in the sacred buildings; and the only time we remember to have seen this direction defied was when one of our own people, a lady, strode with her husband amidst the kneeling worshippers, chattering and laughing gaily. It is scarcely to be marvelled at that the inhabitants believe the English to be a nation of infidels, and it proved hard to convince an intelligent workman that there were churches in England. So to this it has finally arrived, that we have purified our national religion to that degree that to outsiders it is invisible in its unsullied, colorless aspect, whilst we in our restless peregrinations make merry over the obtrusive devotions of Catholic Belgians, who recite their prayers at the appointed hours in bazaar or market place as if they believed in the efficacy of such petitions, and were not ashamed of employing them.

In treating of the temples of Puebla one is overwhelmed by the mass of material to one's hand, and hardly knows where to begin. Let us take the churches of the four great religious orders which formerly labored for the spiritual and intellectual

well-being of the great Spanish dependency—the Jesuits and the Gray, Black, and White Friars. The church of the Jesuits, *La Compañia*, in its present form is two centuries old, replacing a former temple. It is a large, well-lighted building, with twin western towers and flying buttresses supporting the nave, an infrequent feature in Mexican architecture. The public pavement passes under the towers and portico, which can, however, be closed by iron gates. Internally there are fine holy-water stoups of onyx, stone statues of the apostles on the twelve Corinthian columns, and some excellent oil paintings. The numerous confessionals are inscribed with apposite extracts from the sacred Scriptures. The Jesuits conferred great benefits on learning in Mexico by their colleges, and their ancient buildings at Puebla, adjoining this church, are very extensive. They were occasionally dismissed from the country, regularly coming up again smiling after each knock-down blow. They were finally expelled in 1856, three years before the decree of Juarez which closed all the monasteries. However, they are back again in Puebla amongst other cities, and building, decoration, and the formation of libraries go on in spite of past experiences. The upshot of all this will be, that when the church has collected sufficient *impedimenta* to prove attractive the good old game of grab will recommence; the colleges will become police barracks or be appropriated by military leaders, and the books will join their predecessors on the shelves of the public libraries, where they will repose in peace, the perusal of the Latin and Greek fathers and of conciliar decrees being hardly attractive reading to the casual student. As to the monastic spoliation of three decades ago, one never hears it reprobated in Mexico by Catholic or Mason. Just one typical illustration taken at random: It is said that in the general scramble a dignitary of the epaulette secured the most valuable ecclesiastical estate in the Mexican capital, through which the handsome *Calle del cinco de Mayo* now runs, for the nominal consideration of fifteen hundred dollars. Not wishing to appear too prominently in the transaction, the warrior inscribed the property in the name of the lady of his choice, which faithless siren, secure of the booty, forthwith eloped with her mustachioed cavalier, an aide-de-camp to her elderly adorer. Moral: Let Catholic institutions in Mexico lease, not buy, buildings, and let the pious distribute their alms during their life-time, leaving an unendowed posterity to maintain in its turn its own establishments of mercy and learning.

It was natural that in a Spanish colony the Carmelites should

have held a prominent position, and in Mexico they constituted formerly the richest of all the religious orders, as may be readily verified by inspecting the glorious temples once pertaining to them to be found in every considerable town. The Carmen at Puebla is no exception to this rule, and with its great yellow dome forms a conspicuous object; it stands, however, in a poor quarter, presents a forlorn and deserted appearance, and is begirt with marvellous unsavory odors. *La Soledad*, hard by, though less pretentious, is more inviting, large sums having been lavished on its restoration and adornments; the *camarin*, or treasure room, is especially rich, and a picture of St. Teresa as a standard rose-tree, bearing a dozen full-blown flowers containing in their centres monks and nuns of her reform, is certainly an extraordinary genealogical conception of the old school of pictorial art.

The Dominicans had a handsome church on the opposite side of the city. It stands back from the street in a spacious court, and the suggestive dogs holding torches in their teeth may be seen on the walls. The nave is well proportioned but meanly frescoed, and the temple abounds in contrasts. In a Mexican church one makes instinctively for the north transept, and here one's researches are repaid by charming representations of the last two of the Glorious Mysteries, embedded in a gorgeous incrustation of golden churrigueresque adornments, two centuries old, which completely covers the walls.

San Francisco, the most interesting of the Pueblan temples, is the last to which we would conduct an unbeliever. Ordinarily the exterior is the main attraction of a Mexican fane, and the outside of the former church of the Franciscans never wearies the eye; especially is this true of the graceful and tapering tower, a landmark from every part of the city or surrounding country, reminding one of the cathedral tower at Antwerp. The church proper is all that now remains of this quondam vast establishment dedicated to its pristine purpose. Invalid soldiers occupy the cloister; the chapels of the *Santa Escuela* and the *Tercer Orden* (the holy school and the third order) are forlorn and deserted, and on festivals *picadores* and *matador* torment the *toros* in what was erstwhile the peaceful garden of the Gray Friars. The church occupies a commanding position, a large square fronting it, and beyond this is the new *paseo* with its promenades and seats, its ride and shade-trees, skirting the little Atoyac River. The façade of brick-work with white medallions, fascinating tile-work, and numerous saints never wearies, and

Saint Francis receiving the stigmata forms the central figure. Entering, one passes under an unusually flat arch supporting the choir loft, which, despite the misgivings it formerly occasioned, has endured over two centuries. The vast and lofty nave is still pleasing, notwithstanding the sinister frescoings of restorers who have done their worst. The choir is unchanged except for the inevitable ravages of time, and contains carvings and paintings of antiquarian interest. Much havoc is wrought in this country by insects, and we have seen a tottering wooden altar propped up by a pole, this support having crushed the soft, worm-eaten timber as if it were sponge; and, indeed, one might easily have picked the whole to pieces with one's fingers. To the right of the choir is the sacristy, remarkable for a lovely laver of tile-work, and many paintings interesting rather for their antiquity than for artistic merit. Many of them are from the old monastery and the dependent chapels now closed, and represent the "twelve apostles" of Mexico and other Franciscan worthies. But *the* attraction of the church is the chapel north of the nave formerly dedicated to Our Lady of Reparation (*Nuestra Señora de Remedios*). This image, however, has been kept in the tabernacle on the high altar for the last hundred years or more. It is not to be confounded with the still more famous image of the same name whose shrine is near the capital of the Republic, and which, being the especial patroness of the Spaniards during the revolutionary wars, was styled by the followers of the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe "*La Gachupina*" (the Spanish woman). Both these figures are of wood and about eight inches long; the latter was from Spain, but the Puebla one was a present from Cortez to an Indian chieftain.

We must avoid a tempting digression on these two images and return to the chapel, now dedicated to the Blessed Brother Sebastian of Aparicio, who was born in 1502 and lived on into the next century. He was one of the devoted band of Franciscans who did so much for the settlement of New Spain, driving ox-carts with mails from the coast to the capital and afterwards on the road to the north, and meeting with numerous perilous adventures. Many of these are depicted on the walls with explanatory and interjectional verses subscribed. The saint's youth was a succession of prodigies; thus, he is here represented as rescued from a flaming oven, from a mill-race, and from beneath a wagon wheel; and a wolf licks his sores. We now pass to scenes from his travels, as when his cart

falls over a bridge into the creek, out of which he leads the patient oxen, himself walking on the water. Then he reposes under an oak whilst around him are seated various wild beasts and equally ferocious Indians, the contents of the cart unmolested, and the oxen grazing unharmed. The three Franciscans from Ghent who arrived in 1523 were the first missionaries in the country; next year the "twelve apostles" arrived; the first bishop, who came four years later, was also a Franciscan, and to this order, which extended its missions even into Texas and California, where their ruins may still be seen, must primarily be attributed the conversion of the country. Their main house was in the centre of the capital, where much of it may still be seen; the refectory is now a livery stable, the garden forms the pleasaunce of the Hôtel Jardin, and the large group of churches is apportioned amidst various sectaries. Thus, the Baptists have put a glass roof over the *patio*, or inner court, of the monastery, where they hold some religious services; the Anglicans have ensconced themselves in one of the chapels, and the main church, forlorn and bare, has fallen to a coterie who on their notice-board style it "The Cathedral of the true Church of Jesus Christ in Mexico." The writer once with difficulty tempted a young Mexican into this profaned relic of a pious age, when, viewing its barren aspect, with nothing but a pulpit, chairs, and heaps of Bibles visible, the outraged Castilian exclaimed "*Muy feo*" (very hideous) in pious horror, and fled incontinently. However, amidst all this desecration a handsome Catholic temple has just been completed, an evidence that religion still survives in the land.

One is tempted to return to Puebla, where are a couple of score of interesting churches yet unnoticed, besides numerous other attractions. But enough has been already said, we hope, to convince the student of sacred art that without crossing the Atlantic he may find in this one city enough to occupy his attention during the whole period of his summer holiday.

CHARLES E. HODSON.

DR. A. WHITE ON ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S GIFT OF TONGUES.*

WE have animadverted on the manner of discussion followed by the writer in *The Popular Science Monthly*, who, reviewing, under the head of "New Chapters in Science," the miracles of St. Francis Xavier, passes over much of the subject in absolute silence. Even that which should appeal to the investigating talent of a modern scientist, as being within reach of verification—that is to say, the standing miracle of the saint's body remaining incorrupt at Goa in the year of grace 1891—fails to arrest his attention. As to what he does assume for apparent examination, he maintains still the policy of silence with respect to any evidence adduced. Neither does he adduce any for his own views. The intrinsic plausibility of a legendary evolution is demonstration enough. Its scientific prestige, we may suppose, lends to the light flippancy which makes up the body of his article an air of circumstantial evidence that invites no further inquiry.

Besides an appeal to his imagination, he has no remark to make about the juridical processes, which began three years after Xavier's death at Goa and were concluded seventy years later at Rome. After this latter date, 1622, the juridical evidence, in behalf of all the miracles on which the Roman courts chose to base the process of canonization, was within reach of biographers. New miracles, that is to say prodigies, of which the full records were now available, came to be placed at the service of history. Hence, in the edition of Tursellini, published five years after the canonization, we have this special advertisement on the title-page: "There are added, from the report made in secret consistory before His Holiness, Gregory XV., some miracles which are not in the Life" (Monacho, 1627). With regard to all this evidence, so distinct, judicial, and ample, the learned writer has no occasion to say so much as would give his simple readers the faintest inkling that evidence was ever taken, or that the records exist—yes, and exist even in books from which he would make us believe that he is quoting. I shall give a sample soon.

* This and the preceding article, "The *Popular Science Monthly* on the Miracles of St. Francis Xavier," in the August number of this magazine, are the continuation and conclusion of the series entitled "The Warfare of Science."

But I promised to vindicate the ex-president of Cornell University from the implied discredit which attaches to such manipulation of questions historical and scientific, and that under the head of "New Chapters in Science." The vindication is very easy. It consists in showing where all this novelty of science has been copied from. So that the errors are to be laid not at the doctor's door, but at that of his authorities. They are authors not of an accurate modern science, but of a somewhat old and now rather effete Protestantism.

In 1754 Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, published his *Criterion; or, Rules by which the true Miracles of the New Testament are distinguished from the spurious Miracles of Pagans and Papists.* The line of discussion followed by Dr. Douglas, and even his very phrases, are identical with those which we now read in the "New Chapters of Science."

In 1818 Dr. John Milner, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, wrote his celebrated work, *The End of Religious Controversy.* In treating the Notes of the True Church, he spoke of miracles; and, running down the long line of miraculous history in the Roman Catholic Church, he took special notice of St. Francis Xavier as one of the wonder-workers in these latter days.* In the course of the four years which followed the publication of this work, two persons in particular distinguished themselves by their efforts to refute Dr. Milner; one was the Bishop of St. David's, against whom the original work had been written; the other was a free lance, the Rev. Mr. Greer, vicar of Templebodane, chaplain to Earl Talbot, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. It may be highly interesting to the modern world, seventy years later than those days, to quote a page from Dr. Milner's subsequent vindication of his own work against these assailants. The page will show how new the "New Chapters" of modern science really are. And a remark which he appends, for the benefit of the effete Protestantism opposing him, will exhibit Dr. Milner's acute foresight in marking out precisely the line which deism and infidelity would follow when, at some future day, they would pick up and use the rusty tools of sectarian Christianity; just what we are witnessing in *The Popular Science Monthly*, 1891.

Thus Dr. Milner speaks:

"With his usual adroitness, the vicar skips over the countless and well-attested miracles of St. Bernard in the twelfth century, and of the other saints I have referred to, in order to

* Letter xxiii.

cavil at those of a holy personage whose name ought never to be mentioned by him without blushing. I speak of the great St. Francis Xaverius, the Apostle of the Indies. The plain case is this: the miracles of this wonderful missionary have been and are still celebrated throughout India, where he, by his personal labors under God, converted above a hundred thousand pagans to Christianity, as well as throughout Europe, ever since his death, in 1552; and they have always been, together with the miracles of the other saints, a grievous eye-sore to Protestant polemics. At length Dr. Douglas, the late learned and acute Bishop of Salisbury, wrote and published his *Criterion of Miracles* for the express purpose of disproving the miracles wrought in the Catholic Church, and of demonstrating that 'the miracles ascribed to Popish saints are forgeries of an age posterior to that they lay claim to.' In proof of this, he brings what he calls 'conclusive evidence that, during thirty-five years from the death of Xavier, his miracles had not been heard of. The evidence,' he says, 'I shall allege is that of Acosta (Joseph Acosta), who himself had been a missionary among the Indians. His work, *De Procuranda Indorum Salute*, was printed in 1589—that is, above thirty-seven years after the death of Xavier; and in it we find an express acknowledgment that *no miracles had ever been performed by missionaries among the Indians.* Acosta was himself a Jesuit, and therefore from his silence we may infer, unexceptionably, that between thirty and forty years had elapsed before Xavier's miracles were thought of.'"

Dr. Milner continues:

"This pretended *conclusive evidence* of the celebrated *Detector Douglas*, as he was called, has been echoed and re-echoed by the Rev. Le Mesurier, Hugh Farmer, Peter Roberts, and every Protestant writer on miracles, whom I have met with, down to the Rev. R. Greer, who, in again trumpeting it, sins against the *conviction* which the evidence of Dr. Douglas's error, contained in the *End of Controversy*, must have produced in him. In fact, I produced the commission of the King of Portugal to his viceroy in India, Don Francisco Baretto, dated May 28, 1556, within three years and four months from the death of the saint, in which the king charges him 'to take depositions upon oath, in all parts of India, concerning these miracles.' This fact refutes at once Dr. Douglas's conclusive evidence of their not being heard of for thirty-five years after the death of St. Xaverius. But, in the second place, I quoted the words of the identical Joseph Acosta, from the very work referred to by his lordship, in which he distinctly says this: 'Even in our own time miracles, too numerous to be counted, have taken place both in the East and the West Indies.' He afterwards says, speaking of 'the man of our age, *the blessed Master Francis*,' as St. Xaverius was called before his canonization: 'So many and such great signs are reported of him by many, and those proper witnesses, that hardly so many are reported of any one except the Apos-

tles.' I had long known that Bishop Douglas and his followers falsified the work of Acosta, but I wished to find the latter in some library of public access; at length I found it in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where I said it might be seen any day, by inquiring for it under the title which I set down. What excuse, I now ask, can the vicar devise for his deliberate prevarication, in continuing to assert that 'Acosta makes no mention of Xavier's miracles'? and that 'forty years elapsed after Xavier's death before his miracles were thought of'?"

On the next page, after dissecting another characteristic refutation of the Protestant apologist, Dr. Milner makes this acute forecast of the future:

"I appeal to your reflection, dear sir, whether after this manner a deist, or other infidel, would not be able to explain away every miracle mentioned in the Gospel as easily and as plausibly as the vicar does the supernatural events in question."*

So much for Dr. Milner, and the pedigree of these new "Chapters on the Warfare of Science." Where the Protestant bishop and the Protestant vicar have disappeared in due course into the innocuous past, we see now Dr. Milner's prediction fulfilled, and the deist and the infidel come on the stage to pick up and wield the rusty weapons of a sectarianism effete.

The subject-matter, to which these schools take exception, may be regarded very aptly under two aspects. In the first place, there is the general idea and conception of a process of canonization, as bearing upon the question of miracles. In the second place, there is the special subject, or Christian hero, who is brought before the competent courts with a view to canonization.

A general idea of the process of canonization may be conceived by a glance at one of the Roman courts. It is the "Congregation of Rites" which takes cognizance of these matters. This tribunal consists of divers cardinals, several officials, and many consultors, among whom are the three oldest judges of the most venerable court in Rome, that called the Rota. In particular, there is the official named the "promotor fidei," whose express duty it is to take exception to every and

* For all the references made in the foregoing, including those to Bishop Douglas's *Criterion*, see the places cited in Dr. Milner's books, of which American editions are in circulation, viz.: *The End of Controversy*, Letters xxiii. and xxiv. pages 162, etc., New York, Sadlier, 1843; and *A Vindication of the End of Religious Controversy*, Letter xxii. pages 173-6, Philadelphia, Cummiskey, 1825. There is also an interesting little *résumé* of the entire controversy added as an appendix, from the *London Catholic Miscellany*, to Bouhour's *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, pp. 441-450, Philadelphia, Cummiskey, 1841.

any element in the cause, if it affords the smallest room for exception. On any given cause there are primary meetings, then more formal preparatory meetings, then two general meetings a year, in presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. Only one case is treated in any such general assembly, and that only for the stage at which such case then may happen to be; and the stages are many. In the meantime the consultors study diligently all the informations, sent in by episcopal authority from those parts where the original testimonies have been taken regarding the servant of God; they study all the summaries, documents, regarding questions of fact and of right, the exceptions of the opposing advocate, the replies and rejoinders. They are bound to hear the verbal processes of proctors, advocates, and postulators of the cause. All are bound by oath to the strictest secrecy; nor can they receive any gifts or remuneration from parties interested in the progress of the cause. Such parties, belonging to a religious order or congregation, can have no part whatever in the deliberations pertaining to the process of canonization.*

There are two main courses of deliberation, one issuing in the question, whether the person is to be beatified; the other, later on, whether he is to be canonized. These courses are subdivided into the questions of his heroic virtue, of his miracles or his martyrdom, and finally of the determining point in each course, "whether it is safe to proceed to beatification, or canonization."

The idea and meaning of heroism in virtue is fixed with scientific and theological accuracy. It means that perfection of moral habitude which surpasses the ordinary endeavors and success of human nature, in practising, and in possessing itself of, such a moral habit of rectitude. This heroic degree must be proved with regard to the three theological virtues, as enumerated in the New Testament: faith, hope, and charity; and the charity must be established in its double significance of love of God and love of one's neighbor. In like manner are treated the four cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. These, though natural in themselves—that is to say, within the competency of human nature—must be shown, in the present subject, to have been practised in the higher order of Christian perfection, and to have reached the heroic degree of the same. In like manner, all the exercises of a Christian life pass under review. They are prayer, the use of the sacraments, the most perfect self-abnegation in all its forms;

* Bouix, *Tractatus de Curia Romana*, pars ii. c. 5.

and the most genuine self-disinterestedness with regard to anything like self-seeking, vanity, boasting, a most subtle vice of the human compound, and one so utterly remote from the intelligence of the carnal mind, that we see critics argue against the miracles of St. Francis Xavier, because "no account of a miracle wrought by him appears in his own letters," and because "he blushed deeply" when "one of his brethren asked him one day if he had raised the dead"! It is not, indeed, true that St. Francis makes no mention of miracles wrought through his merits.* But the saint, as becomes him, refers the merit of all to "the faith and piety of these children and others." Ah! the writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* might exclaim, there is "Xavier's own account"! Exactly! And it is very necessary that it should have been so, if in subsequent times there was ever question of his canonization.

Supposing that all these points separately, and on their own merits, have been satisfactorily determined, as establishing the heroic virtues of a servant of God, now it is in order for the court to take cognizance of such other gifts as may have been attributed to the proposed saint. Really, only one more element is necessary, for the intent and effect of canonization. That is the seal of God upon his saint, by miracles wrought through his intercession after death. The purpose of this inquiry is to ascertain whether the person died in the grace of God, enjoying the gift of final perseverance, thereby reaching heaven, and therefore remaining for ever a friend of God. The church does not want to honor one, however great he may have been in life, who may, after all, have lost his soul. Nor will God honor such a one with miraculous signs after death. Hence such miracles are required and must be proved, as having been wrought through the intercession of the servant of God.

All these requirements being fulfilled, nothing more is necessary for canonization. But if it is claimed that the saint worked miracles even during his life, these have to be examined, as any thing and every thing else concerning him must be investigated, that on every point his character and life may be seen through and dissected.

As to the *prima facie* trustworthiness of these Roman processes, it will not escape the notice of any one who is at all acquainted with the elements of European history that all the jurisprudence and legal practice of our civilization descend, not merely from the practice and principles of Roman common law,

* Coleridge, vol. i. p. 154, one of the pages quoted by Dr. White!

but from that law as preserved, practised, and presided over by the Catholic Church and her ecclesiastical authorities, whereof the centre and type have always been the traditional methods and canons of Papal Rome. Her canons, in principle and practice, shaped the jurisprudence which we have to-day. Nor does this seminary of legality altogether resemble in its ways many of the restless young scions, the wavering and spasmodic legal codes and systems, which have come into existence a long way down in the line of descent. Modifications in the methods of Rome are considered recent when we count their age by only two or three centuries, so utterly out of her way is it to act under the passing bias of political or other pressure. And as to some judicial methods and styles of criticism, which have had no part in her and are elsewhere in vogue, she presents the very antithesis to them. I need only refer to this method of criticism which we have before our eyes. A man takes exception to all Roman processes in general, not by any intelligent or intelligible objection, but by this observation, which I have already quoted: "For some very thoughtful remarks as to the worthlessness of the testimony to miracles presented during the canonization proceedings at Rome, see Maury, *Legendes Pieuses.*" *

The miraculous gifts attributed to a saint may be ranged under the heads of infused wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, miraculous works, prophetic announcements; the discernment of spirits, the gift of tongues, the interpretation of speeches, transports, ecstasies, raptures, visions, apparitions, and revelations. Perhaps none of these were wanting to Xavier. Only some specimens were selected by Rome. One of those selected supplies the writer in *The Popular Science Monthly* with his most triumphant refutation of the miracles, as a whole; and is expected to afford us the most brilliant proof of his own evolution, which, if true, would be almost as miraculous as anything adduced for Xavier. For, morally speaking, it would indeed be marvellous that such a history as his, defying as it does natural laws, should have grown up about him, while he was alive and active among men, without any adequate facts on which to rest it.

Says the doctor: "Perhaps the best illustration of this evolution of miracles in Xavier's case is to be found in the growth of another legend; and it is especially instructive, because it grew

* Dr. A. D. White, ex-president of Cornell University, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1891, p. 12, at the end of a long note, which for its erudition and other critical qualities is about as oblique-looking as this remark.

luxuriantly despite the fact that it is utterly contradicted in all parts of Xavier's writings." Here we see what a feast of reason the doctor is preparing in the refutation of this splendid legend. It is indeed his best. He devotes nearly two pages to it. His whole argument upon the subject is contained in the following eleven lines; which, however, as the reader will observe, contain the expression of only one idea, that Xavier encountered an immense difficulty in the multiplicity of languages which the multitude of peoples and tribes spoke. The doctor's words are:

"Throughout his letters, from first to last, Xavier constantly dwells upon his difficulties with the various languages of the different tribes among whom he went. He tells us how he surmounted these difficulties; sometimes by learning just enough of a language to translate into it some of the main church formulas; sometimes by getting the help of others to patch together some pious teaching to be learned by rote; sometimes by employing interpreters; and sometimes by a mixture of various dialects and by signs. On one occasion he tells us that a very serious difficulty arose, and that his voyage to China was delayed because, among other things, the interpreter he had engaged had failed to meet him."

This is the entire argument of the doctor to disprove Xavier's gift of tongues. The rest of the two pages is taken up with some cynicism, and with quotations from Bouhours, Tursellini, and Coleridge. This is a cheap science, and a cheaper logic.

His argument is this: Xavier's letters inform us throughout that naturally he did not know the languages of the people whom he encountered and that he helped himself as best he could. Therefore the doctor draws this conclusion: that Xavier's possessing the gift of tongues is "utterly contradicted in all parts of Xavier's writings." To which argument the obvious rejoinder is this: that, as Xavier's letters inform us of the constant difficulties which he met with in the multitude of languages, and of the way he helped himself as best he could, therefore he is just in the condition for receiving the gift of tongues or the very special help of God. Did he receive it or not? That is the question. And that is a question of evidence. The doctor keeps clear of the evidence. He quotes Father Coleridge for the assertion that Xavier had the gift.* On the same page Father Coleridge refers the reader to the evidence in a note on another page. That reference and note the doctor

* Vol. i. p. 173.

does not see. So the doctor's argument keeps clear of the point, and his eye keeps clear of the evidence.

Nay, he is singularly novel in his original wealth of argument. We took occasion before to show how his article is a museum of the rusty tools of a century ago, from Dr. Douglas's performance on through the line of polemical writers who have chanted the same refrain. On this occasion the writer of "New Chapters in Science" surpasses himself. He goes back, not one century to Anglican theologians, but three centuries to a Roman theologian! Albeit, in both exploits he seems to be equally innocent. Let us listen to this same argument from Jacob Picenino, as Lambertini, afterwards Benedict XIV., cites him:

In his treatise on the *Beatification and Canonization of Saints* Benedict XIV. speaks in these terms: "Among the letters of St. Francis Xavier, published by Father Horace Tursellini after the saint's life, is one in which he speaks thus of himself: 'God grant that we may as soon as possible learn the language of Japan, in order to make known the divine mysteries; then we shall zealously prosecute our Christian work. For now we are among them like a mute statue. For they speak and discuss much about us; but we are silent, ignorant of the language of the country. At present we are become a child again to learn the elements of this language.' Jacob Picenino infers from these words," continues Benedict XIV., "that he was not endowed with the gift of tongues. But Cardinal Gotti vigorously refutes him; for the saint at one time might not have been able to speak languages, and afterwards might have received from God the gift of tongues; as was the case with the Apostles, upon whom the gift of tongues was divinely bestowed, not immediately when they were called to the apostolate, but when the Holy Ghost descended upon them."*

Moreover, as Doctor Milner observed seventy years ago, none of the biographers of St. Francis have ascribed to him a constant or habitual exercise of the gift of tongues. The writers of his life mention that it was communicated to him for the first time in one of his missions at Travancor, and afterwards at Amanguci, and on some other occasions.

And, as Father Coleridge observes, in 1872, and on the same page which the legendary evolutionist cites, but which, if he sees it, he reads in a singularly discriminating fashion:

"We may add that no one, as far as we know, has ever supposed that the Apostles and their companions became necessarily possessed of all the different dialects enumerated by the

* Benedict XIV., *On Heroic Virtue*, vol. iii. p. 225; New York and London, 1852, Oratorian Series.

sacred historian, in such a manner as to have them at their command for all the purposes of life, so as to have been able to read or write them, to compose books or catechisms in them, or to be in any way independent, where the particular occasions for the miraculous gifts ceased, of the ordinary difficulties in intercourse with persons of different nations which are the results of the confusion of tongues. No one has ever supposed that, because St. Peter or St. Paul raised Tabitha or Eutychus to life, either of those Apostles had the power of raising every dead person they met with, or of preserving themselves from the natural doom of death, etc. . . ."*

And, finally, to quote again from one of the authors who, according to Dr. White, is altogether too early to exhibit the evolved stage of Xavier's miracles, Tursellini himself, who had not the use of all the evidence used for the canonization, notes particularly, among the sixty-odd miracles recorded by him, one which is an exercise of the gift of tongues, though this one in particular seems not to have been selected by the Roman courts. It is that of Xavier's satisfying with one answer the obtrusive questions of a number of insolent interrogators, who were putting questions without order, and at the same time, on the most diverse subjects. This was at Amanguci, in the intellectual tournaments to which the saint was subjected while preaching to the Japanese.†

So much for the various logical errors committed by the critic when putting forth his most brilliant demonstration, that against Xavier's possessing the gift of tongues. It is now in place to describe the gift on its own merits, and to give the evidence:

"If the advocates of a proposed saint's cause," says Benedict XIV., "maintain that he had the gift of tongues, or, in other words, knew diverse tongues in a divine way, it will be necessary for them to show that he never studied these languages in a way to account for his possessing them, and that he appeared of a sudden skilled therein, and spoke them readily, as occasion offered. If the advocates maintain that the servant of God, speaking one language only, was heard by many in different languages, as if he were speaking in their own, it is necessary to bring forward witnesses to say that they heard him speak in their own language, as, for instance, Latin or Italian; and others, also, of different nations to say that they at the same time heard him speak in their own tongue, namely, Germans in German, Spaniards in Spanish, Frenchmen in French, Englishmen in English, and so of others: and besides, all must agree in the subject which the servant of God was speaking of."‡

* Coleridge, vol. i. p. 172. † Tursellini, book vi. ch. 2.
‡ Benedict XIV., ibid. p. 226-7.

Here, then, are two points legally set down for the examination of the gift. The first is, that it must be shown to have been impossible for the servant of God to have known the languages in any merely natural way. This is obvious in the case of St. Francis Xavier. It would appear that he preached to as many as thirty different nations, or tribes, with different dialects.* He spent only ten years in the Indies; and all his time was taken up with other things than philological studies. Moreover this is the one point shown by the erudite writer in the magazine, who luculently describes how the saint met with immense difficulties in addressing himself to so many different tribes, having so many different languages.

The second point is, that, in spite of not knowing the languages through any human means, the servant of God must be shown to have been skilled in them, so as to have used them upon occasion. This is the point which the writer in the magazine carefully ignores. There are two chief exhibitions of this gift: one is that of speaking in a given language, which he could not have learned; the other, that of speaking in any language, whatsoever it may have happened to be, or in a jargon, or attempt at a language, and being understood, at one and the same time, by divers people of different languages. In the cause of St. Francis Xavier the auditors of the Rota affirm both exhibitions of the gift.† And both proved by evidence. Father Coleridge, in the place referred to, upon the page quoted by our critic, gives a "short epitome of the argument, as summarily presented by the auditors of the Rota in their chapter on this subject."‡ The document from which he cites the evidence is the *Relatio super Sanctitate et Miraculis Francisci Xaverii*, a preliminary document, in which there is a full account of the processes; and each piece of testimony which is adduced is attributed to its proper author: and it is stated whether he was an eye-witness, or merely one who heard others speak of what had been done.§ I will quote a page and a half from this father's "epitome" of the evidence for the gift of tongues, as taken out of the said great document. The note runs thus:

"The fact [of St. Francis Xavier's having the gift of tongues, as exhibited in the two forms mentioned] being thus divided into two parts, fourteen witnesses are referred to, who prove both parts at once. One of them, Emanuel Fernandez, an old

* Coleridge, vol. i. p. 173.

† Benedict XIV., ibid.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 383-6, note 2 to book 5.

§ Preface to Coleridge's first volume, p. xiii.

man of eighty at the time of his examination at Cochin, said that he knew Father Francis on the Fishery coast; and in the port of Jafanapatam, on the Coromandel coast, he had seen Francis preaching to the natives in their own tongue, and that all marvelled that he spoke so well, though he had just come there and their language was very difficult to learn. And in the same town and port there were persons of divers nations and various tongues, and, in a certain sermon which the said father delivered in the presence of this witness, all affirmed that they heard him each as if he were speaking in their proper and natural language. Emanuel himself was witness that as soon as he came into a region he could speak any tongue; and this was considered a great miracle, and many were converted thereby. Another witness testifies to having heard of the miracle from persons who were present at Jafanapatam when Francis preached as mentioned above, and also to the common opinion and fame which prevailed concerning this matter, and how it was commonly said along the Fishery coast that as soon as he had come there he had preached in the language of the Paravas, as if he had been born there. Another, examined at Lisbon, testifies to the public report, and that he had heard himself, from persons worthy of credit, of the possession of the gift of tongues by Francis Xavier, so that when he spoke in one language he was heard by people of different nations in the native language of each. Several other witnesses are enumerated for this. Then a witness whose examination was taken at Bazain, Rodrigo Diaz Pereira, one of the king's nobles (Aulæ Regiæ Patritius), states that he sailed with Father Francis in the same ship to Banda—that is, to one of the Moluccas—and had seen many heathen converted to the faith by the labors and preaching of the father, and that he used to preach the faith to them in their own language. Another witness follows, who deposes to the same from common report. Another says that he heard from his uncle, Gaspar de Cerqueiros Abreu, commander of the 'Japanese expedition,' that he had often heard Father Francis preaching in Japan or to the Chinese, and that, while he understood him in his own native Portuguese, all the others who were present understood him each in his own language, though they were of other nations. Another witness, examined at Goa, declares that he had heard from persons worthy of credit, and particularly from four brothers who had been companions of Francis when in India, that, when he first went to Japan and knew little or nothing of the language, yet, though he preached without an interpreter, partly in Spanish, partly in Latin, partly in Portuguese, with a few Japanese words mixed up, he was understood by all as if he had spoken in the native language of each, and that the same happened in the Isles of the Moor and on the Fishery coast. Another bears witness that it was notorious and testified to, by persons who had heard Francis' sermons, that, in the places on the Comorin promontory and the Fishery coast, he used to preach in the native language so perfectly and easily that it

seemed, as it were, his own by birth: and that all understood the exhortations which he made in public, nor was there any one who did not, on account of the appropriateness of the language which he used; and so it was commonly said that the whole people would have become Christian if he had not gone on so soon to other parts. Another witness says that those who were Xavier's companions, and heard his sermons, affirmed that he spoke in the idiom or language of all the men whom he went among in India, as one who really had the gift of tongues, speaking to the people of Malabar or the Moluccas without an interpreter, and preaching with as much ease in the Molucca dialect as in Portuguese, being himself from Navarre. . . ."

We may presume that this little specimen of evidence is enough to exercise the acumen of any legal expert. It has been too much for the native simplicity of legendary evolution, which, accordingly, has carefully eschewed it with all other evidence adduced. It would have been better for the interests of science if the same legendary simplicity had left the miracles of St. Francis Xavier in the prudent oblivion wherein it buries the multitude of miracles tangible and palpable even in our own days—I mean miracles certified to by the Catholic Church, not of the Jansenists, nor of "Protestant sects at Old Orchard." It is convenient, no doubt, to sink a genuine article in a mass of adulterations, and thereby condemn all in bulk; but there would be no adulterations if there were not a genuine article somewhere.

In conclusion, students of history may be recommended to keep their eyes on the five hundred volumes of Migne's Patrology in Catholic libraries, as also on the other alcoves of scholastic lore. For the newer the "science" that is to come, the greater the probability that it will continue to unearth in "New Chapters" many scores of novelties exploded centuries ago.

Thomas Hughes, S.J.

THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.*

CHAPTER XXXII.—*Continued.*

THE LONG ILLNESS.

It will thus be seen that whatever diseases may have enfeebled Father Hecker's body, his spirit suffered from a malady known only to great souls—thirst for God. This gave him rest neither day nor night, or allowed him intervals of peace only to return with renewed force. Some men love gold too much for their peace of mind, some love women too much, and some power; men like Father Hecker love the Infinite Good too much to be happy in soul or sound in body unless He be revealed to them as a loving father. And this knowledge of God once possessed and lost again, although it breeds a purer, a more perfectly disinterested love, leaves both soul and body in a state of acute distress. "My *soul* thirsteth for Thee, my *flesh* longeth for Thee, in a dry and desert land without water."

Tried by these visitations, he was free to acknowledge that in past times he had been favored above others:

"Oh! there was a time," he said, "when I was borne along high above nature by the grace of God, and I feared that I should die without being subject to nature, and should never feel the need of the supernatural. But for many years now I have been left by God to my natural weakness and get nothing whatever except what I earn."

The following words of his indicate the cleansing process of these divine influences; it is from memoranda:

"He said to me once, after he had been for nine or ten years subject to almost unceasing desolation of spirit, 'All this suffering, though it has been excruciating, has greatly purified me and was of the last necessity to me. Oh, how proud I was! how vain I was! And these long years of abandonment by God have healed me.' I think this was the only time I ever knew him to connect his sufferings with fault. What he said may have referred to the mere temper and frame of his mind rather than to particular, specific faults. He undoubtedly thought more

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highly of human nature before that desolation began than he did at the end of it."

Meantime he used every aid for the assuagement of his interior sufferings, just as he conscientiously tried every means for the restoration of his bodily health. Good books helped him greatly. He recited his Breviary as he would read a new and interesting book, underlining here and there, and noting on the margins. But during most of his time of illness his infirmities made the Divine Office impossible. Every day he read or had read to him some parts of the Scriptures in English. "Without the Book of Job," he used to say, "I would have broken down completely." Lallemant, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa, St. Catherine of Genoa, and other authors of a mystical tendency he frequently used. But next to the Scriptures no book served him so well during his illness as *Abandonment, or Entire Surrender to Divine Providence*, a small posthumous treatise of Father P. J. Caussade, S.J., edited and published by Father H. Ramière, S.J., with a strong defence of the author's doctrine by way of preface. At Father Hecker's suggestion it was translated into English by Miss Ella McMahon, and has already soothed many hearts in difficulties of every kind. It is an ingenious compendium of all spiritual wisdom, but it seemed to Father Hecker that submission to the Divine Will is taught in its pages as it has never been done since the time of the Apostles. The little French copy which he used is thumbed all to pieces. He used it incessantly when in great trouble of mind and knew it almost by heart. As he read its sentences or heard them read he would ejaculate, "Ah, how sweet that is!" "Oh, what a great truth!" "Oh, that is a most consoling doctrine!" just as a man exhausted with thirst and covered with dust, as he drinks and bathes at a gushing fountain in the desert, calls out and sighs and smiles.

Did he not find men here and there in his travels with whom he would take counsel and who could comfort him? There is little trace of it, though he never lacked sympathetic friends for his bodily ailments. In truth he tried to maintain a cheerful exterior, though occasionally he failed in his attempts to do so. Only once do we find by his letters and diaries that he opened his mind freely on his interior difficulties while in Europe, and that was to Cardinal Deschamps, who gave him, he writes, very great comfort.

No part of his sojourn in the Old World pleased and pro-

fited him so much as his trip up the Nile in the winter of 1873–4.

"In information of most various kinds," he writes, "it has been the richest four months of my whole life. The value intellectually and religiously as well as physically is incalculable. Given but one trip, it would puzzle me to name any which can compare with that up the Nile to Wady-Halfa. Nubia must be included. It has something of its own which you can find neither in Egypt nor elsewhere: silence, repose, almost total solitude, and its own peculiar people."

His companions were few in number and congenial in tastes, the climate mild and equable, and the people and country altogether novel. The journey, which extended into Nubia, was made in a flat-boat, the *Sittina Miriam el Adra—Our Lady Mary the Virgin*—the sail propelling them when the wind was fair, the crew towing them in calm weather; when the wind was contrary they tied up to the bank. The progress was, of course, slow, and yet his diary, the only one written during his illness with ample entries, shows that every day gave new enjoyment. He was provided with letters which enabled him to say Mass at the missionary stations along the river. The wonderful ruins of the ancient cities of Egypt gave him much entertainment. But his mind dwelt fondly on thoughts of Abraham, Joseph, and the chosen people, and especially upon the Holy Family, as well as the monks of the desert. He was much interested in the Mohammedan natives; their open practice of prayer, the instinctive readiness with which the idea of God and of eternity was welcomed to their thoughts, and, withal, their utter religious stagnation, which he traced to their ignorance of the Trinity, filled his mind with questions. How to convert these sluggish contemplatives, what type of Catholicity would be likely to flourish in the East, and how it could be reconciled with the stirring traits of the West, busied his mind. He often recalls his distant friends and contrasts new America with old Egypt. He wrote home when opportunity served, as thus to Father Hewit:

"With the hope that this note will reach you in due season, I greet you from this land from which Moses taught, and which our infant Saviour trod, with a right merry Christmas and a happy New Year to yourself and all the members of the community, all in the house, and the parishioners of St. Paul's. In

my prayers all have a share and in the Holy Sacrifice of the altar. My heart and its affections are present with you. Could I realize its desire, I would shed a continuous flow of blessings on each one of you like a great river Nile—the river which Abraham saw and whose banks were hallowed by the footsteps of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Remember me especially in all your prayers on these great festivals. Offer up a Mass for my special intention on each of them."

The excursion to Nubia and back did him so much good physically, and left his mind with a peace which seemed so settled, that for a time he had strong hopes of recovery; but he was soon undeceived.

On the 15th of April Father Hecker left Cairo for Jerusalem, and spent some weeks in the Holy Land, continuing to enjoy an interval of spiritual relief. He writes:

"In reciting the Gloria and the Credo, after having been in the localities where the great mysteries which they express took place, one is impressed in a wonderful manner with their actuality. The truths of our holy faith seem to saturate one's blood, enter into one's flesh, and penetrate even to the marrow of one's bones."

The first greeting which he sent from the holy places was a letter to his mother, full of expressions of the most tender affection and gratitude, as well as of ardent religious emotions produced by moving among the scenes of our Lord's life. He enclosed a little bunch of wild flowers plucked from Mount Sion. He soon returned to Europe to escape the hot summer of Palestine, and began his round of visits to health resorts, shrines, and occasionally to a friend of more than usual attraction. His brother John died about this time, and this news drew from him a letter of encouragement and condolence to their mother. To George Hecker and his wife he wrote often, his letters being full of affection, of entire submission to the Divine Will, and of religious sentiments.

The following may be of interest as indicating the return of his disconsolate frame of mind:

"I have taken to writing fables. Here is one: Once upon a time a bird was caught in a snare. The more it struggled to free itself, the more it got entangled. Exhausted, it resolved to wait with the vain hope that the fowler, when he came, would

set it at liberty. His appearance, however, was not the signal for its restoration to smiling fields and fond companions, but the forerunner of death at his hands. Foolish bird! why did you go into the snare? Poor thing; it could not find food anywhere, and it was famishing with hunger; the seed was so attractive, and he who had baited the trap knew it full well, and that the bird could not resist its appetite. The fowler is our Lord. The bait is Divine Love. The bird is the soul. O skilful catcher of souls! O irresistible bait of Divine Love! O pitiable victim! but most blessed soul; for in the hands of our Lord the soul only dies to self to be transformed into God."

In all his journeyings in search of beneficial change of air or for the use of medicinal waters, he endeavored to take in the famous shrines; as for places noted in profane history, or the usual resorts of tourists, there is not the least mention of them in his letters, unless an exception be made in favor of those in Egypt and some art galleries in Europe. But, "attracted by St. Catherine," he went back to her relics at Genoa once more. Drawn by St. Francis de Sales, he made a visit to Annecy which had a soothing effect upon him, for that saint was another of his favorites. He often went out of his way to see a friend, or to seek the acquaintance of some man or woman of reputation in religious circles, and he was himself surprised at the number of those who had heard of him and wished to know him. He readily formed acquaintances, and American, English, and French fellow-travellers could easily have his conversation and company on condition that they would converse on religious matters, or on the graver social and racial topics. It was not a little singular that, although suffering from weakness of the nervous system, he could talk abstruse philosophy by the hour without mental fatigue. Discussing such points as the different movements of nature and grace, the various theories of apprehending the existence of God, or how to bring about conviction in the minds of non-Catholics on the claims of the Church, he could tire the strong brain of a well man. It was the things below which tired *him*. He illustrated his conversation by gleams of light reflected from his past experience. When circumstances condemn such generous souls as Father Hecker to inactivity, a favorite solace is picking up fragments of work or recalling high ideas from the crowded memory of their former zeal, often with much profit to those who listen. And this was no idle-minded or boastful trait in him, as we see from the following:

"Be assured I shall not follow my own will if I can help it. Every dictate of prudence and wisdom will be my guide. Until the clouds clear away I shall be quiet, waiting, watching and praying, seeking for light wherever there is a reasonable prospect of obtaining it. In the meanwhile my time is not misspent. The journeys which I have made, the persons whom I have met on my way—these and a thousand other things incident to my present way of life are the best of educators for improving one's mind, for correcting one's judgments, and for giving greater breadth to one's thoughts. . . . It seems to me that I almost see visibly and feel palpably the blessing of divine grace on the work of the community, in its harmony, in the success of its missions, in the special graces to its members, in their cheerfulness and zeal: all this, too, in my absence. My absence, therefore, cannot be displeasing to the Divine Will; rather these things seem to indicate the contrary, and they awake in my soul an inexpressible consolation."

But he said to one of his brethren afterwards: "Oh, father! I was sad all the time that I was in Europe. Why so? Well, it was because I was away from home, away from my work, away from my companions. And that was why I attached myself while there to those persons who felt as we did, and were of like views, and participated in our aims and purposes."

How he felt about his chances of recovery is shown by the following:

"I have nothing further to say about my health than that I have none. Were I twelve hours, or six, in my former state of health, my conscience would give me no moment of peace in my present position. It would worry me and set me to work. As it is I am tranquil, at peace, and doing nothing except willingly bearing feebleness and inertia."

From Paris, June 2, 1874, he writes to George and Josephine Hecker of a visit to Cardinal Deschamps in Brussels, where he met his old director, Father de Buggenoms. He expressed himself fully to them about the state of religion in Europe, and, although both were his admirers and warm friends, it was only on the third day that he made himself fully understood, and disabused their minds of reserves and suspicions. But before leaving "a complete understanding, warm sympathy, and entire approval" was the result. In one of the earlier chapters of this Life we have adverted to Father Hecker's difficulty in making

himself understood. On this occasion he suffered much pain, for which, he says, the joy of the final agreement amply repaid him.

He formed an intimate friendship with the Abbé Xavier Dufresne, a devout and enlightened priest of Geneva, and with his father, Doctor Dufresne, well known as the mainstay of all the works of charity and religion in that city. The Abbé Dufresne became much attached to Father Hecker. "The Almighty knows," he wrote to him, "how ardently I wish to see you again, for no one can feel more than I the want of your conversation, it was so greatly to my improvement." We have received from the Abbé Dufresne a memorial of Father Hecker, which is valuable as independent contemporary testimony. It is so appreciative and so instructive that we shall give the greater part of it as an appendix, together with two letters from Cardinal Newman written after Father Hecker's death.

The following is from a letter from Mrs. Craven, written early in 1875:

"That we have thought of you very often I need not tell you, nor yet that we have thought and talked of and pondered over the many and the great subjects which have been discussed during this week of delightful repose and solitude (though certainly not of silence). Let me, for one, tell you that many words of yours will be deeply and gratefully and usefully remembered, and that I feel as if all you explained to us in particular concerning the inward life which alone gives meaning and usefulness to outward signs and symbols (let them be ever so sacred), and the ways and means of quickening that inward life, all come home to me as a clear expression of my own thoughts by one who had read them better than myself."

Such was a devout and intellectual Frenchwoman's way of describing an influence similarly felt by men and women of all classes, and of the most diverse schools of thought, whom Father Hecker met in Europe.

This was written on hearing news of the community:

"It is consoling to see all these good works progressing [in the Paulist community]. To me they sound more like an echo of my past than the actual present. Before going up the Nile I used to say to some of my friends, that I once knew a man whose name was Hecker, but had lost his acquaintance, and I was going up the Nile to find him. Perhaps I would overtake him at Wady-Halfa in Nubia! But I didn't. Sometimes I think the search is in vain, and that I shall have to resign myself to his loss and begin a new life. Tuesday of this week my

intention is to go to Milan and stop some days. I find friends in almost every city. Friday last I dined with the Archbishop of Turin, and have made the acquaintance of one or two priests here. Occasionally I visit museums, picture galleries, etc.; and thus time is outwardly passing by, until it pleases God to shed more light on my soul, and to impart more strength to my body, and make clear my path."

Here are his impressions of Rome after its occupation by the Italians, together with an account of an audience with the Holy Father:

"Rome is indeed changed, not so much outwardly, materially, as in spiritual atmosphere. It has lost its Christian exorcism and returned to its former pagan condition. The modern spirit, too, has entered it with activity in the material order. The old order, I fear, is never to return; that is to say, as it was; if it returns at all it will be on another basis. The last citadel has given way to the invasion of modern activity and push. Who would have dreamed of this twenty years ago? The charm of Rome is gone, even to non-Catholics, for they felt raised above themselves into a more congenial and spiritual atmosphere while here, and their souls enjoyed it, though their intellectual prejudices were opposed to the principles. The charm they were conscious of forced them back again to Rome in spite of themselves. But that charm has in a great measure gone."

"The other evening I had a very pleasant private audience with the Holy Father. Among other matters I showed him *The Young Catholic*, which pleased him very much. He was struck with the size of the jackass in the picture of Ober-Amergau, and asked if they grew so large in that country. I replied: 'Holy Father, asses nowadays grow large everywhere.' He laughed heartily and said, '*Bene trovato.*'"

Father Hecker was in Rome when, in March, 1875, his old friend and patron and first spiritual adviser, Archbishop McCloskey, was made Cardinal. He was much rejoiced, and sent the Cardinal a rich silk cassock, and gave a public banquet to Monsignor Roncetti and Doctor Ubaldi, who were to carry the insignia of the cardinalate to New York. We are indebted to the kindness of Archbishop Corrigan for a copy of Father Hecker's letter of congratulation, the principal parts of which we subjoin. The view of public policy concerning the College

of Cardinals expressed in this letter was developed at length in an article published by Father Hecker in THE CATHOLIC WORLD when Cardinal Gibbons was appointed; it will also be found in his latest volume, *The Church and the Age:*

"The choice of the Supreme Pontiff in making you the first Cardinal of the hierarchy of the United States gives great satisfaction here to all your friends. For as honors and dignities in the Church proceed by way of distinguished merit and abilities, the qualities which they have always recognized and esteemed in you are by the event made known to the whole world.

"This elevation to the cardinalate of an American prelate is a cheering sign that the dignities of the Church are open to men of merit of all nations, and it is to be hoped that every nation will be represented in the College of Cardinals in proportion to its importance, and in that way the Holy See will represent by its advisers the entire world, and render its universality more complete. The Church will be a gainer, and the world too; and I have no doubt that your appointment to this office in the Church will be, from this point of view, popular with the American people."

His continued and insensibly increasing weakness of body, as well as what seemed an unconquerable mental aversion to attempting even partially to resume his former career in the United States, seemed to settle negatively the question of his early return home. He began to think that it was God's will that he should permanently transfer his influence to the Old World. His mind was full of the religious problems of Europe, and the notion of Paulists for Europe, differing in details from American Paulists but identical in spirit, soon occupied his thoughts. The reader will remember Father Hecker's conviction, expressed when leaving Rome after the Vatican Council, that the condition of things in the Old World invited the apostolate of a free community of wholly sanctified men, such as he would have the Paulists to be. He now became persuaded, or almost so, that God meant his illness to be the means of practically inaugurating such a movement. By it the dim outlines of men's yearnings for a religious awakening, which he everywhere met with among the European nations, could be brought out distinctly and realized by an adaptation of the essentials of community life to changed European conditions. He thought he could select the leading spirits for the work, and, without overtaxing

his strength, teach them the principles and inspire them with the spirit necessary to success. All this is brought forward in his letters and discussed. But it was not to be in his time.

The following entries in his journal, made during the Lent of 1875, have this European, or rather universal, apostolate in view:

"The Holy Spirit is preparing the Church for an increased infusion of Himself in the hearts of the faithful. This increased action of the Holy Spirit will renew the whole face of the earth, in religion and in society. Souls will be inspired by Him to assist in bringing about this end.

"The question is *how* shall such souls co-operate with Him in preparation for this extraordinary outpouring of divine grace? The law of all extensive and effectual work is that of association. The inspiration and desire and strength to co-operate and associate in facilitating this preparation for the Holy Spirit must come to each soul from the Holy Spirit Himself.

"What will be the *nature* of this association and the *special character* of its work? The end to be had in view will be to set on foot a means of co-operation with the Church in the conquest of the whole world to Christ, the renewal of the Apostolic spirit and life. For unity, activity, and choice of means reliance should be had upon the bond of charity in the Holy Spirit and upon His inspirations.

"The central truth to actuate the members should be the Kingdom of Heaven within the soul, which should be made the burden of all sermons, explaining how it is to be gained now.

"Men will be called for who have that universal synthesis of truth which will solve the problems, eliminate the antagonisms, and meet the great needs of the age; men who will defend and uphold the Church against the attacks which threaten her destruction, with weapons suitable to the times; men who will turn all the genuine aspirations of the age, in science, in socialism, in politics, in spiritism, in religion, which are now perverted against the Church, into means of her defence and universal triumph.

"If it be asked, therefore, in what way the co-operation with the new phase of the Church in the increase of intensity and expansion of her divine life in the souls of men is to be instituted, the answer is as follows: By a movement. . . . springing from the synthesis of the most exalted faith with all the good and true in the elements now placed in antagonism to the

Church, thus eliminating antagonisms and vacating controversies. . . ."

"Can a certain number of souls be found who are actuated by the instinct of the Holy Spirit, the genius of grace, to form an associative effort in the special work of the present time? If there be such a work, and an associative effort be necessary, will not the Holy Spirit produce in souls, certain ones at least, such a vocation? Is not the bond of unity in the Holy Spirit which will unite such souls all that is needed in the present state of things to do this work?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THE EXPOSITION OF THE CHURCH."

WHILE in Europe God opened Father Hecker's soul to the cries of the nations. He was profoundly interested in the state of religion there, and the persecutions suffered by Catholics in Germany, in Switzerland, and in Italy during his stay, while it aroused his sympathies, increased his desire to find a remedy, and a fundamental one, for the evils from which the Church suffered. The peoples of the Old World, with their differing tendencies, were incessantly disputing in his mind. They were always displaying over against each other their diverse traits of race and tradition, at the same time that they were actually passing before his eyes in his constant journeyings in search of health.

What amazed and no less irritated Father Hecker was the political apathy of Catholics. All the active spirits seemed to hate religion. A small minority of anti-Christians was allowed entire control of Italy and France, and exhibited in the government of those foremost Catholic commonwealths a pagan ferocity against everything sacred; and this was met by "timid listlessness" on the part of the Catholic majority. These latter evaded the accusation of criminal cowardice by an extravagant display of devotional religion. To account for this anomaly and to offer a remedy for it, Father Hecker in the winter of 1875 published a pamphlet of some fifty pages, entitled *An Exposition of the Church in View of Recent Difficulties and Controversies and the Present Needs of the Age.* It is a brief outline of his views, held more or less distinctly since his case in Rome in 1857–8, but fully unfolded in his mind at the Vatican Council and matured during his present sojourn in Europe; the reader has

already been given a summary of them in a letter treating of the providential meaning of the Vatican decrees.

What is the matter with Catholics, that they allow their national life, in education, in art, in literature, in general politics, to be paganized by petty cliques of unbelievers? How account for this weakness of character in Catholics? The answer is that the devotional and ascetical type on which they are formed is one calculated to repress individual activity, a quality essential to political success in our day. Energy in the world of modern politics is not the product of the devotional spirit dominant on the continent of Europe. That spirit in its time saved the Church, for it fostered submission when the temptation was to revolt.

"The exaggeration," says the Exposition, "of personal authority on the part of Protestants brought about in the Church its greater restraint, in order that her divine authority might have its legitimate exercise and exert its salutary influence. The errors and evils of the times [the Reformation era] sprang from an unbridled personal independence, which could only be counteracted by habits of increased personal dependence. *Contraria contrariis curantur.* The defence of the Church and the salvation of the soul were [under these circumstances] ordinarily secured at the expense, necessarily, of those virtues which properly go to make up the strength of Christian manhood. The gain was the maintenance and victory of divine truth, and the salvation of the soul. The loss was a certain falling off in energy, resulting in decreased action in the natural order. The former was a permanent and inestimable gain. The latter was a temporary and not irreparable loss."

The passive virtues, fostered under an overruling Providence for the defence of threatened external authority in religion, and producing admirable effects of uniformity, discipline, and obedience, served well in the politics of the Reformation and post-Reformation eras, when nearly all governments were absolute monarchies; but the present governments are republics or constitutional monarchies, and are supposed to be ruled by the citizens themselves. This demands individual initiative, active personal exertion and direct interference in public affairs. Vigilant and courageous voters rule the nations. Therefore, without injury to entire obedience, the active virtues in both the natural and supernatural orders must be mainly cultivated; in the first

order everything that makes for self-reliance, and in the second the interior guidance of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul. This, the Exposition maintains, is the way out of present difficulties. That it is the Providential way out, is shown by most striking evidence: the diversion of the anti-Catholic forces from the attack against authority to one against the most elementary principles of religion—God, conscience, and immortality; the drift of Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic minds of a religious cast towards the Church, calling for spiritual attractions in accordance with the independence of character peculiar to those races; the hopeless failure of the post-Reformation methods to meet the needs of the hour; and especially the Vatican decrees, which have set at rest all controversy on authority among Catholics. The needs of the times, therefore, call for virtues among Catholics which shall display the personal force of Catholic life no less than that which is organic. These must all centre around the cultivation of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul.

"The light the age requires for its renewal," says the Exposition, "can only come from the same source. The renewal of the age depends on the renewal of religion. The renewal of religion depends upon the greater effusion of the creative and renewing power of the Holy Spirit. The greater effusion of the Holy Spirit depends on the giving of increased attention to His movements and inspirations in the soul. The radical and adequate remedy for all the evils of our age, and the source of all true progress, consist in increased attention and fidelity to the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul. 'Thou shalt send forth Thy Spirit and they shall be created: and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.'"

The following extract gives the synthesis of the twofold action of the Holy Spirit, showing how external authority and obedience to it are amply secured by the interior virtues:

"The Holy Spirit in the external authority of the Church acts as the infallible interpreter and criterion of divine revelation. The Holy Spirit in the soul acts as the Divine Life-giver and Sanctifier. It is of the highest importance that these two distinct offices of the Holy Spirit should not be confounded. The supposition that there can be any opposition, or contradiction, between the action of the Holy Spirit in the supreme decisions of the authority of the Church, and the inspirations of the Holy Spirit in the soul, can never enter the mind of an enlightened

and sincere Christian. The Holy Spirit, which through the authority of the Church teaches divine truth, is the same Spirit which prompts the soul to receive the divine truths which He teaches. The measure of our love for the Holy Spirit is the measure of our obedience to the authority of the Church. . . . There is one Spirit, which acts in two different offices concurring to the same end, the regeneration and sanctification of the soul.

"In case of obscurity or doubt concerning what is the divinely revealed truth, or whether what prompts the soul is or is not an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, recourse must be had to the Divine Teacher or criterion, the authority of the Church. For it must be borne in mind that to the Church, as represented in the first instance by St. Peter, and subsequently by his successors, was made the promise of her Divine Founder, that 'the gates of hell should never prevail against her.' No such promise was ever made by Christ to each individual believer. 'The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of Truth.' The test, therefore, of a truly enlightened and sincere Christian will be, in case of uncertainty, the promptitude of his obedience to the voice of the Church.

"From the above plain truths the following practical rule of conduct may be drawn: The Holy Spirit is the immediate guide of the soul in the way of salvation and sanctification; and the criterion, or test, that the soul is guided by the Holy Spirit, is its ready obedience to the authority of the Church. This rule removes all danger whatever, and with it the soul can walk, run, or fly, if it chooses, in the greatest safety and with perfect liberty, in the ways of sanctity."

"The practical aim of all true religion is to bring each individual soul under the immediate guidance of the Divine Spirit. The Divine Spirit communicates Himself to the soul by means of the sacraments of the Church. The Divine Spirit acts as the interpreter and criterion of revealed truth by the authority of the Church. The Divine Spirit acts as the principle of regeneration and sanctification in each Christian soul.

"Such an exposition of Christianity, the union of the internal with the external notes of credibility, is calculated to produce a more enlightened and intense conviction of its divine truth in the faithful, to stimulate them to a more energetic personal action; and, what is more, it would open the door to many straying but not altogether lost children, for their return to the fold of the Church. The increased action of the Holy

Spirit, with a more vigorous co-operation on the part of the faithful, which is in process of realization, will elevate the human personality to an intensity of force and grandeur productive of a new era in the Church and to society; an era difficult for the imagination to grasp, and still more difficult to describe in words, unless we have recourse to the prophetic language of the inspired Scriptures."

It is thus made plain that Father Hecker does not deny the harmony between the devotional spirit and practices prevalent in different ages of the Church; but he calls attention to the fact that the dominant note of one age is not always the same as that in another. And in using the words criterion and test, descriptive of the Church, he would convey their full meaning: not merely a plumb-line for the rising wall but divine accuracy itself made external. His outer criterion is to the inner life what articulate speech is to the human voice.

"The Exposition is nothing else," he writes home, "than a general outline of a movement from without to within; as in the sixteenth century the movement was one from within to without. This was occasioned by the nature of the attack of Protestantism. The Church having with increased [external] agencies protected what was assaulted, can return to her normal course with increased action. I give an indication of the nature of this movement:

"An increased action of the Holy Spirit in the soul in consequence of this greater attention directed to the interior life, and a more perfect explanation of the same. An exposition of the relation of the external to the internal in the Church. The action of the Holy Spirit in the soul and His gifts are the remedies for the evils of our times. The development of the intelligible side of the mysteries of faith, and the intrinsic reasons of the truths of divine revelation. Such a movement will open the door for the return of the Saxon races. The Latin-Celts in relation to the development of the hierarchy, discipline, worship, and æsthetics of the Church are considered. Causes of Protestantism —antagonism and jealousy of races; present persecutions. The Saxon idea of the Catholic Church. Reason for it—they see only the outward and human side of the Church. Return of the Saxons in consequence of the new phase of development—the display of the inward and the divine to their intelligence. The transition of races; in the future the Saxon will supernaturalize

the natural, the Latin-Celts will naturalize the supernatural. The plan and suggestions given are the way to escape the extermination of Christianity by the Saxons, and the denial of Christianity by the apostasy of the Latins. The union of these races in the Church, with their civilization and force, is the means of spreading Christianity rapidly over the whole world.

"In the Exposition I follow simply the footsteps of the Church as indicated in her history, in the Encyclicals of Pius IX., and the Vatican Council. The Church is God acting directly on the human race, guiding it to its true destiny, the road of all *true* progress."

The Exposition, as already said, had been talked to all comers by Father Hecker, and in various parts of Europe, but was put into shape in the autumn of 1874, while he was in the north of Italy. He took it to Rome and offered it to the Propaganda Press. No fault was found with it; many high dignitaries, some of them members of the Congregation of the Sacred Palace, which has charge of the censorship, heartily approved of it and would have it published at once; but at the last moment this was decided by the authorities to be inexpedient. It was then sent to London, and Pickering brought it out anonymously, and it was at once put into French by Mrs. Craven. It was published as a leader in THE CATHOLIC WORLD about the same time, and in 1887 formed the first chapter of *The Church and the Age*, a compilation of Father Hecker's more important later essays.

The Exposition contributes to the solution of the race problem as it affects religion. A glance at Europe shows the radical difference which is symbolized by the terms Transalpine and Cisalpine, Latin and Teutonic. The one group of races most readily clings to the interior virtues of religion, the other to external institutions. The problem is how to reconcile them, how to bring both into unity. Father Hecker believed that the Latin race had crowned its work in the Vatican Council and done it gloriously, and that the time had arrived to invite the Teutonic race to develop its force in the interior life of the Church. There are passages in the following letter which indicate the weight of this racial problem to him, as well as the supernatural earnestness which he brought to the study of it. It serves to explain a remark he once made: "I wrote the Exposition while I was having very many lights about the Holy Ghost—I couldn't help but write it."

"PARIS, June 11, 1874.

"DEAR GEORGE AND JOSEPHINE: There is not much for me to add to my letter of the third of this month. My preparations are made to go to Mayence during the Catholic Assembly, which commences on the fifteenth and lasts three days. There I shall meet several persons whom I am interested in and wish to see. Besides, ecclesiastical affairs in the German Empire are in a very critical state, and this must add to the interest of the Assembly. Meeting, as I frequently do, the leading minds of Europe, enables me to compare views, appreciate difficulties, and hear objections.

"It is just as difficult to get the Celtic [and Latin] mind to conceive and appreciate the internal notes of the Church, and the character of her divine interior life, as it is to get the Teutonic mind to conceive and appreciate the divine external constitution of the Church, the importance, and essential importance, of her authority, discipline, and liturgy. But the weakness of the former, and the persecutions now permitted by Divine Providence to be visited on the latter, are teaching them both the lessons they need to learn. To complete the development of the truth, of the Church, each needs the other; and Divine Providence is shaping things so that in spite of all obstacles, natural and induced, a synthesis of them both is forming in the bosom of the Church. The work is slow but certain, concealed from ordinary observation because divine; but exceedingly beautiful. Underneath all the persecutions, the oppression, the false action, the whole outwardly critical condition of the Church and society, there is an overpowering, counteracting, divine current, leading to an all-embracing, most complete, and triumphant unity in the Church. To see how all things—wicked men as well as the good, for God reigns over *all*—contribute to this end and are made to serve it, gives peace to the mind, repose to the soul, and excites admiration and adoration of the Divine action in the world.

"To have a conception of this all-embracing and direct action of God in the affairs of this world, and by the light of faith to see that the Church is the dwelling place of His holiness, majesty, mercy, and power, and is the medium of this action, at first stupefies, overwhelms, and, as it were, reduces the soul to nothing. By degrees and imperceptibly it is raised from its nothingness; timidly the soul opens its eyes and ventures to cast a glance, and then to contemplate the Divinity which everywhere sur-

rounds it, as air and light do our bodies. The contemplation of the Divine action becomes its only occupation and it is an irresistible one. All the life, mind, and strength of the soul is involuntarily absorbed in this direction, leaving the body scarcely sufficient strength to continue its ordinary functions.

"How far will the body regain its former strength? What will be the relation of the soul with its former occupations? Will this additional light require other conditions? Was this light given for another and wider field of labor? These and many other questions must arise in the soul, which in due season will be answered. Its present duty is to practise conformity to God's will, patience, detachment, discretion, and confidence."

There is hardly any part of this Life which does not assist one in understanding the Exposition, especially the chapters on the idea of a religious community and that giving his spiritual doctrine. Many leading spirits hailed it with joy, among them Margotti, the editor of the *Unita Cattolica* of Turin, and Cardinal Deschamps. The former made Father Hecker's acquaintance during a visit to Turin, and became a warm admirer of him and his views. He compelled him to leave the hotel and lodge at his house during his stay in that city. When the Exposition came out he gave it two long and highly commendatory notices in his journal, at the time the most influential Catholic one in Italy, and published three chapters entire.

We have a copy of the Exposition annotated, at Father Hecker's request, by the late distinguished Jesuit, Father H. Ramière. These comments are valuable and suggestive. While modifying Father Hecker's judgment as to the causes of the deterioration of Catholic manliness, Father Ramière recognizes the fact. The remedies receive his emphatic approval, as also the author's explanation of the synthesis of the inner and outer action of the Holy Ghost in the Church.

When *The Church and the Age* appeared the English Jesuit magazine, *The Month*, in its issue of July, 1888, gave the book a very full and favorable review, endorsing all the principles of the Exposition. After saying that the Vatican decrees mark a special epoch in the evolution of Christianity, and close a period of attack—one of the sharpest which the Church has ever sustained—upon her external authority, the reviewer continues:

"It completed the Church's defence, and left her free to continue unimpeded her normal course of internal development. . . . The author displays remarkable breadth of thought, and the book contains many passages which are not only eloquent as

a defence of Catholicity, but which cannot fail to impart instruction to the reflecting reader. We think it deserving of a wide circulation among both clergy and laity, and it is with a desire to further such a result that we propose to explain at some length the views which we have already touched upon. . . . We want a Catholic individualism, which necessarily requires a clear and recognized authority as a safeguard against the errors to which individualism exposes itself, but which, on the other hand, can never be begotten by the mere principle of authority as such."

The *Literarischer Handweiser*, a German Catholic critical review, published in Münster, having a high character and wide circulation, gave an equally favorable estimate of Father Hecker's views in a notice of *The Church and the Age*.

The following extracts from letters will close our consideration of the Exposition, which we have thought worthy of so careful and full a study because it is the remedial application of Father Hecker's spiritual doctrines to the evils of European Catholicity:

"It is consoling to see men of different opinions and of opposite parties in the Church regarding my pamphlet as the programme of a common ground on which they can meet and agree."

"I have had several interviews with Cardinal Deschamps. He invited me to spend the evenings with him, as we are old and very close friends. On all points, main points, our views are one. And it is singular how the same precise ideas and views have presented themselves at the same time to the minds of us both. In matters which regard my personal direction, I have consulted him several times, and fully. He has always taken a special interest in my welfare in every sense. His counsel has given me great relief, increased tranquillity, and will be of great service. He remains here eight or ten days longer, and I will see him as often during that period as I can."

A distinguished Swiss orator and prelate, since made cardinal, told Father Hecker of a devout priest who gave a large number of retreats to the clergy: "'When I saw him last,' said Monsignor ——— to me, 'he said that since we had met he had given retreats to seven hundred or eight hundred priests, and that he had read to them the Exposition of the Church which I gave him at my last interview with him.'"

"It will take time to understand the ideas in the Exposi-

tion. It will take still longer time to see their bearing, application, and results. Few at first will seize their import; by degrees they will take in a wider circle. The difficulties of the times, the anguish of many souls in the midst of the present persecutions, etc., will draw attention to any project or plan or system that offers a better future."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

"I LOOK back," wrote Father Hecker in the summer of 1875, "on these three years as one continuous and dreadful interior struggle." This shows that the shadows were too deep and broad for the intervals of peace, which we know from his letters he had now and then enjoyed, to banish the impression of constant gloom. And Father Hecker's readiness to return home upon positive request will be the better appreciated when we remember how very painful to him was the very thought of his past occupations. Nor was his bodily health in a hopeful condition. While at Ragatz in the month of June, 1875, he met a distinguished physician from Paris, an excellent Catholic, whom he had been strongly advised to consult before. Glad of the chance, he submitted to a thorough examination, and received from him a written statement to the effect that it would be dangerous to take up any steady occupation, and that he should be entirely free from care for at least a year; otherwise a final break-down was to be expected. This seemed effectually to bar all thoughts of return. And such was his own settled conviction, as is shown by the following, written about the end of June:

"Where could I find repose? Not in the community; not at my brother's: nowhere else to go. Then, again, I would be constantly required to give opinions and counsel in the affairs of the community, which would require an application beyond my strength. There is no other way than for me to remain contented in Europe, with my feebleness and obscurity, in the hands of God."

But on July 29 he received a letter which compelled him to decide between tranquillity of spirit and bodily comfort—perhaps life itself—on the one hand, and the call of his brethren on the

other. He decided without a moment's hesitation and with the utmost equanimity. We quote from a letter to George Hecker:

"Three days ago a letter from Father Hewit reached me urging my immediate return in such strong language and with such considerations that I wrote a reply expressing my readiness to return at once. On re-reading the letter I found its tone so urgent that I sent a telegram to the above effect. . . . In God's hands are my being, my soul, and all my faculties, to do with them and direct them as He pleases. To return to the United States and there arrange things to His pleasure, or to leave me here. I am indifferent, quiet, entirely ready either not to act or to act."

And so in October, 1875, Father Hecker was again in New York. He begged the Fathers to allow him to stay with his brother for the present, "for my nerves could not stand the noise, the routine, and the excitement of the house in Fifty-ninth Street." And when he did return to the convent to live, which was four years afterwards, he was quite sure that his end was at hand, though it did not come till nine years later.

During all the thirteen years between Father Hecker's return to America and his death, his daily order of life was pretty much the same as he described it in one of his letters from Europe, already given to the reader. He did not resort any longer to change of place or climate as a means of recovery; he had tried that long enough. His physician, the one who served the community, assisted him constantly with advice and remedies, and once or twice he tried a sanitarium; he was apt to try anything suggested, being credulous about such matters. But his strength of body slowly faded away. He was more disturbed than surprised at this, and fought for life every inch of the way.

"If I were a Celt," he once said with a smile, "I should more readily resign myself to die, but I am of a race that clings fast to the earth." His persistent struggle was sometimes calm, but was generally sharpened by a horrible dread of death, which fastened on his soul like a vampire, and gave a stern aspect to his self-defence. His patience in suffering was most admirable, though seldom clothed in the usual formalities. "Perhaps, after all," he would sometimes say, "God will give me back my health, for I have a work to do."

Though anything but an ill-tempered man, Father Hecker was yet by nature ardent and irascible and quickly provoked by

opposition, but God gave him such a horror of dissension that he would not quarrel, though it was often plain that his peaceful words cost him a hard struggle. Occasionally he lost his temper for a little while, and this was when compelled to attend to business under stress of great bodily or mental pain. We do not think that he was ever known to attempt to move men by anger, or even sternness. "If you ever tell any one about me," he said, "say that I believed in praising men more than in condemning them, and that I valued praise as a higher form of influence than any kind of threatening or compulsion." Nor did he resort to the formalities of obedience to secure his end. "Why don't you put me under obedience to do this?" asked a father who did not exactly approve of a proposal Father Hecker had made to him. The answer was given with a good deal of heat: "I have never done such a thing in my life, and I am not going to begin now!" Nor had he any use for bitter speech even in cold blood. "One thing," he said in a letter, "I will now correct; a sneer—intentionally or consciously—is a thing that, so far as my memory serves, I am as innocent of as a little babe." Yet he could be sarcastic, as the following memorandum shows: "Cardinal Cullen once said to me, after I had made a journey through Ireland, 'Well, Father Hecker, what do you think of Ireland?' I answered: 'Your Eminence, my thoughts about Ireland are such that I will get out of the country as soon as I can; for if I expressed my sentiments I should soon be put into jail for Fenianism!' This was in 1867 while Fenianism was rampant. Of course he did not approve of it, but the sights he saw taught him its awful provocation. And once when unduly pressed with the dictum of an author whose range of power was not high enough to overcome Father Hecker's objections, he said: "I am not content to live to be the echo of dead men's thoughts." But it was not by skill in the thrust and parry of argumentative fence that Father Hecker won his way in a discussion, but by the hard drive of a great principle. The following memorandum describes the effect of this on an ordinary man:

"It is rather amusing when Father Hecker asks me some of his stunning questions on the deepest topics of the divine sciences. I look blank at him, I ask him to explain, I fish up some stale commonplace from the memory of my studies—and he then gives me his own original, his luminous answer."

And both his choice of subjects in conversation and his natural manner were according to his temperament, which was medi-

tative. This gave his countenance when at rest a peaceful cast until within a few years of the end, when "death's pale flag" cast upon it a shade of foreboding. We have a photograph of him taken when he was about forty-five and in average good health, showing a tranquil face, full of thought and with eyes cast down; to the writer's mind it is the typical Isaac Hecker. But this expression changed in conversation, when not only his words but his gestures and his glances challenged a friendly but energetic conflict of opinion.

If it be asked, how did Father Hecker recreate himself during those mournful years, the answer is that recreation in the sense of a pleasurable relaxation seemed contrary to his nature whether in sickness or in health. It was once said to him, "Easter week is always a lazy time." "No, it is not," he answered. "I never have known a time, not a moment, in my whole life, when I felt lazy or was in an idle mood." He found himself obliged, however, to get out of the house and take exercise, walking in the park leaning on the arm of one of the community, or, if he was more than usually weak, being driven in his brother's carriage. There were occasions when to kill time was for him to kill care—to call his mind away from thoughts of death and of the judgment, the dread of which fell upon him like eternal doom. Then he would try to get some one to talk to, or to go with him and look at pictures and statues; or he would work at mending old clocks, a pretty well mended collection of which he kept in his room against such occasions. In the park he would often go and look at the beasts in the menagerie, and he spoke of them affectionately. "They bring to my mind the power and beauty of God," he said. He came to meals with the community, at least to dinner, until five or six years before his death, when his appetite became so unreliable that he took what food he could, and when he could, in his room. He also attended the community recreations after meals until a few years before the end; but it was often noticed that the process of humiliation he was undergoing caused him to creep away into a corner, sit awhile with a very dejected look, and then wearily go upstairs to his room. When he was urged not to do this, "I cannot help it to save my life," was all the answer he could give. He finally gave up the recreations almost entirely.

But he hated laziness. "I am so weak," he once said, "and my brain is so easily tired out that I am forced to read a great deal to recreate myself. That's why you see me reading so

much." The book in which he was at the moment seeking recreation was a ponderous work on metaphysics by a prolix Scotchman, treating in many dreary chapters of such amusing topics as the unity of the act of perception with the object perceived! As may be supposed of such a man, whose illness forbade action and whose interior trials made contemplation an agony, he chafed sometimes at his enforced inactivity, though he was never heard, as far as we can get evidence, openly to complain of it.

Time and stagnation of bodily forces did not alter his progressive ideas.

"Is it not wiser," he said, "to give one's thought and energy to prepare the way for the future success and triumph of religion than to labor to continue the present [state of things], which must be and is being supplanted? Such an attitude may not be understood and may be misinterpreted, and be one of trial and suffering; still it is the only one which, consistently with a sense of duty, can be taken and maintained."

A bishop on his way to Rome once called on Father Hecker. "Tell the Holy Father," he said to him, "that there are three things which will greatly advance religion: First, to place the whole Church in a missionary attitude—make the Propaganda the right arm of the Church. Second, choose the cardinals from the Catholics of all nations, so that they shall be a senate representing all Christendom. Third, make full use of modern appliances and methods for transacting the business of the Holy See." Sometimes he discussed the activity of modern commerce as teaching religious men a lesson. He once said:

"When Father Hecker is dead one thing may be laid to his credit: that he always protested that it is a shame and an outrage that men of the world do more for money than religious men will do for the service of God."

No glutton ever devoured a feast more eagerly than Father Hecker read a sermon, a lecture, or an editorial showing the trend of non-Catholic thought. After his death his desk was found littered with innumerable clippings of the sort, many of them pencilled with underlinings and with notes. These furnished much of the matter of his conversation, and doubtless of his prayers. Once he wrote to a friend:

"Nobody is necessary to God and to the accomplishment of his designs. Yet at times I wish that I had the virtue that some creatures have; when cut into pieces each piece becomes a new complete individual of the same species. I should cut myself into at least a dozen pieces to meet the demands made upon me. What a splendid thing it is to think of our Lord going about doing wonders, eternal and infinite things, and all the time seeming to be unoccupied. The truly simple soul reduces all occupations to one, and in that one accomplishes all."

And his organizing faculty would busy itself in various schemes, which, if they could not cure his weak body, could relax with a fancied activity his tired soul. Thus in a letter he said:

"Why should we not form a league for the cause of our Lord, to whom we owe all? Unreserved devotion to His cause, with patience, perseverance, humility, and sweetness, are weapons that no man or woman or thing can withstand. Our Lord has promised that if we believe in Him we shall do greater works than He did. Let us believe in Him, and clothe ourselves through faith in Him with His virtues, and who shall resist us?

"The first of all successes is Christ's triumph in our souls. Everything that leads to this, humiliations, afflictions, calumnies, contempt, mortifications, all work for us a glory exceeding the imagination of man. To suffer for Christ's sake is the short-cut in the way of becoming Christ-like."

The following anecdote of his missionary days shows Father Hecker's contempt for lazy devotion. Once, when upon a mission, a young priest just returned home from Rome, where he had made his studies, expressed his desire to get back again to Italy as soon as possible, saying, "I find no time here to pray." Father Hecker felt indignant, for it did not seem to him that the young man was very much occupied. "Don't be such a baby," said he. "Look around and see how much work there is to be done here. Is it not better to make some return to God—here in your own country—for what He has done for you, rather than to be sucking your thumbs abroad? What kind of piety do you call that?"

He took a personal interest in all the members of the community, and this was greatly heightened if any one fell sick. We remember his excitement when it was announced that one of the Fathers, who had been sent to a hospital for a surgical

operation, had grown worse and was in danger of death. He began to pace his room, to question sharply about doctors and nurses, and immediately ordered Masses to be said and special prayers by the community; and this father he had seen very little of and hardly knew from the others. "I cannot tell," he wrote to a friend at the time of Father Tillotson's illness, "I dare not express, how much I love him, what he is to me." Always tender-hearted, the nearer he came to the end and the more he suffered the more gentle were his feelings towards all, the more kindly grew his looks, but also the more sad and weary. He was always careful to express thanks for favors, small or great. The following is from a letter to a friend:

"Your last note contained at the end a kind invitation. Don't be troubled; I'm not coming! Do you know that sometimes I am tempted to think that I am necessary? Sometimes the thought has come to me that I might run away from home a week or so. Then I have driven the thought away as I would a temptation. But I wished to thank you none the less for your invitation, though I should never see you again. *I have an uncontrollable horror of ingratitude.*"

During his long years of illness Father Hecker's reading continued upon the lines he had ever followed, the Scriptures holding, of course, the first place. Besides reading or having read to him certain parts adapted to the spiritual probation he was undergoing, such as Job, the Passion of our Lord, and chapters of the sapiential books, he also took the entire Scriptures in course, going slowly through them from cover to cover and insisting on every word being read, genealogies and all. He would sometimes interrupt the reader to make comments and ask questions. The last words that he listened to at night were the words of Scripture, read to him after he had got into bed. He declared that they soothed him and settled his mind and calmed its disturbance, and this was easily seen by his looks and manner. Some who knew him well thought from his comments that God gave him infused knowledge of a rare order about the sense of Scripture. Once he said:

"When you were reading Ezechiel last night, oh, you cannot understand what thoughts I had! During the past six months I have learned how to understand him. I say within myself: 'O Ezechiel! Ezechiel! no one understands, no one understands you in this world, except one here and there.'"

Next to Scripture came St. Thomas and St. John of the Cross, the one for dogmatic and philosophical, the other for devotional uses. It must have been soon after returning to America as a Redemptorist that he procured a copy of Alagona's Compendium of St. Thomas, submitted it to Bishop Neumann, whose learning was in high repute, and obtained his assurance of its accuracy. That little book is a curiosity of underlining and various other forms of emphasizing. It was with him till death. From it he referred to the full works of St. Thomas for complete statements, but he loved to ponder the brief summary of the abridgment and work the principles out in his own way. St. John of the Cross and Lallemant, as already stated, were his hand-books of mysticism and ascetic principles. The former he caused to be read to him in regular course over and over again, enjoying every syllable with fresh relish. In later days the *Life of Mary Ward*, by Mary Catherine Chambers, and *The Glories of Divine Grace*, by Scheeben, afforded him special pleasure. Books which told of the religious tendencies of minds outside the Church were sure to interest him. He studied them as Columbus inspected the drifting weeds and the wild birds encountered on his voyage of discovery. Those who served him as readers sometimes found this kind of literature pretty dry, just as Columbus's crew doubtless found it idle work to fish up the floating weeds of the sea. The following sentences occur in a diary written while in Europe in 1875. It is a statement of his opinion of the objective points at which Catholic teachers and writers of our day should aim:

"In dogmatic theology, when treating of the doctrine of the fall of man keep in view the value of human nature and the necessity of divine grace preceding every act of Christian life.

"In moral theology, stimulate the sense of personal responsibility.

"In ascetic theology, fidelity to the Holy Spirit.

"In polemic theology, develop the intrinsic notes of the Church."

As to novels, he fully appreciated their power over minds, but we believe that he did not read half a dozen in his whole life, and these he treated as he did graver works: he studied them. "To read is one thing, to study is another," says Cardinal Manning; but all reading was study to Father Hecker. We remember one novel which he read, slowly and most carefully, underlining

much of it and filling the margins of every page with notes. "Why don't you read novels, as other people do?" he was asked. "Because life is more novel than any fiction, for fiction is but an attempt to paint life," he answered. No printed matter of any kind, much less a book, ever could be a plaything to Isaac Hecker. He often made more of the sentences on a scrap of newspaper, and studied them far harder, than the writer of them himself had done. A man whose play and work are in such problems as, how God is known, how the Trinity subsists, what beatitude is, how God's being is mirrored in man's activity, has too real a life within him and about him to tarry long in fiction or in any of the by-roads of literature. Poetry, however, in its higher forms, or with a strong ethical tendency, he was very fond of. Perhaps his favorite among the poets was Coventry Patmore.

After returning to New York Father Hecker, besides supervising the editorial work of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, wrote an occasional article for its pages. The more important of these, twelve in number, with the Exposition as a leader, were published in a volume already mentioned, *The Church and the Age*. This book appeared in 1887, and contains his views of the religious problems in Europe and America, and also some controversial writings against orthodox Protestantism and Unitarianism. These are well-written, clean-cut, and aggressive pieces of polemical writing, whether against the errors of Protestants or of infidels. *The Church and the Age* is the best exhibit of the author's opinions and principles on topics of religious interest and those of race and epoch having a religious bearing. He has left a considerable amount of unpublished matter, notably some essays on how God is known, the reality of ideas, and the Trinity, together with much on spiritual subjects. Let us hope that these and more of his unpublished writings will some day be given to the public. He always found difficulty in preparing matter for the press. Using a pencil and a rubber eraser, he often positively wore the paper through with writing, correcting, and writing again. He seemed scrupulous about such matters, and in these circumstances he lacked the immediate expression of his thoughts which came to him so spontaneously in his letters and diaries, as well as in his public speaking. But he dictated readily, and with a result of reaching quickly the form of words he would finally be content with. By this means he prepared his articles on Doctor Brownson, which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD between April and November, 1887.

His intercourse with the members of the community was naturally much interfered with by his illness. But he loved to listen to them speaking of their work, was greatly interested in the building and decorating of the new church, and when the missionaries came home was eager to hear them tell of their success. He would invariably suggest that we should study how to extend our preaching outside the regular missions, so as to take in non-Catholics. He was also alive to opportunities for stimulating others, in and out of the community, to do literary work. At Lake George, where he spent his summers with the community, he was able to have a familiar contact with us all, especially the students, whom he enlisted in working about the grounds or the house, helping as best he could. But after his illness began he ever showed a certain constraint of manner when the conversation took a grave turn, a kind of shyness, which a judge of character might interpret as meaning, "I am afraid you'll misunderstand me; I am afraid you'll think I am a visionary."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

THE INDIAN LAWS OF CANADA.

THE legal status of the Indian in our Dominion is rather peculiar. From one point of view he appears as a full-fledged citizen, while from another his position seems like that of a child for whom the state stands *in loco parentis*. Yet an Indian band may enjoy a larger measure of Home Rule than does Ireland at present; and Indian minorities have greater liberties as to education in its religious aspect than have the Catholic people of your free Republic.

In 1839 Chief-Justice Macaulay gave it as his opinion that the Indians had individually all the civil and political rights of other subjects. "If possessed," said he, "of sufficient property to qualify them, their competency to vote at elections, or to fill municipal offices, if duly appointed thereto, could not be denied." As to civil rights this opinion was borne out by the records of the courts, and the election of Chief John Brant to a seat in the old Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada seemed to confirm it as to rights political. It is true the chief was deprived of his seat, but not on account of his racial origin. That was the age when a man's fitness to legislate was supposed to be in proportion to the property of which he was seized; and John Brant, not holding in his own right sufficient thereof, was declared ineligible. But Chief-Justice Macaulay's opinion went out of fashion. Indeed, at the time he wrote the official correspondence constantly referred to the Indians as wards of the nation, and they were ever encouraged to adopt towards the sovereign the language of children towards a parent. In the report of the Indian Commission of 1856 we read that the status of the Indians had "very much changed" since Justice Macaulay's views were given; that then there was no legislative declaration bearing on the question, but that subsequently the Canadian Parliament from time to time "provided for the Indians as a class incapable in many respects of managing their own affairs." The Act 20 Victoria formulated a method by which they might be "gradually enfranchised," and the present law contains clauses framed with the same intent. The Federal Parliament, however, endorsed a few years ago the earlier view by extending its electoral franchise to Indians, in the older provinces, who had made improvements to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars on separate

holdings occupied by them on a reserve as members of a band, and who were possessed of the other requisite qualifications. "I fancy," said the late Sir John Macdonald when this election law was under discussion in Parliament—"I fancy that an Indian who is qualified would have a vote if he is a British subject. If an Indian has an income of three hundred dollars a year he will have a vote the same as another person." Hence the law did not use the language of concession. It simply declared what Indians should not vote.* The present local election law of Ontario permits Indians who "do not reside among Indians" to vote.

Some of the "chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations," as they style themselves, though they are more habituated to the arts of husbandry than to the ways of war, decline to avail themselves of the right to vote. Pointing to the royal proclamation of 1763, which recognized in the Indians territorial rights resembling those of sovereign powers, they assert that they are allies, not subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, and that the exercise of the suffrage would be a virtual abdication of that position. They have set forth in elaborate memorials that they constitute a real *imperium in imperio*, and should not be held amenable to our laws and our courts of judicature. These are the dreamers. The Indians have their quota of practical politicians. The expression "Indian" is declared by the "Indian Act"† to mean, for the purposes of that statute, any male person of Indian blood reputed to belong to any band, any child of such persons, and any woman who is or was lawfully married to such person. An Indian woman marrying a white man ceases to be an Indian in the eye of the law, though she is allowed to share in the annuities and interest moneys of the band to which she belonged, but such income may be commuted by the band at ten years' purchase. An Indian who has resided continuously for five years outside of Canada without permission ceases to be regarded as a Canadian Indian, and cannot be admitted to the band of which he was formerly a member, or to any other band, without the consent of such band and the approval of the Indian Department. No Indian is liable to be taxed for any real or personal property "unless he holds, in his individual right, real estate under a lease or in fee simple, or personal property outside of the reserve"; and it is illegal to take security, or obtain any lien or charge upon the real or personal property of an Indian, except such as is subject to taxation. The Indians, however,

* Sec. 9, cap. 5, Revised Statutes of Canada.

† Cap. 43, Revised Statutes of Canada, amended by cap. 33, 50–51 Vic., cap. 22, 51 Vic., and cap. 29, 53 Vic.

have the right to sue for any debt due them, or in respect of any tort or wrong, or to compel the performance of obligations contracted; but in any suit or action between Indians, or in a case of assault in which the defendant is an Indian, no appeal lies from the court of first instance if the penalty imposed does not exceed ten dollars. The Indians west of Ontario are not permitted to dispose of, without permission, any presents (such as agricultural implements, etc.) given them or any property acquired with the annuities paid them. The red man is much restricted as to the devising of his belongings. He may bequeath the land held by him under location ticket, together with "the personal effects and other belongings of which he is the recognized owner," but not to any one further removed from him than a second cousin, or to any one not entitled to reside on the reserve on which the property devised is situated. Then, before the will becomes operative it must, after the death of the testator, be consented to by his band and approved by the head of the Indian Department. In the event of its not being so assented to or approved, the testator is deemed to have died intestate; and in such case the land held by the Indian, together with his goods and chattels, devolves, one-third upon his widow, "if she be a woman of good moral character and was living with her husband at the time of his death," and the remainder in equal shares upon his children. During the minority of the children the widow is to act as administratrix; but she may for cause be removed by the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, who has authority to appoint another to administer the property, and to decide all questions which may arise in regard to the distribution of the same among the legatees. If an Indian dying intestate leaves no relative nearer than a cousin; his possessions revert to the crown for the benefit of the band to which he belonged.

The management of Indian matters is vested in a special department of the civil service, at whose head is a member of the government, holding, in addition to some other portfolio, that of Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He occupies a seat in Parliament, where now sit, on either side, two or three men who in great part owe their election to the votes of the aborigines. This minister is responsible to the assembly for his direction of the department; and he, of course, comes and goes with the administration. His deputy and the subordinate officials are permanently appointed. The agents of the department are vested with the powers of justices of the peace. They, and all other employees, besides missionaries and teachers on reserves, are pre-

cluded from trading with the Indians. Indeed, in so far as Manitoba and the Territories are concerned, the law prohibits any one from going on a reserve to barter or sell without a special license in writing from the superintendent-general.

A great part of the act and its amendments is devoted to safe-guarding the landed interests of the Indians. The lands reserved for them are held in trust by the crown, and each tract of land so set apart is called a reserve. No part or parcel thereof can be sold, alienated, or leased without the consent of the majority of the male members of the band owning the reserve being first given at a council called for that purpose, in accordance with the rules of the band, and held in the presence of the superintendent-general or an officer duly delegated to take his place. The fact of such consent having been given must be certified on oath by the officer who represented the department at the council, and by one of the chiefs or principal men of the band. Every surrender must be made to the crown and accepted by the governor in council. Lands so surrendered are sold or leased, as the case may be, in the interest of the Indians. Power is given the superintendent-general to lease, without a surrender being made, for the benefit of widows, or children left without guardians, sick, aged, or infirm Indians, or Indians engaged in callings which necessitate their residing off their reserve, the lands to which they are entitled. Though land owned by private citizens or corporations may be expropriated for public works, no portion of a reserve can be taken for any railway or public work without the consent of the governor in council, and when such consent is given, compensation must be made as in the case of private individuals. Elaborate provision is made for the prevention and punishment of trespass upon reserves.

A band may, with the approval of the superintendent-general, allocate separate portions of a reserve to any or all of the different members, and when such allocations are made "location tickets" are issued. The holding of such a ticket constitutes lawful possession, but the land covered thereby is not transferable to any one but an Indian of the same band as that to which the holder of the ticket belongs. In the North-west the Indian commissioner may give to an Indian a somewhat similar title to a particular parcel of land in a reserve without any allocation having been made by the band, but such title may be revoked at any time. No Indian, however, can be removed, without compensation being made him, from land on which he has improvements; and in the event of an Indian having made improvements

on a plot of land which was afterwards included in a reserve, it is provided that he shall have the same title thereto as that given by a "location ticket."

The law empowers the government to invest the moneys derived from land, timber, or other valuables belonging to the Indians, and to direct what percentage thereof shall be set apart to cover the cost of management, for the construction and maintenance of public works on reserves, and by way of contribution to the schools of the Indians.

The most interesting part of the Indian Act—if any part of a statute can be called interesting—is, perhaps, that which sets forth a form of municipal government for reserves. The system is very simple; and the seventy-fifth section of the act authorizes the governor in council to put it in force when and where he deems the Indians sufficiently advanced to carry it out. Under it the chiefs and councillors are to be elected for a term of three years, subject to deposition at any time by the superintendent-general for dishonesty, intemperance, immorality, or incompetency. An election may be set aside if fraud or gross irregularity is proved; and any Indian found guilty of such fraud or irregularity may be declared ineligible for election for six years. The seventy-sixth section provides that the council so constituted may make, subject to the approval of the governor in council, and enforce, by fines and imprisonments, under the "Act respecting summary proceedings before justices of the peace," rules and regulations in respect to the public health; the observance of order at general assemblages; the repression of intemperance and profligacy; the prevention of trespass by cattle; the establishment of pounds and protection of the flocks and herds of the Indians; the construction of water-courses, roads, bridges, etc.; the allocating of land and the registry of the same; the construction and repair of school-houses and other public buildings; the attendance of children at school; and "as to what religious denomination the teacher of the school established on the reserve shall belong to, provided always that he shall be of the same denomination as the majority of the band, and that the Protestant or Catholic minority may likewise have a separate school, with the approval of and under regulations made by the governor in council."

The educational policy of the government with respect to Indians to whom these sections have not been applied is in line with the sub-section in regard to denominational schools which I have quoted in full.

A larger measure of municipal government is afforded by the Indian Advancement Act,* which may be applied by the governor in council to any band which is considered fit for its operation. It enacts that the reserve in which it is in force shall be divided into electoral districts; that these districts shall elect councillors whose term of office is one year; that the councillors so elected shall choose a chief councillor; and that the council so formed shall meet for the despatch of business not more than twelve and not less than four times a year. The Indian agent is to preside, regulate, and record the proceedings, and report to the superintendent-general the by-laws passed, for the submission by him to the governor in council for approval. The agent has no vote. The chief councillor votes as a councillor and, in the case of a tie, gives the casting vote. The council has, in addition to the powers conferred on ordinary councils by the seventy-sixth section of the Indian Act, the right to remove and punish trespassers on the reserve, and authority to raise money, for any of the purposes for which it may make by-laws, by assessments levied on the lands held by Indians on the reserve in fee simple or under location tickets. The councillors must be of good moral character; for the law very explicitly decrees than any one of them "who is proved to be an habitual drunkard, or to be living in immorality, or to have accepted a bribe, or to have been guilty of dishonesty or malfeasance in office of any kind, shall be disqualified from acting as a member of the council." "Why," said Edward Blake, when the act was before Parliament in 1884—"why should not this be extended to the whites? . . . Why should we be more moral with our Indian friends than with ourselves?" But we have gone even further than this. We have restricted the liberty of the red man as to what he shall drink by ordaining that severe penalties shall be inflicted on any one who gives or sells him "intoxicating drink of any kind."

The "enfranchisement" clauses of the Indian Act apply only to the older provinces, but they may by official proclamation be applied to other parts of the Dominion. Under them an Indian who has received a degree from a university or who has been admitted to one of the learned professions, may, when he wishes, cease to be an Indian in the eye of the law. He is required to formally notify the department of his desire, and upon his doing so a deed issues to him for his share of the reserved land. If an Indian not so qualified desires to be enfran-

* Cap. 44, Revised Statutes of Canada, amended by cap. 30, 53 Vic.

chised he has to forward to the department, with his application, an affidavit by a clergyman of the religious denomination to which he belongs, or by a magistrate, to the effect that the applicant has been, for at least five years, "of good moral character, temperate in his or her habits, and of sufficient intelligence to be qualified to hold land in fee simple and otherwise to exercise all the rights and privileges of enfranchised persons." This certificate is submitted to the band of which the applicant is a member, and thirty days are allowed in which to show cause why the request should not be granted. If the superintendent-general decides to comply with the application, he locates the applicant as "a probationary Indian" for the portion of the reserve to which he is entitled; and, after the expiration of three years' probation, or such longer period as may be deemed necessary, if the conduct of the Indian has been satisfactory, letters-patent will issue, granting him in fee simple the land for which he was located, but without power to alienate the same before obtaining the consent of the governor in council. Upon the issue of such letters-patent to an Indian, he, and his wife and family if he has any, take the position of ordinary subjects before the law, though they continue in the right to participate in the revenues and general councils of their band. Only when a band at a council convened for the purpose decides to allow every member to become enfranchised, is the capital fund of the community divided among the members; and even then no member is to receive his share until at least three years after letters-patent have issued and he has proved "by his exemplary good conduct and management of property . . . that he is qualified to receive his share of such moneys."

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THE FORTUNES OF A POOR YOUNG MAID.

CHAPTER I.

IN a plain villa on Staten Island, one of New York's prettiest suburbs, a physician had taken up his quarters. He was a bachelor, and his widowed sister, Mrs. Delpole, kept house for him. They were from the South, and among the many who innocently suffered the ill-fortunes of the late civil war.

Dr. Champney was one of those wide-minded, large-hearted men whose philanthropy was not in measure with his purse; so that it required a fiercer energy than he possessed to draw the two ends of life together. He was a brave man, however, and knowing that the greater portion of poor humanity must struggle day by day, he put his shoulder to the wheel.

Agnes Delpole had in her youth married, against the prudent counsels of her brother, a wealthy ne'er-do-well; one of those numerous *flaneurs* who haunt great cities, and who live and die without having made a mark. So it was with Roger Delpole: at the end of a few years, not only had he spent his own patrimony, but had wasted also most of the savings of his good-natured brother-in-law; whereupon, seeing there was nothing left to live on, he gracefully died, and along with his debts left his widow and infant daughter as a legacy to Dr. Champney.

When our tale begins Bessie Delpole is a *petite* maiden verging out of her teens, clever and ambitious. Longing to be rid of her humdrum existence, too proud to associate with the young people of the neighborhood, she is thrown on her own resources for amusement. As she has a taste for colors, and for music as well, her voice may be heard all over the house, and the effects of her lavish paint-brush be seen in every room.

Thus occupation, if it did not make her contented with her lot, kept her happy. For society she must make the most of her mother and uncle, with a tri-annual visit from her godmother, Eliza Stone; this latter a school teacher who spends her holidays with her friends, and returns their hospitality by teaching Bess.

Eliza and Agnes were schoolmates at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and had never lost sight of each other since; indeed, in the old days there had existed a silent courtship be-

tween Francis Champney and his sister's friend; but with his "legacy" his means had not increased, and so the courtship had ended in sighs and brave resolves.

Perhaps the knowledge of what might have been made the friendship of the little circle more close, and more full of living sympathy than had there been no little romance nipped in the bud.

Mrs. Delpole was one of those happy beings, blessed with a sanguine temperament, who feel the warmth of the sun even behind the clouds; and who, though not by any means impervious to the stings of adversity, can bear the brunt of life cheerfully—in fact, are true philosophers.

This lady's only extravagance was an inordinate love for letter-writing, a taste she had acquired at school, where it had been carried on surreptitiously as a fine art among the young ladies of the different grades, until discovered and put a stop to by the head mistress.

In the community room the confiscated correspondence had afforded much amusement, and no doubt it was greatly owing to Agnes Champney's masterly way of detailing school scandal that she carried off the prize for style.

Among her ancient companions and present correspondents there was a certain Lydia Hamen, an extremely wealthy woman who had married an English cousin of the same name, and who was now a childless widow in possession of a large income, a large house in London, but a sufferer from poor health and depressed spirits.

At the convent she went by the *sobriquet* of Lydia Languish, owing to her sentimental and unconventional tastes. Although for many years a resident of England, Mrs. Hamen had kept up her interest in her native country and old friends, and ever welcomed the brilliant, gossipy letters of Mrs. Delpole, who albeit debarred by her straitened circumstances from mixing in fashionable society, had the happy faculty of assimilating everything she heard or read, to be afterwards made a digest of, in a witty, ironical letter to her invalid friend.

Mrs. Delpole had often been remonstrated with by her brother for what he termed her waste of energy.

"If, my dear sister," he would say, "I could only induce you to turn your wonderful talent to account by writing for the newspapers you so eagerly read, you might be a rich woman, and Bess would not be for ever teasing me to take her out to balls and parties."

"Well, you dear, good uncle, she sha'n't tease you any more. But as for my earning sixpence with my pen—why you know well enough I always rebel at what I am obliged to do, and only take real pleasure in doing useless things. There, go now; there is some one in the office. I wish you luck, and a rich patient."

"I fear it may be patience instead." And the good doctor went off chuckling at his oft-repeated joke, leaving Mrs. Delpole to prove herself willing to take pleasure in other beside useless things, to judge by the deft way she brushed the doctor's coat and wide-awake hat, and examined the seams of his dogskin gloves.

But Agnes Delpole was right in the main when she asserted her taste for the ornamental rather than useful in life; she was better fitted to be rich than poor. It pained her sensitive pride to have to accept a visit from her neighbor, the wealthy brewer's wife, and hear that lady go into ecstasies over her make-shifts.

"What a wonderful woman you are, Mrs. Delpole! You never seem to need new carpets, as other people do. Isn't yonder hassock made from the centre-piece of the doctor's office rug? I was in the shop when Bessie bought those pretty brass nails to tack it on with. Really, I envy you your daughter, she has such artistic instincts. My husband often wishes our Minnie were like her. What a nice idea to paint the hearthstone to imitate tiles! Well, my Minnie can't do anything with her hands but hook on her frocks; and"—pulling a long face and rolling her eyes—"it's well her pa can afford to dress her, for otherwise she'd die of what he calls 'henwee'—you know he went to Paris last year?" etc., etc; till Mrs. Delpole's courtesy was nearly exhausted, and from the bottom of her heart she wished that Dr. Champney were not dependent on Brewer Vatts' punctual payments to keep the pot boiling.

Again, Mrs. Delpole was unfitted to face poverty by the generosity of her nature. To refuse an alms was always bitter, and she would rather give the shoes off her feet than turn away from a beggar. But what was gall and wormwood, what cut her to the quick of her soul, was the knowledge that in having to support her and her child Dr. Champney was doomed to perpetual celibacy; that, too, when Eliza Stone would have been the very woman to his liking. Mrs. Delpole's one ambition, therefore, was for the future of her daughter. Would something ever turn up to save Bess from the moral degradation to which she was obliged to submit? This was Mrs. Delpole's prayer by day and night, and the hope of it, as she watched her pretty bud expand-

ing, kept her cheerful and even-tempered, while it drove her to her incessant correspondence, as if every letter she wrote were an iron in the fire which eventually might shape itself into a glowing destiny for Roger Delpole's daughter, cheated of her birthright.

"Who can tell, Francis," she would say to her brother in their evening talks, when Bess's blonde head lay dreaming above them—"who can tell but some one among my correspondents may prove to be a fairy godmother, and give my Bess a lift in the world? You know I still keep it up hot and heavy with old Major Firelocks, who took such a fancy to us down in Jamaica the winter poor Roger died. He always said he wanted Bess to be Alan's wife if the children lived, and you know he brought from India something heavier than a gouty liver."

"Well, Agnes," Dr. Champney would answer, quietly smiling between the puffs of his pipe, "years and gray hair have not cured your taste for romancing. Had you let me train Bess to be a sick nurse, we could make her a useful member of society, and in the end the ornamental part would take care of itself; as it is, I fear our bonny bird thinks too much of its plumage; or, we could enter her at the Normal College and make a teacher of her."

This was too much of a blow to Mrs. Delpole's ambition. "A hospital nurse! a public school teacher! My Bess a poor drudge whom no one thanks! Thank you, Francis; your ideas for the future of your niece are certainly not lofty." And the widow darned her brother's socks with vicious quickness.

Dr. Champney watched her fingers, which for the moment had lost the soothing dignity a gentlewoman always imparts to the labor of her hands; then he turned his rather sad gray eyes to his sister's face as he slowly answered:

"I am not alone in holding the opinion, Agnes, that nothing by which we make ourselves of use to others can be a drudgery. We should honor those who possess the ability to do that for which we personally are not qualified. Indeed, the loftiest ideal we poor mortals can strive after is the path of usefulness, and in it let us walk, however disagreeable. Why you, my dear sister, are ennobled by the life you lead, although you may find it dreary enough; for surely it is by the persistent and cheerful doing of small duties that womankind make home; and—"

"Come, my learned brother, if you are going to moralize, I am best in bed; for being both cross and sleepy, your wisdom would be wasted. Good-night."

But before she left the room Agnes pressed a tender kiss upon the doctor's brow; for what did she not owe to his loving care? And her conscience reproached her for harboring one thought of discontent.

Chapter II.

The day following upon this conversation brought an event which, although Mrs. Delpole had been sighing for it, been looking forward to it for years in secret, yet when it came at last it seemed as unexpected and unreal to her as to the rest of the little family.

It came in the shape of a letter from London addressed to her, but under cover to the business firm who took charge of Mrs. Hamen's American property, the junior partner of which accompanied the letter with a card of his own, and was even then seated in the modest little parlor awaiting the pleasure of Mrs. Delpole.

Dr. Champney was eating his Sunday dinner surrounded by the faces of those he loved best on earth—for Eliza Stone had crossed the bay to spend her midsummer holidays with her friends, and she and Bess together had made the weekly pudding—when there came the eventful ring at the hall door.

"Please, ma'am, the gentleman is waiting in the parlor," said the maid-of-all-work, her good-natured red face looking the redder for the garish hue of her Sunday apparel.

"Drawing-room, Margaret! How often must I correct you?" Mrs. Delpole expostulated with dignity. "Why, brother, 'tis a letter from Lydia, and sent by hand? What can it mean?"

Quick as a flash the widow's eyes scanned the note, for it was too short to deserve another title, and then, to the consternation of the assembled party, she gave a shriek, rose from table, and flung herself face downward on the ricketty sofa devoted to the doctor's forty winks, where she lay for a moment speechless.

Dr. Champney raised Mrs. Hamen's missive from the floor, and at a glance mastered the contents; then, drawing his chair beside his sister, he mechanically seized her wrist in a professional way and said:

"Do nothing rash, Agnes; consider well before you act."

His voice brought Agnes to her feet.

"Bess, my darling! my pride! your fortune is made; your young life is to be bright and happy at last. My friend, your

mother's friend—dear Lydia! my friend in need, my friend indeed!—she is to adopt you, and leave you all her fortune. Do you hear, Bess? You're to be rich, child!"

And Mrs. Delpole staggered to her daughter, whom she clasped in her arms in an ecstasy of hysteric sobbing.

"O mummy dear! you frighten me," was all Bess could say.

"Agnes, compose yourself," said the doctor calmly; "you have read too hastily, and you exaggerate in consequence."

"Perhaps it were as well I should read the letter aloud to her, with your consent, Dr. Champney?" And Miss Stone, in her clear, precise voice, read the following:

"MY DEAR AGNES: As you know by my last letters, I have qeen again very ill, and I believe the doctors think my case a hopeless one.

"Perhaps, in view that my end is near, you will not begrudge me the comfort of your child's society. If she have any of your charming qualities, she will cheer my last days. Do, dearest friend, let her come by the earliest opportunity.

"In anxious suspense, your fond LYDIA.

"P. S.—I send you my business man, who will settle all expenses."

"Dr. Champney is quite right, Agnes," continued Miss Stone in a matter-of-fact way; "there is no mention of fortune, or anything of the kind. It may be harsh to say so, but Lydia seems still to be the good-natured, selfish creature who imposed upon us all at school."

"'Aunt' Liz, how cruel of you to blacken Mrs. Hamen's character!" broke in Bess, through whose active little brain visions of wealth and social triumphs were whirling, and who on no account wished to be battened down under the prosaic present longer than necessary.

"Eliza Stone, you are incorrigible, but I forgive you," said Agnes in a semi-tragic way. "And to you, Francis Champney, M.D., I make answer: I am not fanciful nor do I exaggerate. Do you think that after a correspondence extending over half a life-time we are not entitled to reading between the lines?"

"Not in business matters," interrupted the doctor, shaking his head.

"On this very account," pursued the enthusiast unheedingly, "as we grow older our letters grow more terse. Heart speaks to heart; brain to brain! Bess! hug your poor mother; we are so soon to part!"

"Meanwhile the messenger awaits the answer," softly insinuated the doctor; "might it not be as well to invite him to a cold bite?"

At this everybody laughed, for in truth Mr. Higgins, although his card lay upon the cloth, had been most completely forgotten. Dr. Champney, therefore, brought him out of his solitude into the excited home circle, where he gave Bess quite a new idea of junior partners; Mr. Higgins being older than her uncle, with hair of old gold—as a modern reporter would say—sprinkled with silver, and set in relief by some baldness.

He seemed a most inoffensive little man, with a soft voice and a peculiar fashion of rubbing the palms of his hands down the arms of his elbow-chair.

Upon being asked by Dr. Champney what his instructions were he answered:

"I am to do the will of Mrs. Delpole; to pay every bill she may incur between this day and the date on which I am to deliver Miss Delpole"—with a bow to Bess, who straightened herself up with an air of new-born importance—"into the charge of our honored client, Mrs. Hamen. Therefore, I am not here to give but to take instructions." And the little man half rose from his seat and inclined his head first to one and then to the other.

At this juncture, notwithstanding the warning glances of her brother, Agnes Delpole was no longer to be repressed, and cut short all discussion by assuring Mr. Higgins that, entertaining the sisterly feelings she did for Mrs. Hamen, she would trust her implicitly with her daughter; moreover, she would not impose more than was absolutely necessary upon Mrs. Hamen's purse, nor upon Mr. Higgins's valuable time, and would have Miss Delpole ready to sail for England by the Wednesday Cunarder.

After this speech, however, the mother broke down and fell to weeping, whereupon Mr. Higgins discreetly took his departure, telling Dr. Champney he would secure the state-room as desired, and leaving in the physician's unwilling hand a check for one hundred dollars, as he expressed it, to buy "some trumpery for the young lady."

Chapter III.

The few days—hours we might better say—which Agnes and her daughter had together were spent in packing the wardrobe of "the heiress," and in buying a few articles—not trumpery by any means—in which it was deficient.

Item: Shoes; for Bessie had a pretty foot, and fancied no English-made boot could show it to advantage.

The time, indeed, was all too short for the amount of counsel and questions between mother and child, so that night as well as day was spent in talking.

Sitting up in bed together, they studied *Pictorial London* until they dropped asleep babbling over the glories of Rotten Row and the parks; Bessie later on to awaken with the nightmare, having dreamed she was thrown from Mrs. Hamen's coach and four, the leaders of which were pirouetting over her prostrate form. This would remind the bed-fellows they had forgotten to slide the ponderous volume to the floor, or perhaps warn them it was time to rise for the labors of the day.

At last the fatal hour struck which was to bear Bessie Delpole away from her simple home to the lap of luxury; out of the care of an idolizing mother to the arms of a childless woman.

To the last Mrs. Delpole had no qualms at sending her heart's treasure among strangers, so sure was she that the rich Mrs. Hamen of London was the same "Lydia Languish" who shared her candy with her at school, and in return borrowed Agnes's ideas for the weekly compositions. Dear Lydia, dear Lydia! she could not fail to love pretty Bessie. Strange, how absence at times increases our regard for people from whom years previously we parted with indifference!

Dr. Champney was too discreet a man to battle with a head-strong woman, and so when they reached the dock he put aside the grave look he had worn since Sunday, and smiled encouragingly as he slipped a ten-dollar gold-piece into the hand of his niece, with the advice to spend it wisely; which "filthy lucre" the "heiress," with a farewell kiss, pressed back into the palm of her doting parent, whispering as she did so: "You need so many things, mummy dear, and I am to be rich, you know!"

The great steamship glides away from the pier, and for a few moments thousands of eyes strain for a last glimpse of the thousands receding; a murmur of good-bys, which never reach the ears for whom spoken, and the parting is over.

Bessie, on deck in her neat new suit of navy blue, waves her tear-stained handkerchief unseen by her mother, who in an unnerved condition was being led from the wharf, borne up by the strong arms of Dr. Champney and the faithful Eliza.

We will now for a while leave the bereft toilers in the struggle for life, and watch the ascending star of the young suburban

maid so soon to rise on the richly studded firmament of Mrs. Hamen's London household.

Chapter IV.

Sweet Bessie, with her large, liquid blue eyes, in a face bright and fair as an Easter morning; and hands so soft and white and shapely, as if they had never known what it was to stir a pudding or starch the family collars, looked every inch the little aristocrat she intended to remain through life.

Mr. Higgins, who accompanies her to her new surroundings, has made himself in nowise obnoxious to the young traveller; indeed he has unwittingly given her her first lessons in the art of commanding others by his assiduity in supplying her wants—a lesson which, by an apt practice, Miss Delpole soon mastered to perfection.

Bessie had read a few novels—such as befitted her youth, of course—and as her mother had ceaselessly impressed upon her that she was born eventually to shine, her imagination helped her to fancy herself the heroine of a very real romance.

The junior member of the firm of Crosby, Fox & Co. was therefore looked upon by Miss Delpole as the confidential agent, bailiff perhaps, of the vast estates which were one day to be hers, and treated accordingly.

It was, for instance: "Higgins, I think I'll take a turn on deck; give me your arm, please"; or, "Higgins, I left my book below; please fetch it me"; or again, "Higgins, wrap this rug about my feet: thank you. I'll not trouble you any longer, Higgins; I'll take a nap now."

And we must not think that this condescension on the part of his client's young protegée was disagreeable to the old bachelor—for Higgins was unmarried, although Bessie never gave it a thought—on the contrary, he was quite as human as his juniors in years; and if he had grown sage with baldness, he none the less appreciated the pleasant charge of caring for a lovely morsel of budding womanhood.

Bessie followed her mother's advice, and made no acquaintances on board ship. She spoke to no one except the devoted Higgins, and what time she did not spend in day-dreams, she made use of to begin a journal, or, as she quaintly called it, a Book of Confidences.

As we shall have to draw largely from its contents to gain an insight into the future experiences of our heroine, we will in-

troduce it at once, by an extract written the day the *Servia* wended her stately way up the Mersey.

CHAPTER V.

Wednesday, July 16, 1888.

How very far away I feel from home, now that in less than an hour I shall have set foot on British soil! I have been too excited to feel homesick. Thanks to my excitement, even the chop seas of the Irish Channel did not upset me, and I have crossed the Atlantic without paying tribute to Neptune.

2 *P. M.*—My trunks are safely through the customs—I should say "boxes"; mamma told me to be very English, you know. Higgins seems to know everybody—at least lots of men shake hands with him; but I'm not sure but that he gave some of them money.

We are to spend the night in Liverpool, for which I am sorry; I did so want to go straight on to London, and fling myself on the bosom of my mother's friend, "Aunt Lydia"! —my fairy godmother, as I intend calling her. Oh! how nice it must be to be rich. I do believe it makes me feel good, too. Ever since my destiny has been turned in this smooth channel I have prayed with more devotion. Good heavens! to think I sometimes envied that horrid dowdy, Minnie Vatts. Thank God! I have given up envy and malice of every kind.

Thursday Evening, 17th July.

London! really London at last! But, dear me! how am I to begin writing my new experiences? I think I had better begin at the end, and say it is ten o'clock at night, and I am sitting in my dressing-gown—double gown my dear Southern mummy calls it—made from a silk dress she wore before I was born! To think how mamma and I worked at it my three last days home! I wonder if I'm not just a wee bit homesick, this first night in London? But I shall get over it. Now to my story.

Higgins so arranged it that we drove up to the Fairy Palace just one hour before dinner.

Having telegraphed from Liverpool, Mrs. Hamen's coach was at the Euston Square Station to meet us. A footman, in liver-color-and-gold livery, was on the platform ready to take my bag and wraps—a most imposing creature; and how he recognized us is a puzzle, unless he and Higgins are Free Masons, which would account for a good deal.

Old Higgins offered me his arm to the carriage, and, as I felt weak and overpowered, I graciously slipped my little gloved fingers on to his coat-sleeve. I believe I'm going to hate Higgins; and yet he has been very kind. But ever since we landed he has tried to be patronizing; and I don't intend to be patronized by any one, much less this agent. Well, to go on.

Arrived at Portland Square—to think that I am even now inditing these confidences in a Portland Square mansion!—the great hall-door was flung wide as the horses drew up, and a double line of domestics stood in the hall to receive us. I was bewildered. It felt like the coming of age of some great heiress! O how proud mummy would have been to see me! And "Aunt Liz"; but no, she would say it was the English custom. Well, I like such customs. From the end of the row a nice-faced young woman, with a French cap on her head, advanced and said she would "conduct" me to my room. And with a whispered "We will meet in the drawing-room, Miss Delpole," from my travelling companion, I followed the young woman up the broad stairway—just such an one as you read of in novels: stained glass windows, etc. My room is charming. I can't tell how it faces, as the curtains are drawn; but I don't care much for the sun, if I only look on the square.

I have a dressing-room besides; and a cottage piano, on which I intend to practise faithfully, being quite determined to be ornamental! Dobbs (Mrs. Hamen's maid is called by this short, sensible name) unstrapped my "boxes" and got out my dinner frock, the smartest of the three I own. She did up my hair English style, and paid me the compliment of saying it was a nice color and "luxurious"—no doubt she meant luxuriant. Then she showed me down to the drawing-room door, which a page opened, and I stood in the august presence of my fairy godmother!

For the first moment I only saw Higgins, who sat in an arm-chair, drying his palms just as he did in the home dining-room on the memorable day I first laid eyes on him.

He rose and came forward to meet me, and in quite a grand way said: "Mrs. Hamen, allow me to introduce to you Miss Delpole!"

There was a fire in the grate, and close up to it sat a lady I could scarcely believe was a schoolmate of my mother. She looked twenty years older at least, although her hair was jet black. I really think it must be dyed. Her face had a flabby look about it, as if it once had been very fat and then suddenly

got thin, leaving ripples of skin over it—especially under the eyes. I wonder was she ever good-looking! Then, O heavens! she was low-necked. And such a neck!—long and stringy, with great hollows at the collar-bone, which a triple necklace of pearls and turquoises could not hide. Her dress was a combination of white lace and blue velvet. This was Mrs. Hamen, the wealthy widow whom I proposed calling Aunt Lydia, or the Fairy Godmother!

"How do you do, child? Why were you not called Agnes? You're the image of your mother!"

These were the fairy's first words, and really they did not seem as if they needed answering; but I managed to say politely enough: "Mamma sends you tenderest greeting, Mrs. Hamen, and hopes you will find me a pleasant and useful little companion."

At this moment a portly butler stood in the doorway and bowed, to announce dinner I presume. Mr. Higgins, to my great surprise, offered me his arm, and when I made a little motion not to accept, he coolly took my hand and pressed it into place, and then, nilly-willy, as they say, marched me into the dining-room, whispering as we went along, which I thought very impertinent, "I think you've made a good impression, little woman!" To think of his daring to say that! I should say dining-hall—it is a real hall, not a room, with something churchy about it. I heard a rumbling sound behind me, and some kind of a grunting noise. I should so have liked to look back! but old Higgins kept squeezing my hand, which I knew must mean something besides impertinence, and so I contained my curiosity.

A round table had been laid for us in front of a huge log fire. Fancy fires in July!—but then this is London.

A man-servant pulled a seat out for me opposite the chimney, and another on my right for Higgins. I must here remark that I now put Mister to his name; and he really looked most respectable in his dress-suit and white necktie; and besides, plain Higgins would have sounded as if I were addressing a servant, the butler being called Hurlbut, which of the two is the much more aristocratic name.

I was wise enough not to sit down, and presently I saw my fairy godmother being wheeled to the table in her chair! Then, O horrors! Hurlbut and James—the other lackey—sat her up straight, for she had toppled over to one side on the journey from the drawing-room. What a sight she was, to be

sure! Thus I first discovered that her whole left side was paralyzed.

I was greatly shocked, and wished that that horrid, stupid Higgins had only told me, during our talks at sea, something about Mrs. Hamen, for I now felt certain this was not his first introduction to her. But then I never asked him to. How sly of her not to have written mamma the nature of her disease!

There was very little said during dinner, as Mrs. Hamen seemed absorbed in her eating; which, I noticed, was quite an art to do neatly with but one hand.

Poor soul! After all, wealth cannot give health; and I feel very sorry for her. As we went back to the drawing-room I walked beside her chair and held her paralyzed arm, so that she kept her upright position. I think she was grateful for the little attention, as she said: "Thank you, dear! You must try and love me."

The evening was not very long. Mrs. Hamen asked me to sing, and I got off "Cleansing Fires" in a quite dramatic way. But I think she would have preferred a plain ballad. Miss Procter has put in her verses too much about "golden chains," "do not quail," "living pain," etc., which really, considering my fairy godmother is dying by inches, could not be very inspiriting. She thanked me, however, and said she would order some new songs for me; and then she wished me "good-night." And here I am writing all about it! I wonder shall I hear to-morrow any of those queer London street-cries? But, no; plebeian sounds cannot reach so aristocratic a quarter.

Chapter VI.

The next morning Bess opened her eyes with the feeling of one who has had a very vivid dream; which, as she raised her head off the pillow and glanced about her, seemed still to be weaving its imaginary woof, so unreal and strange were her surroundings.

Instead of her plain little room, with its two dormer windows, at home, which she shared with her mother—Mrs. Delpole always spoke of it as the turret chamber—she lay in a richly furnished apartment in the heart of fashionable London.

A few tears of satisfied ambition mingled with sadness as she thought how lonely "dear mummy" must be without her, and our heroine, fully awake to the realities of life, sprang out of bed in a quiver of excitement.

At this instant Dobbs issued from the dressing-room, and saying Miss Delpole's bath was prepared, and she would return in a quarter of an hour to dress her, glided across the room and out of it before Bess got over her surprise.

Was she to have a maid to herself?

How delicious! No more mending; no more sewing on of buttons; no ruffles or furbelows to be altered. Really Mrs. Hamen was a fairy godmother indeed!

Toying still with this unexpected sensation of being mistress of all she surveyed, Bess spread herself out in an easy-chair, where, on her return, Dobbs found her awaiting her ministrations.

First one tiny foot was poked out to be covered, and then the other. Like a jointed doll, Bess let her clothing be put on her, hooks and buckles, and straps and strings, without moving a muscle of her fingers.

Before the dressing-table she sat whilst the tire-woman combed her hair; her eyes staring at her image in the mirror critically, curiously, half-wondering if such happiness could be true, and not a cheat and delusion of her fancy.

By nine o'clock she was ready to begin the day. Dobbs handed her a handkerchief freshly sprinkled with Cologne water and opened the door.

With slow dignity, feeling the weight of "heirship" resting upon her shoulders, Miss Delpole descended step by step the baronial stairway; and again the dapper page noiselessly drew aside a portière ushering the young lady into a breakfast-room. Here Mr. Higgins sat reading the morning paper, evidently awaiting the appearance of his whilom travelling companion to attack the meal.

"Good-morning, Miss Bess; I hope you have passed a good night?"

"Thank you, Mr. Higgins," responded Bess, imitating the English accent to perfection, and giving a side-glance of indignation at "the agent" for presuming to address her by a nickname.

"I regret our pleasant companionship must so soon come to an end," continued Higgins, taking no notice of Bess's little scowl, except to smile discreetly behind his napkin. "I return to New York by the Saturday steamer, and leave London this forenoon. If you have any messages for home I shall be most happy to deliver them."

"You are very kind, Mr. Higgins; but you need not trouble yourself, as I shall write to mamma by the same mail."

Truth to say our heroine was not at all anxious "the agent" should again get a view of her humble belongings, which would form too great a contrast to the present ease. Higgins's latest remembrance of her must be as Miss Delpole, of aristocratic lineage and presumed heiress to Mrs. Hamen's wealth.

Therefore she bade him a cold good-by, with a few not over-gracious words of thanks for his care of her on the journey.

An hour later Higgins left Portland Square in a cab, and Bessie saw no more of him until he turned up before the year was out under very trying circumstances.

With the departure of the junior member of the firm of Crosby, Fox & Co. Miss Delpole felt herself fairly launched in the new sphere for which she felt herself eminently fitted. Consequently no sooner was she alone than she began a survey of her domain.

Through the drawing-rooms, dining-hall, and picture gallery she wandered, wrapped in admiration of what she saw, and more than ever contented with the good fortune which, without effort of her own, had fallen to her lot.

One transient thought she gave to her dear mamma's "waste of energy," as Dr. Champney characterized her letter-writing, and Bessie made a mental note: "Untold wealth the price of a few stamps; *ergo*, correspond largely."

CHAPTER VII.

It was midday when our heroine sat down to toast her pretty feet in front of the fire in her fairy godmother's drawing-room; but scarcely had she made herself comfortable for a delicious contemplation of the situation when Dobbs appeared, and in the soft, low voice of a well-bred servant expressed to Miss Delpole Mrs. Hamen's desire that she should present herself to that lady. With nonchalant alacrity Bessie motioned the maid to precede her, and presently she found herself in an exquisitely furnished sitting-room, on the first floor and not far from her own apartment.

There in an arm-chair, the counterpart of the one she had occupied the previous evening, sat Lydia Hamen, her jet-black hair in two puffs on either side of her flabby face and attired in a coquettish morning-gown of baby-blue.

Bess felt a horrible inclination to smile, but composed her

features to a pleasant greeting as she pressed a light kiss on the powdered brow of "the fairy."

"Dear Mrs. Hamen, what can I do to please you?" she asked in her fresh, girlish tones.

"Never wear blue, child, while with me; it is my color"; was the astounding answer.

Bessie looked down on her own pretty costume, which was a charming mingling of blue and white, and she thought with indignation of having in future to deny herself the pleasure of wearing it. Moreover her small wardrobe was, if anything, too abundant in this becoming color. If she discarded her toilettes, would "the fairy" provide others? This was an item on which Mrs. Delpole had not calculated when purchasing her daughter's outfit.

"You can wear pink or green or red, or any combination—purple, too, if you like; but in my house I alone wear blue." And Lydia Hamen lay back on her cushions blinking her creased eyelids at the pretty young girl beside her.

Bess with a petulant blush asked if it were Mrs. Hamen's wish she should change her dress.

"As I shall not be down to luncheon it does not matter for the present. But you'll not forget." And the invalid screwed her goggle eyes round to where Bessie stood, edging behind the chair to hide the expression of her disappointment.

"Thank you. Is there anything I can do for you now, Mrs. Hamen?" asked Bess, with the least tremor in her voice.

"Yes; you may verify Mr. Higgins's account. I gave orders for so much money to be spent on bringing you here; but there are items I don't understand. Just go over it aloud, and I'll stop you at the points."

And so poor Bess had to undergo the unspeakable humiliation of reading over the expenditures of the rich woman, in satisfying her whim of bringing young life into her half-dead existence.

The first item was the hundred dollars advanced to Mrs. Delpole, and thus entered: "To buy necessaries for girl, $100." Bess could have cried with mortification.

"Well, what did you do with the money?"

Miss Delpole tried to excuse herself from answering, under the plea of the too numerous items; but the fairy godmother insisted upon her right to know. And to Bess's confusion, her racked brain could only remember the most trivial articles, which made it seem as if the large sum had been wasted.

To add to her discomfiture, every little luxury she had allowed herself during the journey had been scrupulously jotted down by "the agent," until our heroine was made to appear as if she had lived off lemonade and appolinaris water.

After an hour of this worry Bess was told to read from a French novel which lay beside her. Now, as the poor child's accent was anything but Parisian, and as she understood not half of what she read, neither she nor Mrs. Hamen enjoyed the performance, and were mutually pleased when Hurlbut advanced into the apartment bearing a tray of summer delicacies for his mistress.

"Serve Miss Delpole in the breakfast-room, Hurlbut," said the invalid; then turning to Bess: "You may go now, child. Your accent is horrible! It is a perfect torture to listen to you. If you can't improve, I shall have to make a change." And not heeding Bessie's murmured excuses Mrs. Hamen fell to over the strawberries and cream, and dainty cakes, as if her main stay was to eat.

Stanislaus Monk.

(to be continued.)

THE JEWS IN EARLY SPANISH HISTORY.

I.

OBSCURITY is a characteristic of the mediæval history of all European nations, caused by a constant state of varying invasions, of devastating wars, conflicts between different races, the barbaric rudeness of northern invaders, and the concise simplicity of contemporaneous chroniclers. Hence, the getting at true facts which occurred in that period is surrounded with great difficulties, and historical criticism finds only scanty and contradictory data to investigate and pass upon. This arises in the very beginning of the history of Spain, where for eight centuries an unparalleled warfare was kept up between two populations opposed to each other in religion, nationality, customs, and social and political *régime*. From 414, in which year Spain was invaded by the hosts of the Visigoth general Ataulphus, down to 1085, when Alphonso VI. regained the imperial city of Toledo, Spanish history is enveloped in frequent darkness which has been handed down, from one to the other, through the pages of all historians. The early or, to speak more accurately, the middle part of this period of six centuries includes the duration of the Visigoth monarchy, which came to an end by the defeat, at the battle of Guadalete, of Don Rodrigo; the latter part comprises the formation of small Christian states, which in the twelfth century had grown to solid monarchies and had become more powerful than the Arab states, hemmed in in the southern parts of the Peninsula, which, losing steadily their importance, succumbed in the fifteenth century to the power of Ferdinand and Isabella, who could then fairly entitle themselves the true monarchs of Spain. The subject of this essay lies between both periods; that is to say, between the downfall of the Visigoth monarchy and the beginning of that national heroic era known as the *Reconquest* of Spain. All the obscurities of either period become, as it were, condensed in one point of time, the upheaved and calamitous eighth century, in which the threads of history became lost, and were gathered up later, as best they could, by Christian and Arab authors, and by them used to weave the fabrics of their respective chronicles.

The Christian writings are sincere, reliable, and of value; but so laconic, so concise, so full of breaks, that many facts are not

brought out to light; while, on the other hand, the Arabic, generally full as to matter and going even into details, give evidence of the fantastical and story-loving character of ardent oriental imaginations. Nevertheless, the history of those times may be learned from the narratives above named, if later accounts are laid aside in which historians, more elegant than accurate, have brought in pompous descriptions and episodes, which complicate and render difficult the labor of criticism. Fortunately as soon as studious men, competent critics, have set to work to find the truth in these fountains of early history, and with patient industry have studied both Christian and Arabic chronicles, and have carefully compared the information afforded by either, historic truth begins to detach itself from the enveloping shade of fable, and true accounts, thus successfully obtained, can be reconstructed upon the ruins of novelizing narratives which, given forth by serious and methodical writers, have won belief. Our task would, indeed, be a long one had we to begin relating here these emendations which have caused the aspect of our national history to be changed in many parts; but as our present object lies within narrower limits, we shall take up only one of the most important, in which is to be found the key of many mysteries that up to the present time has escaped the attention of writers of history. We refer to the alleged cause of the Mohammedan invasion, attributed in the present day to a father's vengeance sought by Don Julian, governor of Ceuta, against the Gothic king, Don Rodrigo, for having injured him by dishonoring his daughter Florinda, more commonly called *La Caba*. We shall see how the fable arose, and we shall next take up an account of the events which prepared the way for the Moslem invasion, of the circumstances which contributed to its success, and of the obstacles which, at a later period, the work of national reconquest found in its way.

II.

About the close of the eighth century the Egyptian Abderrahman ben Abdelhaquem composed for the Saracens a history of the conquest of Africa and Spain, comprising in it all the tales and matter which he had gathered from the Arabs whom he met as he went along in his travels, without ever examining into their accuracy, and aiming always to take up preferably what was fantastic and marvellous.* Following this legendary

* John Harris Jones translated into English as much of the work as related to Spain, and published it at Göttingen, in 1858.

method, he happened to be told that there was in olden time, in Toledo, a deserted palace on the door of which every Visigoth king in turn placed a bolt so as to render it more and more impenetrable. It seems that Don Rodrigo, badly advised and through caprice, not only withheld adding on his bolt, but chose to remove those put on by his predecessors, in order to penetrate into the mysterious dwelling. Having done this he saw on the walls of its halls paintings representing Arabs, and an inscription which read: "When the bolts on this Alcazar will have been drawn, the nations here portrayed will take possession of the territory of Spain." This fantastic narrative of the Egyptian chronicler is paralleled by another, about as true, according to which Don Julian, Count of Ceuta, through resentment against Don Rodrigo for having seduced his daughter Florinda, made friendship with Taric, an Arab commander in Africa, and in his blind desire for revenge not only opened to him the gates of the defences of Spain, but, moreover, gave him his other two daughters to be held as hostages; a queer way of repairing the injury which he conceived to have been done him in the capital of the kingdom. The Egyptian historian, not stopping at difficulties, inserted these two fables in his work, not foreseeing that in process of time they would become undoubted.

In the beginning of the tenth century the renowned Ahmed Arrari, called by the Arabs *El Cronista*, a man of an inquisitive and investigating turn of mind, wrote a history of Spain in which he gave an account of its territory, rivers, and mountains, and related all the circumstances of the conquest, going into many details and indications which attest his industry and solicitude to discover the truth. Nevertheless he makes no mention of the enchanted palace, nor of the offence of Don Rodrigo, nor of the vengeance of Don Julian. But his son Ysa, to whom Spaniards have given the name of "*El Moro Rasis*," undertook to retouch and make additions to his father's work, and, having no better source of information than the narrative of the Egyptian Abdelhaquem, he borrowed from it, passing his plagiarisms as original and embellishing them with gorgeous descriptions and a more lively coloring.*

The historian, Ebn Acotiya, which signifies "the son of the Gothic woman," who died at the close of the tenth century, being descended from Olmundo, eldest son of Witiza, naturally

* Ahmed Arrari's work, with additions made to it by his son, has been translated into Spanish several times, the latest having been made in 1312. It is known under the title *The History of the Moor Rasis.*

made glad use of the Florinda fable, of rabbinical invention, because it served to explain and give an honest appearance to the treason of his ancestor, who, for his complicity in the invasion, received from the Arab invaders over one thousand estates and villages, which enriched his descendants.

A few years later, Ebn Adzari, of Morocco, inserted the legend in his history of Africa and Spain (*Bayan almogrib*). Twenty years later the anonymous author of *La Coleccion de Tradiciones* (*Ajbar machmua*) published it therein as authentic and uncontradicted. Finally, the Egyptian Abdelhaquem's story, to which currency had been given by so many pens, completed its course six centuries later in the book written by Almacarri, a native of Barbary, in which the valiant Taric is represented asleep in his flag-ship while crossing the straits to Spain, and the false prophet and the four first caliphs appearing and predicting to him unprecedented renown; and as soon as he sets foot on the shores of Andalusia a little crone, wife of a fortune-teller, calls out to him "to be cautious and to learn that the man called to enslave Spain will have a big head and a bristly mole on his left shoulder-blade." *

The rabbinical tale does not appear in the brief Latin-Hispano chronicles until the end of the eleventh century, because our chronicles, although wanting in pleasant strain of language, proved in preceding ages truthful and accurate and repelled fables likely to throw discredit on their narratives. Monje di Silos was the first to give it place in his brief chronicle, and, in order to make it tally with correct chronology, had to make Don Rodrigo's reign last three years, whereas he held the sceptre only six or seven months.

The question naturally arises, Where did the inquiring Monje of Silos pick up this legend? Nothing could be easier if we consider that from the close of the ninth century Moslems and Spanish Arabs set about writing histories which were read alike in Mohammedan and Christian districts, and by their fables and legends made turbid the clear stream of Hispano-Latin writers. "Relying on the authority of the writer from Silos," says Señor Fernandez Guerra, "our chroniclers and historians found no difficulty in accepting the fable in question. In 1243 Don Rodrigo Jimenez de Rada, Archbishop of Toledo, gave it a new prominence in severe and elegant language; after him King Alphonso

* Almaccari, vol. i. pp. 160, 174. In regard to this matter we have followed and more than once used the text itself of a work, by the illustrious historian and critic Señor Fernandez Guerra, entitled *Don Rodrigo y La Caba*, published in Madrid, 1877.

X., surnamed *El Sabio* (the Wise; 1221–1284), followed in his wake, and finally Father Juan de Mariana (1536–1623), the Spanish Livy, incorporated it in his history and enhanced it with most novel and clever adornments.*

During the two last centuries Spanish and foreign historians have followed Father Mariana, so that the fable about Don Rodrigo and La Caba has been believed without question and has escaped criticism until the present day. Previously, however, the judicious Cæsar Cantŭ, in his *Universal History*, had prescinded it, and in a foot-note he calls it a tradition "probably of Arabic origin, subsequently kept alive in the romances." The learned academician Fernandez Guerra has devoted many laborious hours, day and night, to the study of the epoch in question, and in the short work from which we have already quoted he has completely brought to light the origin and vicissitudes of the Moslem legend. We therefore dismiss the subject, having dwelt upon it as much as was needed for our present purpose, and now proceed to set forth the historically established facts which prepared and brought about the fall of the Visigoth monarchy in Spain and the Arab invasion and dominion.

III.

In order to form a clear idea of the causes which prepared the fall of the Visigoth monarchy, it is necessary to consider attentively the elements which combined towards forming that monarchy in which, from its very origin, germs of decomposition had begun to work which were destined to bring about in time its destruction. Spanish historians comprise in the line of Visigoth kings the names of the sixteen Visigoth generals who successively, from Ataulphus down to Leovigildo (414–572), ruled over Spain as the lieutenants of the Roman and Byzantine emperors. But in truth the only one of them that can be considered as the real king of Spain is Leovigildo. He put an end to the Suevian dominion, kept the imperialists in check who had taken possession of many places on the Mediterranean coast, subdued the Cantabrians and Basques, and reduced to obedience the Gothic magnates, ever inclined to rebellion and disturbance. He was the first Gothic king that coined money stamped with his image and name, and he surrounded his throne with all the attributes of sovereignty. Nevertheless, the contest between Arians and Catholics, which gave rise to a deep antagonism between the Hispano-Latin and the Gothic populations, reached, during his

* See p. 29 of his history.

reign, a very destructive extent. His eldest son, Hermenegildo, having become converted to Catholicism, and he having taken as his second wife a bitter Arian, domestic dissensions arose, which spreading, as might have been expected, outside of the realm, were the cause of civil wars inflicting profound wounds on the country, and these were besides made worse by the bad humors, as it were, which were destroying the health and life of the monarchy. The Franks and the Byzantines gave aid to the Catholics, while the Jews, an astute race, who lived in the land of their adoption without becoming attached to it, favored the Arians out of hatred to the Catholics and because of their hopes to obtain greater measures of favor from the party in power.

In this way an implacable contention, fated to bring days of mourning on Spain, began to take shape. In vain did succeeding kings and the councils of Toledo endeavor to remedy it by the enactment of thoughtful and wise laws.

The conversion of Ricaredo was the means of saving the monarchy, threatened with imminent ruin. It led to the infusion into it of new governmental vigor; it accomplished the union of Roman and Gothic subjects, by bringing both into the fold of the church; it promoted the general welfare through the establishment of judicious and just legislation; and it introduced the clergy into the political constitution as a new power, destined to regenerate customs and institutions;* an element of disturbance having deep root in the old constitution of the Gothic monarchy remained, nevertheless, in the state. Several kings, and Leovigildo most of all, tried in vain to eliminate it by gentle measures, for he was sorrowed by the ambition and the individualism of the Teutonic races. We refer to the elective feature in the monarchy, which kept alive the ambitions of the magnates, and gave rise at every election to wars and discords, fermented by religious dissensions and Jewish intrigues. This explains why the memorable reigns of Ricaredo, Liuva II., Sisebuto, Suintila, Chisdasvinto, Recesvinta, and Wamba, which elevated to a great height the power and prestige of the Visigoth monarchy, succeeded to one another amidst rebellions and wars, which were fortunately put an end to. On one side the clergy and people joined hands to give strength to the monarchy, while on the other the Gothic nobility and the Jews also united to put limitations on its powers, and thereby rid themselves of laws which repressed their excesses.

This enduring strife kept on sapping the foundations of the

* *History of Spain.* By Don F. Sanchez Casado, p. 99.

state until in the time of Ervigio (680–687) it had effected a condition of complete decadence. During his short reign all the work accomplished by his predecessors was undone, all the elements of disintegration went on increasing, until they availed to prepare a turbulent reign for Egica, a sad fate for Witiza, and in the short and disastrous rule of Don Rodrigo to complete the fall of the monarchy. In this condition of breaking up of the kingdom there needed, so to speak, only the proper spark to start a fire and bring on a general conflagration burning everything to ashes. This spark, first examining into its origin and developments, we are now going to look up and name.

IV.

The origin of the Jewish population of Spain has long served as material for sharp controversy and lengthened study. The following causative facts, accepted as true by some historians, have not stood the test of severe criticism and have been rejected: viz., trading expeditions of Israelites to the Spanish Tharsis; the dominion of Solomon in the Peninsula, and the establishment therein by him of his intendants and treasurers; the coming of King Nabuco, and the settlement by him in the central territories of Hebrews whom he brought from Judæa, or was suffered to bring for that purpose by King Hispan.* This other hypothesis must then be allowed to be strongly probable: that the Hebrews, being neighbors and of kindred stock with the Syrians, Tyrians, and Phœnicians, and being stimulated by the example of these nations, who in very remote times began the establishment of active commerce with the Iberian populations of the Mediterranean coasts, undertook the venture of visiting our shore at a time when their inhabitants were prosperous and rich. Delighted with the fertility and fatness of our soil, they founded upon it factories, which increasing in course of time, and through prosperous progress, brought about a numerous Hebrew population in the Peninsula, particularly on the eastern and southern coasts. When, later on, the destruction of Jerusalem and its territory was consummated (74), and the dispersion of the Jews into foreign countries took place by order of Hadrian (138), many of them must have taken refuge in Spain, where their compatriot pioneers in emigration had met such a happy welcome. Their numbers subsequently became so great that when the Iberian Council was held, in the beginning

* *History, Social, Political, and Religious, of the Jews of Spain and Portugal.* By Amador de los Rios. Vol. i. chap. i. p. 62, edition of 1875.

of the fourth century, we find that the fathers of that celebrated assembly viewed with just alarm the increase of the Hebrew population as likely to dangerously affect Catholic belief, at that time vigorous and preponderant in Spain. Canon xvi. of that council,* which has been judged according to very different criterions, forbade marriage between Catholics and Jews; cohabitation of Christians with Jewesses or heathen women; cleric or lay people of the Christian faith who sat at meat with Jews or heathens were threatened with excommunication; all this was decreed in order to raise a separating barrier between the faithful and unbelievers, and to prevent the Christians from being contaminated by Jewish depravity. Moreover, a writer so little deserving of being suspected of anti-Semitic aversion as Señor Amador de los Rios declares that the "proceedings in this respect of the Iberian Council were perhaps not complained of as reprehensible on the ground of a spirit of intolerance."†

The facts above stated constitute abundant evidence that, in the first years of the fourth century, the Jewish race was a germ of disturbance and disorder which alarmed the most thoughtful and wise leading men of Spain of that day. Their fears went to the extent of moving them to decree measures in opposition to the growth of Jewish influence which naturally were promotive of antagonism between the Christians and the Jewish inhabitants.‡ Nevertheless, despite these protective enactments, the condition of the Jews, subsequently to the Iberian Council, could not have been so deplorable, since new Jewish families, availing themselves of the opportunities offered by the invasions of the barbarians of the north, penetrated into Spain in search of that secure refuge which they had sought for in vain in islands and continents elsewhere.§

Did the Jews favor the Visigoth invasion? There are grounds for suspecting as much.

Besides, on the one hand, the dislike which arose against them by the Hispano-Latin population after the Council of Hiberis, and their inclination ever to get in with the strongest and most powerful, there was the additional motive for them to side with the invaders that these last were heretics, and on

* *Collectio Conciliorum Hispaniæ*, by Cardinal Aguirre, in 1693, p. 1.

† See page 73 of work referred to.

‡ Lafuente-Alcantara, in his *History of Granada*, lays great stress on the talents and virtues of the reverend fathers comprising the Council of Hiberis, which included the renowned Osio of Cordova and Valerio of Saragossa.

§ *Apotheosis*, by Prudencio.

that account indifferent, indeed hostile, to Catholic interests and to the enforcement of the canons then the law in Spain.*

Moreover, on the other hand, the fact is clearly proven by the emphatic protection accorded to the Jewish population by the Visigoth invaders after the latter had established themselves in Spain. It will suffice to say that, while marriages between Hispano-Latin and Goths were forbidden, Jews were allowed to marry Catholic women, even to keep them as concubines and buy them as slaves.

Under favor of such protection, it is not matter for wonder that the Hebrew race multiplied its numbers, clambered up to the highest posts in the government, accumulated immense riches, and succeeded in exercising a powerful influence on the destinies of the Peninsula.

Terrible and bloody were the struggles kept up in Spain between Arians and Catholics, which even ultimately reached the point, during the reign of Leovigildo, of embruing the throne in the blood of St. Hermenegildo, put to death by decree of his father. These intestine wars would soon have brought the kingdom to utter ruin had it not been for the opportune conversion of Ricaredo; and, while they were raging, the Jews played a very important part therein, cautiously keeping alive the fire of discord, and always taking side with the Arians against the Catholics, objects of their implacable rancor.

The acts of the councils of Toledo and the statutes of the *Fuero Tuzgo* (Charter of Tuzgo) were evidently framed in consideration of the facts above stated, and, furthermore, it is deserving of mention that in these precious documents the benignity of the Catholic Church towards these irreconcilable enemies of the Christian name stands displayed, for, while recommending vigorous measures against Jewish depravity, violent proceedings, committed through intemperate zeal by certain monarchs, were resolutely condemned.

If during four centuries of ferocious warfare,† when the archives and the Visigoth churches were reduced to ashes, the precious records and documents stored in them had not also been destroyed, leaving the events of that period enveloped in obscurity, it is certain that abundant evidence would now be extant to reveal the complicity of the Jews in the persecutions undergone by the Catholics from the Arians; persecutions bloody and terrible, stirred up by a hidden and inexorable hatred, bursting forth when least expected, and seeming insatiable of blood-

* Amador's work referred to, p. 79. † Ebn Hayyan (1077), in Almaccari, vol. i. p. 174.

shed and ruin. The conversion of Ricaredo to Catholicism proved, indeed, a great impediment to Jewish action. By this event, which, according to Amador de los Rios, represented the triumph of civilization over barbarism,* the persecuted Hispano-Latin race, truly learned, virtuous, and attached to its native land, was rehabilitated. Accordingly, in the third Council of Toledo, at which Ricaredo's abjuration of Arianism and his profession of Catholicism publicly took place, the fathers, alarmed at the preponderance attained by the Jews under favor of Arian heresy, and relying on the salutary example set by the venerable Synod of Hiberis, resolved to set limits and put restraint on the growing audacity of the Israelites. By canons, in the drawing up of which the renowned St. Leander took part, the legislative measures of the Council of Elvira were re-enacted with fresh vigor in order to attain a like end, that of keeping the Hispano-Latin race free from all contact with its Hebrew haters.

Our conception of the drift of this paper does not allow us to here enter into and comment upon the canons of the Third Council of Toledo, to which reference has been made. But we shall not miss the opportunity to assert here that no impartial historian can find in them evidence of blind hatred or systematic antipathy on the part of the fathers towards the Jews, but merely a spirit of defence against their aggressions and a desire to afford protection to the faithful believers against the hostility of their foes. Not the inspiration of blind intolerance, but that of the sacred right of legitimate defence, inspired the drawing up of those canons, as is shown by the following citation from canon xiv.: "Jews are not to be allowed to fill any public office affording them opportunity to inflict punishment on Catholics." This did not mean that they were thereby absolutely prohibited from discharging any public functions at all, but, exceptionally, those only in which they would be invested with authority to inflict punishment on Christians. Could the benignity of the fathers of the third Council of Toledo have gone further? Which is apparent in the above enactment, a hostile spirit toward the Jews or one of mere defence of the Catholics against possible aggressions of the former? The fathers of the Council of Toledo showed themselves undeniably benign to the Jews, and if they formulated repressive enactments in their regard, their sole object was to repress their abuses, restrain their violences and shield and protect their Catholic flock, which for more than

* Work referred to, p. 80.

a century had lived down-trodden in bitter serfdom to both Arians and Jews.

But the moderate spirit of the decrees of the Third Council was not appreciated by these implacable enemies of their Christian fellow-subjects, and, if they bowed their necks in submission to the new provisions of law applying to themselves, they managed, as soon as these had been promulgated, to evade, by persistent cunning, their enforcement; meanwhile putting off until more favorable time the work of repeal or of revenge.*

Such was the situation at the opening of the new historical epoch which we are about to sketch, one of great events and dark conspiracies. We shall go on studying it by the light of sound criticism in order to lay bare, if possible, the real facts, up to now overlaid with fables and legends, about the ruin of Spain under the rule of Don Rodrigo and the sudden and rapid conquest of the Peninsula by the followers of Mohammed.

Madrid.

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL,
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* Amador de los Rios' book, p. 84.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE PETTUS.

IT was in the January of 1865 that Little Pettus, aged fourteen, persuaded his mother to give her consent to his entering the army. He was called *Little* Pettus to distinguish him from his two brothers older than himself, who were known as the Pettus boys; one of whom had lost his life at Manasses, the other and the father theirs at Gettysburg. Still the name hung on to him and he remained Little Pettus.

"A little un is better than no un" insisted Little Pettus, when his mother protested that he was too small to be of any use in the army.

His sister Margaret quite agreed with him, and the mother, yielding to their joint petition, set to work to rip apart a woollen underskirt to make a jacket and pair of trowsers for the boy.

Three days after, having received his mother's blessing, and cherishing the blessed medal of Mary she had hung about his neck, Little Pettus sobbed out his farewell to mother and sister, and home.

"Well, my boy, what is it you want?" asked the colonel of the remnant of a regiment in the remnant of an army way off in Virginia.

"I come from Louisiana," said Little Pettus.

"You are looking for your father or some of your kin?" further queried the colonel.

"No, I ain't," returned Little Pettus stoutly, though he had to gulp down something that stuck in his throat. "My folks are done killed in the army. I've come to jine."

"What!" exclaimed the colonel.

"I reckon you air surprise'," said Little Pettus coolly; "but if I am short cane, I reckon I can shoot as well es another."

It was not a time in which to be squeamish as to the quantity of a recruit, so Little Pettus was assigned a drum, and given permission to use a gun if occasion for him to use one arose.

In the month and a half Little Pettus spent in the army many occasions arose for him to use his gun, and these occasions, with much of suffering, followed hard to the end of strife at Appomattox.

In the July that followed what had been an arid April for

Little Pettus he reached home. His mother and Margaret were on the gallery, and he was yet at a distance from them when he cried, "Mother, Sister Margaret! it's me!—Little Pettus!" And they ran to meet him. But before he let his mother touch him he stood back from her, very erect, and said: "Mother, I s'rendered with Lee; and mother," he sobbed, "Marse Rob's the tallest kind o' man the good God makes 'em!"

They made a little hero of him, the mother and Margaret, and the neighbors who were left, who came to the little house when they heard of the return of Little Pettus. They said that he was surely the youngest soldier that had been in the army, and they might have added with truth what the mother thought in her soul, there had been no braver.

He needed to be brave, for the plucky, faithful heart in its little body had that before it that might have made a man's heart quail. They had never been rich people, their plantation of sugar-cane was small, but they had always been "comfortable." Now the land was overrun with weeds, there was no stock of any kind left, and he was without a dollar. The last did not trouble him; the weeds did, for if crops grow rapidly in Louisiana, weeds grow more rapidly. He communicated his fear of the weeds to Margaret, and between them they resolved that it would be folly for them to attempt anything but a small vegetable and fruit garden that year. The boat could be mended, and fruit and vegetables could be taken across the lake to New Orleans, where they might find a market. When they had concluded that this was what was best to be done they told the mother, and that night when, as was their custom, they said their beads together, they prayed for the success of, and the blessing of God on, the work Little Pettus had set himself to do.

And God did bless and prosper the work. The fruit-trees and the vegetables flourished, and there was ready sale for their produce in New Orleans, when, having loaded his boat, Little Pettus went over calm Lake Pontchartrain with his fragrant cargo to the city. By the November of 1867 he had fifty dollars laid by in a box that lay concealed between the mattresses of the mother's bed, and he had his eye on a mule he would purchase.

Others looked on and saw his prosperity with sinking hearts. At last one, bolder or less tender than the rest, warned him that the party in power in the State would presently claim taxes of him. Little Pettus listened without alarm. Yes, he knew that plantations all about his own were being appropriated by

the State under the laws of reconstruction, but his was such a little farm no one would grudge him it, and had it not belonged to the Pettuses further back than he knew?

"But sech is th' law," argued the bolder or less tender one.

"I don't rec'nize no sech law," declared Little Pettus.

Nevertheless, if Little Pettus would not recognize the law, the law did what it was in duty bound to do in order to let him know of its existence, by way of an official document that notified him that he owed the State in taxes many times more money than lay in the box between the mattresses, and, so it seemed to him in his ignorance, much more money than his little plantation was worth. He said nothing of this document to his mother or to Margaret, but, having deposited it on the burning logs in the kitchen fire-place, went on with his gardening and selling as if there was no such thing as taxes. The official document caused him some uneasiness it is true, but when weeks passed and nothing happened, this feeling of unrest was lost in the pleasure he took in reckoning up a private store of money that now amounted to five dollars, and which was to buy the mother and Margaret each a dress. "I owe it to mother," he thought, mindful of the woollen skirt that had gone to make him a suit of gray.

One evening in December the friend who had warned him to beware of the taxes came to Little Pettus in his garden, where he was gathering endive to bleach.

"Good evenin'," the friend said cordially, and stooped to examine the strawberries in the hot-beds.

"Help you'se'f," invited Little Pettus hospitably, and added, with some pride, "them's fine."

"I should say so! Delhoosay's" (de la Houssaye's) "ain't nothin' to 'em,' exclaimed the friend, smacking his lips after having tasted the fruit.

"No, no more, not 'nuther one," he insisted, when little Pettus would have him continue his feast. "Barlaine's down from Amite," he remarked after a pause.

"Down for good an' all?" inquired Little Pettus.

"No, jes' for a visit. Sue Cousin's own sister to him, you know, an' he's heaps other kin hereabouts. He dun ax fur you, Little Pettus."

"Did he?" cried Little Pettus, a bright smile lighting up his sun-burned face. "I ain't seen Jim Barlaine sens me an' Marse Rob s'rendered. He's got er wife, I reckon!"

"I don't reckon es Jim's studyin' 'bout marryin' jest at pres-

en'. He's got ernough ter do keepin' body'n' soul together fur hisse'f," returned the friend.

The man and the boy lapsed into thought. The boy intent on his endive, the man evidently troubled in his mind. After a little he broke the silence to say, "Queer doin's up ter Amite, Little Pettus."

"How so?" asked Little Pettus.

"At Amite Cote-house," was the vague answer.

"What they doin' at er Cote-house now?" asked Little Pettus, with contempt for the Court-house in his tone.

The friend cleared his throat, then said: "Now, I ain't jest dead sure Jim's right, but he say they's auctioned off this here Pettus place."

Little Pettus burst into a loud laugh. "They couldn't do that without we'er consent er knowledge," he said.

"I ain't sayin' as they hadn't oughter notify you; I only is sayin' as how there's queer doin's at er Cote-house," returned the friend doggedly. "They ain't sen' you any dokkeyment uv *any* kin'?" he questioned.

"They sen' me a bill er taxes. I chuck it in er fiah," said Little Pettus in a rage.

"Ef you could a chuck' them es sen' it, that'd be somethin'," said the friend judicially. "Es 'tis," he continued, "you'd better be up an' doin'. You gotter do somethin'."

"Who Jim say es bought er Pettus place?" asked Little Pettus, his face drawn, his lips firm set.

"I don't jest have his name precisely, or I'd say 'twas Clover—"

"Him as has er snake-show in Orleans?" interrupted Little Pettus.

"I reckon that es the man Jim says," returned the friend evasively.

"An' *I* reckon he ain't scotch' me yet!" retorted Little Pettus with determination.

"He ain't," said the friend feebly; "but if I was you I'd see erbout it, Little Pettus. An' now I mus' be gettin' on. My kindly respects to the madam and your sister," he said, and offered his hand to be shaken.

"You won't stop and eat? Well, if you won't I'll tell 'em you asked for 'em," said Little Pettus cheerfully, and clasped the extended hand for a moment.

He was always brave, frank, and outspoken, and this possession of a trouble the knowledge of which he must keep, if pos-

sible, from the mother and Margaret made him unhappy as he had never been before. He longed for the coming of Father Coudret on his monthly visit to the mission chapel on the lake road close to the Pettus place. This good priest had always been his warm friend and trusted adviser. His confidence in the priest was great, and Little Pettus felt sure that he would show him a way out of his difficulty, if difficulty there was. But Father Coudret would not come until the eve of Christmas, and this was only the twelfth of December; in the meanwhile there was nothing for him to do but to be cheerful and patient, and work hard the land that maybe was his no longer.

Later on he concluded to go in search of the priest in order that, finding him, he ask his advice as to what was best to be done. But after going a long distance to the mission station, where he expected to find him, he found that Father Coudret had left there, and no one could tell the boy where he had gone. "There's nothin' ter do but ter wait," thought Little Pettus, and returned home.

The doubts of Little Pettus as to who was the legal owner of the Pettus place were settled very soon, and in a way that made it impossible for him not to believe the truth of Jim Barlaine's statement.

It happened in this way: Little Pettus, the mother, and Margaret were eating their dinner of herb soup when they heard the thud of horses' hoofs on the earth road that led to the house. The mother rose from her chair, and, going over to the fire-place, where stood a great kettle, took off the cover and looked into the kettle's depths.

"Whoever it be," she said, "they're jest in time to eat, an' it's fort'nate I made over-much soup."

"I'll see who 'tis, an' fetch 'em right in," said Margaret, and ran out to the front gallery, whilst Little Pettus arranged two places at the table, for his practised ear had told him the horsemen were two.

They could hear Margaret conversing with the strangers, and then, to their surprise, they heard the horses trot away from the house. The mother was about to remark on the strangeness of this proceeding on the part of the visitors going away without eating, dinner being on the table, when Margaret came in, a formidable-looking roll of paper in her hand.

"They're folks from Amite. They lef' this fur you," she said, handing the roll of paper to the mother. "They ain't got time to stop, they say, an' they say the writin' is very partic'lar."

The mother put on her silver-rimmed spectacles, and, Margaret and Little Pettus peering over her shoulder, the three together read the paper left by the strangers. The formidableness of its looks did not belie the paper's contents. In short, it was a duly signed, sealed, and attested legal document commanding the Pettuses to vacate Pettus place, which had been sold for taxes to one F. A. Clover.

They read slowly, spelling out the legal expressions which they did not half comprehend, and when they had come to the end, having conscientiously and laboriously read every signature, the mother let the document fall to the table, and the three stared at one another blankly, their faces pale.

Little Pettus broke the silence. "I done s'rendered," he cried. "I ain't doin' no wrong; they ain't no right ter do that!"

"You don't reckon we *have* to go, do you, son? We was allus here," quavered the mother.

"I don't reckon we're goin'," answered Little Pettus grimly.

"I wish't were time fur Father Coudret to come erlong. If there's a way of gettin' out of this he'd know," said the mother, preparing with trembling hands to clear the table, instinct that no one felt inclined to eat more and her sense of order impelling her to the work.

"He'd know, dead sure," assented Little Pettus as he took down his gun from where it hung over the fire-place.

"An' we'll begin er novena agains' his comin' to-night," said Margaret.

"We'll begin er novena to-night," repeated Little Pettus dreamily, and passed his hand affectionately over the barrel of his gun, then blew on it and polished it with the sleeve of his coat.

In spite of the determined and cheerful front Little Pettus assumed, a gloom now settled on the household. The danger impending did not make the boy less attentive to his garden or to the selling of its products, but he no longer gave way to the simple, child-like joy he had been wont to express at every little addition to the store of money hidden between the mattresses. People began to say he looked like a little old man, and it is certain that a sense of the injustice done him and his was imprinting itself on his countenance. He was but a boy, therefore his sense of justice no doubt was crude.

After the reception of the "notice to quit," whenever he had to journey to New Orleans he first barred all the windows of the house, and bade Margaret and the mother bar the door after

him. "An' don't let any dum' stranger in fur nothin'," he would command. And he was convinced of the wisdom of this policy when, on his return from New Orleans on the day before Christmas eve, the mother and Margaret related to him the story of how two men had come to the house and demanded admittance to it, which had been refused them.

"They swore they'd come ergain termorrow, an' fetch them as ud put us out. *Can* they do it, son?" asked the mother. She could not have had more confidence in Little Pettus if he had been a regiment of men.

"I don't jest know what the law erlows," answered Little Pettus; "but I reckon they'll find out all they wants ter know if they comes, which I ain't dead sure they will."

"There's a cons'lation in er knowledge that Father Coudret'll be here, well as *them*, termorrow," here put in Margaret.

"You bet 'tis!" agreed Little Pettus, with the smile that always made his face so pleasant to look upon.

Although he pretended to scout the idea of men coming to take away from them the mother's home, Little Pettus did not go to New Orleans on the twenty-fourth of December to seek the ready sale there would be, because of the season, for his fruits and vegetables. On the contrary he remained close in the house, and would not allow doors or windows to be unbarred. "I reckon no one's comin'," he said, "but it's jest's well be on er safe side as not." To make surety sure, perhaps, was the reason why, when the mother and Margaret were in another part of the house engaged in housewifely duties, he went to the kitchen and loaded his gun, and put about him, under his jacket, a belt well supplied with cartridges. "Let 'em come," he muttered to himself as he did this, and set his lips firm.

As noonday approached and no one appeared to disturb them, the little household became lighter of heart, and the mother and Margaret occupied themselves almost joyfully in the preparation of the dinner, which was to be one of unwonted splendor, at two o'clock, the hour Father Coudret would arrive at the Pettus place. "It's that dark and dismal!" exclaimed the mother, as she plucked the feathers from a fowl, "don't you think, son, we might have a shutter er two open?"

"I don't know but we might, leas' ways presen'ly," hesitated Little Pettus, but he made no move to follow his mother's suggestion.

An hour more passed, and the mother was again pressing her

demands for light, when Margaret, letting fall the cloth with which she was about to cover the dinner-table, cried under her breath, "Hush! What's that?" They listened and heard borne on the wind the far-away rumble of wheels, and the voices of men shouting a drunken chorus. Little Pettus sprang onto a chair and from it onto the broad window-sill, and peered anxiously through a loophole in a shutter, the mother and Margaret clinging about him uttering aloud ejaculations of prayer to God.

He saw, through the long vista of moss-hung oaks that lined the road on either side, three wagons drawn by mules coming towards the house. Two of the wagons were filled with the militia of the provisional government, the third wagon filled with a crew of civilians. The three crews had evidently been drinking, and their ribald chorus now smote the air loudly, sending the birds affrighted from their perches among the branches of the trees.

Little Pettus loosened himself gently from the embraces of his mother and Margaret, and in silence took down his gun.

"Son!" cried the mother, "you ain't goin' ter shoot no one?"

"I ain't goin ter shed no blood if I can help it, mother," replied Little Pettus. "I done s'rendered, I have; an' Marse Rob, he say, 'Go home ter your farms, boys,' but he ain't said nothin' what we're ter do if they comes an' takes we're farms from us. Ask *God* fur me, mother."

"Son, I'm a ask'n' of him all er time, all er time," said the mother, her eyes dry, a tense look in them; "an' somehow I'm that deaf 'pears ter me I jest can't hear him speak. Margy, you kneel with me!" And she drew Margaret down beside her, where she knelt before the faded print of the Crucifixion that hung on the western wall.

Little Pettus listened intently, and his heart beat hard, and prayed strongly for the mother and for Margaret. And as he listened he heard the wagons draw up before the door, the clank of the arms of the militia as they alighted, the shouts and oaths of the men, and then the mother's name was called, and a demand was made in the name of the law that the door be opened.

The mother got to her feet, and, advancing towards the door, said: "They're callin' fur me, son; I'll jest see what they wants."

Little Pettus grasped her arm, and drew her back. "*Mother*," he whispered, "*don't open that door—it ain't safe fur Margy.*"

She sprang to where Margaret still knelt, and drew the girl to her bosom and rocked her to and fro, uttering no sound, but

staring with anguish in her eyes at the pictured cross on which hung the Christ dying with a heart broken by despited love.

And now the calls were repeated that the door be opened, and conflicting threats of breaking it open and of firing the house were made. Little Pettus strained his ear to catch every word that was said by the evicting party, and he half smiled as he heard some of them advise caution, because there *might* be a party of armed men within; whilst his hand clasped his gun more tightly when he heard the cautious ones overruled, and one who appeared to be the master spirit call for axes to break down the door. He thought steadily for a moment, then, resting his gun against the wall, he clambered onto a chair the better to reach the top drawer of a high cupboard, through which he rummaged without finding what he sought. He stood for a moment dazed, when he was suddenly aroused to himself by the sound of the sharp blows of the axes on the door. Seizing his gun he hurried to where his mother knelt, and, kissing her, said, "Mother, I want Margy—jest er minute." She passively let the girl slip from her embrace, and, taking Margaret aside, he said hastily, his voice deadened by the crashing of the axes on the hard oaken door, "Margy, where's er pistol? "Tain't there"; and he pointed to the cupboard drawer.

She opened her pocket and showed him the pistol resting within its folds.

Their eyes met in a long, penetrating look, and they knew that each understood the other.

"I've carried it all er morning," she said, simply.

"An' you'll use it? You know you got er right, in case they—"

The door's groaning and cracking interrupted him. He pressed his face against hers, and, crying out on God to care for her, he rushed panting to take his place by the beleaguered threshold.

It was such a door as is seldom seen in our day, or it would not have so long withstood the blows of so many keen-edged axes, that were now sending into the room little showers of dust and splinters. "It'll stand 'bout two seconds more," muttered Little Pettus to himself, and the words were scarcely uttered when the door groaned mightily and, wrenching itself from its hinges, fell inward with a crash.

Standing on the fallen door, Little Pettus faced the shouting and applauding crowd—the militia, the locks of whose muskets flashed in the southern sun; the men who had wielded the axes,

some of whom stood on the gallery, their bare, brawny arms folded on their chests; others of whom passed to one another a bottle, and one there was who leaned on his axe and grinned at him as he wiped with naked hand the sweat from his brow. Little Pettus looked in their faces to see if he could recognize a man among them to whom he could speak. As he looked from one to another of them, the crowd hushed itself in order to hear what he had to say; the man who was about to drink paused and held the bottle half-way to his lips. But when they found he did not speak they greeted him with jeers, asking him why the men hidden in the house did not come out.

Little Pettus held up a hand, quickly replaced it on the trigger of his gun, and when presently the invoked silence fell on his tormentors he said, with unconscious irony: "I'm the only man yere; what's it you all want?"

"You put down that gun, quick! or you will find out in a way you won't like," said a bulky man in broadcloth who now stepped forward.

"It be *my* gun," said Little Pettus stolidly.

"It *be*, *be* it," sneered the man. "Do you know who I am?"

"You be roper-in fur er snake-show; I seen you, times, on Canal Street," returned Little Pettus, with no intention of giving offence.

The crowd greeted this speech with a laugh, which so irritated the man that he was about to lay hands on Little Pettus, when the boy swung himself aside and, half-aiming his gun, cried out: "Don't lay han's on me! I know you—you be Clover. I know what 'tis you wants; you wants we'er *home*. I won't give er up—"

The crack of a pistol, a whizz through the air, and a bullet pierced the breast of Little Pettus.

Clover stood back, with the still smoking pistol in his hand, as an old woman and a young girl swept out of the room on to the platform made by the fallen door. Neither the woman nor the girl uttered a cry when they raised the limp body in their arms and bore it to a bed-room. The crowd gazed after them; some curiously, some in anger because of the trouble Little Pettus had given them, and others in remorse because of the part they had taken in the murder done.

They had carried Little Pettus to the nearest bed-room, the mother's, and laid him on the bed. The mother strove to

staunch the flow of blood, and Margaret put some strong cordial to his lips. This last, together with the cold water they applied to his forehead, revived him. Opening his eyes he looked them in the face, and shook his head feebly, as much as to say that all they were doing was of no avail; he had now to give up. The mother pressed his hand, and strove to speak words of hope; but could not, her voice was broken.

After a while he again opened his eyes, and said, or rather breathed, "Mother, you and Margy say the Ac's with me." And together they said the tender Acts of Faith, and Hope, and Love, and those of sorrow for sin.

"Mother," he said, when they had ended, "tell Father Coudret I allers studied ter do as he tol' me."

"You have, son, you have," she said brokenly.

Only like the far-away noise of a factory that jars on a pleasant summer landscape could be heard, in the room, the men drinking and talking before the house.

It seemed a long time to the praying women before Little Pettus again spoke. A bright smile on his face, he said: "Mother, I've done s'rendered—las' time—an' I'm goin' home ter stay."

His eyes closed for ever on the weariness of the world, but the bright smile never left his countenance.

HAROLD DIJON.

THE JOY-BRINGER.

I.

NOT when old Bion's idyls sweet were sung,
Or when fine Horace scorned the vulgar herd,
And praised his frugal fare—each chosen word
Writ where full skins of rare Falernian hung,
Above a table with rich garlands flung
By Roman slaves; not when the dancer stirred
The air of spring, like swaying wave or bird,
Was there true joy the tribes of men among!

These idyls and these odes hide sadness deep
And canker-worms, despite the shining gold
We gild them with; their lucent music flows
To noblė words at times, but words of sleep,
But words of dreaming; life was not Life of old,—
It came to earth when God the Son arose!

II.

The fair façade, the carved acanthus leaf,
The sparkling sea where clearest blue meets blue,
The piled-up roses, steeped in silver dew
Upon the marble tiles, the white-robed chief
Of some great family, seeking cool relief,
Upon a gallery, hung with every hue
That glads the eye, while violets slave girls strew
To cithern-sounds;—this picture artists drew:

And, moved, our poets cry for the dead Pan;
Turn from the rood and sing the fluted reed,—
"Arcadia, O Arcadia, come again!"
A cry of fools—a cry unworthy man,
Who was a sodden thing before the Deed
Of Love Divine turned blinded slaves to men!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

My grandfather was a French gentleman who, weary of the troubles and anxieties of life in France during the latter part of the eighteenth century, found a home in the United States. He was a Catholic, and had been strictly educated in the knowledge and practice of his faith; but marrying a non-Catholic, and living in a new country where he did not see a priest for twenty years, it was to be expected that his family would be, as they were, all Protestants.

After his children were all grown and married, the heroic Father Schaff came to that part of Tennessee in which my grand-parents resided. He visited them, and after my grandmother's instruction and baptism, the old people were re-married, according to the practice of the Catholic Church, to the great indignation of their numerous children and grand-children.

My grandfather's repentance was genuine; he tried to undo the work, or rather the negligence, of years, but it was too late. The children were obstinate Protestants.

At that time my mother was the widow of his favorite son, and I an infant. He requested her especially, if I should live, to send me to a convent. In the excitement of her grief she made the promise, and after my grandfather's death she redeemed it, in spite of the warnings of her best friends. To that circumstance I owe the happiness of being, for a short time, a pupil in a convent school. I went there, however, quite positive in my religious convictions, having been immersed a few months previously in the Mississippi River, according to the custom of the Christian denomination led by Alexander Campbell.

My first impressions of the sisters and their home are very vivid. There was something exciting to the imagination of a young and inexperienced girl in the room itself in which my brother and I were received. The uncarpeted floor was immaculately clean, as indeed everything else about the convent was, but there was a still, unworldly air given to the room—may be, by the pictures and the crucifix, which were all new to me as articles of parlor ornament.

We were not kept waiting very long. The sister who soon came in was a type of all the others. Their quiet dignity and wonderful sweetness, their odd dress, attracted me; but I was repelled by the thought of any sort of a vow, and by what I

stigmatized as their unhallowed smothering of natural affection, and their criminal neglect of family duties. I considered that women could be very good and useful without a distinctive dress, and without separating themselves from other people by an oath.

The next day my brother returned home, and I was left to make my own way in an entirely new world, as hitherto I had only seen and spoken to, perhaps, half-a-dozen Catholics in my life. I had no clearer idea of the Catholic religion than of that of Buddha, the study of which was not popular even in Boston before the war. Although I was seventeen years old, and well up in my classes, this ignorance was not remarkable.

Protestant girls who went to Mass were not required to kneel, or to follow the service in any way—they were simply to keep quiet; they might read their Bibles or other books of devotion if it suited them. The first morning I sat still, intensely interested in the priest's movements. I shall never forget the appearance of the venerable Father Hazeltine as he stood before the altar in the early dawn of that cold winter day, his vestments seeming to give additional height and dignity to his tall form. His hair was silvery white and flowed in curls to his shoulders. His air and bearing were at once majestic and sweetly benignant. A colored man served the Mass, and when they began the prayers my amazement knew no bounds. In my heart I characterized it as the silliest, if not the most sinful, mummery to be moving about from one side of the altar to the other, whispering words in a foreign tongue, which if I had heard I could not have understood; but when the assistant at the elevation of the Host, holding to the priest's robe, rang the little bell, the climax was reached, and I laughed contemptuously and audibly. I was unconscious of my feelings until the sound of my own voice aroused me. I looked around—every head was bowed, every attitude expressed solemnity, all over the beautiful chapel was perfect silence. No attention was then or afterwards paid to my bad behavior. I never again felt like laughing at Mass, but I contented myself by reading my Bible, which I then regarded as the only rule of faith, or listening with closed eyes to the sweet voices of the sisters who sang in the choir.

I learned to like to be in the chapel; its architectural beauty, the light streaming through the stained glass windows, the picture of our Lord as the Good Shepherd above the altar, the candles, the kneeling sisters in their picturesque habits, the little swinging lamp with its constant flame, the sweet singing and the

full organ tones, all ministered to a capacity of my nature of which I had never dreamed.

The sisters were zealous and competent teachers. My friends were well satisfied with my progress in my classes, and the sisters' kindness to all their pupils was unfailing. My school friends were generally Protestants, and, of course, we often discussed the characters and motives of the sisters. One girl, who had been sent to the convent because her guardian hoped in that way to prevent an early marriage, "knew that all this kindness was hypocritical—they just wanted to win the girls over to the Romish Church—the old priests put them up to it," etc., etc., in the true Maria Monk style. This was in the year 1857, not long after the Know-Nothing riots had disgraced several cities of the Union, even our own Louisville being one of the number. I did not agree with that theory, but I compared the sisters to those devotees who throw themselves under the car of Juggernaut—to those savage tribes who at stated times cut and otherwise tortured themselves. I mentioned the fact that there seemed to be a principle of human nature, which showed itself in particular individuals, which compelled people to most extraordinary performances, such as fasting, living the lives of hermits, torturing the flesh; and even, I said, the offering of human sacrifices as some savage tribes did, was a manifestation of that propensity. I thought it wonderful that ladies, such as my instincts and training taught me these sisters were, could be so sensible on every other subject and so crazy about religion.

I often attempted during recreation to enlighten dear Sister Adelaide, who took care of us larger girls at that time. My most vehement assertions, the most emphatic texts of Scripture which I could find, were always so gently answered, or maybe in a few simple words explained so differently, that I scarcely knew which was the greater—her sweetness or her obstinacy.

While nuns have in common certain traits which mark them all over the world—the step unhesitating and unhurried, the glance direct and modest, the manner composed and attentive, the voice low and distinct, the words selected carefully and spoken without emphasis—yet they differ very widely in temperaments, tastes, and abilities. Among all the sisters I knew and loved at the convent one still holds a unique place in my memory. A nun's age is always a matter of conjecture, but this one was no longer young. She had been many years in religion, she told me herself, and though I would gladly have asked her a thousand questions concerning herself, a certain awe restrained me. I used to wonder how a girl so lovely as she must have

been in youth, so fitted to shine where wit and learning are appreciated, so sure to attract love and win respect by the brilliant graces of mind and body, could leave all the world had to promise her and resign herself to wear one ugly dress all her life, and that life to its latest breath be spent in monotonous toil and never-ending prayers. As a girl she fascinated me, and now, as my feet turn down the hill of life, memory brings her before me as the loveliest, strongest, and sweetest of her sex. There are many of her old pupils who will acknowledge that this description is not overdrawn when I say that her name on earth was Mother Columba. From her I learned that elegance does not consist in a multiplicity of articles for personal use or ornament, and very dimly her example taught me something of the beauty of self-sacrifice.

Every Sunday morning we had a sermon in the chapel—it was generally about the love of God or the practice of some particular virtue, or something else that made but little impression on me—but just after Easter Bishop McGill of Virginia, stopped at the convent and preached on the Holy Eucharist. He was a fine speaker, and a man of most winning address. The arguments were such as are familiar to every Catholic, but they were new to me: he explained so clearly that day that if in his instituting the Blessed Eucharist, the sacrament of the Last Supper, our Lord had intended to leave *only a symbol* of his body and a ceremony simply *commemorative* of his death, that neither the Jews nor his disciples would have been scandalized at that, as there would have been nothing difficult of acceptance in that presentation. The Jews, and indeed all civilized nations, were familiar with commemorative ceremonies, and indeed they are in consonance with natural human instincts, but to be told that that bread was His Body and that wine was His Blood, which they should eat and drink, was too much for the faith of many of them; they "murmured among themselves and walked no more with him," but Peter answered him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life."

The sermon, of which this is only one point, made an indelible impression on me, though I could not admit to myself even that the bishop's talk had been reasonable. I was sure he could be answered easily enough; I was ashamed of my ignorance—I longed to be at home where I could ask Brother So-and-So what reply to make to the argument I had heard.

The weeks between Easter and the June commencement passed quickly. I wept to bid good-by to good Father Hazel-

tine and the dear sisters, but I was eager to go where I would find a satisfactory answer to the questions in my mind.

The next Sunday I was so happy to be with my aunt and my cousins, who were members of the same denomination to which I belonged. Their home was near a small inland village in Tennessee, and when we arrived at the large frame building, which was a school-house during the week and a church on Sunday, we found many of the neighbors inside the house talking, and soon learned that Brother Talbert Fanning, the preacher, was unavoidably absent. That seemed a small affair, and a member of the congregation promptly went to the desk and conducted the services, which consisted of singing, prayer, the reading of some portion of the Scriptures, and in "partaking of the emblems," as the officiating brother phrased it. All the members were known to the deacons, who immediately went forward and took, one an ordinary dinner-plate with a thin, wide piece of wheaten bread on it, and the other a large glass goblet nearly filled with wine. These in turn they presented to us all. Imagine my feelings! I, who had expected to be so happy to be once again among reasonable, sensible Christian people, found myself miserable. The whole thing had shocked me: the bare walls and floors; the glaring windows; the careless, not to say irreverent manners of the congregation; the lack of ornament, the lack of beauty, the lack of devotion, and I almost thought, and entirely felt, the lack of decency, upset me completely. I put a tiny piece of that flour hoe-cake between my teeth, I touched to my lips that goblet, which had already made quite a circuit among the members. I felt distressed and uncomfortable. I was very glad when it was all over and I out of the house. From that hour I was no longer a Protestant; yet I was not a Catholic in any sense of the word. I was young and ready to be amused with almost everything. I tried to throw off all thoughts of religion, as I could receive no satisfactory replies to the questions I put concerning the way Catholics construed the Bible. I knew *they* were wrong, and I tried to think, and did think for a while, that God would save everybody—that there was no punishment after death. Being too honest to profess what I did not believe, I rarely went to church, and ceased altogether from "partaking of the emblems."

Time rolled on. I married a genial gentleman with no fixed ideas about religion; his handsome library contained any and everything which commended itself to his literary taste. I read what I pleased without a protest from anybody—Hume, Gibbon, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Paine, and others were there—my confusion

became daily worse confounded. The war came on. We went South and followed the fortunes of the Confederacy to the last. In the four years of exile much of sorrow had to be borne. Once I was very sick, and in the delirium of fever I repeated aloud, to the dismay of my nurses, the prayers I had heard so often at the convent, though I had not thought of repeating them since I left school. During all those sorrowful months and years of excitement I had no thought of trying to find a fixed faith for myself; I held the popular Protestant opinion, that it is a matter of indifference what one believes.

Once I met a gentle little Sister of Charity on a steamboat on the Chattahoochee River. I was glad to see her, and talked to her every moment we were together. She looked so peaceful and so innocent, I could only think of a bed of violets as I looked into her tranquil blue eyes. Her voice was soft, and about her lingered that indescribable air of difference from other people which I so well remembered as belonging to the sisters at the convent school.

Sorrow followed sorrow, disaster after disaster, and finally the day of Appomattox. We turned our faces homeward; the scenes which met our eyes have been described too often to be repeated here. My brothers and my children were dead, and patriotism seemed dead. Effort seemed valueless, and I soon began to wonder if life itself was worth living. In this forlorn and purposeless mood I sat one day looking at the big and sullen Mississippi, which somehow seemed the type of the resistless current which bears humanity to its unknown destiny. Just then I noticed two gentlemen walking on the levee. I knew by their dress that they were Catholic priests. At once I determined to know them and question them of their religion, which appeared to bring peace to its professors even in this distracted world, where I found only suffering and dismay, relieved by short periods of gayety. My husband being entirely indifferent as to creeds, called at once, and found them to be gentlemen and scholars. He was delighted to entertain them, and so began an acquaintance destined to be of incalculable advantage to me. The first objection I proposed to Father B——, who was the regular mission priest, was the uniform backwardness and weakness of all countries strictly Catholic, such as Spain, Ireland, Italy, and Mexico, compared to their Protestant neighbors. He asked if I had read Balmes on the subject. No; but I remembered seeing the book, Balmes's *Comparative Effects of Catholicity and Protestantism on Civilization*, in the library. I began to read it at once. I was not more profoundly im-

pressed with the amazing amount of information collected and arranged by the learned author than by the spirit of candor which animated every line. I laid the book aside convinced that the church was not a bar to the progress of nations. Still it seemed not to be possible for me to accept its doctrines. One day I read a sentence in a preface to one of Father Weninger's books, I believe, which struck me very forcibly: "Protestantism is the religion of distress and despair." How fully I realized the bitter truth of those words.

Father B—— was a missionary priest, and only visited our church once or twice a month. I began to look forward eagerly for his coming. First it was one difficulty and then another I would present to him. The Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist was never, after I began to believe anything of revealed religion, a difficulty. It was always a source of sorrow to me as a Protestant that we were—the people of this day—I mean comparatively, orphans. I wished I had seen Him as His companions in life saw Him, and I would often think how much better were their chances for faith than ours. The doctrine of the Real Presence found a lodgment in my heart the day Bishop McGill explained it to me, but my understanding rejected it all as a fable and too good to be true. Father B——'s way of looking at life reminded me of the sisters: there seemed to be a calmness and dignity in all he did and said, though he was cheerful even to gayety. He looked into the face of the future with the confidence of an infant in its mother's arms; he never seemed torn by those wild alarms, nor weighed down by that dense melancholy, which so often afflicted me. His manner was unaffected and simple, and Christian humility and charity ruled his words. One day he brought me a book which I shall never forget. It was Burnett's *Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.* It was peculiarly adapted to my condition, as it was written by a native American, a convert to the faith after he was forty years old, who had once accepted, as I had, the teachings of Alexander Campbell. He examined the claims of Christianity by the rules which he had learned as a lawyer, district-attorney, and judge of a court. He applied them fearlessly, and his book convinced me, not only that the Christian religion was true, but that the Catholic Church was its authorized exponent—the Bride of Christ. The apprehension of truth is always an intellectual delight; the higher the truth the more intense the delight. Order began to emerge from chaos in my mind; the dignity and possibilities of human nature

assumed distinct and grand proportions; the Bible, which had once perplexed me so greatly, was no longer a riddle; and yet I hesitated about submitting entirely to the authority of the church. All my friends, and even all my acquaintances, except one or two who seemed to think it impolite to discuss religion, were Protestants, all my prejudices were Protestant. The little town was entirely Protestant, except a few foreign-born laborers. Confession, too—that was a formidable affair. I had to go over again and again all the arguments which proved the authority of the church. I knew what she taught must be infallible truth, because if it was not infallible truth it was not truth at all, and that she enforced confession, not to mention the argument drawn from common sense, to wit: we see confession existing. If it was not instituted by our Lord and practised by his Apostles, who instituted it? And when? In whose brain did the idea arise? If in that of one of those "proud and haughty prelates of a domineering church" of whom so much is said in Protestant literature, why did such a fierce personage put the yoke of confession on himself and his brother dignitaries—the pope himself not being exempt from the obligation of confessing his sins? In all merely human organizations the dignities belong to the officers, the labor to the rank and file; but in this wonder of the centuries, the Catholic Church, the hardships belong to the priests and bishops, who not only in their daily lives, while times are peaceful, set an example of austere and laborious devotion to their flock, but in times of peril, war, sickness, famine, or persecution fearlessly confront the evil, whatever it may be, and receive in their own persons, whenever it is possible, the thunderbolt of destruction which was intended for the souls entrusted to their care. Where else do we find so true and universal exemplification of the words of our Lord, "The least shall be greatest and the greatest shall be least amongst you"? Where was the prelate strong enough to impose the yoke on the whole church when it had never been heard of before? In what age did a people exist who would accept such an innovation silently and without protest? In what time has such a revolution been possible, and the chroniclers of public events say not a word of it? No, said common sense to me, confession is here, and it came to this world by the only possible manner—the command of our Lord himself.

After much deliberation and many doubts and fears, I finally made my confession and was baptized. Even after that I found myself wondering if confession to a strange priest would not be a different matter. Father B——, I argued, knows me well; he

cannot help recognizing my voice in the confessional, and so his advice is all very well and suits my case; but when I am among strangers will it be so? That question has been answered to my satisfaction by the practice of years, during which I have confessed to priests from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, who have never seen my face nor heard my name, and always I have received the advice I needed, and, if my dispositions were proper, the consolation which is to be found nowhere else; and so it has been of the other sacraments and practices of the church—the better I understand them the more I love them. The life and career of the church through the centuries; her capacity, without yielding one iota of dogma, to be all things to all men; her marvellous wisdom, shown as much in what she does not do as in what she does; her sternness, her sweetness, her valor, her mother love, her patient care of each individual soul and body, her world-embracing dominion, must, when examined honestly, stir the dullest intellect, arouse the coldest heart, and inflame the imagination of the most phlegmatic. To all who love righteousness, whether mystics, poets, philosophers, or practical philanthropists, she is the strong guide leading them by safe paths to realizations unattainable without her aid, as she is at once the epitome of common sense and the essence of poetry. All this and more she is, as she is the Bride of Christ without spot or wrinkle.

When I think of my good and truly pious Protestant friends who are still in the house of bondage—the valley of darkness—it is not so much terror that I feel for their future state as it is sorrow for their present condition. They are poor where they might be rich, they are blind where they might see. To become Catholics they abandon nothing; they bring with them to their new home all, and sometimes that is much, that is good of their old beliefs; they only add to what they have. Where they have been dwelling among shadows and symbols they come to live in light among realities. What to me is a church if it only represents the opinions of men, no more to be relied on than I am, even if those men are to be counted by millions! No! the church is not a number of people accepting the Bible as true and agreeing about the manner of its interpretation. It is not a social or benevolent organization, subject to change as the fashions do. But she is a living, sentient being, born to live until the world shall be no more, endued with the wisdom of the Holy Ghost and dowered with the love of Christ, whose Bride she is. To know her and to obey her is earthly happiness and eternal glory.

M. M.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE period for the holding of congresses has begun, and the season has been inaugurated by the meeting of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in London. What Demography is was a puzzle to many before the congress met, and we cannot say that the matter has even yet been made perfectly clear and precise. It seems to include within its scope statistics relating to the health of the people at large, but this definition does not exhaust the questions with which it deals. The congress was attended by a large number of medical men, sanitarians, and persons interested in certain social questions, who came from nearly every civilized country. We wish to show all due honor and respect to so distinguished an assembly, but we fear that there were a considerable number of faddists included in the number. In fact a congress which almost unanimously voted in favor of cremation in general, and by a large majority urged upon governments the burning of the bodies of those killed in battle, cannot have numbered among its numerous members the most competent authorities on this question. For example, Dr. Virchow, of Berlin, perhaps the greatest medical authority in the world, holds that the noxious gases arising from the universal cremation of bodies would be far more deleterious to health than the present mode of inhumation. And if one theory is more in vogue than another at the present day, it is that the germs of disease are disseminated through the air.

A still more glaring example of inconsiderateness was one brought before the congress under the head of State Hygiene. This was a scheme for the rendering of all travel free. The state is to purchase the railways by the issue of bonds, which are to bear two per cent. interest, such interest to be paid by taxation. Then any and every body will be able to get into a train and go where he likes, and to travel as often as he likes, at the expense of the nation. The author of the proposals said nothing about freight, whether it also was to be free. Another proposal which was made, but which did not meet with the approval of many well qualified to form an opinion, appears to have strong reasons on its side. The vice-chairman of the School Board at Glasgow read a paper in which he said that there

were in that city no less than forty thousand single-room dwellings in which in single rooms, without screen or curtain, whole families, father and mother, boys and girls of all ages, board and lodge, cook their meals, perform their ablutions, dress and undress. No words are required to show that such a state of things should not be tolerated. The writer of the paper, therefore, proposed that Parliament should make all such dwellings illegal, and provide that where parents were unable from poverty to provide sufficient lodging, application should be made to some properly constituted authority to pay the additional sum required. This was generally condemned as an unwise relieving of parents of their responsibility, but no one suggested any better means of bringing an end to a state of things which has become utterly intolerable.

A really instructive and useful discussion was that in the section devoted to "Preventive Medicine," on alcoholism in its relation to public health and the methods for its prevention. Among the latter, Sir Dyce Duckworth recommended for the careless drunkard a succession of punishments in the way of cumulative fines, deprivation of the electoral franchise, and corporal punishment; for the habitual inebriate, compulsory detention, and the same *régime* as the lunatic. We are glad to notice that this distinguished physician, while expressing confidence in the usefulness of education and sanitary progress as auxiliary helps, looked to the spread of the knowledge of God's law, and to the implanting of His fear in the human heart, as the chief reliance and ground of hope.

The most important and valuable paper on this subject was read by the Professor of Political Economy at the University of Copenhagen. We have space for only a few of the more important points. The investigations of the Harveian Society make it probable that in London one-seventh of all adult deaths is directly or indirectly due to the consequences of alcoholic excess. Official statistics show that from 1871–80 of males between 25 and 60 years of age nearly 800 died yearly from the same cause. In Belgium, with its much smaller population, the yearly loss of life from *delirium tremens* among males was 330 in 1879–80. Still greater were the devastations of drinking in Switzerland; while Prussia has a yearly loss of 1,100 males from *delirium tremens*. These statistics with reference to the continental countries of Europe are somewhat surprising, for a com-

mon impression exists that among their inhabitants drunkenness is comparatively rare. We fear that there has recently been a change for the worse, especially in France. Good will come out of evil if the new danger should lead the writers of moral theology in those countries to look at the subject from a point of view different from that hitherto naturally taken by them. If His Apostolic Majesty of Portugal had a clearer apprehension of the evils of the drink-traffic he would not now be scandalizing the world, by allowing his officials and subordinates not only to cause the misery and destruction of thousands of natives in the Portuguese colonies, by allowing the sale of spirits to them, but by forcing the adjoining Congo Free State to take retrograde measures in self-defence.

The paper proceeded to discuss the adequacy and efficiency of the various methods already adopted of battling with the evil, and to suggest new methods. Among the latter a careful register made by the medical profession of all the cases of alcoholism falling under their observation would serve as a powerful means of opening the eyes of the public. The state monopoly adopted in Switzerland seems to have had a good sanitary effect, and to have led to some decrease in the consumption of spirits. This Swiss expedient secures, at all events, the sale of unadulterated liquors, and by enabling the state to put a high price tends to a diminution of consumption, while ten per cent. of the profits is devoted to counteracting the effects of alcoholism. Of the three American systems, prohibition, local option, and high license, the author thinks the last the most successful. In Holland the plan of limiting the number of licenses has had a good effect. The most interesting and valuable part of the paper is the account of the efforts made in Norway, Sweden, and Finland. Here in villages the number of licenses is strictly limited; in towns the Gothenburg system has been introduced, and has contributed very much to the conspicuous reduction of drinking habits in these three countries. Should the only result of the meetings of the congress be the bringing home to the mind of the medical profession throughout the world the stupendous evils of drinking habits, its meetings will not have been held in vain.

The Free Education Act has now been in force since the first of September. It is, of course, too soon to form any opin-

ion as to how it will affect the religious schools. In its passage through the House of Lords the provisions of the bill in their favor were strengthened, and an insidious clause detrimental to them, which had been artfully introduced by the enemies of religious instruction, and incautiously accepted by the government, was discovered and negatived. The word "suitable" had been introduced, the effect of which would have been to have allowed secularists to have insisted on the opening of a School Board school, even in a district where a good religious school existed, on the plea, for example, that a Catholic school, even under the conscience clause, was not a "suitable" school for Protestant children to attend. The government, however, on the return of the bill from the Lords, insisted on the excision of the word, maintaining that a Catholic school when approved of by the inspectors was a school sufficiently good for all children, Catholic and Protestant alike. While in Protestant England the government and the majority in Parliament are thus defending religious education, in what is commonly called Catholic France the last step is just being taken for the secularization of boys' schools. When those schools open this month all the teachers will be exclusively lay teachers, the five years allowed by the law of 1886 having expired. This does not apply, however, to girls' schools, in which there still remain eleven thousand religious women.

So far as regards Europe, the past month has been a hard time for journalists and newsmongers, a sign, we hope, of its having been a good time for the public at large. The visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt; the enthusiasm manifested by ruler and subjects alike; the tears of Admiral Gervais—by all accounts the last man in the world to shed tears, except to order—have formed the main subject of comment and especially of conjecture. Does this event import the conclusion of an alliance between the French Republic and the Russian autocracy, or only an understanding? And how far does the alliance or the understanding go? Will Russia assist France in case the latter attacks Germany, or only in the event of Germany taking the aggressive? And what is France to do for Russia? Discussions of such topics as these and of the meaning of the French fleet's visit to Portsmouth fill the columns of the newspapers with many words and little information. For it is not the way of those who are in charge to reveal by means such as these (if they reveal at all) the purposes and projects which they cherish.

This, however, may safely be said, that by the warm reception accorded by Russia to the French fleet France feels that she no longer occupies that position of isolation in which she has been since the disasters of 1870–71. A load has been taken off her mind, and a spirit of greater self-contentment, and also, it is hoped, of greater friendliness towards her neighbors, has resulted. Another result is that the Republic as a republic has been strengthened, for the grave reproach cast upon it by Bonapartists and Monarchists, that the isolation of France was due to its form of government, has been removed. All this is satisfactory as tending to the maintenance of peace. Some indications of a contrary tendency have, however, been manifested. Both France and Russia have points of conflict with England with respect to the Turkish Empire, and the rumored resolve of the Sultan to depose the Khedive of Egypt, and his allowing the Russian "Volunteer" Fleet to pass through the Dardanelles, are looked upon by some as the first manifestation of the policy of the new alliance. This is, we hope, but an unfounded supposition, and the worst effect which we anticipate will be the spoiling of Lord Salisbury's holiday.

In the fairly prosperous state of the rest of Europe Russia, however, does not share. Owing to the failure of the crops in many parts of the empire grave apprehensions are entertained of an actual famine. Already, in fact, the peasants in the valley of the Volga are said to be in a state of the utmost destitution, without food or clothes and wandering about in rags; and Russian writers are looking forward to the bankruptcy of the entire peasantry. Wholesale emigration is threatened, and, in fact, has already commenced on a large scale. Under these circumstances the advantages (if any) of an absolute government become apparent. For the first time since the Crimean War the export of rye, the chief food of the people, has been prohibited by an imperial ukase. The railway freight rates for grain consigned to the provinces which are in need have been compulsorily reduced; the officials of the Department of Agriculture have been empowered to buy grain at current rates for the sustenance of the inhabitants; and extensive relief works, such as country roads, new public buildings, and the like, have been set on foot.

The ukase forbidding the export of rye was issued on the eleventh of August, but was not to come into force until the twenty-seventh. This gave an opportunity for the dealers in

grain to manifest their tender-heartedness and consideration for the wants of the starving poor. This they did by selling and hurrying over the frontier vast quantities of the rye of which the peasants stood in need. In some places from which the grain was being moved there were riots, the peasants even destroying the grain and wrecking the houses of the exporters. In one place they threw themselves down on the railway tracks before the train in order to prevent its starting. If the Jews are concerned in this exportation—and in one case, as a matter of fact, they were—while we cannot justify, we do not wonder at the severe measures taken against them. These measures, far from being relaxed, have been made more stringent. A recent order has been made enjoining the strict enforcement of the law which forbids them to own mills or factories. No one can help feeling pity for the Russian Jews in their cruel sufferings. However, it must be said that where they have full liberty they do not render it the easier for their Christian neighbors to earn an honest living.

The ukase of the czar, although, as we believe, unintentionally, has had a serious effect upon the course of events in the German Empire, and has almost led to a cabinet crisis. For the German peasant, as well as the Russian, lives chiefly on rye, and ninety per cent. of this rye was imported from Russia. The prohibition of its export, therefore, cut off the food of the German peasantry, or at all events rendered it, as well as every kind of grain, very much dearer. A strong movement, therefore, set in for the abolition of the duties on grain, and this movement found supporters in the cabinet. Its opponents have for the time being prevailed, but more will be heard of it. The German army has, however, benefited by the Russian emperor's action, for wheaten bread has been substituted for rye bread through his action. After resting for a few weeks on board his yacht, William II. has resumed his round of visits, and has been, by all accounts, enthusiastically received at Munich.

The *status quo* has been maintained in Italy with a trend, however, towards the worse. Signor Crispi has written an article in the *Contemporary Review* which, should he ever come into power again, will not improve the relations between France and Italy. The Marquis di Rudini, however, cannot well cease to be premier before November, when the Parliament reassembles. Meanwhile the financial position of Italy is rendering her best

and warmest friends exceedingly anxious. The deficit, which it was the main purpose of the Marquis di Rudini's government to avoid, promises to amount to a sum variously estimated at from twenty millions to sixty millions of lire; and it seems almost impossible to remedy this except by additional taxation. This, however, is far from being feasible, for the strongest demand of the people is for the reduction of the present taxation. Nothing remains but retrenchment of the present expenditure. But this can only be effected, since the Triple Alliance has been renewed, by the diminution of offices and the deprivation of office-holders, and the attempt to do this was a main cause of Signor Crispi's fall. The disorder which exists in the national finances finds its counterpart in trade and commercial circles. Vast sums of money have been advanced by the banks in furtherance of the embellishment (so called) of Rome and other cities, and now a crash has come. For the banks to call in their money would cause well-nigh universal bankruptcy; they have consequently openly violated the law which limits their note-circulation, and have issued notes of a value exceeding by more than a milliard the legal limit. The political union of Italy has not accomplished its financial union, for the notes of a bank good in one part are not good in another. Thomas à Kempis tells us that every vice will hereafter have its own appropriate punishment; the experience of Italy seems to show that this is true even in this world, and that those who have been guilty of robbery are justly afflicted with want.

The chronic trouble of Austria-Hungary arising from the large number of nationalities subject to the rule of the dual monarchy has manifested itself in strange demonstrations of the Young Czechs at Prague. Some of the more ardent of these nationalists have been fraternizing with the Russians, while showing contempt for their German compatriots. To such an extent have they gone that there has been a split in the Young Czech party. Against the Hungarian domination, too, the Transylvanians are protesting in much the same way that the Hungarians protested against the Austrian, but it would seem without the same justification.——In Bulgaria Prince Ferdinand has celebrated the fourth anniversary of his accession to power. Although his success may be in a measure due to the somewhat harsh and high-handed methods adopted by his premier, M. Stambouloff, yet the fact that he has maintained his position affords matter for congratulation to all friends of liberty. Quiet

still reigns in the Balkan States, although there are rumors of approaching trouble; but these in all probability find their *raison d'être* in helping to fill newspaper columns.——The long-talked-of revision of the Belgian constitution has been deferred until the meeting of Parliament in November. The committee to report on the subject have, however, brought their labors to a conclusion, and have unanimously condemned universal suffrage and declared in favor of the occupation system.——In Portugal, notwithstanding all efforts, the financial crisis still continues. It has been decided to adopt the bi-metallic system, in the hope of averting similar crises in the future.——Spain is in the happy position of being without a history, except that an unexplained, and apparently inexplicable, attempt was made by some fifteen men to force their way into the barracks at Barcelona.——Holland has passed under the control of the Liberals, after having been ruled for many years by a strong Conservative ministry. Let us hope that the new ministry will bring to a conclusion the war which Holland has been waging for so many years in her East Indian Colonies.

In labor legislation the last session of the British Parliament was not altogether barren, although some projects warmly advocated by many working-men, notably the Eight Hours' Bill, were not even discussed. Of the five measures introduced in the beginning of the session in one or the other House, the government Bill for the regulation of Factories and Workshops, prepared by Mr. Henry Matthews, the Catholic member of the cabinet, became law, having incorporated such of the proposals of its competitors as commended themselves to the judgment of the House. The most noteworthy feature thus adopted was, as we have already mentioned, the raising of the legal age for the employment of children in factories to eleven. This was carried in opposition to the government; but they were beaten, accepted their defeat, and proceeded with the bill. Even yet England has not fully conformed to the Berlin Conference, which recommended the non-employment of children under the age of twelve, although this is, we believe, the only respect in which those recommendations are not realized in Great Britain itself.

In India, where the Governor-General in Council is the absolute law-maker subject to the approval of the Secretary of State for India, a measure regulating factory labor has been enacted.

Grave complaints are being made of its failure to correct the abuses existing in that country. Strange to say, the old and bitter foes of all legislation of this kind in England—the Lancashire manufacturers—are its warm supporters for India, and it might at first sight be thought that even they had at last been moved to sympathy and consideration for others. But we are afraid that the truth is that the Indian manufacturers are rivals and competitors, and that the real motive for the seeming anxiety for the welfare of the Indian laborer is the selfish one of desiring to restrict competition. It is difficult, of course, for those who are unacquainted with a country and with the customs and habits of its people to form a judgment on such a question, but for all that it seems to us that in this point the Lancashire manufacturers are for once right. A state of things can hardly be looked upon as satisfactory where out of from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 of women and children employed in industrial pursuits only 50,000 receive even such protection as the new act confers. And this protection is altogether inadequate. As a specimen of this, it is sufficient to say that the new act allows children of nine years of age to work standing at a machine for seven hours a day; that the lads over fourteen years of age are classed under the act as men, and may consequently be compelled, under penalty of dismissal, to work for fourteen hours a day; that girls are counted as women at the same age of fourteen, and as such are liable to be worked for eleven hours a day, or sixty-six hours a week. As even greater abuses than these, which we have not space to mention, are left untouched by this new act, it would seem clear that those who criticise and condemn it have right and justice on their side; and we hope that they may be able to have their voice heard so as to prevail over the claims of selfishness and greed.

As we have already mentioned, a law has been made in France for the raising of the age of the legal employment of children in factories. The same law also establishes a ten-hours working-day, forbids the employment of women and children at night-work, and prescribes one day's rest in seven. The irreligious spirit was too strong in the legislative chambers for them to make Sunday that day of rest, and a proposal to that effect was defeated. It is consequently left to private employers of labor to choose the day, and doubtless Sunday will be the choice of many. It is gratifying to learn that this new law is mainly due to the efforts of the Comte de Mun, the zealous de-

fender of religion in the Assembly. The French Senate, which is a stronghold of *laissez faire, laisser aller*, sent the bill back twice to the Assembly with a refusal to ratify the restrictions on night-work. The Comte de Mun, however, made so powerful a speech that he secured for these clauses a majority of three hundred and five votes. Thereupon the Senate yielded and the measure became law.

In addition to the bill for the relief of destitute and deserving workmen, of which we have made mention in our last number, the Minister of the Interior has also introduced, or at least has publicly promised to introduce, an agricultural credit scheme for the advancing by the state of loans to farmers at a very low rate of interest. The justification of this proposal is found in the fact that while land only yields two and one-half per cent., the farmers have to pay five per cent. for loans. However, it is one thing to introduce a bill and another to pass it into law, and it may be a very long time before we hear that these proposals have become law, especially as in France a bill may wander about from house to house for several years, or may perish in a committee, without its being known who is responsible for its fate. But for government bills there should be a better outlook.

Other proposals have been laid before the Chambers for arbitration between masters and men, and for facilitating the formation of co-operative societies, and of these the same thing must be said. Among actual achievements, however, must be reckoned the establishment of a Labor Bureau (analogous to those already existing in this country) for the collection of all kinds of economic information, and for the periodical publication of the information thus obtained. It is divided into a central and an exterior department, the work of the latter being the investigation of foreign methods of dealing with economic problems. It is worthy of notice that the attitude of hostility towards trades-unions and other organizations of labor maintained until recently in France was entirely due to the legislative action of the revolutionists of the last century. In the name of liberty the absolute dominion of the state over each citizen was enforced, and not only was freedom of conscience invaded, but in 1791 a law was passed by which all persons belonging to the same profession were prohibited from meeting together and deliberating in defence of "their pretended common interests," such delibera-

tion being condemned as "unconstitutional, dangerous to liberty and to the declaration of the rights of man." This fact should have an influence in correcting the popular idea of the spirit of the French Revolution of 1789.

Nor is our chronicle of French efforts for the amelioration of the lot of the workman even yet complete. The government has instituted a *Conseil Supérieur du Travail* consisting of fifty members, nominated by the government itself. The object of this council is to deliberate upon social and industrial questions, to devise remedies, and to advise the government accordingly. It has no power to make laws, only to suggest the making of laws. It is made up of members of Parliament, of employers of labor, and of workmen in about equal numbers, and in the list of its members there are such well-known men as the Comte de Mun, M. Jules Simon, and M. Léon Say. Among the recommendations already made are that laws should be passed rendering it obligatory to pay wages in ready money, and every fortnight at least, and for the creation of permanent boards of arbitration and conciliation. Whether this council has the power to call witnesses and to take evidence, we do not know. Such power would, it seems to us, greatly increase its usefulness; but in any case it would seem impossible for it to fail to be of great service. Councils of a somewhat similar character have been established in Belgium, but their powers seem wider and fuller, embracing, as they do, the right to take measures for the prevention or termination of strikes and similar conflicts. The time which has elapsed since the institution of those councils is so short that no judgment can yet be formed as to their utility and efficiency.

Of the schemes not yet submitted to the judgment of Parliament, that of Mr. Chamberlain for Old-Age Pensions seems the most likely to be realized in some form or other. A small committee has been appointed, selected from the larger general committee, to elaborate a measure in all its details for presentation at the opening of the next session. The most serious opposition with which the proposal is meeting is from the friendly societies, who fear that their own work will be interfered with. It seems a pity that they should, on this account, stand in the way of greater good being done than they are able or willing themselves to do; but that is the way of the world. However, every effort is being made to minimize their opposition and

even to secure their co-operation. The scheme prepared by one of the members of the committee as a basis for discussion makes the payment of a small sum the condition of receiving a pension at the age of sixty-five, and this sum may be paid either into an approved friendly society or insurance office, or a post-office savings-bank. This condition having been fulfilled, contributions are to be made from moneys to be voted by Parliament, and also from the local rates, and, besides, all relief payable under the present Poor Law is to take the form of out-door relief. According to the latest accounts, the societies are not satisfied with the part allotted to them, and the scheme has been modified in order to meet their objections.

The strike on the Scotch railways, which took place last Christmas, although it resulted in the defeat of those engaged in it, has proved far from fruitless. Besides the appointment of a parliamentary committee to inquire into the number of hours worked by railway employees to which it led, the directors of nearly every company in their recent reports to their shareholders call attention to the fact that there has been an increase of expense, due either to the grant of higher wages or of shorter hours of employment, and a consequent increase of the staff, or to both. With one exception all the companies have declared reduced dividends. This reduction, however, is not due exclusively to the increase of wages, other causes having contributed. Nor can it be said that the railways in England make undue profits. Of the eleven great companies the dividends range from one and one-half per cent., the lowest, to six and one-quarter per cent., the highest; while breweries, banks, and gas-works bring in quite frequently from ten to eighteen per cent.

The extreme complication of all questions as to wages is well illustrated by the recent action of Parliament with reference to the railway companies. Between these companies and the traders a long controversy as to rates has been raging for many years. The matter was taken in hand by Parliament, with the view to a uniform and simple settlement of the *maximum* rate for every kind of goods. This was an enormous work, for from eighteen to twenty million different charges had to be discussed and settled. However, the task has been accomplished, and for nine of the principal railways the requisite bills have been passed. As a result some of the railways and some of the traders are satisfied or at least contented, while others of both parties are not. It is not,

however, with this that we are concerned, but with its bearing on the question of wages. This bearing seems close and intimate; for if a *maximum* rate is fixed by law for the carriage of goods, and if this *maximum* rate allows only a small margin for the increase of such rate (and the margin must be small if the rates charged are to satisfy the traders), where is the money to come from for any notable increase either of the wages or of the staff? The possibility of doing this seems to have been taken away by the action taken by Parliament for the benefit of the customers of the company.

Many who look upon the long-existing relations between capital and labor with great anxiety have cherished the hope that the co-operative movement would afford a way of escape from the impending dangers, by enabling the working-man to be at once a capitalist and a laborer, and thus, by bringing about a union of the two opposing forces, ending the conflict. This hope has been somewhat damped by what must be called the failure of the productive part of the co-operative scheme when compared with the distributive part. The latter has had a stupendous success, but that success only means that some millions of the poorer classes get their goods at reasonable rates, and share in the profits, and learn valuable lessons of thrift and prudence. These are results not to be despised by any means, but still falling short of the promises made and the expectations entertained. Co-operators, however, are not daunted by the poor success of previous attempts in this branch of their undertaking, and are at the present time renewing their efforts to attain success.

A National Co-operative Festival has been recently held at the Crystal Palace, London, of which a principal feature was a Co-operative Workshops Exhibition. Of the 117 co-operative workshops now existing in the United Kingdom, between 30 and 40 sent specimens of their products. What is of interest, however, is the statements as to progress, principles, and prospects made by the promoters of the movement. As to progress, it was stated that the recent annual returns show that while the distributive side has grown 14 or 15 per cent., the productive side has grown 50 per cent. in the same time. Nearly 10,000 persons were employed in the various workshops, and the losses through failure had fallen from upwards of £3,000 in 1888 to less than £500 in 1890.

The system of managing these workshops is by no means uniform. In some the workmen neither receive a bonus nor share in the profits, being paid good but fixed wages, the higher rate of wages accorded them constituting their reward and differentiating them from the employees of private persons. In 76 or 77 of the 111 co-operative workshops the principle of sharing profits with the workers has been adopted, and is thus gaining the predominant position. From the experience derived from these workshops very valuable light has been shed upon a generally recognized principle of political economy. It has been held as certain that what the worker gains by an addition to his wages must be abstracted either from the share of the investor or from that of the customer. The experience of profit-sharing co-operative workshops goes to prove that the results of industry are not a fixed quantity, but vary with the efforts of all concerned, and those efforts can be stimulated or depressed by the treatment accorded the workers. As an instance of this we may cite the case of the employees in a certain industry, who, before they had become familiar with the practical operation of the profit-sharing system, produced only from 20 to 26 tons per week; after they had experienced the advantage of sharing in the profits the product went up to 57 tons per week. Thus it is not merely the men, but the good will of the men, that must be taken into account, and when this is gained neither the investor nor the customer need suffer either by diminution of profit or by increase of price.

The International Socialist Labor Congress which has been holding its meetings at Brussels is of interest as throwing some light upon the working-men's views of recent legislation in various countries. How far this congress represents their opinions it is hard to say. On the one hand, the Anarchists will not recognize its claims, for their representatives were expelled, all the members of the congress looking upon legislation as the legitimate means for the redress of grievances. On the other hand, contrary to anticipation, the English trades-unions were very poorly represented. For this there was a twofold reason. While zealous for labor reform, these unions are unwilling to commit themselves to Socialism; even the delegates who were present unanimously made it known to their colleagues that they were attending its meetings as a labor congress and not as a Socialistic congress. As a consequence the title of the

next meeting, which is to be held in Switzerland in 1893, has been left undetermined. The other reason was that there seems to have been something like sharp practice in the management of the preliminary arrangements. The Socialists taking part in these proceedings are divided into two opposed organizations, the Marxists and the Possibilists, and at Paris in 1889 each of them had its congress. To the Belgian workmen's organization the Possibilists entrusted the making of the arrangements for the present congress. They are accused of having proved faithless to their charge, of having entered into negotiations with the rival party, and even of having delivered to it the control of the congress. Consequently, it is thought, many absented themselves, and in the congress the Marxists were in the majority. Hence it is doubtful of how large a number of European workmen the resolutions may be considered as expressing the opinion.

However, taking these resolutions for what they are worth, they show that the workmen are by no means satisfied with the results of the Berlin Conference; that the governments have not realized its recommendations; in fact, that, according to their view, in some respects the conference has been rather a hindrance than a help. Workmen, therefore, must perfect their organizations. Here comes the point of difference between the Possibilists and the Marxists. Is there to be one central controlling body for the whole world, as there was in the old International, and as the Marxists desire, or is each nation to manage its own affairs in its own way? Strange to say, the majority of this congress, although composed of Marxists, accepted the views of the Possibilists and renounced their own cardinal principle of one central controlling body. There is to be co-operation not subordination in the warfare against "wagedom." This, if it can be looked upon as final, is the most important step taken since the dissolution of the International, uniting as it does the divided ranks of the Socialists, and limiting the permanent organization to the appointment of a committee of inquiry in each country for the purpose of collecting and exchanging information in furtherance of labor legislation.

Other resolutions were passed, but of no special moment. The animating spirit of the congress was hatred for capitalists. The representative of one of the American societies, as president

at one of the meetings, told his auditors that in this country seventy thousand millions of dollars were annually stolen from the hands of those who produced them. "In the midst of wealth," he added, "misery is increasing so fast that the land of the brave and the home of the free is in reality a hell." The Jewish question proved a thorny one; for while there are many Jewish workmen, a large proportion of the capitalists of Europe are also Jews. The congress ended the discussion by passing a resolution condemning both anti-Semitic and philo-Semitic agitation. The organization of strikes and boycotting was declared a duty as the only weapons for carrying on the war with capital. Arbitration, however, might be admitted when compatible with the dignity of labor. All wage-earners were urged to join trades-unions, and the employment of the workers, it was declared, should be regulated only by their own unions, and by labor exchanges of which they had control. A striking feature of the congress were the strong manifestations in favor of peace between nations, a feeling which would be altogether admirable were it not combined with a burning hatred of capitalists. At the first meeting the joint presidents were a Frenchman and a German. The English delegates were emboldened by this spectacle of fraternal feeling to ask the members to take part with them in a demonstration on the field of Waterloo. This, however, was going too far, and the invitation was declined. A very important negative result of the congress was the little practical support which the proposal of an international strike received, at all events for the present.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE second volume * of the Marie Antoinette Series has just been issued, and will be found entertaining as well as useful. Opening with the return to the Tuileries after the terrible "October Days" of 1789, it gives all that is essential to history in the doings and sufferings of the royal family up to the close of 1791. It includes, moreover, as is usual in their author's work, a bird's-eye view of the whole situation, and an artistic selection of salient points and picturesque details which lends the color and attractiveness of romance to what might have been left dry narrative with equal accuracy to main facts. It is easy to understand the universal popularity of these sketches of the "Famous Women of the French Court." The original series contains several portraits which, judging from the advertisements which accompany the successive volumes sent us, are probably not to be included in the Scribner translations. Though they are neither crowded with details nor oppressively didactic in the moralizing to which Saint-Amand is occasionally prone, they remain abundantly circumstantial, they are fortified by citations from unfamiliar or until now unused diaries and correspondence, and their tone, though sometimes so "French" that we observe it has invited free translation and now and then the judicious excision of a paragraph in different volumes, is on the whole elevating and wholesome.

The interest of the present volume culminates in the second of its three parts: The Varennes Journey. The reader follows that painful flight and terrible arrest with breathless sympathy, and finds it not strange that a single one of those bitter nights should have sufficed to whiten the Queen's hair. Strong chapters, however, both precede and follow this central situation. Those devoted to "The Religious Question," for example, including the one called "Holy Week in 1791"; that descriptive of "Paris during the Suspension of Royalty"; and especially those which deal with Mirabeau "the Thunderer," the Janus-faced, the mercenary who, nevertheless, sold a genuine article when he accepted the price of his late adhesion to the Queen. Like almost all who were ever attracted by her, he came to an untimely end. He beheld himself dying, says Saint-Amand, with

* *Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries*, 1789–1791. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

melancholy curiosity, and mourned for his country more than for himself. He had shone for a period so brief! He was forty when he achieved popularity, and twenty-two months had sufficed him to "make a name in history which places him at the side of Cicero and Demosthenes." The accounts of his death-struggle, "grandiose, pathetic, theatrical," with the nameless youth who offered his blood to be transfused into the veins of the great tribune; with the alleged interviews between the sick man and the "constitutional" Bishop of Lyons, the ex-Lazarist Lamourette, whom Mirabeau had taken under his wing and made a tool of, while in his heart he despised the oath-subscribing clergy; and the splendid obsequies at which, according to Camille Desmoulins, nothing was lacking except true respect and genuine sorrow, are wise and suggestive. So, too, are the few quick strokes that brush in the outlines of a portrait, elaborated in a volume yet to come, of the melancholy Swede, Fersen, whose name is so closely linked with that of Marie Antoinette by the ties of romantic friendship and unselfish devotion. The two famous deputies who rode back to Paris from Varennes in the historic berlin containing the royal family are treated more at length: Barnave, who having found nothing which attracted him in her days of splendor, succumbed without a struggle to the charm of the defenceless and insulted Queen, differing from Mirabeau in that, where the aristocrat sold himself, the son of the people gave himself away, paying with his head, in the same month that witnessed Marie Antoinette's execution, for the alteration in his sentiments. Pétion, too, the "virtuous" demagogue, soon to be Mayor of Paris and to connive at the invasion of the Tuileries by armed mobs, full already of the insufferable conceit of a small nature thrust by circumstances into a place too large. These, and others who are rubbed in with a less lingering touch, make a sort of frame that surrounds, and isolates, and yet helps to throw up the central figure into the light in which Saint-Amand chooses to present it. That it was a gracious, a charming, a courageous and majestic figure, no matter by whom presented, must be owned. But there are other points of view besides that here given. It seems to us that this series, by its Catholic tone, its general accuracy, and its unfailing vivacity, should be well adapted to the uses of our Reading Circles.

Little is definitely known of the life of the Blessed Angelina *

* *Life of the Blessed Angelina of Marsciano, Virgin.* Compiled from Ancient Documents by the Honorable Mrs. A. Montgomery. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

of Marsciano, sometimes called of Corbara, or of Civitella, or again of Foligno, but who must by no means be confounded with St. Angela of Foligno, whose life and collected sayings or writings form so unique a treasure of contemplative wisdom. The Blessed Angelina, says her present biographer, was the foundress of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis. She was born of noble parents in 1377, and at a very early age devoted herself to God by a vow of virginity. Nevertheless, her father's orders, seconded by an interior injunction to obey and leave the result to God, induced her to marry Count John of Civitella when she was sixteen and he eighteen. But few details of her inner history have come down to us save those which concern this marriage and the vision, seen by each of them, which won over her youthful husband to ratify her vow on their wedding-day by taking a similar one himself. The count died a year later, and Angelina's community, the germs of which she had sown even in her childhood among the young girls with whom she associated, gradually grew up about her in her own castle. Once she was summoned before Ladislas, King of Naples, on the charge of condemning marriage and entertaining heretical views concerning it, and escaped being burnt at the stake by that tyrant through a miraculous interposition. Not much else seems to be known about her, and to make her the subject of a book, even so tiny a one as this, it has been necessary to pad its pages with contemporary but not especially germane historical details, pictures of life in feudal castles, and other matters of the sort. These are pleasantly told, however, and the volume is got up with that neatness and good taste which make all the issues of the Catholic Publication Society Co. so agreeable to the eye.

Another book from the same publishers, the concluding portion* of Sir John Croker Barrow's legendary poem, *Mary of Nazareth*, seems fully meritorious of the high and generous praise awarded those earlier parts which have not fallen under the present writer's notice. The present volume is a devout meditation, in smooth, correct, easy-flowing verse, in which sacred themes are treated with dignified reserve and yet with an evident passion of religious feeling which go very far toward making the result worthy of its ineffable subject. Higher praise it would not be easy to give. As a poem, its merits are so even, that to read it entire is the only way to get an adequate idea of its author's literary gift. The selections we make will give the reader an inkling of its quality:

**Mary of Nazareth. A Legendary Poem.* By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

"At dawn of day—the day of Mary's birth—
There fell a golden cloud upon the earth;
Down-curtained, from the throne of God above;
The mystic shadow of His earth-drawn Love;
On all the Holy Land, tradition saith,
Between Jerusalem and Nazareth—
Between the Temple of the Cherubim
And humble home of Anne and Joachim—
Uniting thus, whilst Angels thither trod,
The house of Mary to the house of God!
For, though it seemed to eyes of men a haze
Of sun-mists, gathered in a golden sheen,
Yet was it full of Angels; who, unseen
By mortal eye, yet shone, beneath the gaze
Of God, resplendent! like the crystal gems
That sparkle in the snow-drift, as it lies;
Or like the stars, that fill with diadems
The milk-white arch that spans the purple skies."

The narrative and reflective portions of the poem, cast invariably into a form like the foregoing, are interrupted at the close of each series of events described, by hymns of which the following is one of the best:

"Weep, Mary, weep! Oh, Sons of Shem!
Our city streets we cannot tread—
With baby blood the stones are red—
Oh, weep for Bethlehem!

"Weep, Mary, weep! Oh, none can stem
The streams of blood that have been shed—
Each river, crimson in its bed—
Oh, weep for Bethlehem!

"Weep, Mary, weep! Jerusalem
Still weeps, that, though thy Son hath fled,
Our little sons have died instead—
Oh, weep for Bethlehem!

"Weep, Mary, weep! But not for them!
Sweet Innocents! they are not dead!
But with their Angels overhead—
Oh, weep for Bethlehem!"

Sir John Croker has treated with especial reverence, delicacy, and good taste—which may seem an anti-climax but in this case is not so—the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord, and the death and Assumption of His Blessed Mother. Reverence most of those seem to feel who have essayed to handle such themes, whether Catholic or Protestant. But reserve, delicacy, good taste, handmaids so essential to the task that one can but liken them to the angelic messengers whose aid God Himself did not

dispense with when these scenes were enacted, are frequently so lacking that one sees merely the traces of those who "rush in" unabashed where these angels have not led the way.

Of the fourteen stories in *Life's Handicap** which the Macmillans have set apart from the rest by a copyright, as either new or never before produced in America, there is none that will not bear to be read and re-read by those agreeably susceptible to their author's certainly peculiar quality. How to define or describe it was never clear, nor does it become much clearer on prolonged acquaintance. Who can tell us by what magic Mr. Kipling succeeds in persuading us, not alone that all his tales are true, but that they happened, as it may have been, when he was there to see. Certainly he never says so, but the instinct of the "true believer" in him is to credit him with being the third with Strickland and Fleete in the terrible hobgoblin story of "The Mark of the Beast" (not one of the new ones but new to us); as it is to believe in his changing clothes with Sidney Ortheris, or creeping through the jungle grass to the Bubbling Well, or sitting sympathetic by while Mulvaney anoints his aching feet with butter. The clue to his mystery is more than possibly contained in the lines we italicize in the stanzas we are about to quote from the fine invocation to the "Great Overseer" which figures as *L'Envoi* to this collection of things new and old:

"The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy Earth."

But even the reverent sight goes not very far toward explaining the enchantment of its reproduction.

A very pleasant, well-written, thoroughly wholesome story† is Mr. Page's *On Newfound River*. There is a certain cosmopolitanism in the author's point of view, an absence of aggressive sectional assertion or equally aggressive sectional deprecation, which gives his tale a charm which Southern stories, good as they almost invariably are of late years from the literary stand-point, do not always possess. The denizens of "Newfound" are present-

**Life's Handicap. Being Stories of Mine Own People.* By Rudyard Kipling. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

†*On Newfound River*. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ed on their merits as members of the human family and the American people in the first place, and only secondarily as provincial aristocrats, "poor white trash," and more or less devoted slaves. It would be hard to say whether Major Landon or his son is the most lovable character. The latter has the meretricious advantage of youth and the suffrages of a charming heroine in his favor. The childish scenes between her and Bruce are very pretty. The plot of the story is simple and the incidents develop from it naturally. Mr. Page's style is notably free from mannerisms and affectation. We get another specimen of it, less fluent, perhaps, but not less unaffected and direct, in the excellent biographical sketch of Thomas Power O'Connor, with which he has prefaced Cassell's edition of the latter's history of the *Parnell Movement.**

A collection† of short stories by Lanoe Falconer (Miss Hawker) seems to be made up of earlier work than that which attracted such favorable attention in *Mademoiselle Ixe*. The subject in that novelette counted, of course, for much, but not, or so we supposed, for all that made it remarkable. In the volume now at hand, while everything is clever in suggestion and light in touch, distinctly good, in fact, and quite above the common run of acceptable work, there is nothing that calls for special notice.

Barring a certainly over-liberal sprinkling of fleas on her pages, not to speak of cigarette ashes, and certain insects still more "offensive to ears polite" than fleas, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie's account‡ of her summer in East Galicia will be found to afford clever and unusual entertainment. Directly or indirectly it will impart a good deal of information, not only about the Jews, Poles, and Ruthenians of that region, but also about the young person who says she travelled alone among them for her own amusement, but has presumably written about them and herself for that of other people. It is a long-recognized habit of those who fly their kind "from sheer, bald preference," to turn around when at a safe distance, or when they can feign that the cover of a book makes a barrier instead of an open doorway, and tell the general public more about themselves than an ordinary companion would have guessed in a year or a life-time. Miss Dowie

**The Parnell Movement.* By T. P. O'Connor, M.P. With Sketch of the Author by Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

†*The Hôtel d'Angleterre, and other Stories.* By Lanoe Falconer. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

‡*A Girl in the Karpathians.* By Ménie Muriel Dowie. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

lets us know, as it were incidentally, that she is Scotch; that when in her own island she rides to hounds on a "beautiful saddle on the back of a Yorkshire hunter"; that she is not yet twenty-five; that her hair is yellow and abundant, and "kept clean"; that she takes a daily cold bath, in "wild rivers" by preference, and that white river-sand in lieu of soap leaves her with "arms like satin that would not have shamed a nymph"; that she smokes, a fact which dispelled for ever from the minds of the "curious and eager populace" of Kolomyja, her first stopping place, the notion that she "hailed from certain respectable islands"; that her cigarette case, which "happens to have a coronet engraved upon it," caused her to be mistaken for a Russian princess; and that she is "slim" enough to look well in the tweed coat, knickerbockers, yellow leather leggings, and Tam O'Shanter which, with an easily and frequently detached skirt, made up her travelling costume when once she had penetrated into the interior. We learn too that she makes a pocket companion of Epictetus, greatly admires Henry Thoreau, and has no religion—at least none to speak of. In short, her self-revelations emulate in candor, and not infrequently remind the reader of, those of Marie Bashkirtseff; with the important difference that they never verge on sentimentality or emotion. She is as cool as one of the wild rivers she loves to swim in, and as self-contained as an egg. Her style, the free-and-easy way in which she slings words about, as if so accustomed to handling them as to feel no misgivings about their hitting the mark, now and again suggests that of Mr. Kipling.

Concerning the Jews she says that whatever may go on in Russia, the Jew in Poland has a very fair time. He may live where he pleases (as Mr. Bendavid, in the current *North American*, notes that he did there some centuries ago), is not hemmed into a slatternly quarter by a certain hour at night, has his own schools, follows what trade he likes, and is at liberty to pursue indefinitely his religion—a privilege he avails himself of every Saturday afternoon. For the rest, "he is at liberty to best, out-do, cheat, and take a mean advantage of his less-sharpened Christian brethren all the other days of the week. This is surely as much indulgence as any one has a right to expect in any country." With a practical philosophy which she may have learned from Epictetus or from Thoreau, but which certainly is not the usual inheritance of the kinsmen of Dr. McCosh, let us say, Miss Dowie remarks that to regret the domination of the Jews over the peasants in all business matters is to take hold

of the wrong end of the stick. What one might regret is the unpracticality, lack of enterprise, and disregard of wealth on the part of the Ruthenians, though, she adds, "if he holds my view of these things, he will not regret these deficiencies, and will therefore be satisfied with the reigning systems." The peasant's ideal differs, not only from that of the Jew, but from that of Western people of his own condition. He is clever and hardy, knows his business as a wood-dresser, house-builder, bridge and embankment maker, or what-not, and after his own fashion is fond of money. He likes to see it in his hand, but his wants are too few and simple, and "his quick intelligence too quick, to let him add thought to thought and slow endeavor to slow endeavor in the hope of making a few more guldens."

She relates an anecdote which serves, at any rate, to illustrate her thesis and private point of view. She says that while she was in Mikuliczyn a man wanted his house roofed with slats. He went to a peasant whose trade was wood-slat dressing and setting, and tried to make a contract with him and obtain an estimate. The peasant would neither accept the one nor give the other, and in despair the man went to a Jew. The latter at once accepted the job, and promised an estimate the next day. Then he went to the very peasant already interviewed on the matter. "Look here," said he, "I want you to work for me. I'll give you so much a day for it. You will also have to find the wood." Then, having extracted all needful particulars, of which he had no previous personal knowledge, the Jew made an estimate, set the peasant to work at small daily wages, and pocketed a handsome profit. Was the peasant idiot enough not to see through this and regret it? No, says our Scotch but not canny observer, he probably saw through it but did not regret it.

"He had a fair prospect of work, no responsibility, and a moderate wage which he knew would cover his daily expenditure, and was, in fact, a sum he was accustomed to and knew the merits of. It was immaterial that the Jew should be pocketing the guldens. Here in the West, where every one thirsts for anxiety, and worry, and responsibility, and doesn't think himself a man unless his forehead is lined and his shoulders bent by a bitter load of it, this simple peasant would be scoffed at; but in that he trammeled not his soul with the things of this world, and left his mind free to dwell on what it listed of Nature's wonder problems, while he provided sparingly for the wants of his body, some old Greek philosopher might have approved of him."

This eclectic young woman finds the United Greek Church "a commendable compromise between the Romish and the

Protestant Catholic Churches," having "many of the good, easy, comfortable points of both. Its pastors may marry, and it encourages homage to but not worship of the Virgin Mary." The pastors, however, or so she says, "practise very considerably upon the ignorance and really engaging superstition of their flock" by delivering "ingenious messages from souls in purgatory" and so on. Moreover, they exercise no check "upon the blind, unrepentant, wholesale immorality of the peasants," etc. There is a great deal of drunkenness, and no disgrace attaches to the vice, whether found among men or women. "What do the men think when they see the young women drunk?" she asked her landlady, on seeing one of the prettiest girls reeling down the road about four in the afternoon. "Do they mind?" "How should they mind?" was the answer. "Are they not drunk too?"

An amusing chapter is that devoted to "A Study of Polish," where the eccentricities of the language with regard to genders and declensions, both of which extend to verbs, participles, adverbs, and adjectives, give room for some sprightly anecdote and comment. What is presumably a portrait of the author—it looks like a nice but conceited boy of seventeen or thereabouts—adorns the cover and fills one of the pages of this entirely readable sketch of an unusual summer outing.

There are several good and well-known names among the authors who each furnish one of the *Eleven Possible Cases*,* but there is not a single really good or in anywise remarkable story in the collection. "Nym Crinkle" supplies that which is most suggestive, and Joaquin Miller that which is most characteristic of its author.

A translation† from the French of *Georges Ohnet* may generally be counted on as interesting in point of plot and treatment, whatever else may be said about it. The present one, far inferior to the *Iron-Master* which made his reputation, in spite of the disdain of the more fastidious of French critics, still asserts his power to entertain. Of course the good girl in it is very good, pious, long-suffering, much put upon, and finally triumphant. The counter statement is that her rival is so overweighted with all the opposite vices that the book is not to be recommended to young readers.

Mr. Snider's "Epopee"‡ contains rather more than two hun-

* *Eleven Possible Cases.* New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *A Debt of Hatred.* By Georges Ohnet. Translated by E. P. Robins. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

‡ *Homer in Chios.* An Epopee. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company.

dred pages of professedly hexameter verses in which "the good Homer's" life and adventures, as one might say, are described, partly by the poet himself and partly by the author. In the main the verse is dactylic, though it often changes, and seldom runs smoothly for five lines at a time. However, this was to be expected, since it is very difficult to write true hexameters in English: the cæsura will insist on appearing in the wrong place, and the ictus commonly refuses to fall as it should. Mr. Denton is not a master of prosody, as one should be who undertakes to write hexameters; he is even slipshod enough to make distinct dissyllables of such words as "rhythm," "heaven," and "dire." For the rest, *Homer in Chios* is trivial, often childish, and generally sentimental; even when Homer, who was never sentimental, is represented as talking. There is not a touch of Greek antiquity in the whole book, and the English of it is full of colloquialisms such as are intolerable in a species of versification which does not readily lend itself to trifling—even in the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice."

We once heard a Reading Circle told that the habit of reading was one so desirable to form, and so productive of immense pleasure when formed, that it was better to coax the mental palate, even with dime novels to begin with, than to leave it entirely without agreeable stimulus. We are bound to add that, though this counsel proceeded from a competent judge and skilled producer of literature bearing no likeness to the dime novel, it seemed at the time to have a ring about it offensive to judicious, not to say "pious" ears. But for those to whom it is appropriate advice—and further reflection has persuaded us that there are such—a very good specimen of what the dime novel generally aims at—excitement, adventure, incident, savages, gold-hunting, and the like—we recommend *Bras d'Acier*.* It will harm nobody, and may be counted on to entertain greatly many young folks whom no other sort of reading would entertain at all. The hero is a very good fellow indeed, and the episode and character of the young Breton, Loie Kermainguy, are full of nice feeling.

An excellent story, good in plot, incident, characters, style and feeling, is Mrs. Walworth's *New Man at Rossmere*.† The "new man" is an intelligent and high-principled Northerner, Major Denny, who takes up his abode in an "unreconstructed"

* *Bras d'Acier*, or *On the Gold-Path in* '49. Adapted from the French of Alfred de Bréhat by A. Estoclet. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *The New Man at Rossmere*. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

Southern neighborhood, indicated as to locality only by the words describing it as one of "the drowsy little shipping points strung along the treacherous banks of the Mississippi like tawdry beads on an untrustworthy string." The incidents the author vouches for as of actual occurrence, and they have a natural logic and sequence which belong to truth. The story we have no mind to outline even had we space. It is a good lesson in morals, manners, political economy, sectional and race prejudices, as well as in honest love-making, given in an urbane and temperate fashion we find unusually praiseworthy. And as such it is worth recommending on its own merits. Mrs. Walworth has a pleasant and at times an epigrammatic way of making her points.

I.—A CHRISTIAN APOLOGY.*

We welcome heartily the second volume of this very able work, which has cost the translators as well as the author a great deal of labor, entitling them to our gratitude.

The present volume treats of the questions raised by Biblical Criticism and the Comparative History of Religions. In the Translator's Preface, the danger to the Protestant Rule of Faith from the attacks of the so-called Higher Criticism on the historical foundations of Revealed Religion is clearly pointed out. Also, the alarming fact, that Protestants are generally opening the gate to the enemy by their concessions. This is not true of the entire learned body of Protestant teachers and writers, in this country at least. But it is very generally true, and the effect upon one part of the people is to destroy or weaken their faith in supernatural religion. Others, who hold with great tenacity to the religion they have been taught in childhood, are alarmed by the contradictory opinions of men who seem to have equal claims on their respect for learning and ecclesiastical office. Catholics have a divine and infallible authority to fall back upon. Still, it is a great advantage to have knowledge of the grounds and reasons of the faith which they receive on the authority of the church. Hence the importance and value of the present volume, which is the product of deep and extensive learning and accurate critical scholarship.

The modern critics assert that the history of religion as described in the Old Testament is merely a branch of the religious history of the Semites and to be treated according to

* *A Christian Apology.* By Paul Schanz, D.D. Translated by Rev. Michael F. Glancey and Rev. Victor J. Schobel, D.D. Vol. II., God and Revelation. New York: Pustet & Co. 1891.

the principles of evolution, and that the religion of Israel and of all other nations was in the beginning polytheistic. The Catholic doctrine is, that Monotheism is the beginning, Polytheism the decay of religion; and that in the religion of the patriarchs and of Israel a supernatural element, a special revelation from God must be recognized. This is the thesis of the volume.

The author goes through the history of the religions of the Indo-Germanic race, of the Hamites and Semites, of the uncivilized peoples, of Judaism and Islamism, and finally of Christianity; after which he proceeds to a discussion of the great topic of Revelation and the questions therewith connected, concluding with an exposition of the character, life, and mission of Christ, *the* one great object of all revelation. This finishes what is strictly speaking the Apology for Christianity. The third volume contains the Apology for the Church of Christ.

We cannot too highly and cordially commend this most learned and unique work of Dr. Schanz.

2.—HAND-BOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.*

A Theology for the laity has long been a desideratum. The want is now supplied. Father Wilmers' Hand-book has enjoyed for twenty years a high reputation in Germany. We have it now in an excellent English translation and published in good style. It is intended as a text-book for colleges and higher schools for young ladies. Also for study and reference by those who need and can understand theological and controversial argument. It is like our Latin compendiums of theology, though more elementary and succinct, and is fully equal to the best of them. It is up to the mark of modern science, and so far as its theology goes beyond what is strictly of faith, it is in accord with the system of that school which, in our opinion, is on the whole the best. We can, therefore, most heartily recommend it as containing a secure doctrine. For the educated laity it will prove to be an invaluable acquisition, and we predict for it a wide circulation. Priests having a pastoral charge and teachers who have to give religious instruction will also find it to be a treasure.

3.—A VOLUME OF LETTERS.†

December 28, 1886, Father George Porter, S.J., then rector

* *Hand-book of the Christian Religion.* For the use of advanced Students and the educated Laity. By Rev. W. Wilmers, S.J. From the German, edited by Rev. James Conway, S.J., Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Net price, $1.50. New York: Benziger Bros. 1891.

† *The Letters of the late Father George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay.* London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

of the Jesuit house at Farm Street, London, received his appointment to the Archbishopric of Bombay. Here are his own words announcing the fact to a friend: "Yesterday's post brought me a very terrible letter from the Propaganda. The Holy Father has named me Archbishop of Bombay. You may imagine my grief and consternation. Pray much for me." In another letter from Farm Street, dated January 9, 1887, he says: "Indeed the nomination did come to me as a blow; I have not recovered from it. I have no choice. I must say, 'Lord, I am thy servant; send me where thou wilt.'" These words give us some slight insight into the character of the man whose letters are before us. The editors have put together and published in one volume such letters of Archbishop Porter as they were able to obtain. As the editors in the preface to the book hint at a second volume, it will readily be seen that the archbishop was a facile letter-writer. Those from Fiesole are most charming. Indeed, there is not a dull letter in the book. You catch glimpses of his work, of people, works of art and his notion of them, traits and customs of the Italians, sketches of shrines and churches; and through all a running comment on most of the new books of the time, with his estimate of works both philosophical and theological. In almost every letter there is spiritual advice and consolation, such as a father confessor might write to any constant penitent. But all is catchy, bright, gossipy almost, after the manner of a good letter-writer. Letter-writing is an art, and Archbishop Porter surely possessed it. Of Bombay and India we get much and little—little of the actual state of the church and clergy; but we should hardly expect more in familiar letters. There is much of places, climate, persons, etc.; something of classes and castes, some good stories—for example, the tiger-killing colonel—and something of the social state. Entertaining and delightful from beginning to end are these letters from Bombay. It is astonishing how much the archbishop was able to read and write, notwithstanding the great burden of administering a diocese in which long and difficult journeys had to be made, and frequently in a climate most difficult for Europeans to endure. That he read and wrote much his letters give ample evidence. He translated and published a work of Dr. Hettinger's while in India. He kept posted on current literature. In a letter of October 5, 1888, he gives his estimate of *Robert Elsmere*, and at the same time has a sound rap at Mrs. Ward, the author. In another letter, April 17, 1889, he speaks of another novel, *The New Antigone*. He tells us this bit of gossip about it:

"Curiously enough it [*The New Antigone*] was eagerly sought for by our most educated natives, non-Christian." One would like to hear an Indo-pagan critique of this book. And so the letters run on, telling of his difficulties in learning a new language with a pagan for an instructor, of his trips about his diocese, etc.

In 1855 Charles Dickens wrote to Macready: "Daily seeing improper uses made of confidential letters in the addressing of them to a public audience that has no business with them, I made, not long ago, a great fire in my field at Gads Hill and burnt every letter I possessed." Now, we will not say that, in the publication of these letters of Archbishop Porter, they were put to an improper use. But it is our opinion that they could have been put to a better use. They might have served as the foundation for an excellent life of the archbishop. Surely his life was truly apostolic, an exemplar to all missionary priests, filled with hard labor and the cross, filled too with zeal for souls and a tender, sweet pity that will make him loved by all who come to know him through these pages. There is mention made of Father Porter, S.J., of the Island of Jamaica, the brother of the Archbishop of Bombay. The writer of this notice knew one who lived and worked in the Island of Jamaica under Father Porter's authority. From all he recalls of much that was told him of this apostle of this island of the Western Indies, he would say of both brothers that they were true sons of St. Ignatius and of Holy Church, children of grace and benediction.

4.—A VOLUME OF HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

If we were to determine the scholarship of this volume by the first essay it contains, "Primitive Rights of Women," we should not assign it a very high grade. At page 3 we find the following: "Starting from the assumption that the wife was in origin a slave, either by capture or by purchase, the commonly received theory of her escape from this degradation assumed a gradual rise in the moral standard of civilized society, and finally attributed the complete triumph of women to the influence of Christianity, with its high moral ideals and its passionate adoration of the Virgin Mother." When and where and by whom in all Christianity, whether primitive or more recent, was there ever a *passionate adoration* of the Virgin Mother? At page 36 in the same lecture is the following: "Historians, aware of this influence"—viz., woman's control of the ethical tendencies of laws—

* *Historical Essays.* By Henry Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"have naturally assumed that the elevation of women from what was supposed to have been their previous condition of degradation and servitude was due to the humanitarian influence of the church. In truth, the share of the church in the elevation of women was for the most part restricted to a partial restoration of rights which the church herself had a principal share in taking away from them." In truth, this is wonderful. Here we have a Lowell Institute lecturer in just eight lines of seventy-two words setting all history aright and knocking all historians about the ears for their assumption of a fact which was in reality a blunder. In truth, this is wonderful.

A far better essay, both in value and interest, is the fourth of the volume, "Napoleon I. at St. Domingo." This essay is a bit of historical criticism. It is of value because the author reproduces Leclerc's letters to Decrès and Leclerc's to the First Consul, and Napoleon's statement, given at St. Helena twenty years after the event, of the attempted subjugation of St. Domingo. Mr. Adams's study and inferences of Napoleon's intentions, in the light of Leclerc's letters, are lucid and convincing. In view of recent events in the West Indies the essay is of interest. A more entertaining, if less valuable, essay is the third of the series, Harvard College, 1786–1787. As to the worth of Mr. Adams's deductions on methods employed then and now in imparting instruction, let those engaged in matters of education judge. The extracts from a student's diary for the years 1786–1787 will entertain any old collegian. Boys are boys the world over and through the ages, and these extracts from a diary written at Harvard in 1786–87 might have been written at our own Alma Mater over in New Jersey in 1870–1874. Besides the essays mentioned the volume contains six others. It also contains what all books on serious subjects should have, an excellent index. The work is from the University Press and may be commended for the excellence and beauty of the typography.

5.—A HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

Although this little work has been written for the use of Catholic schools in the Dominion of Canada, it seems to us that it might with profit be introduced into such of our schools in the United States as make the study of English history a part of their curriculum. A careful perusal of its pages will convince the reader who is conversant with our text-books that we Amer-

**Catholic School History of England.* By a Catholic Teacher. Montreal and Toronto: James A. Sadlier.

icans have nothing of the kind equally as good, either in our Catholic or so-called non-sectarian schools.

The book, without being colorless, is both fair and impartial, and the conversational tone adopted by the author in telling this story of England is exceedingly pleasing to the young. To judge from the school histories which the greater number of school historians turn out one would be inclined to believe that impartiality and fairness are only to be attained by chronology; and that anything in the way of a picture beyond the merest outline in black is to be avoided as one of the deadly sins. Again, there are the little imitators of Froude who give us his distortions without their undeniable and vivid color, and who call their efforts portraits. Into neither of these errors has the author of the *Catholic School History of England* fallen. After a brief introduction he divides his history into periods: Saxon, Norman, Angevin, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian; under each period making us very well acquainted with each one of the long list of personages who have governed England, and with the English people themselves; their political and social condition, religion, industries, and progress. Perhaps if the author had had more space he could have given us a fuller account of English literature.

6.—ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE ROSSI.*

We are glad to see a new edition of Lady Herbert's able translation of the life of this great saint, so rightly styled the model and patron of the secular clergy. "Nor," to quote the preface to this edition, "should this canonized priest's life be less dear to the devout laity. In St. John Baptist de Rossi they see the model of their own pastors, whose virtues are too often forgotten in our church-building and school-building days." Further on Father Slattery says, in this preface, speaking of the Bishop of Salford's introduction to the life: "It is a perfect 'vade mecum,' exhibiting in every page the touch of the Holy Spirit." . . . "It is a pity it is not published separately, and put into the hands of every priest and seminarian."

The timeliness and value of the bishop's introduction, as well as of Father Slattery's preface, will be appreciated by all who are so fortunate as to have it fall into their hands.

Besides our warmest and most heartfelt wishes for its wide circulation we say nothing further of this valuable book, as a former edition has been noticed at length in our pages.

* *The Life of St. John Baptist de Rossi.* From the Italian, by Lady Herbert. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

7.—SUGGESTIONS OF DEVOTION.*

This little work is meant to be a help to souls striving to lead a spiritual life and who are desirous of attaining perfection. It is compiled from various sources: the very beautifully-worded translation of the meditations entitled "The Little Grain of Wheat" with which the book begins, and from which it takes its name, is from the French. Aside from their spiritual value we would say of these meditations that they form an exquisite prose poem well worth a perusal for their literary merit if for nothing else. And we believe, for whatever reason they be read, they will drop a good seed in the heart of the reader. Besides the well-known "Hour before the Blessed Sacrament," the book contains the original of the "Jesus Psalter" and the "Hundred Meditations on the Passion" of Blessed Henry Suso, together with a short talk on vocal and mental prayer.

The Little Grain of Wheat will, we have no doubt, be all that its compiler desires, "of assistance to souls."

8.—"HEAR YE HIM."†

If a number of the spiritual writers of our times give us very much butter and little bread, slim dinners and sumptuous desserts, they are but doing what is best to attract the numerous ones who, so far from being willing to crack a nut to gain its kernel, disdain the kernel unless encased in a sugar-plum. We have no quarrel with these writers; they know their public, and blessed is he who, with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, can be "all things to all men." Paradoxical as it may seem, it is true that the grand masters of the spiritual life who lived and wrote in the three centuries preceding our own, and who gave so profusely of their rich store of delicious meats and wholesome bread, are as eagerly sought, perhaps more eagerly sought, to-day than they were in the times in which they labored.

This little work of St. Jure's needs no commendation, least of all from the writer of this notice, though he will permit himself to say that in going over the book he was reverently impressed for the author when he saw how much matter had been compressed into little paragraphs, many of them containing not more than a score of words. Of this Cardinal Gibbons says in his introduction: "The concentration of these spiritual forces can hardly fail to capture the citadel of the soul."

**The Little Grain of Wheat.* Compiled by F. A. Spencer, O.P. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co.

† *Christ Our Teacher.* From the French of Father J. B. St. Jure, S.J. The Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: McCauley & Kilner.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

AMONG the numerous letters sent to us for information concerning the selection of books, we are pleased to notice many indications showing that the movement in favor of Reading Circles has aided the growth of parish libraries. Several priests have asked for suggestions to assist them in starting circulating libraries for their parishioners. As it is clearly impossible to write a lengthy answer to each communication, we will here give the desired information by a detailed account of the parochial library established in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City, under the care of the Paulist Fathers. It has lately been moved into new and commodious quarters on Columbus Avenue, near Fifty-ninth Street. Ever since its formation, about twenty years ago, the members of the Christian Doctrine Society have generously supplied the books necessary to make this library a missionary power in defence of Catholic truth. The rules of this library have been generally approved as worthy of being copied by those desiring to establish a parish library. A statement of the conditions of membership, and the rules for the return of books, is here given:

"The members pay their annual dues—one dollar—in September; no deduction made for those who join after that date.

"Privileges are not transferable, and do not extend beyond the month of June.

"A book may be kept two weeks. If kept over that time a fine will be charged of ten cents per week.

"Books lost or damaged must be paid for. Any member failing to comply with this rule *forfeits*, *instantly*, all privileges.

"The librarian is authorized to require each applicant for books to show a card of membership."

The members of the Ozanam Reading Circle have access to this library, and are allowed an extension of time in the use of books for special courses of reading. This society has for its object the improvement of its members in literary taste. It is

composed of Catholic women residing in different sections of New York City, who meet together once a week in an informal and friendly way to talk about books, Catholic books especially, to take part in carefully selected literary exercises, readings from the best authors, recitations and essays. The library gives them exceptional facilities for getting the choicest specimens of modern literature, and a liberal supply of the latest stories. It contains all books approved by the Columbian Reading Union.

* * *

From the preface to the printed catalogue of books we learn that the parochial library was founded by the Paulist Fathers to foster a love for good reading, and to accumulate gradually an extensive collection of the very best books. When new publications are procured a printed supplement will be added to this catalogue. On account of the improvements that have been made, it is hoped that the library will now be a centre of attraction for all who wish to find books that may be read profitably. In choosing the recent selections, particularly in the department of fiction, proper allowance has been made for diversity of taste, and the varied intellectual qualifications of readers. The aim has been to exclude literary rubbish as well as immoral, mendacious, and useless books of all kinds.

This is an age in which, to some extent, reading has become a necessity for everybody. The number of books published annually is so great that few persons are able to select those which are suitable from a Catholic stand-point. What to read is nowadays a question of real difficulty to many, and especially to young people. With the varied character of the productions of the press, with a press that lends itself as well to the dissemination of error in matters religious, historical, and social as it does to the advancement of the true and useful, guidance in the selection of reading matter is of the utmost importance. Life is not long enough to allow time to read *all the books* that are printed; therefore it is advisable to adopt some plan by which the best among them can be secured.

Now, the library assumes the office of a guide in such matters. The fact that a book has a place on its catalogue is a guarantee that it contains safe and useful reading. In some of the books written by non-Catholics a few lines and passages may be inaccurate, though the other merits which they possess make them attractive and useful to intelligent readers. Such books have been admitted only because their defects are more than

counterbalanced by their literary excellence and other good qualities.

* * *

As might be expected, the library is well supplied with works on spiritual and doctrinal subjects. It is hardly necessary to state that such reading is of supreme importance for every Catholic. The writings of the saints and of the great defenders of the faith should be studied attentively by all who wish to advance in the way of perfection and to protect themselves from the pernicious influence of those who, by word, by example, and by the power of the press, inculcate indifferentism and infidelity. The church needs, in this century especially, enlightened members who can give a reason for the faith which they believe, and who have the knowledge requisite to defend the truths of religion. Hence it is the duty of every loyal Catholic to make the best use of his opportunities in diffusing correct information concerning the teachings of the Catholic Church. The advantages to be derived from spiritual reading are manifold. Father Faber says: "Other things being equal, a person beginning the spiritual life with a taste for reading has much greater chance of advancing and persevering than one destitute of such a taste. It is not easy to think out for ourselves even very obvious things. Reading suggests them to us. We gain time by appropriating through books the experience of others."

* * *

The nucleus of the present library was formed for the work of St. Paul's Christian Doctrine Society. Catholics can do much good by assisting inquiring Protestants to obtain books explaining the points of difference between the church and the various sects. The members of the library are urgently exhorted to take an active interest in this matter, and to become missionaries in their own sphere for the conversion of those who know not where to find the true Church of Christ.

The utility of history as a branch of private reading is undeniable. It has been called "The witness of ages, the torch of truth, the interpreter of the past." History is an immense repository whence we may with little labor derive extensive knowledge of the human race. The true glories of the present century cannot be properly estimated by one who is ignorant of what happened during the centuries of the past. Great truths and important lessons drawn from the study of history are often embodied in the pleasing form of a story. In this way *real facts*

may be utilized and presented most forcibly by the inventive power of the imagination. With this object in view many historical novels have been constructed by eminent scholars. The story of *Fabiola*, by Cardinal Wiseman, and that of *Callista*, by Cardinal Newman, are worthy to be ranked among the best specimens of this class of books.

* * *

The members of St. Paul's Parochial Library are provided in the catalogue with some thoughts of the most advanced thinkers on the subject of fiction, which are here given:

"Though other good books are abundant, the majority of readers nowadays show a decided preference for those books that appeal chiefly to the imagination. There are well-written books, adorned with all the charms of classic language, in the various departments of human thought, containing treasures of valuable information that enlighten the mind and develop the power of reason, and yet they cannot compete with the novel in popularity. Why is it that novel-reading has become so prevalent? Is it because the novel is more interesting or more profitable than other books? The reason is doubtless to be found in the fact that there is something very attractive in the representation of human life by the skilful delineation of individual characters. Inasmuch as it is a product of the imagination, though it may be based on fact, the novel can enlist in its favor much of the embellishment that adorns poetry. There are some who claim for the novel the dignity assigned to the epic. One thing is certain, that in the writing of a novel the imagination should be compelled to respect the dictates of reason, otherwise it will take rank as an irrational, idiotic composition, fit only for minds diseased. Though the inventive skill of fancy may predominate in its production, nevertheless a novel should bear the same relation to fact that the portrait does to the person. It should be, in the main, a photograph of real life; it should furnish ideal heroes and heroines, not only worthy of imitation but capable of being imitated. Owing to the disregard of these rational limitations some novels are merely amusing, some are nonsensical, some are positively dangerous, especially for young people whose minds are not fully developed.

"Fictitious narratives have been used to suggest reforms, as in the book called *Utopia*, written by Sir Thomas More in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Henry VIII. No one can deny the utility of this form of writing for certain purposes, when artistic merit is combined with good subject-matter. The good novel may furnish a wholesome relaxation, may even improve the mind and teach valuable lessons. The novelist can in various ways defend morality and elucidate the discoveries of science. Consequently it may be safely declared that the judi-

cious use of good novels can be interesting and at the same time beneficial; while indiscriminate novel-reading is always injurious, if for no other reason, because it is a waste of precious time."

* * *

The members of the Columbian Reading Union may obtain on application a gratuitous copy of the catalogue which has been prepared for the parish library under the care of the Paulist Fathers. Within the scope of seventy-two pages it gives a varied assortment of the best books. For the extension of the good work we shall undertake to send a copy of the catalogue to any one on receipt of ten cents in postage-stamps. As our funds are limited, we cannot be expected to send circulars and book-lists to those who send their requests on postal cards, and give nothing to defray the expense. Gladly would we send gratis to every applicant the documents thus far printed by the Columbian Reading Union, and others which are planned, if some millionnaire would bear the cost of production and transportation. While waiting for the generous benefactor to appear we shall cheerfully do whatever our means will permit to continue the work of diffusing good literature.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE requirements of the other departments of the magazine for this issue have reduced the Publisher to a scanty two pages. The notes he intended for this issue will, therefore, be postponed till the November number. He wishes, however, to remind his readers that this is the season of an activity the more pronounced now that the heat and the holidays are over. He would ask of his readers some share in this activity in behalf of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The summer was apparent in the size of his daily mail, but that was in a measure to be expected. There ought to be a change in this now. He ought to have more new subscribers, more applications for sample copies, and more general evidence that the readers of the magazine are making it more widely known and substantially appreciated. If responsibility rests with author and publisher, there is much that rests with the reader as well. The reading public of to-day is a large factor in the possibilities of the periodical literature of to-day. If the tendency of such literature is irreligious and pernicious, it is largely due to the fact that it can secure a public. This, of course, is obvious, but experience teaches nothing so clearly as the necessity of being reminded of obvious things. The conclusion is plain, the duty in this respect is no less so.

The Publisher is tempted to say something of good example, but he will let a certain fact do the talking. The announcement last month of the renewal of the order given by one of our subscribers to send THE CATHOLIC WORLD "where it would do the most good," and the recital of the good it had accomplished, caused two others to imitate his example. Eight dollars have been received at this office to be devoted to the same mission, and to reap, under God, the same fruit. Such facts have an eloquence of their own, and need no comment. But the Publisher means to watch the issue, and to tell the result so far as it may be told.

The Publisher acknowledges the receipt of fifty dollars for the benefit of the sisters in Alaska, an account of whose mission was published in the January (1891) number of the magazine. The money has been duly forwarded, and its receipt acknowledged with many grateful thanks to the unknown donor.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published:

A Nun: Her Friends and Her Order. Being a sketch of the life of Mother Xaveria Fallon. By Katherine Tynan.

Cardinal Newman. Reminiscences of fifty years since. By one of his oldest living disciples, William Lockhart, B.A. Oxon.

Letters on Subjects of the Day. By Cardinal Manning. Edited by John Oldcastle.

Life of Blessed John Juvenal Ancina. By Rev. Charles Henry Bowden, of the Oratory.

The same firm has in press:

A Brief Text-Book on Mental Philosophy. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J.

The Primer; or, Office of the B. V. M., and Office for the Dead, in English.

The Catholic Family Annual for 1892, which will be ready during the first week in October. The cover will be a pure white, and will bear the arms of Columbus, handsomely lithographed.

Mr. J. C. Heywood, who has just been named by the Pope as one of his private chamberlains, was a newspaper writer in New York up to about fifteen years ago. In 1867 he put out, through the publishing firm of Hurd & Houghton, three volumes of dramatic poems, entitled *Herodias*, *Antonius*, and *Salome*. He is also the author of a novel, *Lady Merton*, published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., and of other works. Mr. Heywood is a graduate of Harvard, and became a newspaper writer in New York soon after his graduation. While engaged in literary work he married a wealthy American widow, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, to which he became a convert. About ten or twelve years ago they went to Rome, where they have since resided.

Harper & Brothers' announcement of publications in October includes: *The Warwickshire Avon*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch, profusely illustrated from drawings by Alfred Parsons; *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*, by Laurence Hutton, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; *Art and Criticism*, a series of monographs and studies, by Theodore Child; *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama*, by Henry E. Krehbiel; and *The Spanish-American Republics*, by Theodore Child. They will also issue very shortly the first volume of *The Collected Writings and Memoirs of the late Field-Marshal Count Helmuth Von Moltke*, which describes the Franco-German War of 1870–71.

An English edition of Dr. Carl Peter's *New Light on Dark Africa* has been issued by Ward, Lock & Co., 35 Bond Street, New York.

A new Latin dictionary is to be published at the expense of the Prussian government. It is to be under the editorship of Professor Martin Hertz, of Breslau, and will surpass in magnitude and completeness all Latin lexicons hitherto published. It is estimated that the work will occupy fully eighteen years and will cost nearly one million marks.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Compendium Theologiæ Moralis. Aloysio Sabetti, S.J. Ratisbon, New York, and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Simplicity in Prayer. From the French. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

Pictorial Prayer-Book. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

Hand-book of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. W. Wilmers, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

A Christian Apology. By Paul Schanz, D.D., Ph.D. Vol. II. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The Science of the Saints in Practice. By John Baptist Pagani, of the Institute of Charity. Vol. III. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Life of Jesus Christ according to the Gospel History. By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Christmas-Tide. By Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago: Published by the author, No. 299 Huron St.

The Ceremonies of the Holy Mass Explained. By the Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. Translated by the Rev. P. F. O'Hare. Second edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Positive Religion. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Songs of Sappho. By James S. Easby-Smith. Washington: Stormont & Jackson.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Agnosticism. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society.

Encyclical of Pope Leo. XIII. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society.

Purgatory. By the Rev. H. A. Brown, D.D. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society.

THE

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THE LIFE OF FATHER HECKER.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

FATHER HECKER'S prayer during all these years was a state of what seemed almost uninterrupted contemplation of varied intensity. He attended the evening meditation of the community as long as he had strength to do so, frequently giving a commentary on the points read out at the beginning, simple, direct, and fervent. He was exceedingly fond of assisting at High Mass on Sundays and feast days, and he had a small oratory built between the house and the new church, from which, by passing a few steps from his room, he could hear the music and see the function through a window opening into the sanctuary. This often overpowered him with emotion, which was sometimes so strong as to drive him back to his room and into bed. Once a week and on the more solemn festivals was as often as he could say Mass, or even hear it, on account of his extreme weakness in the mornings. For the last three or four years of his life to say Mass at all became a struggle which was as curious as it was distressing to witness. Those who had often read of such things in the lives of the servants of God were nevertheless amazed at the sight of them in Father Hecker. The following is from a memorandum:

"*Father Hecker:* Do you know what it is to be in spontaneous relations with God—where the Divine Object works upon the soul spontaneously? It is that which prevents me from saying Mass, because I make a fool of myself. At any point I am apt to be so influenced by God as to be utterly deprived of physical

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force, to sink down helpless. At my brother's house they expect it and get me a chair. A few moments on a chair, and I am ready to go on. Now, if I yield to this I know that I shall be thrown into a clean helpless state, and I have a practical work to do. *Question:* Does this effect come at receiving Communion? *Answer:* I don't know, as I have never yet received Communion out of Mass. But I am afraid of it. Any such thing is apt to throw me off, and I am afraid. *Question:* But suppose it to be God's will that you should say Mass notwithstanding this difficulty? *Answer:* Then let Him bring it about."

At one time several months passed, months of very low vitality in body and awful darkness of soul, during which he neither said Mass nor received Communion. The following memorandum describes how this period, perhaps the most painful of his life, was ended:

"*Christmas,* 1885.—For the first time since early summer Father Hecker undertook to say Mass: I assisted him, and a stormy time we had of it. It was at five in the morning and in the oratory. He wanted to have the door locked, but there was no key. 'Don't speak a word to me,' he said while he was dressing in his room. Arrived in the oratory, he sank down upon a bench as if some one had struck him; he threw his birettum down on the floor, and began to weep and cry in a very mournful way and aloud. But he quickly recovered, and rested as if he were preparing to be hanged. I supported him over to the altar, and as he began the *Judica* he blubbered out the words like a school-boy being whipped. Most of the Mass he said out loud, hardly holding in his sobs anywhere except from the *hanc igitur* till near the *Pater Noster.* His calmest time was during that most solemn part, and at his Communion. Three or four times he was forced to sit down on a chair I had provided for him on the predella. At the *Memento* for the living he was deeply affected and patted the floor with his foot, sobbing aloud and acting like a child with an unendurable toothache. He was afraid of the *Pater Noster* and asked me to say it with him, which I did; also various words and sentences in other parts of the Mass. I have heard him say that the *Pater Noster* is a prayer which breaks him down. After he was through he insisted on trying to say the Pope's prayers. We said the Hail Marys and the Hail, Holy Queen, together, and I recited the prayer for him. I had to take off his vestments the best I could while he sat, and when I got him down to his room and

into bed, he was in a state of nearly complete unconsciousness. After saying my three Masses, I saw him again at about 8.30, found him up and dressed and very bright, and he has been particularly so all day."

What follows is from a letter dated early in 1886, and seems to refer to the occasion above described. He speaks of himself in the third person:

"And he [Father Hecker] was never so occupied as now, although he is doing nothing and has been in that condition for months. Though he does hear Mass, he does not, because he cannot, say it—without showing what a *big fool* he is. However he has begun again to say it. If it had not been for human respect he would not have said it last Sunday; he was too feeble. God is killing him by slow fire, by inches. He dies terribly hard."

If Father Hecker had had an unimpaired physical system when his interior trials came, he might have resisted the nervous depression which they caused, at least well enough to maintain an active part in his undertakings. Or if his bodily weakness, resulting from his early austerities, had been accompanied with interior equanimity, he might have held up. A rickety ship can, with care and skill, get into port if the engine is sound, and so can a sound ship with a broken-down engine sail home, however slowly. But with both a rickety ship and a disabled engine the port should be near at hand or there is danger of shipwreck. That Father Hecker did not die long before he did, was due, apart from God's special designs, to the extraordinary skill and care of Doctor James Begen, who was also an attached friend. Mr. Anthony Ellis, one of his former penitents, served him in his sick-room out of pure love from 1879 until his death, which preceded Father Hecker's by about a year. He had a kind-hearted successor in Mr. Patrick McCann.

Father Hecker's beloved brother George died on February 14, 1888. He had been ailing for some time and Father Hecker went to see him frequently. "George and I," he once said, "were united in a way no words can describe. Our union was something extremely spiritual and divine." The following memorandum tells how Father Hecker received the news:

"George Hecker died about nine o'clock last night, and when I informed Father Hecker of it this morning he was deeply moved. 'Don't say a word to me!' he cried, 'not a word. Read something! Read something quick!' I stepped over to

the table and took the Scriptures and began to read the thirteenth chapter of St. John, read it through, and another chapter. By that time he calmed down. He only wept twice, except a few little sobs, and went out riding as usual this afternoon. He is profoundly moved. 'I knew it,' he said this morning; 'I saw it, I saw it last night—it seemed to me that I saw it. I came near coming to your room at half-past ten, but concluded not to do so.' Another time to-day he said: 'If God enables me to bear this I hope I shall be able to do my allotted work.'"

He bore it well, but it added very much to a burden already too heavy. For some weeks afterwards he now and then moaned and wept for his brother, and this happened occasionally till summer came. Those who attended Father Hecker could not but be convinced, from what they saw and heard, that God allowed George to visit his brother more than once after his death, and these supernatural interviews were productive of mingled consolation of soul and pain of body to the survivor. George Hecker was worthy of his brother's love. He was a noble character, full of that sort of religion nowadays most needed. His piety flourished in the withering atmosphere of wealth and in the turmoil of commercial life. Industry, thrift, enterprise, quick perception of opportunities, determination, a keen sense of his rights and a bold hand to defend them, manly frankness, were conspicuous traits in him and made him a rich merchant. But all these qualities served him as well for high spiritual ends. He was essentially and dominantly a spiritual man, fond of prayer, regular in all religious duties. He was as honest as the day, and all for conscience' sake and the love of God. His understanding was wide and clear, his heart tender, simple, and courageous. He loved his wife and children, he loved his brother Isaac, with an absorbing devotedness, and these loves were blended and mingled into one with the love of God. His charities are known to the reader, but they should be understood as the result not merely of affection for his brother, or even of faith in his apostolate, but also from his own perception of the intrinsic worth of the undertakings themselves. We know not what quality could be added to George Hecker to make him a model Christian of our day.

His death had a serious effect on Father Hecker's state of body and mind. But from the previous autumn and during the winter following he had failed rapidly. In fact, he had requested and received the last Sacraments from Father Hewit on

September 15, 1887; but this was on account of an alarming irregularity of the heart's action, which was but temporary. He had no long distance to drop at any time to get to the bottom, and it became evident in the summer of 1888 that the end was not far off. He could not stand the strong air of Lake George that summer, and came home after being there but a couple of weeks. He tried the sea-side with even worse success; and the short journeys he made were extremely painful. The paroxysms of angina pectoris became more frequent and daily left their victim less able to rally. Patience strained to the uttermost by physical suffering, the mind distressed, fits of despondency and of indescribable gloom, the weight of a body of death —all this he had borne for sixteen years, with only occasional intervals of peace. There was little left to suffer except death. His bodily resistance grew weaker towards the end of his last summer on earth, and he lost flesh rapidly. The fulness of his face was gone by autumn, and a wan look, as of decaying force, was stamped upon it. He suffered in literally every member of his body, by turns or simultaneously. We find the following memorandum:

"*Question:* What's the matter with the back of your head? [he was rubbing it with extract of witch hazel]. *Answer:* It is sore, it hurts me. *Q.* Well! As soon as one part is better another gets out of order? etc. *A.* Do you know it was all revealed to me and foretold [beginning to weep]. *Q.* When? In your novitiate? *A.* Yes. *Q.* But not all the details of your sufferings? *A.* Yes, all the details. But I will not say another word about it. *Q.* But you ought to, etc. [He refused to say more.]"

Little by little during the latter years Father Hecker's visitors had become very few. An occasional call was received from an old friend, lay or cleric, and this was not apt to be repeated, so painful was the contrast between the former Father Hecker and the present one. Instead of the active and powerful man, of contagious courage and hopefulness, they saw a tall, wan old man bending with the weight of years and of suffering, but still majestic in his look and bearing, with a white beard, and soft, attractive eyes. The quick movement, the joyous greeting, even the smiling serenity, had passed away, and instead an air of sadness had come, or of enforced cheerfulness.

The following memorandum, taken over two years before his death, tells of a relief which he hoped would be permanent; but such was not to be the case:

"Father Hecker said to-day: 'Only within the last three days has God released me from the sensation that I might die any instant. Oh! how I have suffered from that feeling for ten years. I did not know whether I should ever be delivered from it. Now, little by little God is lifting it off from my soul. For ten years I have been under this cloud. Oh, how terrible a suffering it has been!' This he said, his hands covering his face; he had interrupted me to say it while I was reading St. John of the Cross. 'Oh!' he added, 'how I could weep for my sins,' and so on for a few more words."

The clouds soon settled down again. The following was noted a little over a month after the above:

"Father Hecker said to me to-day: 'There was a time when I seemed to know God so clearly and to be so conscious of His attraction that my whole thought and wish was death; to break the chain of life, to be united to God in Paradise. Now it is altogether different; nothing but darkness and depression.'"

Here is another memorandum, taken some time before the above:

"Father Hecker said: 'God is now visiting me with the profoundest desolation of spirit. I have the most deadly terror of death; if I yielded to it I should tremble from head to foot. Yet there is a spell on me which makes me wish that I may die without sensible faith and deprived of every present spiritual comfort. . . .' He also said many things about his continued and unbroken desolation of spirit these several years back. 'Yet,' said he, 'I never knew that God would permit me to come so near to Him and see so much of Him as I have.' Then he made me read to him the first chapter of the Book of Job. . . . After he had gone to bed I read to him part of an article in *The Month* on the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and he discoursed meantime to me most profoundly on that topic. And he added: 'One reason why I have always been so much interested in the doctrine of the Holy Ghost acting in the soul is a practical one, because I myself have never had any other director, though I have more than once opened my mind entirely to others and profited by their advice, but none was or could be really my director. Hence, too, I am so much attracted to saints who have had to struggle on alone, like St. Catherine of Genoa, who was without a director for twenty-five years.'"

Towards the close of October, 1888, two months before death, Doctor Begen saw that the end was approaching. This was evident from a sudden and general failure of strength, the appetite, not much at any time, seeming now to vanish quite away, although Father Hecker's strong will forced down a little nourishment. This loss of strength caused the heart to work badly and to give an occasional sudden alarm. Internal congestions followed, relaxing the bowels and causing much bodily annoyance. Meantime he was hardly ever out of his room and many days he spent entirely in bed. His fits of depression of spirits were more frequent than usual and more saddening. He no longer rested at all, what sleep he got being produced by drugs and serving but to pass the time unconsciously. From the beginning of December he was apt to fall into a semi-comatose state, though generally in full use of his faculties. Some days before he died he seemed to realize that the long struggle was nearly over, and he no longer talked to the doctor or others of the medicines or of his bodily ailments, nor did he seem to think of them; and his mind appeared to have suddenly grown peaceful. The Scriptures as well as other books were read to him, as usual, up to the very evening before he died. On the night of the 20th of December, two days after his sixty-ninth birthday, the last sacraments were administered, Father Hecker receiving them without visible emotion but in full consciousness. During the following day he was quiet and apparently free from acute pain, the benumbed body refusing to suffer more; but the mind calm and attentive. When the morning of the 22d came all could see that his time was near at hand. In the middle of the forenoon the members of the community were gathered at the bedside, the prayers for the dying were read and the indulgence was given. As this was over the doctor arrived, and Father Hecker, who had gradually lost advertence to all around him, was roused by him into full consciousness, and gave the community his blessing, feebly raising his hand to make the sign of the cross and uttering the words in a light whisper. Then he sank away into unconsciousness and in an hour ceased to breathe.

And so Father Hecker died. Our beloved teacher and father, so blameless and brave, so gentle and daring, so full of God and of humanity, entered into his eternal beatitude.

Dying on Saturday, and so near Christmas, the funeral was delayed till Wednesday, the feast of St. Stephen, the body being embalmed. Christmas afternoon it was placed in the church

and was visited and venerated by great throngs of people. A vast concourse attended the Requiem Mass the next morning, which was sung by Archbishop Corrigan surrounded by many priests, an eloquent sermon being preached by Father T. J. Campbell, the Provincial of the Jesuits. The body was placed in the vaults of the old cathedral.

The life we have been following is a harmonious whole from beginning to end. The child tells of the youth, the youth promises a noble man, and the promise is more than fulfilled. He was guileless; no dark ways of forbidden pleasure ever heard the sound of his footstep. There was no barter of conscience for ambition's prize. He was fearless; from beginning to end there was no halt from want of courage. Nor did he rush forward before the light came to show the road, though he often chafed and panted to hear the word of Divine command; he never moved at any other. But when the voice of God bade him forward he never flinched at any obstacle. The ever-recurring persuasion that there were so few who saw God's will as he saw it cut him to the heart, and the mystery of the Divine times and moments grew upon him with fatal force till the end, until he drooped and pined away with grief that he could but taste the first-fruits. Yet he was ever submissive to the Divine Will, to live, to die, to begin, to end the work, to be alone or to be of many brethren, to lead or to follow. Though a most active spirit, he was yet contemplative, and to unite the manifestation of the Holy Spirit in the inner and outer life was the end he always kept in view; but he was distinctively an interior man.

Few men since the Apostles have felt a quicker pulse than Isaac Hecker when the name of God was heard, or that of Jesus Christ or the Holy Spirit. Few men have had a nobler pride in the Church of Christ, or felt more one with her honor. Few men have grown into closer kinship with all the family of God, from Mary the great mother and the holy angels down to the simplest Catholic, than Isaac Hecker. But his peculiar trait was fidelity to the inner voice. "There are some," he once said, "for whom the predominant influence is the external one, authority, example, etc.; others in whose lives the interior action of the Holy Spirit predominates. In my case, from my childhood, God influenced me by an interior light and by the interior touch of his Holy Spirit." The desperate demand of Philip, "Lord, show us the Father and it is enough," was Father Hecker's cry all through early life. After the founding of his community, in 1858,

his life was like an arctic year. From that date till 1872 there was no set of sun. The unclouded heavens bent over him ever smiling with God's glorious light; and its golden tints lit up all humanity with hope and joy. Then the sun went down to rise no more. The heavens were dark and silent, or rent asunder with wrathful storms, only a transient flash of the aurora relieving the gloom. When the light dawned again it was to beam upon his soul in the ecstasies of Paradise.

We know not what to say of his faults, nor can we think that he had any that were not to be traced to his eager love of God's cause, such as his overpowering men with pleading for God in their souls; or too easily crediting unworthy men who prated to him of liberty and the Holy Spirit; or over-fondness during his illness for playing in the lists of fancy at an apostolate denied him in the battle of active life; he repined at being forced to plan great battles in a sick-room. He could not help betraying a heart heaving with a pent-up ocean of zeal, while he was creeping about helplessly, often too feeble to speak above his breath. A lover of liberty, its only boon to him at last was liberty to accept and rivet upon himself the chain of patient love.

Some may say "Hecker was before his time." But no man is before his time if, having a divine message, he can get but one other to accept it, can arrest men's attention, can cause them to ponder, to ask why or why not, whether this be the day or only its vigil. The sower is not before his time though he dies before the harvest; there is a time to sow and a time to reap.

And now the tree is dead, but its ripe fruits are in our bosoms bearing living seeds, which will spring up in their time and give fruit again each according to its kind.

The life of Father Hecker is a strong invitation to the men of these times to become followers of God the Holy Ghost, to fit their souls by prayer and penance in union with Christ and His Church, for the consecration of liberty and intelligence to the elevation of the human race to union with God. We do not bid him farewell, for this age, and especially this nation, will hail him and his teachings with greater and greater acclaim as time goes on. As God guides His Church to seek her Apostolate mainly in developing men's aspirations for better things into fulness of Catholic truth and virtue, Isaac Hecker will be found to have taught the principles and given the methods which will lead most surely to success.

APPENDIX.

LETTERS FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I.

The Oratory, Birmingham, February 28, 1889.

My Dear Father Hewit: I was very sorrowful at hearing of Father Hecker's death. I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives—that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England, and I know how zealous he was in promoting it. It is not many months since I received a vigorous and striking proof of it in the book he sent me [*The Church and the Age*]. Now I am left with one friend less, and it remains with me to convey through you my best condolement to all the members of your society.

Hoping that you do not forget me in your prayers,

I am, dear Father Hewit,

most truly yours,

John H. Card. Newman.

II.

The Oratory, Birmingham, March 15, 1890.

Dear Father Hewit: In answer to your letter I am glad to be told what is so interesting to me, viz., that the Life of Father Hecker is in preparation. I had a great affection and reverence towards him, and felt that which so many good Catholics must have felt with me on hearing of his illness and death. I wish, as you ask me, that I could say something more definite than this of his life and writings, but my own correspondence with friends, and especially the infirmities of my age, burden me and make it impossible for me to venture upon it. This, alas! is all that I have left me now by my years towards the fulfilment of welcome duties to the grateful memory of an effective Catholic writer (I do not forget his work in England) and a Benefactor, if I may use the term, to the Catholic Religion, whose name will ever be held in honor by the Catholic Church.

Yours most truly,

J. H. N.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER HECKER BY THE ABBÉ XAVIER DUFRESNE, OF GENEVA.

I.

I first knew Father Hecker in 1873, meeting him at a Catholic Congress held at Ferney and presided over by Monsignor Mermillod. Father Hecker visited Geneva several times after that, living in the closest intimacy with our family. He spent several weeks on a visit with my father, Dr. Dufresne, at a châlet situated on Salêne mountain above Geneva, being at the time in feeble health and seeking recovery by a prolonged sojourn in Europe. For this enforced inactivity he recompensed himself by continual and earnest conversations, for the purpose of gaining to his ideas all whom he believed capable of understanding them, whether Protestants or Catholics. There was about him an indescribable charm

which mysteriously drew one to him and penetrated one with his influence. Although he did not know French thoroughly and preferred to use English, yet he spoke with such power, elevation, exuberance, and depth of thought that he captivated his hearers.

When I made Father Hecker's acquaintance I had just lost my eyesight, being at the end of my ecclesiastical studies, and not yet ordained. He did my soul much good by teaching me a kind of holiness which was joined to lively intelligence and the most energetic activity. Father Hecker remains to me not only the type of an American priest, but of the modern one, the kind needed by the Church for the recovery of the ground lost as a result of Protestantism and infidelity, as well as to enable her to start anew in her divine mission.

II.

The principal impression produced by Father Hecker on those who came in contact with him was one of sanctity. In his company one felt his whole being influenced as if by something venerable and supernatural, and a constant inclination to correspond to the action of the Holy Spirit and submit the human will to the divine. In conversing with him about spiritual things one was transported into a higher region, the heart growing warmer and the conscience more sensitive. Father Hecker plainly inclined by habit to the type of character given us by Jesus Christ. He suffered much, both physically from weakness of nerves and morally on account of enforced inactivity, yet he not only never complained but was always cheerful. This was the greater merit in him because he seemed by nature impatient of opposition and contradiction. He had a sagacious mind and easily discovered the faults of others, but, although he spoke of men and affairs with openness and candor, he yet ever sought for favorable interpretations. Like St. Francis de Sales, he knew how to judge of people and yet remain full of charity for his neighbor. Profoundly individual, and profoundly attached to his ideas, like all Anglo-Saxons, and in fact like all who have acquired the Protestant habit of free inquiry, he nevertheless had for the Church a docility almost naïve and infantile; and this was because he recognized in her the authority and the action of the Holy Spirit.

It may be said of him without exaggeration that he was every moment ready, if it became necessary, to bear witness to the divinity of the Church by martyrdom, and in fact he often made that declaration. In him the most heroic virtue was faith. He had come into the Catholic Church in spite of the most extreme natural repugnance, and he remained in it, overcoming the perpetual objection of Protestants that Catholicity could not be the truth because Catholic countries had become the least powerful and the least prosperous in the civilized world. On this point he loved to expound the text of Scripture which says that it is better to lose an eye and an arm and enter into the kingdom of heaven, than to save both and fall into hell. His piety was wholly interior. It consisted in the perpetual exercise of the presence of God. He had a natural disinclination for devotional practices as they are in vogue among the southern races.

His tendency was to spiritualize as much as possible all the devotions in use in the Church. His own principal one was to the Holy Ghost and His divine Gifts. He never spoke of the Incarnation and the Eucharist without deep emotion and a contagious love. As to devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he explained it in a most elevated manner, ever showing, and with great dignity and nobility of manner, how it flowed from the principle of the divine maternity. The last book he sent

me was one on the Blessed Virgin written by an American priest. Since Father Hecker's death I have never failed a single day to invoke him in my prayers, and to his intercession I attribute many graces obtained, some of them very important.

III.

Father Hecker had a marvellous openness of heart. I heard him relate several times the story of his life, his conversion, his joining the Redemptorists, his case before the Roman Congregations, and the founding of the Paulist community. I can still recall the banks of the Lake of Geneva at the Villa Bartoloni, where Father Hecker, walking with a friend and myself, told us of his leaving the Redemptorist order. It was the way in which he talked of so delicate a matter that enabled me to appreciate that the man was a saint. He liked to repeat, while on this subject, what Cardinal Deschamps had said of him: "Here is a man who has been able to leave our Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer without committing even a venial sin."

In my opinion, Father Hecker was, after Père Lacordaire, the most remarkable sacred orator of the century. This does not apply to his writings, for his ideas lost much of their force in the process of getting into print. Like all natural orators his chief quality was a power of drawing and persuading, which, to use an expression often applied to Père Lacordaire, had something magnetic about it. He had a prodigious gift of showing his Protestant or infidel hearers that their own hearts and their own reason aspired by instinct towards the Catholic truth which he was teaching them. In that way he drew his hearers to discover the truth in their own minds instead of receiving it by force of argument or any extrinsic authority. To acquire this power he had made a great study of the Gospel, and, sustained by Divine grace, he went about the exposition of the truth as Jesus Christ did. One of the most original aspects of his mind was that he joined the practical sense of the American to the taste and aptitude of the European for speculation. He had not been able to make a complete course of studies because he had spent several years in commercial life, but he had great natural gifts for metaphysics, theology, and above all mysticism.

Unlike the English converts of the Oxford school, he had reached Catholicity by way of liberal Protestantism, which he had renounced because it could not satisfy the religious aspirations of his nature. It would be interesting to study his case in connection with those of Newman and Manning, for it shows that souls are led to Catholicity by all roads, even the most opposite, and that minds most inclined to rationalize can be drawn to the Church as easily as those of a conservative or traditional temperament.

IV.

But I wish to dwell especially on what preoccupied Father Hecker's mind and formed the fundamental theme of his eloquent words. We were just on the morrow of the Vatican Council, of the defeat of France by Prussia, and in the first agonies of the Culturkampf in Germany and Italy. Now, if one remembers that Father Hecker was of an American family originally from the town of Elberfeld, Prussia, he can better understand the gravity of the problem which weighed upon his mind, as upon that of so many others. Must we admit, it was asked, that the Council of the Vatican has affixed its seal upon the decadence of Catholicity, binding the Church to the failing fortunes of the Latin races? Must Protestantism finally triumph with the Saxon races? And here Father Hecker's faith did not halt an instant, but grasped the difficulty in all its terrible magnitude. His solu-

tion may be questioned by some, but I believe that no one will dispute that the mind which conceived it was of the first order.

Father Hecker remarked, as did many others, that, starting from the sixteenth century, the Church, although ever exerting a considerable influence, no longer appeared at the head of the world's activity. This was in contrast with what she had done in the era of the conversion of the Roman Empire, during that of the invasion of the barbarians, and amid the immense religious movement which characterized the apogee of the Middle Ages. Father Hecker discovered the cause of this lessening influence in the fact that since the sixteenth century the Church had been compelled to stand upon the defensive. This had greatly paralyzed her power of initiation and her liberty. As a consequence of the Protestant heresy, which threatened the utter destruction of the principle of authority, the Church had been forced to concentrate on that side of her fortress all her means of defence. In order to protect herself from the excesses of the principle of individuality and free inquiry, she had been obliged to resort to a multitude of restrictive measures, which were conceived in a very different spirit from that which animated her in previous centuries. In the sixteenth century the Church placed before everything else the idea of authority. She sacrificed the development of personality to fostering the association of men whose wills were absolutely merged by discipline in one powerful body. It can be seen at a glance how intimately and profoundly the spirit of the dominant religious orders of the later era differs from that of the great orders of the Middle Ages, in respect to the expansion of nature and the development of individuality. The needs of the sixteenth century were altogether different from those of the ages preceding it, and to meet those needs God inspired St. Ignatius with the idea of a different type of Christian character. The result was the triumphant repulse of Protestantism from all the southern nations. But the victory was gained at the price of real sacrifices; the Catholics of the recent centuries have not displayed the puissant individuality of those of the Middle Ages, the types of which are St. Bernard, St. Gregory VII., Innocent III., St. Thomas Aquinas. "The Divine Spirit often exacts the sacrifice of certain human qualities for the preservation of the faith; and it is in this sense that we should interpret the mysterious words of Jesus Christ, that it is better to lose an eye and an arm and not fall into hell, than to save an eye and an arm and be lost eternally.

The Council of the Vatican, Father Hecker maintained, by giving to the principle of authority its dogmatic completion, has placed it above all attacks, and consequently has brought to a close the historical period in which it was necessary to devote all efforts to its defence. A new period now opens to the Church. She has been engaged during three centuries in perfecting her external organism, and securing to authority the place it should have in working out her divine life; she will now undertake quite another part of her providential mission. It is now to be the individuality, the personality of souls, their free and vigorous initiative under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit dwelling within them, which shall become the distinctive Catholic form of acting in these times. And this will all be done under the control of her divine supreme authority in the external order preventing error, eccentricity, and rashness.

The Latin races were fitted by nature to be the principal instruments of the Holy Spirit during the period just passed. In the new one the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, of a nature strongly individual and independent, will take their turn as instruments of Divine Providence. This is not saying that the development of the Church is the result of the natural aptitudes of races, but that God, who

has created these aptitudes, takes them one after the other, and at the hours He chooses, and causes them to serve as instruments for carrying out His designs. It was thus, from the fourth to the seventh century, that He made use of the metaphysical subtilty implanted by Him in the Greek genius, issuing in all those great definitions which have fixed not only the substance but the verbal form of Catholic dogma. Hence the first general councils were all held in the East.

Father Hecker cherished hopes for the conversion of the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races. Doubtless God could convert them suddenly, but considering the way heretofore followed that conversion will be brought about insensibly and by the two following instrumentalities: On the one hand, the new development of individuality in souls within the Church will create a sympathetic attraction towards her on the part of Protestants, who will discover affinities with her of which they were wholly unaware. On the other hand, the more the Protestant races expand, the more they will find the dwarfed Christianity which they profess falling short of their aspirations, and by that means they will be inclined towards Catholicity. It is not a little remarkable that Father Hecker expressed himself thus during the last years of the pontificate of Pius IX., at a moment when such ideas seemed to be least in favor in high Catholic circles. But soon afterwards the pontificate of Leo XIII. began, and with it a movement in the spirit indicated by the American priest, and in a manner so strikingly in accord with his views that Father Hecker seemed to have been enlightened from above in his presages of the future.

Father Hecker developed a grand theological synthesis of what he called the exterior and interior mission of the Holy Spirit in the Church. He has explained it in a pamphlet; but how much more impressive it was when he expounded it in person! We had the privilege of hearing him do so in a long conversation with the most celebrated Protestant minister of French-speaking countries, the illustrious philosopher and orator, Ernest Naville. Father Hecker said that the antipathy of Protestants for the Church arose from the fact that they imagined that Catholicity reduced all religion to obedience to external authority. Protestants, on the other hand, pretend to place all religion in the interior life, directly generated in souls by the Holy Spirit, and it is for this reason that Catholicity impresses them as a tyrannical usurpation and a stupid formalism. In this they are deceived, as a close acquaintance with Catholics and with such writings as those of St. Francis de Sales and St. Teresa soon proves to them. So, also, when they fancy that the authority of the Church is not necessary to the preservation of the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul. As a matter of fact, the innumerable divisions of Protestants among themselves plainly show that the interior action of the Holy Ghost does not extend to making each individual infallible. To safeguard souls against deception, scepticism or illuminism, there is need of another action of the Holy Spirit which shall be conservative of the interior life. That other action is exterior, and is exercised by means of the authority of the Church. The Holy Spirit cannot be brought into contradiction with Himself. By His action in the exterior authority of the Church He can never interfere in the least degree with the fulness or the spontaneity of His own interior action in souls.

The exterior action is one of control and of verification, to hinder souls from being lost in the depths of illusion and in the deceits of pride. But besides this, humility, obedience, self-abnegation, virtues dear by excellence to the heart of Jesus Christ, are impossible without due submission to the external authority. When one believes only in himself, he obeys only himself, and hence has never practised complete renunciation nor complete humility.

Father Hecker also maintained that the direction of souls in confession should be made to strengthen and develop individual life. We do not need blood-letting, he said, as if we suffered from plethora, but rather we need a course of tonics, sea-baths, and the invigorating air of the mountains. We should not hold our penitents in leading-strings, but should teach them to live a self-reliant life under the direction of the Holy Spirit. Souls tempered by that process would render the Church a thousand times more service than they do now.

No doubt such souls may sometimes run the risk of pride and of temptation to revolt. But in such cases the Church is so provided with power by the dogma of infallibility, as proclaimed by the Vatican Council, as to be able to counteract this danger without serious loss, as was proved in the case of Döllinger and the Old Catholics.

The Holy Spirit, preparing for a great development of individual life, has made provision beforehand that the Church should be armed with power sufficient to repress all waywardness, and this was done by the Vatican Council. Some had feared that the definition of infallibility would introduce an extravagant use of authority, and lead to a diminution of reasonable liberty and individuality in the Church even greater than before. But the very contrary has been the result.

With reference to the interior life, I can affirm that Father Hecker's was full and rich. Having spent the greater part of his life in a devouring activity, at its close he lived as a true contemplative. He was a genuine mystic. We heard him discourse with marvellous beauty on the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Eucharist, expounding these great truths in a way not only to enrapture one with their splendor, but utterly to refute deism, pantheism, and materialism. The latter error, he said, owed its introduction partly to the fact that Protestantism had refused to the senses their legitimate place in divine worship, this excessive spiritualizing having brought about a reaction.

V.

Father Hecker often spoke of the future reserved for Catholicity in the United States, saying that it was there that the union of the Church with democracy would first take place. In that nation the prejudice against the Church is not so strong as in Europe, and her position is free from the embarrassments of traditional difficulties. Catholicity is there valued for its immediate effect upon human nature, and the rancor born of historical recollections is not in such full control of men's minds; hence conversions are more easily made. Furthermore, Father Hecker believed that it would finally be discovered that the Protestant spirit is contrary to the political spirit of the American Republic. America has based her Constitution on the fact that man is born free, reasonable, and capable of self-government. The Protestant Reformers, on the contrary, never ceased to teach that original sin deprived man of his free will and made him incapable of performing virtuous acts; and if Protestants seek to escape from this whirlpool of fatalism, they fall into infidelity. The day will come when Americans will admit that if they are to be at once religious and reasonable, they must become Catholics. Therefore, whether it be acknowledged or not, every development of political liberty in the United States contributes to the advance of Catholicity. The Constitution of the United States has formulated the political principles most conformable to the Canons of the Council of Trent.

A STRONG CITY.

For them that hope in Thee. . . . Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy face, from the disturbance of men.
Thou shalt protect them in Thy tabernacle from the contradiction of tongues.
Blessed be the Lord, for He hath shewn His wonderful mercy to me in a fortified city.
—*Psalm xxx.*

BEAUTY and splendor were on every hand:
Yet strangely crawled dark shadows down the lanes,
Twisting across the fields, like dragon-shapes
That smote the air with blackness, and devoured
The life of light, and choked the smiling world
Till it grew livid with a sudden age—
The death of hope.

O squandered happiness;
Vain dust of misery powdering life's fresh flower!
The sky was holy, but the earth was not.

Men ruled, but ruled in vain; since wretchedness
Of soul and body, for the mass of men,
Made them like dead leaves in an idle drift
Around the plough of progress as it drove
Sharp through the glebe of modern days, to plant
A civilized world. Ay; civilized—but not Christian!

Civilization is a clarion voice
Crying in the wilderness; a prophet-word
Still unfulfilled. And lo, along the ways
Crowded with nations, there arose a strife;
Disturbance of men; tongues contradicting tongues;
Madness of noise, that scattered multitudes;
A trample of blind feet, beneath whose tread
Truth's bloom shrank withered; while incessant mouths
Howled "Progress! Change!"—as though all moods of change
Were fiats of truth eternal.

'Mid the din
Two pilgrims, faring forward, saw the light
In a strong city, fortified, and moved
Patiently thither. "All your steps are vain,"
Cried scoffers. "There is mercy in the world;
But chiefly mercy of man to man. For we
Are good. We help our fellows, when we can.
Our charity is enormous. Look at these
Long rolls of rich subscriptions. We are good.
'Tis true, God's mercy plays a part in things;

But most is left to us; and we judge well.
Stay with us in the field of endless war!
Here only is health. 'Yon city fortified
You dream of—why, its ramparts are as dust.
It gives no safety. One assaulting sweep
Of our huge cohorts would annul its power—
Crush it in atoms; make it meaningless."

The pilgrims listened; but onward still they moved.
They passed the gates; they stood upon a hill
Enclosed, but in that strong enclosure free!
Though earth opposed, they held the key to heaven.
On came the turbulent multitude in war,
Dashing against the city's walls; and swept
Through all the streets, and robbed and burned and killed.
The walls were strong: the gates were always open.
And so the invader rioted, and was proud.
But sudden, in seeming triumph, the enemy host
Was stricken with death; and still the city stayed.
Skyward the souls of its defenders rose,
Returning soon in mist intangible
That flashed with radiance of half-hidden swords;
And those who still assaulted—though they crept
Into the inmost vantage-points, with craft,
Fell, blasted namelessly by this veiled flash,
Even as they shouted out, "The place is ours!"

So those two pilgrims dwelt there, fortified
In that strong city men had thought so frail.
They died, and lived again. Fiercest attack
Was as a perfumed breeze to them, which drew
Their souls still closer unto God. And there
Beauty and splendor bloomed untouched. The stars
Spoke to them, bidding them be of good cheer,
Though hostile hordes rushed over them in blood.
And still the prayers of all that people rose
As incense mingled with music of their hearts.
For Christ was with them: angels were their aid.
What though the enemy used their open gates?
The children of the citadel conquered all
Their conquerors, smiting them with the pure light
That shone in that strong city fortified.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE BURMANS AND BUDDHISM.

THERE is hardly any country on the face of the globe more deeply interesting to civilized man in general, and to the man of culture in particular, than the land of his cradle, Asia. From the days of Pythagoras down to our own, men of light and leading have been casting wistful eyes on the teeming millions of that classical Land, and straining every nerve to gain an insight into their thoughts and fancies, their ways and manners, their systems of philosophy, their theological tenets—in a word, know something of how they "interpreted the riddle of life"—but all their endeavors were doomed to signal and dismal failures. It is only within comparatively few years—namely, since the establishment of the Royal Asiatic Society, for investigating the history, antiquities, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, by the eminent English Orientalist, Sir William Jones—that the golden key opening for us the rich treasures of learning lying hidden in the great, thinking world of Asia was extorted from the Brahmins by means of threats and entreaties, laudable bribery and corruption, on the part of the English, to whom we are indebted for the world of wonders they have opened up for us. If all this be true of the enormous continent of Asia in general, it is eminently so of its sundry geographical and political divisions in particular. Of the latter, the kingdom of Burmah stands out in bold relief. What is Burmah? and where is it? are the first pertinent questions that suggest themselves to a rightly-thinking mind. Ere I answer them, however, it may be just as well for me to state that I have lingered among the scenes I am about to describe for ten long years. My quality of missioner brought me into close contact with the people of the country. I have lived amongst them, mixed with them, and been almost one of them. Burmah, besides, lying as it does quite out of the beat of the ubiquitous globe-trotter, is almost a "terra incognita" in America. And what little some people might lay claim to know about it is not always of a reliable nature.

Burmah was once a mighty empire, which, in course of time, political changes degraded into a kingdom, and within the last few years—namely, since 1885—its king was deposed and banished to India, the country wholly annexed to the British crown,

and now it has sunk into a province governed by a chief commissioner.

Burmah is geographically wedged in between India and Assam on one side, China, Siam, and Tonquin on the other, whilst its western and southern shores are respectively washed by the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean.

To the ancients Burmah was known under the high-sounding appellation of the "Golden Chersonese," or "The Land of Gold." Some geographical writers of modern times assert, in all seriousness, that Burmah is the "Ophir" so frequently mentioned in the Old Testament; the same identical country whither Solomon's ships, fitted out in the harbors of Edom, went, and brought back gold and precious stones! Their opinion rests chiefly on the authority of Josephus, who places Ophir in or near the country now geographically known as Burmah. Be this as it may, it is certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that both gold and precious stones are found in Burmah to this day. The former is diffused through the soil in flakes or grains, and it is obtained by the simple process of washing it from the earth; the latter are found in great abundance over an area of a hundred square miles, in the northernmost part of the country, near a town called Momiet, about seventy miles south of the city of Bhamo, which borders with China. The world-renowned "Ruby Mines" of Burmah were lately leased to an English company, by the British government, for an enormous annual rental.

The actual area of Burmah is estimated at 267,223 square miles, or twice the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or, again, a little larger than France. The country is mountainous, forest-clad, intersected with a perfect network of creeks and rivers bearing in their bosoms the wealth of the nation; for, we must not forget to mention that the markets of Europe are supplied with rice mainly from Burmah. The country, however, is but thinly populated, its inhabitants probably not exceeding 8,000,000.

The ethnological subject of the inhabitants of the Burman Peninsula has always been a "vexata quæstio" among critics, and it may be said that the matter is still "sub judice." For, while it would be wrong to call them a branch of the Aryan family, it would not be correct to say that they are down-right Mongolians. Perhaps they belong to the "Seriform stock" of the Altaic Mongolidæ. As a nation the Burmese are fine, well-

made persons, with skins shading from deep brown to nearly white. Their hair is jet black, the face broad and the nose somewhat flat.

Their dress is simple. The men wear round the waist a piece of silk or cotton cloth called "putsoe." It is girt round the body by a twist and a hitch of the cloth, without any belt. A white cotton jacket called "engie" covers the waist; shoes or sandals, the feet. A Burman allows his hair to grow long, which he ties in a knot on the top of his head. Round this knot he fastens a handkerchief of the brightest crimson or yellow silk.

There is one thing which, like love or the measles, every man must go through once in his lifetime in Burmah, and that is "tattooing." All the men are tattoed from the waist to the knee. The operation is trying and painful, productive of fever and irritation, but custom is inexorable. Opium is administered to deaden the pain.

The women's apparel is called "tamein." It consists of three pieces of cloth of various patterns joined together; *i. e.*, the upper, the body, and the border. When these parts are stitched they form a cloth a yard and a half wide, and about two yards long. It reaches from beneath the arms down to the feet. They wrap it round their persons and secure the upper part by a hitch in the edge of the cloth. At the waist they give it another hitch and twist; but if these won't do, they then tie it with a string or a scarf. From the waist to the feet the cloth hangs loose and open, which in walking causes the wearer to expose the better part of one limb. The Burmese are exceedingly fond of loud, flashy colors, and on gala-days they will blaze out in all the glories of the rainbow. On these occasions they present a strikingly picturesque appearance. Over the "tamein" women wear a white calico jacket, closed in front, and shaped somewhat like a jersey. A turban of flowers forms the only covering of their heads, and sandals or slippers of their feet. When out walking they throw a gaudy silk handkerchief over their shoulders in a "negligé" manner. Their ornaments consist of necklaces, earrings, bracelets, and rings. On festive occasions they will paint their eye-brows black, their lips red, and will cover their faces with a layer of yellow ochre, over which they apply the powder-puff. The lobes of a Burmese woman's ears are bored with large holes, which will distend from half an inch to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. In these holes they insert round pieces of amber, or gold-leaf rolled up

into cylinders. The effect of these is to distend the lobes to disfiguration.

Children go mostly arrayed in nature's simplest charms, sometimes heightened by the addition of a lonely string tied round the waist, to which a small, tinkling sleigh-bell is suspended in front, as an amulet to avert the noxious influence of the "evil eye."

Burmese of both sexes, young and old, are inveterate smokers. They grow their own tobacco, and make it into cheroots six inches long and *one inch* in diameter, and puff their merry lives away. Besides smoking they also chew the nut of the Areka palm-tree, sometimes called betel-nut, or "pan." It is prepared thus: They take a green leaf of a certain species of pepper called "betel-leaf"; on this they spread some moistened quick or slaked lime (chunam), obtained by calcinating shells, and after putting in the same leaf a few scrapings of the "betel-nut," a morsel of "cutch," a pinch of tobacco, and sometimes a clover, wrap it all up carefully, put it in the mouth, and chew it the live-long day. This preparation is so burning that it deadens the sense of taste for a while, abrades the skin of the mouth, and causes giddiness in persons not used to it.

The national drink is pure spring-water. The food is plain boiled rice, which they eat with what is known in Asia as "curry." This is a sort of stew made of vegetables, fish, flesh or fowl, highly flavored, richly spiced, and so very pungent that it causes one to weep hot tears without compunction. But what a Burman considers the daintiest of bits is a preparation known as "Nga-pee," or pounded fish. The fish is first allowed to decompose by being buried under ground in an earthen vessel. When fairly putrescent it is pounded in a mortar, and used by the Burmese as a great delicacy, though no refined nostrils can stand its suffocating smell. "Nga-pee" must not be confounded with "Balachong," or "shrimp-paste," of the Malay Straits. The former is rank filth, the latter an esteemed appetizer. The Burmans eat twice a day. They breakfast at eight o'clock in the morning, and dine at five in the evening. They eat sitting cross-legged on the ground, and help themselves with their fingers. They never drink during meals, but when through, first rinse their mouths, and then take a long draught of water.

Their bed is a mat spread on the hard mud floor, whereon they sleep wrapped in a sheet or blanket, like so many mummies. The houses are built on piles six or seven feet from the

ground. The poor cover the sides, divide the rooms and make the floors with bamboo matting, and thatch them with grass or leaves of the water-palm. The fire-place is a movable square box, about six inches deep, filled with earth kneaded into mud.

Unlike the Hindoos, their neighbors, the Burmans have no caste system; and, like the Americans, they admit of no social distinction, one man among them being as good as another. Wealth may confer influence on its possessor, as it does amongst us, but it will not raise him higher in social position.

In Hindostan women are confined within the recesses of their zenanas. In Burmah they are as free and unfettered as their more enlightened and refined sisters in Europe or in America. Their education, however, is wofully neglected, hardly any one of them being able to read or write. Since the annexation of the country by the English a new era has been inaugurated, and the school-master is now as much abroad in Burmah as anywhere else.

If we measure Burmese morality by our own standard we shall decidedly call it "low." Polygamy, though sanctioned by law, is repudiated by custom and practice. The only reason for this seems to be, that a plurality of wives is too expensive a luxury for people in general to indulge in, only a few of the wealthy class availing themselves of the concession. But even then, public opinion looks upon it as not the correct thing to do. Marrying and giving in marriage are the simplest imaginable things in Burmah. Sometimes the fact of a man and a woman "eating rice out of the same dish together" makes them man and wife. Sometimes two persons of different sexes appear before a few village elders; one of these ties them up with a string and the marriage rite is over. At other times a mutual agreement of living together as man and wife renders them such in the eyes of the law. More frequently, however, especially in the case of young people, the young man first ascertains the intentions of the parents of the young woman he wishes to marry, through an elder. If he is accepted, all he has to do is simply to carry "all his worldly goods" to the girl's house and take possession of her. This, however, is not without exception. In the case of well-to-do-people, for instance, the marriage ceremonies are oftentimes conducted with great pomp and solemnity, and an extravagance and pageant truly Oriental. To break a marriage is as easy as to make it. In case of ill-treatment, or

of "any other reason whatsoever," be it real or fanciful, a woman can have a marriage dissolved by going before a few village elders, and she is free to marry again. In fact, marriage in Burmah seems to be a temporary arrangement, only binding during the will of the parties.

It may interest some of my readers to know that the poor, benighted Burmans are minus the luxury of civilization called kissing. They have not even a word in their language to express such a form of salutation. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is "sniffing," or "smelling" another's cheeks. Thus, a fond mother will cover her baby's face with "sniffs"; that is how she shows her fondness for him. Friends "smell" one another's cheeks, and that's the sum-total of their bliss!

The manner of disposing of the dead in Burmah requires a passing notice, as there is nothing so distinctive of their character as the way in which they conduct their funerals. Like the majority of Asiatic nations, the Burmans burn the bodies and bury the ashes. No sooner is the soul out of the body than the corpse is washed and wrapped in a white cloth. A gold or silver coin is inserted in the mouth to pay the "ferry-toll"; after which friends and neighbors make their visits. The day on which the body is carried to the place of cremation is a gala-day, a day of great rejoicing for the whole village or neighborhood. A Burmese funeral procession partakes more of the nature of a triumphal march than of a funeral train. As the procession is formed, starts and advances, shots are fired, sky-rockets discharged, shouts of joy uttered, and jokes cracked. Bands are engaged to play their merriest tunes, the bier-bearers and the young men who are to relieve them dance their wildest dances, singing their gayest ditties in their jolliest moods. No tears are shed, no shrieks of wild despair heard, no sad faces worn, no sighs heaved. I have witnessed this unseasonable display of mirth times out of number, without ever being able to account for it in a satisfactory manner. I know that the Burmese, like the majority of our modern philosophers, hold a pessimistic view of life, and it may be that, like the people in Herodotus, they look upon the day of their death as better than the day of their birth. A better and a holier man than them all, in the depth of misery, in the bitterness of his heart, was betrayed into cursing the day wherein he was born (Job ii.) Sir Edwin Arnold, in the March number of *Scribner's*, quotes Mr. Chamberlain's words anent the stoicism with which Buddhists in general meet

their death, by attributing it to their benignant and hopeful creed, which promises rest to all at last. Further on we shall see what sort of a "rest" Buddhism holds out to its votaries.

Arrived at the place of cremation, the corpse is laid on the funeral pyre built of logs, and after some more fire-wood has been heaped upon it, each of the nearest relatives apply a light to it, and the process of cremation begins. When the body is entirely reduced to ashes these are gathered in an earthen vessel (urn), and buried in a grave.

The little we have said about Burmah and the Burmans must be viewed in the light of an introduction to what is yet to follow, and which is the main object of this article, namely, a short account of their religion—the Buddhist Religion. The tendency of the age; the burning question of the hour; that which agitates the minds of millions, and convulses the structures of kingdoms, is whether man, singly and collectively, must be a Christian or an Atheist; whether he is to worship God, or self, as presented to us by the Comtist "Religion of Humanity," a thinly disguised Buddhism. Modern philosophers have gone so far as to assure us, with how much truth I will not undertake to say, that in the struggle for existence among the countless religious creeds of the day, two only will survive the crack of doom, and will eventually contend for supremacy; these are the Catholic Church and the Buddhist system. The Catholics outnumber, by many millions, all other religious denominations put together; while the Buddhists form the largest non-Christian and atheistic body in the world—its adherents being estimated at four hundred millions—namely, more than one-third of the human race. Buddhism is the religion of Tibet, China, Japan, Ceylon, Siam, and Burmah. But in Tibet it has been corrupted into Lamaism; in China it has been mixed up with Confucianism and Laotseism or Taouism, in Japan with Shintoism and split up into thirty-five different sects, and in Ceylon with Hindooism, Burmah being the only country where it has been preserved in all its primitive purity. It was first introduced into the country in the fifth century of the Christian era, about A.D. 4091, and from that day to this it has continued the same, presenting the beautiful and rare spectacle of a religion undivided by either schism or sect. The knowledge of this religion was shrouded in mystery till the year 1828, when the British Resident at the court of Nepaul, a Buddhist state in Upper India, came across a San-

scrit manuscript which proved to be a valuable treatise on Buddhism. Copies of it were forthwith sent to London and Paris, and done into English and French. Since that time there has been going on a steady transfusion of new wine into old bottles; "Eastern" thought has been made to assume the garb of "Western" knowledge.

But in spite of the flood of light that modern researches and modern travellers have thrown on this so-called future religion of the world, people still continue to hold most fantastic and distorted ideas concerning it. They still persist in calling it a Religion; though the sense in which we understand such a word does not justify the application in the present instance. We may call it a System of Philosophy, or an Ethical System, or Atheism, but nothing better. Persons ignorant of what they assert are still applying the odious appellation of idols to the numerous statues crowding the precincts of a Buddhist temple, while they nickname the large central one of Buddha, Gaudama, a God—when any one with the least knowledge of Buddhism knows that the Burmese worship no idols, adore no God. Are we, then, to consider them as Atheists? Well "distinguo," inasmuch as Atheism is made to imply a distinct denial of God, they are not atheists; inasmuch as the same term is used for a non-recognition of a Supreme Being, they are. In our own college-days, and I have every reason to believe that it is the same now, our philosophical and theological professors impressed it upon us with all the solemn importance of superior intelligence, that an Atheist was a non-such, an utter impossibility. With all due deference to their dictum, I beg to be allowed to state that the fact is now no longer controvertible, lying as it does even beyond the possibility of doubt. It is a matter of stern, though regrettable, reality, that not only are there individual Atheists in the flesh, but whole nations of them. Nay, more: that the greater part of the human race, albeit not the most refined, nor the most cultured, profess, if not positively at least negatively, rank Atheism. That four hundred millions of human beings, not only worship no God, but have not even a name for Him. I will go even further and say, though I shudder in saying it, that the Shintoists and Shamaists of Japan, the Confucianists and Taouists of China, and the christianizing Lamaists of Tibet, are all rank Atheists theoretically and practically, as I have found out by actual intercourse with them in Indo-China. If such be the case, as it undoubtedly is, the number of Atheists in the world

is surprisingly and alarmingly great.* Instead, therefore, of blinking the question or flatly denying the fact, we should find remedial measures for its suppression, or at least diminution. But to return.

When I was in Burmah a friend of mine wrote asking me to send him one of the "Praying-Wheels" used by the Burmans to pray with. Who has not heard of the Buddhist "Praying-Wheels," and not implicitly believed in them? Yet their existence is as fabulous as that of the Lotophagi in Homer. People still labor under the delusive impression acquired in books, that the Buddhists have a vicarious and convenient way of praying—that is to say, they pray by machinery; they put their petitions into a wheel and unroll them by the length. So far from Burmans praying, as it were, by the mile, they never pray at all. Prayer presupposes a belief in the existence of a God. We have already seen that Burmans have no God to pray to for blessings and help, and by consequence no prayer.

ADALBERT AMANDOLINE, O.S.B.

* This is the opinion of the writer, which is not in agreement with that of many other competent witnesses and judges, and cannot be received as decisive.—EDITOR.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE in the Long Vacation, and chilled by an autumnal August, was dejected by comparison with Oxford in June, and in festival for Commemoration. However, I had seen Cambridge otherwise, in a far-away May, when the Backs, as they unbeautifully call the college meadows, were white and golden with the riches of the buttercup and the drift of the little daisies. Very charming it was then, the trees having their first tender veil of green, and the river running brown under its bridges: and if the sun was hot, was there not coolness in chapel and cloister? And a group of Newnham girls, in virginal white, sashed with yellow, and slim when all the rest of the feminine world was dress-improved, looked like the very spirits of the spring.

Cambridge lies north-easterly, and on the borders of the fen-country. Very beautiful and strange are the fens, like a little bit of Holland set down amid British soil. They stretch away illimitably, giving a wide sky; a wet and wild sunset, with long sheets of orange and yellow, I saw reproduced in the watery earth. There are dikes and gates, and little ribbons of sluggish streams, wandering away whither they will and stealing under little bridges, like the pictures on a willow-pattern plate. The red and white cattle go home along solid causeways, in great relief against the empty sky. The March flowers are yellow and purple, and the coarse grasses silver-green. It has a pathetic beauty of loneliness, and the wind-mills, waving their ghostly arms, are the only high-lights in the picture. I am in love with wind-mills, which here in Ireland one never sees outside a picture.

Cambridge seems less of a university and more of a town than Oxford. It has no such memorable street as "The High" at Oxford, and King's Parade and Trumpington Street are far less worthy settings for their jewels. The streams of running water beside the pathways in all the streets are a unique thing. They come from Hobson's Conduit, which was built by the gentleman whose peremptoriness gave rise to the phrase "Hobson's choice." At his livery-stable the horses were hired out each in turn, and none could choose for himself; hence the phrase. He died in

1631, but his conduit and his "choice" remain to perpetuate him.

Cambridge was a centre of learning long before college-building began there. Priories and convents foregathered on this wide plain, and flourished much. Peterhouse is the oldest college; it was built in 1284 by Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely. It has a window in the chapel copied from Rubens's Crucifixion. But there is so much new work, or at least post-Reformation work, mixed up with the old building that Peterhouse has little of the dim radiance of the early foundations at Oxford.

The great thing at Cambridge is, of course, King's College Chapel. The founder of King's was the meek and saintly Henry VI., not blustering Harry the Eighth, whose initials with Anne Boleyn's are scrolled through love-knots on the great screen of the chapel. Eton and King's College were the foundations of Henry VI., and the aristocratic young gentlemen of Eton, the wearers of perpetual top-hats and cut-away jackets, come here for their university training, so that King's is the most aristocratic of all the colleges. At each angle of the chapel springs a lofty octagonal tower, with the great windows between; along the sides are eleven buttresses in four stages, ending eleven feet above the roof in slender pinnacles. Between the lower buttresses are little chapelries. Outside it is all very massive and stately, but within is the great beauty. The chapel is 316 feet long, and the sides of it are one flame of stained glass after another, the twenty-six great windows being just separated by slender lines of delicate stone-work. The fan-tracery of the roof, which springs unsupported by a single pillar, is fine and exquisite: one gets an idea of its poising when one is told that each keystone, alternately the Tudor rose and the Beaufort portcullis, at the centre of the fans, weighs a ton.

The chapel is divided not quite midway by a splendid oak screen and organ-gallery. This belongs to the date of Holbein's Harry, for he finished what Henry VI. had begun and labored at till the Wars of the Roses came tumbling about his gentle and ill-fated head. Henry VII., too, carried on the work of building in between, and gave the chapel, no doubt, that stamp of his which makes it an edition in great of his chapel in Westminster Abbey. The floor is paved in black and white marble; the stalls are richly carved in splendid dark oak. Altogether it is a great temple, and its perpendicular Gothic makes one more

than ever out of love with the pagan style of church-building which followed the Reformation.

The time to see King's would be, I imagine, at dawn or at sunset, when half the place would be glory and half rich shadow. I have been there at Even-song in winter, when the candles shed a little light around themselves, making one realize how vast the place was. It had the glamour of university life then, with the choristers in their white robes, and all the other picturesque things. On an August Sunday it lacked somewhat with its audience of mainly townsfolk, but the choir was still there and the singing curiously beautiful. I forget whose the anthem was—I think it was Spohr's—but it thrilled one through and through. First the bass began in deep organ tones, solemn and slow, his recitative.

"Come up hither," he sang, "and I will show thee what shall be hereafter." Then the tenor, light and clear and sweet, chanting the vision of John in Patmos: "And lo! a throne was set in Heaven, and on the throne One stood. And a rainbow was round about the throne, and the elders knelt before the throne, clad in white raiment, and on their heads were crowns of gold. And from the throne came thunderings and lightnings, and voices crying by day and night." "Holy, Holy, Holy!" rings out tenor and choir in a great flood of majestic voices, "Lord God of Hosts, God Almighty, who wast, and who art, and art yet to come." Then, after all that triumph, a boy's voice, shrill and sweet and penetrating, soars like the voice of a bird, but full of mournfulness: "Behold the Lamb that was slain." There was a long pause after the young voice had died away, and then the tenor took up his song of consolation: "Weep no more: Behold He that died is arisen, and hath conquered death and hell." And once more the bass in recitative: "And the elders fell down before the Lamb, with their harps and golden urns bearing odors, singing this song of praise." "All glory to the Lamb," sing all the voices in unison, "that died, and is exalted at God's right hand. To Him is blessing and wisdom, and honor and praise for ever."

The Protestant Church, or at least a section of it, has begun to be wise in its generation. It has come to recognize the value of symbol and music, and color and light—the things it had rejected with more precious things. The choral services are a part of the latter-day Renaissance, whose star certainly arose in Rome. Canon Scott, the Catholic priest who was watching

proudly over the completion of his great church, which dominates Cambridge from its position near the railway station, had something to say apropos of this. An Anglican parson, kindly-natured, coming to see the church, said to him: "Ah! you are thirty years too late. When I was a boy here, if you had opened such a church you would have drawn all Cambridge." This cathedral church is the munificent gift of Mrs. Lyne-Stephens, of Brandon in Norfolk, a great benefactress of the church.

King's College does not draw all the suffrages of choral-service-goers, however. Jesus Chapel, if anything, has the preference. Jesus College is one of the smaller colleges of Cambridge, and one of the most beautiful. It was the old nunnery of St. Rhadegund, the patron saint of Cambridge, and, quaint and old-world and retired, it still suggests the nunnery. Bishop Alcock of Ely converted it into a college, the convent having decayed in 1497. His punning device, a cock on a globe, occurs frequently through the college. It is remote and quiet, at the edge of the town, and is quite unique in its beautiful ivy-covered court, which faces the meadows. The ivy is the thickest and glossiest imaginable, and is populated by myriads of birds. The windows look out of it like kindly eyes: they are pretty windows, with little pointed arches.

The chapel is the nuns' old chapel, though of course much altered. Alcock docked it of its proportions by pulling down the side chapels and aisles. Less magnificent than King's, it is in some respects more interesting. It has most beautiful lancet windows in the chancel, tapering in a fine slender point, and faced on the opposite side by a double piscina and graduated sedilia. It was restored in the forties quite well and worthily, but the glass of that age of darkness looks vulgar and trumpery by comparison with the Burne-Jones' windows in the north transept. In the south transept is the tomb of one of the nuns, with the inscription "Moribus ornata, jacet hic bona Berta Rosata." Jesus has charming old cloisters, quiet and green like all college cloisters.

Trinity is the largest of Cambridge colleges, and appeals to one by its measurements as Christ Church does at Oxford. The great court of Trinity has an area of over seventy-nine thousand feet. Bluebeard Harry gathered up the endowments of several small foundations and flung them into this great one. With his crown and his sceptre he straddles over the great gateway.

There are five courts in Trinity, but Chapel Hall and Master's Lodge are all in the great court. The library with its pillared piazza beneath is in Neville's Court, on the river-side of the college.

Trinity Chapel is painted all over walls and ceiling with pre-Raphaelite saints and angels, the work of Mr. Henry Holiday, the well-known Home-Rule artist. There is not a bit of bare wall in it. The library was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and has the Protestant coldness which one associates with his work. It is too high and too light, for all its curious allegorical stained window designed by Cipriani, who decorated the Dublin Rotunda Chapel for Dr. Morse more than a century ago. It is paved in black and white marble, and all down its length are ghostly white busts. It is the very antipodes of Merton Library in Oxford, which in its dimness and richness seems to me an ideal college library. On the stairway we saw a bronze bust of Frank Balfour, our chief secretary's brother, a man of great mind and heart, and what a Roman would call "civic virtue." "Ah!" sigh the English Home-Rulers, "if he had lived Arthur would not have been running amuck in Ireland as he is doing now." The bronze face was curiously like the dilettante face we know in cartoons, with none of its superciliousness and an added nobility.

Trinity Hall is the most beautiful of Trinity buildings, and under a curtain it has Sir Joshua Reynolds's Duke of Gloucester as a boy, a perennial glory of youth and grace. The Hall satisfies one's ideal of what is proper to a university, with its oriel windows with painted shields let in, and around the walls the coats-of-arms of dead masters and fellows. The roof, of open wood-work descending in little stalactites and pinnacles, is brown and gold, and one enters under a fine screen and music-gallery of carved oak.

John's, hard by Trinity, strikes one with a great sense of richness. It is of a deep red color, and has a most beautifully decorated gateway. Lady Margaret Beaufort built St. John's as well as Christ's College, so her rose and portcullis are in evidence in Cambridge, as is also her pretty device of a daisy. After wedding three husbands and becoming the mother of a king of England, she ended her days in a convent. Her picture, in her nun's robes, is on the staircase of the master's lodge at John's, and again in the master's lodge at Christ's, where for a time she resided. She left the latter college some of her plate,

including two beautiful silver salt-cellars and a set of apostle spoons.

John's has three courts, and is next in size to Trinity. The second court, also the most beautiful, was built by Margaret, Countess of Shrewsbury; so it will be seen that women had a large share in the glory of this college. The chapel has been restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, and is not out of harmony. The library is long, with great windows, and has many precious manuscripts. These are snugly stored away behind sliding panels, with a cunning which highly pleased George Eliot when she sojourned here. My guide and hostess, who was the widow of a master of John's, could pass everywhere, so we saw the kitchens with their apparatus for cooking the meals of giants, and penetrated to the master's lodge, a beautiful house in a green garden all to itself, with polished dark floors and stately old-world furniture, and oriel windows through whose mosaics of color the sun sent sharp flames. Everywhere was wood-panelling, and carved mantel-pieces, and the other beautiful things belonging to a nation and a place which has long enjoyed leisure and prosperity.

I saw Milton's mulberry-tree at Christ's, all built around with sheet-lead to prop its age, and I ate some of the wine-red fruit. I took tea in the combination-room at Sidney Sussex College, which was built by Sir Philip Sidney's aunt, and strolled afterwards in the green and ancient Fellows' Garden. At Gonville and Caius I went through the Gate of Humility, the Gate of Wisdom, and the Gate of Virtue, all leading up to the Gate of Honor, by which sententious little bit of allegory Dr. John Caius, a London physician, and a Cambridge college-builder and master of the seventeenth century, strove to inculcate a lesson in the mind of the undergraduate. At Clare College I penetrated to the rooms of an absent undergraduate, inspected his photographs, and admired the contents of his pipe-rack. Happy undergraduate, to possess that cushioned window-seat overlooking the fair prospect of bridge and river and garden!

Queen's College, the foundation of Margaret of Anjou followed by Elizabeth Woodville, boasts a cloister as well as Jesus. Erasmus abode here when he visited England at the invitation of Blessed John Fisher.

Magdalen College I did not inspect, though there is to be seen the manuscripts of *Pepys' Diary*, in which he chattered to himself of things and persons in three thousand pages of short-

hand. Also there is a little book in which he took down from Charles the Second's own lips the account of his escape after the battle of Worcester. Sir Peter Lely's picture of the diarist hangs in the combination-room of Magdalen, and one by Kneller in the master's lodge. Altogether, I'm sorry I didn't see Magdalen, for good Mr. Pepys' sake.

Emmanuel College is puritanical and unlovely. Dorothy Osborne's Sir William Temple was a student there. Downing has nothing to show. Selwyn, the Church of England college by excellence, is too new to have much interest, though for the sake of its master, Arthur Lyttleton, Lady Frederick Cavendish's brother, and a most generous Home-Ruler, one gives a kindly thought to it.

Home Rule is bad form in Cambridge, just as Catholicism is, and perhaps for the same reason. For the forty-four Home-Rule dons of Oxford, Cambridge gives us a beggarly account of a dozen or so, and the religion of Cambridge, when it is not materialistic, is the less lovely kind of Protestantism.

Contrariwise, Cambridge has been far more generous to the cause of the education of women than the sister university. I suppose when mathematical Cambridge does move it is to Radicalism, a levelling movement which has little poetry. Newnham College, when I saw it in my dead and gone May—it was the old portion, of which Miss Gladstone is principal, I then saw—was steeped in sunshine, and the girls were lying on the grass-plots with their books, and one or two were sculling a boat on the river. I have the brightest recollections of it, with its floors scrubbed as clean as a convent's, and its dainty rooms as spotless as a convent cell, though with belongings far more varied and numerous. I visited Clough Hall, the bigger building across the road, in August, and drank tea with Miss Clough, the principal, the sister of Arthur Hugh Clough. It was less cheerful in a rainy August evening, and being vacation-time the little rooms were less pretty, but there was still plenty left to show the bias of the occupant. The rooms have all pretty corner-windows, the architect having known the charm of irregularity. The furniture has a monotony of prettiness, an art-square on the polished floor, a bureau with brass handles, a writing-table, an easy-chair, and art-muslin on the windows. I saw scarcely any more original departure. The girls here are mostly limited to one room, but the sleeping and dressing accommodations are tucked away so cunningly behind curtains that no one could de-

tect their presence. The hall, with its long windows from floor to ceiling, is a fine room, and the table on the raised dais had all the magazines of the time lying upon it. This room can be added to on occasion by the help of folding-doors, which must make it a stately stretch indeed; but it is only magnified for great occasions—when there is a Greek play, for example.

The library is a charming room, with deep bay-windows embowered in roses and creepers. The books, which have gathered so as to need an auxiliary book-room, have a more than ordinary interest. Here is Ruskin, the complete set of him, bound in purple morocco and given by himself; Darwin's books are here, given by his son and biographer, who lives out on the rising road which leads to Girton, and one or two insignificant places as well, perhaps. Mrs. Green, the widow of John Richard Green of Oxford, who herself ambitioned a few years ago to be principal of Girton, has given her husband's books. She is an Irishwoman, and the actual principal, Miss Walsh, is Irish at least by name. Richmond's portraits of Miss Clough and Miss Gladstone adorn the wall, as well as Mrs. Henry Sidgwick by Shannon, which was in the New Gallery of 1889. Drawings given by Mr. Ruskin hang on the library walls, and on those of the hall.

What one has written of Newnham may be applied to Girton. The older college is the biggest, and is of quite imposing dimensions. Without it is all of red brick, and within it is, perhaps, brighter in tone than Newnham. And the students have their little sets of rooms, and are not restricted to one. One drives to Girton through an open country with corn-fields whitening, and ragged hedges to remind my untravelled heart of Ireland.

Very delightful it must be for the Board School teacher and others who come in the long vacation, under the university extension scheme, to pitch their tents a little while by those pleasant waters. Like those happier ones who were here in "the sweet o' the year," they have their teas and their tennis, their reading in shady green nooks, and their impromptu concerts, with lectures on many subjects, and excursions about the fen-country, and "across the salt marshes" to pleasant Ely. Parties of them went out boating on the river that slips through such green places, past Clare and King's and Trinity, and under the beautiful old bridge of John's, and the covered bridge which they call the Bridge of Sighs. Dear and delicious are those college gardens, with turf which has been growing velvety and trees which have gathered birds and blossoms through centuries.

Imagine the overworked young teachers who come here from the Black Country and such places, and the precious little pause of rest and air it must mean to them! And then to live in those pure little rooms, full of sunshine and cool air, and bright with pretty things! The visit must be a notable thing to such visitors.

> "A little city far away,
> A churlish sky, a sluggish stream,
> Tall clustering trees and gardens fair,
> Dark birds that circle in the air,
> Gray towers and fanes: on either hand
> Stretches of wind-swept meadow-land."

This was Cambridge in "the Long," as poor Miss Amy Levy, who was a Newnham graduate, describes it. My memory of it has a certain pensiveness that fits in with the picture. The place needs the overflowing life and youth which returns in October, to balance all that age which tells us how much more enduring are the things built by man's hands than he, the builder. Full of poetry is a university town and the life there. One delights in the old ceremonial and stateliness, which never go out of date, as much as in the beautiful inanimate things which were raised to the glory of God, and for the advancement of learning, by hands long crumbled to dust.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE.

IV.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON MIRACLES.

THE two articles of Father Hughes on the miracles of St. Francis Xavier, which were a continuation of the discussion contained in the first three articles of the present series, entitled "Warfare of Science," have done ample justice to that topic.

In closing the series, I wish to add a few words on the general spirit and method of the polemics of different classes of writers against the common belief of Catholics in the reality and supernatural character of certain facts and phenomena recorded in the ancient and modern annals of the church.

I make no special reference to the scientific articles of Dr. White, and what I have to say applies, more or less, not only to writers who represent the warfare waged in the name of science against supernatural religion, but also to those who contend in the interest of their own form of religion, with a full recognition of the supernatural character of Christianity, against specific Catholicism.

All alike, those who make a clean sweep of everything supernatural and miraculous, and those others who restrict their denial to the supernatural and miraculous in the Catholic Church, are open to the charge that their spirit and method are *unscientific*. They are false to those fundamental principles and laws of logic on which all philosophy is founded. False to the laws of observation and induction on which the physical sciences are based. False to the rules of evidence by which trustworthy history is constructed.

The thorough-going and consistent rationalists and agnostics assume the impossibility of supernatural religion. They start from this position as an *à priori* postulate. Their method is sceptical. Their judgment of the miraculous and other momentous facts on which revealed religion, from Adam to Moses, from Moses to Christ, from Christ to the present moment, rests, is not a calm, impartial, judicial summary of the results of historical research and philosophical investigation, an induction, according to logical principles, from the evidence furnished by the universal

mass of the facts in the case. It is nothing but a sceptical and destructive criticism, in which all the materials for sound and solid science are ingeniously manipulated to establish a foregone conclusion.

Scriptural and ecclesiastical miracles are treated in precisely the same way, by this class of writers.

Another class proceed in a Catholic spirit and by a Catholic method, in their historical and argumentative treatment of the documents and events of the revealed religion of the patriarchs, Moses and Christ, until they reach the period when, according to them, Catholicism has its beginning and goes on in its development. Here they make a sudden break, and adopt the spirit and method of those against whom they have been contending, not reflecting that the weapon which they throw is a boomerang sure to recoil with deadly force on themselves.

The great mass of extraordinary phenomena and alleged facts which are more or less outside of the familiar and usual course of nature are of many and extremely various kinds. There are those which, although unusual and apparently marvellous, may be referred to purely natural causes operating according to laws of nature. Others may be regarded as the effect of natural causes working abnormally. It is at least difficult to draw an exact line between the domain of the natural and the border-land of the preternatural, and therefore in many cases it is doubtful on which side of the border certain extraordinary phenomena ought to be located.

Again, there are many facts and phenomena which probably or certainly are preternatural, denoting a partial lifting of the veil between the sensible and the super-sensible world. Some of these influences coming in from the invisible world may be apparently or evidently from a good source. Others from an evil source. Often their quality is, at least for a time, doubtful. Above all, are strictly supernatural effects, produced by God through the instrumentality of his angelic or human ministers, or immediately by the exercise of divine power. These are miracles in the proper sense of the word.

Of all the multitude of events having more or less the appearance of the miraculous, or of a quality bordering on the supernatural, narrated in the works of respectable Catholic writers and obtaining a general acceptance as credible, the greater part, taken singly, cannot be submitted to the tests of an exact investigation, in ordinary discussion and controversy. It is necessary

to select some in regard to which the evidence is accessible without great trouble, and to make these test-cases. The question about the general credibility of the marvellous narrations contained in ecclesiastical history and hagiography can then be easily discussed and decided on general principles like other historical questions.

It is necessary to have some kind of intelligent view of the subject, which is too important a matter to be overlooked. Suppose one rejects altogether the allegation of Catholic authorities and the belief of the Catholic people, respecting the miraculous and supernatural character of a series of facts and phenomena attested by ecclesiastical history, from the days of the apostles to the present time. He must have some theory to account for the attestation, and the common belief of not only the simple faithful but the educated and learned as well.

For instance, Ven. Bede relates that St. Gregory the Great wrote as follows to the Patriarch of Alexandria concerning St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury: "News has just reached me of his well-being and wonderful deeds; so that either he, or those who were sent with him, have so shone out, by the gift of miracles among this people, that they seem to be like the Apostles in the signs they have wrought." *

One theory is that the Papal system is a colossal imposture in which charlatanism of every description has been practised for the deception and enslavement of the people. And in every case where preternatural influences and agencies are manifested, these are regarded as diabolical.

This is a theory of fanatics, which could never find any credence except in a dark age of the densest ignorance. But in a less extreme and offensive form, the imputation of conscious and dishonest craft and unscrupulousness is still very general in anti-Catholic polemics, as an heirloom from the past period of violent warfare against the Catholic religion. Hence, there is a distrust, a suspicion of testimony from Catholic sources.

If the theory of conscious and voluntary imposture and practising on the credulity and superstition of the multitude is found to be too crude and extravagant to be tenable, the rulers, teachers, and ecclesiastics of the church are themselves credited with superstition and credulity. They are regarded as being first dupes in their own persons, before proceeding to

* *Vit. Aug.*, c. xxxix. See *Conversion of the Franks and English*, by Mrs. Hope, part iii. c. 1.

dupe the people. A great part of ecclesiastical history and biography is regarded as mythical and legendary, and Catholic hagiography as a record of hallucinations. The general ignorance and prejudice in regard to all things Catholic enable writers and speakers to throw over them a mist, and to avoid meeting in direct argument the true issues in all important questions. Particularly, in the case of miraculous and supernatural facts and phenomena, the Catholic statement and plea is not fairly and squarely met and discussed. Remote and dubious instances are the ones chosen for criticism, and the whole subject is treated in a hazy and superficial manner. The learned and carefully reasoned writings of Catholics are to a great extent ignored. The Agnostic tribe pursues this policy in a consistent and wholesale manner, toward those learned and able Protestants who unite their forces to ours in the defence of supernatural religion, the Bible, and Christianity, as well as toward Catholic apologists. It is the policy of putting in a plea in bar, and avoiding the discussion of facts and arguments, by a contemptuous assertion that supernatural religion is impossible, incredible, and unworthy of any examination of its evidences. All testimony to miracles and supernatural phenomena is ruled out by the plea in bar, the sceptical formula of Hume.

Inconsistent supernaturalists, who undertake the vain labor of uniting a defence of Christianity with a rejection of Catholicism, adopt the same policy, as soon as they quit their constructive for their destructive work. The former class of opponents of the Catholic religion, and of religion in general, represent all religion as the product of a long, dark age, on which the light of science is just beginning to dawn. All religions are classed together, and priestcraft, imposture, superstition, credulity, fabulous tradition, ignorance, an uncontrolled play of childish imagination, hallucinations of extravagant mysticism, fanciful speculation about unreal and unknowable objects, make up the sum-total of what has passed for the supernatural in all times and countries. Hence, all those who in this period, blessed by the beginning of enlightenment, appear as Christian theologians, or even as rational metaphysicians, are to be passed over with a smile of derision as unworthy of a hearing, and having nothing to propose but dreams belonging to a state of somnolence.

For the latter class, the dark age is the mediæval Christian period, Catholicism is the religion of a long night, coming after a brief day of light at the beginning of apostolic Christianity,

and followed by the dawn of the Reformation, brightening gradually into the perfect day of evangelical truth and piety. Therefore, the advocates of the Catholic religion are children of darkness, credulity, and superstition. If they are supposed to be too intelligent and clear-sighted to be dupes, they are credited with duplicity, and craft in the employment of all available means for preserving and increasing their spiritual domination over the simple and ignorant multitude, taking advantage of their credulity. Even if some good intention of benefiting the people through the instrumentality of religion is conceded to them, they are nevertheless often accused of acting on the maxim that the end sanctifies the means, and that it is lawful to deceive the people for their own spiritual and moral good.

It is impossible to seize and confine within definite limits the Proteus-shape of the common prejudice and misapprehension of the Catholic religion prevalent among both uneducated and educated Protestants. We would fain hope that there is not much malice and wilful opposition to the truth in them, but there is a vast amount of ignorance. Father Hecker once said to one of our most distinguished literary men, a friend of his: "You are ignorant, and you are ignorant of your ignorance."

It is certainly very trying to the feelings of an honorable man to hear the hierarchy and clergy of the church calumniated as either ambitious and artful deceivers, or as benighted and credulous dupes of a superstition. However, this kind of abuse is really not worth minding. The general tone of opinion and sentiment toward the Catholic Church is gradually becoming more fair and liberal. The best scholars, theologians, and historians write in a more candid and amicable spirit, and in general the violence of the internecine polemics of a former time has been modified and assuaged, though there are not a few considerable exceptions.

Without wasting indignation on those who wish to put us out of the pale of honorable warfare, I hope to be believed by all who are worthy of being invited to a friendly discussion, in repudiating all accusations or suspicions of intentional connivance at pious frauds on the part of the Catholic clergy. All kinds of forgeries, falsifications, impostures in respect to relics, miracles, visions, and revelations are grievous sins according to moral theology, and, of course, so also is sanction of the same by any kind of authority. The fathers and saints, the apostolic men and prelates, the pious priests and religious who have trans-

mitted the Catholic tradition were incapable of practising or sanctioning fraud. There have been impostors and charlatans, deceivers and dupes of hallucination; and men in authority of the greatest intelligence and honesty, as well as others who are not very wise and prudent, are liable to be deceived sometimes. There are many ways, however, of detecting frauds, and the laws of the church have always been very strict in regard to their perpetrators, the punishments also very severe, when ecclesiastical magistrates had the power of inflicting them.

Tradition, as it is found in history, biography, and all other modes of transmission, undoubtedly has a considerable amount of the legendary, and much more of the unverifiable, mingled with its certainly or probably credible testimonies. But this is no evidence of wilful and systematic falsification, which cannot be ascribed to particular persons or classes, unless there is proof or reasonable presumption of dishonesty, as in the instances of Luitprand, Isidore, and similar forgers or mendacious writers, with whom the church is noways compromised. Ecclesiastical history is in general veracious and trustworthy. It is the business of historical criticism to relegate the false, the doubtful, the legendary elements to their proper place, and to set in clear and bold relief the true record of facts, which vindicates itself the more successfully, the more accurate are the tests applied to it, and gains in credibility with the lapse of time and the extension of research.

The Catholic spirit is not only abhorrent of all fraudulence and charlatanism in religion, but wholly averse from credulity. There is not that avidity for extraordinary experiences, supernatural manifestations, the marvellous and the miraculous, in saints and persons given to mystic contemplation which many suppose. These things have a very subordinate place given them by our great theologians and spiritual writers. All who seek to enter on the higher walks of spiritual life are especially cautioned not to seek after or even to desire extraordinary graces and communications, not to accept with facility what appears to be supernatural, and, above all, not to take pride in and make a display of it for their own vainglory. Those who have the direction and guidance either interior or exterior of persons who seem to have any supernatural gifts are extremely cautious in giving credence and sanction to their disclosures about apparitions, visions, revelations, ecstasies, and all such spiritual phenomena. In regard to external facts which have a

miraculous appearance, the ecclesiastical authorities are always slow and reserved in giving approbation even to a general and well-founded belief in their reality.

The *à priori* assumption that miracles are impossible and unprovable is unreasonable and utterly futile, if the existence of God is admitted. The only thing to be examined and considered is the question of fact. Even an atheist, unless he is an absolute sceptic, and especially if he pretends to be scientific, is bound to admit the reality of facts and phenomena which are matters of observation and experience, and proved by sufficient testimony, no matter how extraordinary they may be.

The miracles of Christ and the apostles are as well-attested as any historical facts whatever. The resurrection of our Lord gives irrefragable evidence of the reality of the order of supernatural events and divine revelations of which it is the culmination, to say nothing of the independent evidence of the reality of the whole history of religion from the creation. And once admitting the reality of the supernatural and the miraculous in the history of religion, the continuance and succession of phenomena in later periods, similar to those of earlier epochs, is so probable that their reality is credible on the evidence which is accepted for historical facts which are wholly within the ordinary course of nature.

The general belief of a great body of intelligent, educated, and honest Christians that there have been miracles in all subsequent ages, as well as in the apostolic age, makes a sufficient presumption in their favor to furnish a motive for a careful and impartial examination of the evidence on which this belief rests. It is not a mere otiose acceptance of a pious tradition, the result of a tendency to passively accept whatever is narrated in religious books, or reported by common hearsay testimony. Besides this common assent prevalent among the mass of the faithful, who may be supposed to be inclined by their mental and moral disposition to an easy credulity, there is the reasoned conviction of the most intelligent and every way competent judges of the cause in question, who are either immediate witnesses of the facts, or who are cognizant of the testimony and evidence which are forthcoming as the ground for a reasonable conviction.

It would require a volume, and a most interesting volume it would be, to present a series of the most extraordinary and best authenticated miraculous events narrated in ecclesiastical annals,

in all ages of the Christian Church. There are many such in regard to which the evidence is accessible and capable of being presented in a manner which is conclusive and unanswerable. In point of fact, this has been repeatedly done, to a certain extent, and in regard to a number of single instances, and this even by such an implacable enemy as Gibbon.

I will point out a few of these, not with the intention of reproducing the testimony and the argument based upon it, but merely in illustration of my thesis, and to indicate a way by which honest inquirers may test its truth by further examination.

First, there is the continuous and regularly recurring miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. This is a fact which has bid defiance to every attempt to deny its reality or to explain and account for it by any other than a supernatural cause. Besides several books in which this remarkable occurrence is treated of, there is a series of articles on the subject by the late Bishop Lynch, a prelate eminent for his scientific attainments, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, vols. xiii. and xiv., pp. 32, 200, 391, 526, 772.

The character and career of Joan of Arc fill a conspicuous place in the history of France. A library has been written about this noble heroine, and the historical documents are abundant. During the last scholastic year, Dr. O'Gorman gave a course of public lectures at the Catholic University of Washington on the Maid of Orleans, in which these documents were exhaustively brought to bear upon his truly historical and eloquent portraiture of the virgin warrior and deliverer of France. These lectures have not been published, but we hope that, with other historical essays of the same learned professor, they may be, at no distant date, given to the world.

Joan of Arc is an insoluble conundrum on any hypothesis except one: that her mission was supernatural.

Another signal case is the miraculous conversion of the Jew Alphonse Ratisbonne, an account of which may be found in an article entitled "Two Miraculous Conversions from Judaism," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. xxxix., August, 1884.

The miracles of Lourdes are narrated in the volumes published by M. Lasserre with abundance of the most trustworthy testimonies, and a select number of cases are proved in a conclusive manner by Father Searle, who is an eminent scientist as well as a theologian, in an article entitled "Dr. Hammond on

Miracles," in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. xxxiii., page 433 *et seq.**

The extreme and rigorous care and exactness of the processes of the Congregation of Rites in the examination of the proofs of miracles proposed in the causes of canonization brought before the Holy See, are well known and have been often described. All the miracles accepted by this congregation are proved by evidence which would be decisive in any case before any court in Christendom.

In our own country, and in the city of Washington, we have within the last fifty years the miraculous cure of Mrs. Mattingly, whose disease was cancer in its last stage. All the circumstances of this case are attested by medical testimony and the affidavits of most respectable witnesses, sworn to before a magistrate. Dr. Bellinger, president of the Medical Association of South Carolina, wrote a full account of this case, which he requested the association to examine and report upon; a task which they declined, probably because they were too scientific to take notice of a professed miracle. A carefully prepared history of Mrs. Mattingly's cure is contained in the Appendix to the complete works of Bishop England, published by Mr. Murphy, of Baltimore, in 1849.

A popular writer† in one of our American magazines, in an article entitled "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," gave a fair account of the evidence in Mrs. Mattingly's case, and gave his judgment on it, to the effect, that if it were attested by a still greater amount of evidence, and by the testimony of his own senses, he would sooner regard all this as an illusion than admit a miracle.

Gibbon, after mentioning the testimonies to the fact of the confessors of Tipasa speaking after their tongues had been cut out at the roots, says of the witnesses: "They all lived within the compass of a century; and they all appeal to their personal knowledge, or the public notoriety, for the truth of a miracle, which was repeated in several instances, displayed on the greatest theatre of the world, and submitted, during a series of years, to the calm examination of the senses."

Then he adds, with a sneer worthy of Mephistopheles: "The

* The latest work on Lourdes is *Docteur Boissarie, Lourdes, Histoire Médicale.* Paris: V. Lecoffre. "A History of the Sanctuary of Lourdes, comprising some three hundred certificates of Miraculous Cures," *London Tablet*, September 26, 1891, p. 492.

† James Parton, *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxi. pp. 432, 556.

supernatural gift of the African confessors, who spoke without tongues, will command the assent of those, and of those only, who already believe that their language was pure and orthodox. But the stubborn mind of the infidel is guarded by secret, incurable suspicion; and the Arian, or Socinian, who has seriously rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, will not be shaken by the most plausible evidence of an Athanasian miracle."*

Such a measure as this, applied to well-attested occurrences, is unscientific in the extremest degree. "It requires more credulity to accept such an explanation than to believe all the mediæval legends indiscriminately. The universal application of such a rule would subvert all the sciences. But the deniers of all supernatural religion have no better rule and measure than this. Believers in Christianity as a supernatural religion cannot reject the miraculous, and accepting it in the Biblical history, they cannot consistently reject it in ecclesiastical history.

In conclusion, I reaffirm the statement that there is no real Warfare between Science and the Catholic Religion. And I am convinced that the present appearance of a conflict is but a temporary phase, destined to be succeeded by an evident harmony and concurrence between the two, in all-embracing rational Truth.

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* *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. xxxvii., near the close.

(CONCLUDED.)

"DAT FREEDMUN'S BUREAU."

AUNT MANDY sat before her door and strung red peppers from the glowing basketful by her side, and the rustling of the late corn as the wind played through it, and the hum of droning insects over the gay flowers in the garden, made a sort of musical monotone of accompaniment to the conversation which the old woman and the little girl carried on in soft voices. A tall mulatto, dressed in a seedy suit of what was meant to be clerical black, passed by on the footpath which led to other cabins on the estate, and Aunt Mandy returned with grim dignity his unctuous greeting of "I trus' de Lawd keeps you well, Sister Bradford."

"You go 'long, you no 'count yaller Satan you," said the old woman as the man got out of ear-shot; "wot bizness you got a-sisterin' me? Ef you wuz er Baptis' preacher stid o' er Methodis', I'd quit de membership o' Mount Zion chu'ch, eben do 'tain't no hope fur folks outside de Baptis' 'lijun fur ter rightly see Gord."

The child regarded the retreating figure wonderingly. "Is he such a very mean man, Aunt Mandy?" she asked curiously.

"M'latters is allers sateful; dey sort o' lak yaller cur dorgs—dey runs up an' bite yo' heel we'n you ain't s'pectin' nothin, an' Dan'l he de satefulles' m'latter uvver de Lawd let live. He kin make yer b'lieve butter wouldn' melt in 'is mouf. Ef I ain't seed dat ve'y Dan'l fool marster 'twell I nachully thought tibbe sho he mus' 'a' conjured 'im. He wuz foremun on de Oaklawn plantashun, an' marster he put 'is whole 'pendence in 'im; he trus' 'im er sight more'n he done de w'ite overseers. Well, suh, freedum come! Ooh! honey, you dunno nothin' 'bout dem days; you better be glad you doan. But I 'members em, do; an' Gord knows, 'pear ter me de yeth mus' 'a' been kivered in darkness a'ter de news come o' Lee's s'render. Turn w'ich away you would; look dis away, look dat, ev'ywhar, ev'ywhar, ladies in mou'nin', w'ite-faced an' holler-eyed, a-wailin' an' a-weepin' fur dem whar'd come no mo'; an' one-legged mens, an' one-armed mens, an' raggid an' starvin' mens a-stragglin' th'ew, tryin' git ter dey homes. Yankees done stole all de ca'ige horses; grandees a-ridin' de road wid muels hitched ter dey ca'iges, an' some o' 'em in steer-cyarts. An' de niggahs, dey done gone clean

ravin' 'stracted; 'pear lak dey couldn' b'lieve dey wuz free 'twell dey lef' de plantashun whar dey wuz born an' raised. Ev'ything on Gord A'mighty's yeth turn topsy-turvy.

"Iserl, my husban', w'ich he b'longed ter Cunnel Jones, he cotch de fevah, an' tole me, Less quit, 'ca'se de gov'ment wuz gwine gi' ev'y one o' us forty acres o' lan' an' er muel. But I tooken led 'im ter de do'. 'Iserl,' I sez, 'does you see all dem corn-fiel's an' cotton-patches a-stretchin' ter meet de sky? Who does dey b'long ter?'"

"'Yo' ole marster,'" he say.

"'Does you see all em ole fiel's 'cross yander, an' all dem pine woods; who does dey b'long ter?'"

"'Yo' ole marster,'" he say ag'in.

"'Well, den,' I sez, "wot we gwine 'way 'sperimentin' fur lan' fur. Marster'll gi' us dess ez much ez we kin tend. I hearn 'im say he'd ha' ter let it grow up now de niggahs wuz leavin' so brash. Leastways, much ez *you* kin tend, 'ca'se I ain't no corn-fiel' niggah, an' I ain't gwine start it no'er.' So we all dess stayed right dar 'twell mist'ess died, an' tooken willed me dis yere piece o' lan' an' dis house offen her maiden prop'ty. An' den yere come word we all got git ma'ied ergin, an' I an' Iserl we had ano'er 'sputement 'bout de name we wuz gwine take. Iserl, he wanted some mighty fine long name outen de Scripter or else de dicshunary, but I sez, 'My name are Mandy Bradford, an' I gwine keep it, an' you got be Iserl Bradford fum now on, else I ain't gwine marry you over ag'in.' He knowed I meant dem ve'y words, so he stedied aw'ile an' den he say, 'Well, women folks allers wuz fools, an' 'twuz better ter pleasure er fool dan be plagued by one.' An' we wuz ma'ied under de Bradford entitles, an' hits Mandy Bradford de Lawd's gwine call w'en he wants me ter stan' 'fore 'im fur ter be jedged.

"An' pres'ny some de niggahs 'menced a-thinkin' dey wuz dess good ez de w'ite folks, an' Dan'l, he got 'bove hisse'f. Marster he sot all his trus' in Dan'l, an' he done hired 'im fur I dunno how much wedges er mont' ter stay 'long o' 'im. One mawnin' it hed been a-rainin' two three days so dey couldn' plough 'twell now; an' de grass wuz fyar takin' ev'ything, dess a-runnin' way wid de cotton; an' de corn boun' be sided up, an' de crap got be worked in er swivet if dey want save it. Well, suh, marster come 'pon Dan'l a-hitchin' uv his muel ter er cyart stid o' er plough, an' I hearn one de colored mens whar wuz workin' close by say marster holler:

"'Wots de matter, Dan'l? How come you ain't a-plowin' in dat low-groun' corn? Dat lan'll git too stiff ef you doan mind. Onhitch dat muel, an' go 'long in de low groun's.' But Dan'l he kep' right straight on a-hitchin' ole Reubin ter de cyart.

"'I ain't a-gwine plough ter day,' he say; 'I gwine down Jackson ter hear de speechin'."

"Marster he got offen 'is horse den, dey tole me, an' walked close ter Dan'l. 'You goin' ter plough in de low-groun's,' he say, mighty still.

"'Naw, I ain't,' Dan'l say; 'I'm free ez you is, an' I ain't gwine take no mo' orderin' fum you; I gwine do wot I please—you hear?'

"I didn' nuvver tell yer wot er temper marster had. Now, mist'ess, she wuz all in a blaze 'bout nothin', same as straw a-flarin' up; but marster he didn' git mad quick, but folkses! warn't he mad w'en he wuz! He dess picked up er leather bridle whar wuz a-layin' nigh, an' he lit inter Dan'l. Dey tole me Dan'l hit at 'im two three times, but den he wuz skeerd o' marster wid dat look on 'is face, an' dey do say w'en marster th'owed dat bridle 'way 'twuz wored out ter er frazzle an' den he tooken ordered Dan'l offen de plantashun, an' put to'er mens ter work in de low-groun' corn. W'en he comed back ter de house, I an' mist'ess wuz out on de back pyazza fixin' some curcumbers ter put in pickles, an' he sort o' staggered lak he wuz gwine fall. He sot down heavy in de cheer I fotch 'im, an' he say: 'Susan, it's time fur me ter gi' up. Ef John an' Nat had been spared maybe dey could 'a' managed, but I cayn't—cayn't teach er ole dorg new tricks. It's time fur me ter die.'

"(See we hadn' nuvver hearn nare word fum Marse John sence he wuz los' on de fiel', an marster he done gi' 'im up fur dead lak Marse Nat. But, bless Gord, he warn't. He come home dat ve'y nex' week lookin' lak er walkin' skelekin. He tooken sick a'ter he got outen pris'n an' didn' have 'is senses ter write ter us. Seem lak w'en he got home an' Miss El'nor, his wife you know, tried make Baby John, whar nuvver hadn' seed 'im, go ter 'im, an' de baby wouldn', ca'se he wuz skeerd o' sich er outlandish, raggidy man, seem lak Marse John an' Miss El'nor would grieve deyse'ves ter death. How wuz de baby gwine know dis yere wuz his pa whar his mo'er made 'im kiss de picter o' ev'y day sence he wuz borned?) So marster he tole mist'ess all 'bout Dan'l, an' bofe o' 'em cried (aw chile, 'twuz hard on ole folks!); an' it hadn' been two hours 'fore somebody knocked at de front do'; an' w'en I went, dar stood dat Freedmun's Bureau. I lak

ter a-hollered, fur I wush I may die ef dat man warn't dat ve'y Major Gilbert whar wuz long o' de Yankee reg'mint dat stayed in we all's grove dat day o' de skirmish down at de mill, w'en Giner'l Ransom hed sich er fight ter keep de Yankees fum gittin' ter Weldon; de ve'y same man, chile, whar wuz so p'lite ter we all's 'fenceless ladies, an' whar tried shake han's wid Mittie ter tell 'er good-by. I 'membered dess ez well how she flush up an' t'ank 'im fur 'is kindness, an' wouldn' see 'im holdin' out 'is han'. Mittie couldn' let er Yankee off'cer tech dat lily w'ite han' o' hern; she'd a felt lak some o' her bro'er's blood wuz stainin' uv it foruvvermo'. But dar he stood, an' say he wanted see marster on bizness. He say he wouldn' come in; he'd stay on de front pyazza. He knowed dey didn' want 'im in."

"But what made you call him a *Bureau?*" asked the child, mystified.

Aunt Mandy regarded her with such a look of approbation that the little girl's opinion of herself rose into complacency, which was further increased when the old woman said with a chuckle:

"Folkses! dis yere chile done lissen ter ole Mandy mirate 'twell she dess 'cizely lak 'er. I stedied over dat ve'y same thing myse'f, I stedied an' stedied 'twell las' I ax Mittie how come dey call er man er bureau; an' she laff an' tell me er whole sight, but it 'mounts ter dis, no matter wot dey call de man, his bizness wuz ter come down yere fum de gov'ment ter see jestice done ter free niggahs. An' dat Dan'l, he done marched straight off a'ter marster wore de bridle out on 'im, an' 'plained o' marster ter de Freedmun's Bureau, an' sont 'im up yere ter gi' 'im jestice. I spishun Major Gilbert foun' out t'wuz two sides ter dat beatin', a'ter marster tole 'im all de way it happen, ca'se he sho pleased marster; an' pres'ny marster come an' say, 'Susan, it's so nigh dinner-time I've axed Major Gilbert ter dine wid us. He 'pears ter be mighty gent'manly.' See, marster warn't used ter 'lowin' folks ter ride 'way fum 'is 'ouse dess ez er meal wuz gwine on de table 'dout axin' uv 'em ter eat; an' den he tuk er mighty gre't lakkin' ter Major Gilbert fum dat time way yander w'en he wuz so p'lite ter de ladies, do marster warn't yere den, an' wouldn' 'a' knowed 'twuz same man ef I hadn' tole 'im. Lawd! mist'ess look lak she wuz gwine fly; she dess flashed dem eyes o' hern—she wuz mad nuff ter bite er ten-penny nail in two. Marster allers wuz vexin' uv 'er, axin' all sort o' folks ter dinner. But den ef he done

passed de word she couldn' he'p 'erse'f; so she say, 'Well, ef he wuz willin' ter set down wid Yankees whar mixes wid niggahs, he could, but she wouldn'.' She say she'd choke 'erse'f ef she tried swallow er mou'ful wid dat man settin' dar. 'I shill not go ter de table,' she say. Marster he knowed he done wrong ter ax 'im, he knowed mist'ess wuz gwine r'ar an' charge, so he look dess ez meek an' say, 'Won't Mittie come down?'

"Mittie would 'a' done anything upon yeth marster wanted 'er ter do. Mittie an' him dess put dey whole love on one 'no'er. He 'spected 'er ter say, yes she'd come, same ez she did say; an' peoples! her face tooken turned red ez fiah w'en marster tole 'er who 'twuz; an' she went off mighty willin' w'en mist'ess tole 'er go up-stairs an' put on dat steel-blue silk o' hern, so de Yankee wouldn' think we all wuz so dead po'—do nobody nuvver wouldn' think 'bout Mittie bein' po'; somehow de way she twisted dat shinin' yaller hair o' hern roun' an' roun' 'er head; an' de way she walked, so smoove lak she wuz dess slidin' over de groun', made her look gran', ef she didn' have on nothin' but homespun. An' mist'ess she say: 'Mandy, you go an' put out de bes' china, an' pour de wine in de cut-glass decanters, an' set de table lak we used have it set befo' de wah broke us all up. Doan let dat miser'ble Yankee be rejoicin' over we all's pov'ty."

"Unk Scip, de butler, done gone, you see; ev'ybody done gone but I an' de cook; but den I knowed how er rustycrat table ought ter look, yes, suh! an' I flew roun' an' sot out de fine silver, an' runned in de flower gyarden an' filled er vase o' roses; an' w'en marster 'vited dat Freedmun's Bureau down ter dinner dat table wuz er picter, an' Mittie she dess set it off, a-standin' in mist'ess' place, lookin' so purty, an' me a-stationed up by de side-board a-holdin' my tray 'zackly right. 'Twarn't but dem three ter set down ter dinner—Miss El'nor, she wuz lak mist'ess, she say 'twould choke 'er; an' Whit an' Nick, dey wuz at all-day school in town—an' even dem seem lak dey felt onnaterel; but dey tried keep up er mighty chattin', an' tried make out dey felt pleasant an' easy; an' pres'ny I put de 'sert on, but dey hadn' 'menced eatin' uv it, w'en marster he turn pale an' fall! Major Gilbert he wuz up an' by 'im in er minnit. I nuvver see er man move so quick. 'He's fainted,' he say ter Mittie, an' dem two worked wid 'im, an' I run fur mist'ess. See, de 'citement o' dat mawnin' done been too much fur marster; he done gi' up, lak he tole mist'ess. Dat's how come I 'spises Dan'l wussen I do pison. He kilt 'is marster sho's ef

he'd 'a' stuck er knife in 'im. Sho thing, I dunno wot we'd 'a' done ef Major Gilbert hadn' been dar; but he th'owed off 'is coat, an' Marse John hisse'f couldn' worked wid his pa no mo' faithful; an' w'en he 'menced comin' to, dat man lifted 'im up, an' tole me tek 'is foots, an' we toted 'im up-stairs ter 'is bed. An' Major Gilbert stayed dar, not even 'pearin' ter know he wuz er stranger, 'twell de boy whar he'd made jump on er horse an' ride fur er doctor, fotch de doctor back. But de ve'y minnit he foun' out dey didn' speshul need 'im, he tuk 'is hat ter leave. An' wot you reckin' Mittie done? I seed 'er wid my two eyes. She follered 'im out, she did, an' w'en he wuz 'bout ter step offen de pyazza, she called 'im mighty low an' soft. (Mittie had one dem soun's ter 'er voice whar put you in mind o' de fust birds whar comes uv er spring o' de year.) She say, 'Major Gilbert!'—he turn quick ez er flash. "I've come ter beg you to shake han's wid me," Mittie say, a-holdin' out 'er han', w'ich it trimbled same ez er aspin-leaf, and de tears wuz fitten ter run over in dem lovin' eyes o' hern. Lawd! my heart sunk lak 'twuz er well-buckit wid er plough-p'int tied ter it w'en I seed de face dat man turned ter Mittie den—an' de tears a-stan'in' in his eyes too. Hit's er mighty bad sign w'en er man an' er gyal gits ter cryin' terge'er. Lawd! ain't it."

"What is it a sign of?" the child asked. She was gradually becoming versed in signs and omens.

"Nuvver you mind," replied the old woman; "hit's er pow'ful bad sign do; an' seem lak er prop'sying sperrit come ter me right den; seem lak I dess knowed 'twarn't all love fur we niggahs whar sont dat man down yere ter be er Freedmun's Bureau 'mongst we all. Dar him an' Mittie stood, a-lookin' in one 'no'er's eyes mighty mou'nful, and pres'ny Mittie say: 'Is he goin' ter die?'

"Sho thing, Major Gilbert looked sorry fur 'er den. 'I hope not,' he say, "oh! I hope not; but cayn't I come back an' he'p you?' he say so pitiful. 'I'm er man, an' I kin do more'n you ladies; le'mme come,' he say, 'seechin-lak. She nuvver made 'im no 'ply; she wuz chokin', she couldn' talk; but he tooken turn roun' an' went an' ax mist'ess please let 'im stay wid marster 'twell some o' de gent'mens fum de neighborhood could come, an' I reckin she tole 'im thank-er-suh, 'ca'se he stayed an' nussed marster th'ew dat long night. I done tole you Marse John couldn' 'a' nussed 'im no mo' faithfuller. But dis yere wuz er sickness whar no nussin' couldn' cyor. De han' o' Death wuz a-fastenin' on marster; his time wuz come. An', honey,

men-folks warn't plentiful dem days; dat wah done kilt 'em out. An' dat Major Gilbert—seem lak marster rested better w'en he wuz roun'. See, he could lif' 'im so good, he wuz sich er strong man; so he comed ev'y now an' den ter set up. Mist'ess couldn' b'ar it, but w'en Marse John come dat nex' week, lak I tole yer, all raggidy an' sick, an' had ter go ter bed, 'twix' him sick in one rum, an' marster a-layin' he'pless an' outen 'is head in to'er rum, an' de mos' o' we all's kinfolks an' frien's dead, or else crippled, she wuz dess boun' try not ter see de blue un'form, an' let de Freedmun's Bureau stay some nights ter set up w'en ev'ybody else wuz broke down.

"Well, las' one mawnin' *soon*, dess w'en de day is a-blinkin' an' a-peepin' in de east, an' de birds wakes up an' 'mences dey singin', an' de wind blows cool an' freshenin', Mittie an' me an' Major Gilbert wuz in de rum wid marster, an' he opened 'is eyes wid de look o' sense in 'em, an' ax fur mist'ess. Major Gilbert he went an' called 'er; den he didn' come back; he dess stay out on de po'ch fur fresh air. An' marster he look at 'im th'ew de winder-blind, ez he pace up an' down lak er soljer keepin' gyard. He watch 'im, marster did, de blue un'form a-passin' back an' fo'th; an' pres'ny wot you reckin marster say? He turn ter Mittie an' say, 'Little daughter, de color o' de un'form doan change de man, do it?' An' den he say ter mist'ess: 'Susan, he's been mighty good ter me; doan nuvver furgit dat.'

"Lawd! chile, folks sees er heap w'en to'er folks 'magines deyse outen dey heads. Marster he been a-layin' dar too weak ter speak, but he done seed how gintle an' tinder dat Freedmun's Bureau wuz—he done seed er sight. An' I hearn 'em say w'en peoples is 'bout ter quit dis yere body o' dus' an' ashes, an' dey'se a-seein' wid de sperrit de glimmerin' o' de glory ter come, hit mighty of'en happens dat dey looks at things diff'rent fum wot dey does in dey life-time; an' I hearn 'em say too dat sometime de angels dey comes ter 'em an' opens 'fore 'em wot is gwine come ter pass ter dem dey leaves behind. I allers reckined mebbe dat's wot happened ter marster; anyhow I knows he said dem words I tole yer ter Mittie an' mist'ess. Well, he kep' 'is senses all dat day dess ez peacerble, an' dey bruk it ter 'im dat Marse John wuz home, an' he crep' in ter see 'is pa, do he barely could creep, he so sick hisse'f. But 'long in de middle o' de night de change come; de chill o' death 'menced a-creepin' over 'im, an' de nex' mawnin' w'en de sun wuz streakin' de pine-trees, an' a-glancin' th'ew de winder-

blinds in er weakly way, my ole marster he fotch one long groan, an' den his sperrit wuz gone ter Jesus—Freedum an' Dan'l done kilt 'im."

There was silence for a time, the old woman's face twitching with emotion, and the little girl watching her with the awed look of uncomprehension which children wear when the mystery of death is told of in their presence. The child's tender instincts made her say, "Oh! I'm so sorry for Mittie."

"You'd 'a' been still sorrier ef you'd 'a' been dar, honey," Aunt Mandy replied. "I nuvver seed er ooman grieve so; 'pear lak her ve'y heart'd break, fur Mittie she loved her pa better'n she loved anybody on yeth, an' a'ter Marse Nat died, I b'lieve he done de same by her. Seem lak dey didn' need ter talk ter one 'no'er; seem lak one knowed wot t'o'er one wanted 'dout sayin' uv er word. An' a'ter marster wuz gone we all's troubles 'menced sho nuff. Yo' pa kin tell yer it teks twice ez much ter pay er dead man's debts ez it do er live one's; an den marster he done gone s'curity fur I dunno how many folks, an' ev'y now an' den yere ano'er s'curity debt ter pay outen de estate. Maratock mortgaged, de Swamp plantashun sold, money gittin' sca'cer an' sca'cer, crap no 'count, an' still dem s'curity debts got be paid. Ooh! ef I ain't seed mist'ess walk de flo' 'twell I nachully 'spected 'er ter fall dead in 'er tracks. An' er whole sight o' low-lifeded no-'count trash fum 'way-away, de ve'y scum o' de yeth, a-trapesin' down yere, puttin' de niggahs up ter meanness, an' a-settin' 'em ag'in dey ole marsters. Dan'l he a-heppin' uv 'em, a-speechin' an' tellin' de niggahs dey ez good ez anybody else. Dan'l, he led de ring, he did. One dem low-lifeded Satans he tooken 'ported dat Major Gilbert warn't doin' jestice ter de niggahs—which he tried be jest I b'lieves, ef uvver er man did—an' I reckin' de gov'ment sont word fur Major Gilbert ter come home, 'ca'se one day when de mail come, Mittie an' Miss El'nor wuz out on de front po'ch, an' I wuz sweepin' 'way de dead leaves whar'd 'menced a-fallin'—oak-trees is sich er pest 'bout litterin' up things wid leaves in de fall o' de year—an' Mittie got er letter whar made 'er look mighty strange. She read it she did, den she walked ter t'o'er end o' de po'ch an' gaze' an' gaze'—Miss El'nor watchin' uv 'er—den she turn an' hand it ter Miss El'nor. Miss El'nor she read it an' looked at Mittie same time; pres'ny she heaved er sigh an' handed de letter back ter Mittie.

"'Po' fellow!' she say pitiful; 'he loves you dearly, Mittie.'

"Mittie didn' noways blush lak gyals gener'ly does at sich er word; she dess look way off ag'in.

"'He didn' say so yere, El'nor?' she say in dat low voice o' hern, an' a-lookin' down at dat letter. Miss El'nor she didn' lak dat gaze in Mittie's eyes an' de soun' o' dem words; so she say:

"'But den he's goin' away; an' he'll git over it; men allers do. I'm glad he's goin';' an' den a'ter er minnit she say, 'Ain't you glad, Mittie?'

"Mittie, she look up quick, den fall 'er eyes ag'in. 'W'y, uv course I am,' she 'plied. Umph! uvver you hear gyals say '*uv course* I am' sich er way ez dat you dess put it down dey'se meanin' 'uv course I ain't.' I wonder how come gyals allers will lie 'bout men-folks!

"I dess swep' an' swep'; I wored dem bresh brooms clean out a-sweepin' dat day, I so mad. Sho thing seem lak Mittie an' Miss Kather'ne wuz de contrairies' gyals! Lawd! I wushed right den I could 'a' fou't. Ef anybody had 'a' crooked dey finger at me dat day I'd jumped on 'em an' beat 'em mos' ter death. But den I kep' my mind ter myse'f, an' Miss El'nor she kep' hern—wot de use o' worryin' mist'ess? She mos' troubled outen her senses now; an', bless Gord, Major Gilbert he lef' we all's part de worl'. He comed ter tell good-by ter de ladies at Oaklawn, an' dey wuz mighty kind ter 'im. Marse John he 'sisted on ridin' part de way back wid 'im, and mist'ess seem lak she done furgot 'bout 'is bein' uv er Yankee; she mos' bruk clean down w'en she tole 'im good-by an' Gord bless 'im. But him an' Mittie didn' say much ter one 'no'er; dey didn' git no chance I doan reckin.

"Nex' day I lissen, I lissen, fur dat train (de railroad warn't more'n three mile fum Oaklawn), an' pres'ny I hear it blow! Peoples, I wuz fitten ter shout!

"Go long," I say, "go long so quick,
An' nuvver come back no mo'."*

"I sung it so, lak er hyme, an' I prayed it lak er pr'ar."

"Why it seems to me you would have liked Major Gilbert," said the child. "I think he was splendid."

"I didn' tell yer I didn' lak 'im," replied Aunt Mandy in her most dignified tones. "I done tole yer we wuz all dess ez p'lite ter 'im ez we knowed how ter be. But den he warn't we all's sort o' folks. He one dese yere furriners fum way up dar in Yankee-lan' rustycrat. Fur all we knowed his mammy mout 'a' washed an' i'oned his daddy's onlyst linen buzzum shirt uv er

*Aunt Mandy chanted these words in telling the story. The negroes often break into a measured chant when they wish to be particularly impressive, and the effect is exceedingly dramatic.

Sat'd'ys fur 'im ter wear ter meetin' Sund'ys, 'ca'se dey nuvver didn' own nare single niggah. But he tooken went 'way, an' Marse Dick Stith, whar'd loved Mittie all 'is life sense dey wuz babies terge'er, an' young Doctor Henry Gray, an' all de res' o' Mittie's beaux, dey kep' a-comin', but she tole 'em all naw—she tole 'em she gwine stay 'long o' her mo'er an' try teach school. See, we wuz mighty po' by den, we couldn' sca'cely make out ter buy sugar an' coffee; an' Mittie she got er school in Jackson. 'Twuz too far fur 'er ter walk, so she'd ride de ole gray an' tether 'im in de school-yard. Land! mist'ess, she clean broke down an' went ter bed de fust day Mittie tuk 'er baskit o' col' dinner on 'er arm an' mounted de ole gray an' rode off ter 'mence de teachin'. 'Shet de blinds, Mandy,' she say ter me; 'shet out de light. I cayn't b'ar sunshine now.' Po' mist'ess! she been so proud all 'er life she sort o' look down on folks whar work fur dey livin', and now it done come home ter 'er, she say; she tole me she reckin Gord wuz jest, but she knowed he warn't mussiful; see, dat de way trouble do some folks—hit hardens 'em. But Mittie, she didn' tek it dat away; she'd come home an' laff 'bout de time she had; she'd tell funny tales 'bout dis boy an' dat one; she'd mos' got back de look she hed fore marster died, but not purcizely. W'en folks warn't a-lookin' 'twuz dat way-away gaze in dem eyes o' hern same ez somebody whar's a hongerin' fur sompen. I used wush dat look'd go fum 'er, but hit come back ev'y once in aw'ile fur all dem two year she teached in Jackson. But I seed 'er at las' w'en it lef' 'er; an' den I hope I may die ef I didn' wush it'd come back ag'in; dat's de way wid folks, mo' speshully women-folks."

The little girl thought she detected an inclination to abstract moralizing in Aunt Mandy's tone and manner, so she hastened to say:

"Tell about how it left her."

"'Twuz one day in de fall o' de year; I 'members 'twuz fall c'ase a'ter I got th'ew my dinner-dishes, an' washed out my cup-towels, I tuk Baby John, which he wuz er good-size chile den, an' I an' him made wreaths fur 'im outen der yaller hick'ry leaves w'ile we sot down at de big gate waitin' fur 'is aunty ter come home fum school. Baby John loved ter meet 'er uv days, so she'd ride 'im on de ole gray up ter de house. Pres'ny he run out in de big road an' come back an' say: 'Mammy Mandy, man wid aunty'; an' I went an' looked, an' yere dey come a-ridin' 'long slow th'ew de stretch o' trees whar grows bofe side de road 'twixt Oaklawn an' de creek—yere dey come,

side an' side, reins loose on de horses' necks, horses a-steppin' 'long des ez dey please, nobody not noticin' uv 'em. De blue un'form gone now; nothin' but er plain ev'y-day suit o' clo'es on; but, ez marster say, de man not changed. Major Gilbert done come back—come back ter live, he tole mist'ess; he say 'twarn't posserble fur 'im ter live nowhars else. An' Mittie, she not a-hongry no mo'; she walkin' 'bout wid dat sort o' hushed, peaceful look on 'er face whar puts you in mind o' de way de sun shines uv er Sund'ys w'en de worl' is a keepin' Gord's restin'-day. Mittie, she restin', she saterfied; an' her an' Major Gilbert a-ridin' home ev'y day, 'mos', terge'er. Mist'ess wuz de ve'y las' one ter spishun de trufe, but w'en she did—Lawd! I made sho 'twould 'a' kilt 'er. She didn' r'ar an' pitch lak she done w'en Miss Kather'ne ma'ied, but she 'fused ter be comforted; she wouldn' 'low nobody ter mention it. She beg Mittie not ter let 'er see no loverin'; so Mittie, she tole Major Gilbert not ter come ter de house, an' she tole 'er mo'er she warn't gwine have nobody 'dout she 'gree ter it; but she warn't gwine say she didn' love 'im. An' dat's de way hit went. Major Gilbert, he a-workin' an' a-makin' money (he got de gre'tes' turn fur makin' money any man uvver I see; he one de riches' mens in Henderson dis ve'y day;—dey moved up ter Henderson some fifteen year ago), an' Mittie she a-teachin' de school, an' folks dey a-gittin used ter seein' 'em ride home terge'er. But he didn' come in; him an' Mittie dey 'greed not ter worry mist'ess wid de sight o' 'em. But las' Marse John he see 'twarn't no mo' chance o' turnin' Mittie fum lovin' uv dat Yankee dan 'twuz ter change de runnin' o' Mill Creek an' mek it go uphill; so he 'menced a-workin' wid mist'ess, a-tellin' uv 'er de mischuf wuz done now; dat Mittie nuvver wouldn' love nobody else, an' a-puttin' 'er in mind o' how marster lakked de man, an' a-suadin' uv 'er, an' argifyin' wid 'er, an sort o' quar'lin' wid 'er, 'twell las' one day, behole yer! she tole Mittie she didn' have no mo' ter say—go long an' have de Yankee, ef she couldn' be happy no other way; an' she tole Major Gilbert she wouldn' cross 'im no mo'. An' so dey got ma'ied an' tuk er weddin' trip; de style o' dat come in den, stid o' havin' er weddin' supper, c'ase folks too po' ter spen' er whole sight on eatin's, dem days. An' dey comed back an' settled in Jackson 'twell dey moved ter Henderson. But do, I allers shill b'lieve mebbe mist'ess hed de rights o' it w'en she used git mad an' say 'Ole Satan owed 'er er grudge an' tooken paid it off in son-in-laws.'

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LESSONS OF THE IRISH CENSUS.

FROM a political stand-point the most important and the most instructive of the recent Census returns are unquestionably those which demonstrate the continued appalling decadence in Irish population and in Irish industries. No Englishman can scan the tabulated statistics of the commissioners without feeling a blush of shame mantling to his cheeks, and no Irishman can read them without a feeling of just and angry resentment. For what are the facts which are thus prominently brought before us? Between the years 1840 and 1850 (when free trade was pouring its blessings upon England, and famine was decimating and spreading havoc in Ireland) the population of the latter country decreased nearly thirty per cent.; whilst in the succeeding ten years the country, instead of seeming to regain its old position, lost another twelve per cent. of its people. Since that period the decrease has been uninterruptedly alarming, until to-day we find the people two millions less in number than even after the "Black Famine" of 1847! The eight millions of 1841 are reduced to four, and the decline since 1881 has actually been proportionately the greatest since "the forties." This is a glaring fact which no amount of confusion in savings-banks deposits can explain away. Figures do not often speak eloquently; but in the census returns we have an exception to that rule, and a conclusive refutation of those who urge that the English race have a Heaven-ordained mission to govern their Irish brethren. The gravity of the position there can be no gainsaying, and the question should certainly be lifted far beyond the field of party recrimination. It is a matter of life and death, rather than of politics; for if the returns prove anything, they prove from a dozen points of view that with the settlement of the present Irish controversy are intimately bound up the welfare and happiness—nay, the very existence—of great numbers of our fellow-beings.

The situation has not been brought about by congestion. Congested districts there are, especially in the west and north-west of the country; but the closest students of the Irish agricultural problem concede that, as a whole, the land could easily support at least twice the present population. In fact, the *St. James's Gazette*, the orthodoxy of which is like Cæsar's wife, re-

cently wrote: "All English parties and all Irish parties deserve some share of blame for the melancholy fact that, while other portions of the empire are growing and increasing, the population of Ireland is rapidly dying away. There are half a million less Irishmen in Ireland to-day than there were ten years ago. The west coast is congested, no doubt; but the broad fields of Leinster and Munster might support with no great difficulty three or four times the two millions of peasants they now barely maintain." It should be added that the most congested province is that of Connaught; yet its decrease has been no more than that of Munster; and in the decade preceding 1881 Connaught's percentage was less than that of either Leinster, Ulster, or Munster.

But it is not only the population that has declined. The inhabited houses of the country have (probably, in a large degree, owing to the gigantic eviction campaigns of the past few years) been reduced by no less than 41,449; whilst the dwellings vacated and unoccupied have increased by 7,460. The painful importance of these figures will speedily manifest itself to those who have observed the very scattered nature of the Irish population, and the tenacity with which they cling to their humble homesteads; but not less instructive is the fact that although in the forty years following 1847 English shipping increased by 120, Welsh by 228, and Scotch by 247 per cent., that of Ireland alone decreased. The Irish fishing industry, again, could not only be maintained, but is capable of enormous development; yet in sixty years Ireland's fishing-boats and crews have decreased no less than sixty per cent.

It would, however, be incorrect to assume that in all matters Ireland has had a diminution. The agricultural rents, for example, have in twenty years been increased 10*s.* 6*d.* per head, those of England having in the same period of time been reduced by 13*s.* per head. The Irish poor-rate has advanced from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 5*s.*, imperial taxes from £2 6*s.* 8*d.* to £2 9*s.*, and general local taxes from 11*s.* to 17*s.* 6*d.* In pauperism, too, there has been a great advance. There are proportionately ten times as many paupers in Connaught as in England, and the "submerged tenth" of whom philanthropists speak in England becomes the "submerged sixth" in Ireland. And in still another respect Ireland has an eminence which is not possessed by any other country in the world, for no less than one-fourth of her population have died by famine since 1846! The picture is far, indeed, from being a pleasant one, and the country would

prefer to have been relieved from an increase in these matters.

Let us now take a glance at the religious question in Ireland, for, though the English and Scottish representatives in Parliament were hostile to a religious census of those countries being taken, the objection was not shared by the Irish members, who quickly realized the political advantage that it would afford them of investigating the repeated assertion that the number of Irish Protestants is between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000. They therefore pressed for such a test, and Mr. Healy even suggested a political census with the view of giving the Irish people an opportunity of proclaiming their confidence in the present administration, but the idea did not commend itself to the favorable consideration of the government. Ireland, anyhow, got its religious "column"; and the result is the laying of one of the favorite "bogeys" of Conservative and dissentient-Liberal speakers. Of the 4,706,162 who constitute the Irish race (in Ireland), 3,549,745 (or considerably more than three-fourths) are returned as Catholics. The 3,000,000 "loyalists," whom we are accustomed to hear described as ready to "shoulder their rifles" and "die in the last ditch," rather than submit to Home Rule, dwindle down to the fairly respectable but comparatively insignificant numbers of 600,830 Episcopalians and 440,687 Presbyterians. Of these, from 50,000 to 100,000 decline to subscribe to the doctrine that they are unfit to govern in their own country; and from the remainder we must deduct about 600,000 for old men, women, girls, and children. Of the remaining 300,000 whom we may reckon as able-bodied men, not more than 7,000 or 8,000 are members of the Orange institution; and not two in every thousand of them have the remotest idea of ever "taking the field" in defence of any Union whatever. Least of all will they risk their lives in defence of a legislative compact which their fathers so bitterly opposed in the beginning of the century. For the Covenanting settlers from Scotland, as their descendants know full well, became rebels in Ireland; and they were the men who rose against the French in 1778, who won Irish free trade in 1779, and who established Irish independence in 1782. The Protestants of Belfast in 1783 declared for the emancipation of their Catholic brethren, a reform which was only wrung from the English Parliament in the fifth decade of the present century; and it was from the same body in the same city that seven years later sprang the famous rebels who are known in history as the United Irishmen, a body to which

the Northern Province contributed 111,000 members, and all the rest of Ireland only 16,000. The *Times* in October last wrote, in the course of a review of Lecky's *Eighteenth Century:* "The chiefs of the United Irishmen were for the most part Presbyterian or Episcopalian Protestants by profession, and many of them were deists by conviction. Ulster, and its capital, Belfast, were the strongholds of their power. . . . Some hoped to achieve their end as Grattan's parliament had been achieved—by a menace of force. Others were already prepared to seek it by *rebellion and separation* from Great Britain."

I have said that the Orange body is comparatively infinitesimal, and in this connection it may not be uninteresting to take a glance at the three classes into which the inhabitants of Ulster may be divided. In the first place, we have the landlords, who are generally Episcopalians and Tories, and who, though not Orangemen themselves, encourage and foster the "institution" from interested motives. In the second place, we have the tenant-farmers, who are largely Catholic and largely Presbyterian (but not Orange), and who constitute a respectable and well-conducted class—albeit they possess, like most Ulstermen, a "canny" disposition, and religious convictions of more than average strength. In the third place, we have the commercial class, who are, as might be expected, less numerous than the agricultural body, but the small majority of whom are opposed to Home Rule. And, finally, we have the Orange mob in a few large towns, consisting almost entirely of the most uneducated section of the populace, and whose central idea of politics is an implacable hatred of the pope. Sleeping or waking, he is the great bugbear of their existence; and John Mitchel, himself a Protestant, utterly failed to convince them that it was beyond the pope's power to serve ejectments in Ulster, even by registered letter.

It is interesting to observe that the decrease in the Irish population has affected nearly all religious denominations in uniform proportion; but the Jews and Methodists (whose numbers, however, are limited in Ireland) have largely increased. In Donegal, Tyrone, Monaghan, and Cavan there is an overwhelming Catholic majority; and if the Protestant population in the one county of Antrim be for the moment left out of consideration, the Catholics of Ulster would be in a majority of about a quarter of a million. The threats of "civil war" are, therefore, the veriest nonsense. The majority has not any intention of fighting; and the struggle, if any, would lie between the Orangemen

and the constituted forces of the British crown. That would be rebellion, not civil war; but it has already been shown that the militant Orange body could at any time be subdued (and lodged in the nearest police barracks) by a handful of the Irish Constabulary, without the aid of even one company of military or a solitary Gatling gun. Those same warlike threats were indulged in before Catholic emancipation was passed, but they were never put in force. They were repeated when the disestablishment of the Irish Church portended "the annihilation of the Protestant minority" and the "utter extinction of the British Empire." The queen was warned that if she gave her assent to the Church Bill, "her crown would be kicked into the Boyne"; and Parliament was notified that if the bill were not abandoned hundreds of thousands would come over and bombard the palace yard. Blood-curdling threats, these; but we all know that despite them the bill was passed, and that it provoked no more excitement then in Ireland than would be caused there to-day by the legalizing of marriages with deceased wives' sisters or the issue of a pleuro-pneumonia order from the Privy Council. And so it would be with a Home-Rule bill, for the belligerent "loyalists" are as imaginary as Falstaff's men in buckram.

The exceptional prosperity of Ulster is another political argument which the census must do much to destroy. One has been accustomed to accept implicitly the assertion that, whatever be the condition of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, industry and thrift had at least saved the northern part of the country from the blight which seemed to have settled upon the rest of the land. We find, however, that in reality no one can lay that flattering unction to his soul; for the spirit of decay is hovering over the towns by the Lagan and the Bann, as well as over the plains of Meath and the mountains of Connemara. The population of every county in the province, except Antrim, has decreased; and in one of them, that of Monaghan, there has been a diminution at the rate of over 16 per cent., being the greatest in all Ireland. In four other Ulster counties (Cavan, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Armagh) the average fall has been only 3 per cent. less than in Monaghan; whilst, taken as a whole, the province has sustained a decline of more than 7 per cent. Leinster, on the other hand, has only fallen 6 1-2 per cent. At the previous census, Ulster was then also proved to have lost a larger percentage of its people between 1871 and 1881 than either Munster, Leinster, or Connaught; so that it is puerile to speak of the Northern Province having been "more prosperous" than

the others. The accurate definition of the situation is that the people of Ulster have been in one county "less unfortunate" than their brethren in the south and west.

I have said that the county of Antrim, alone in Ulster, has increased in population, and I propose to deal briefly with the cause. It is not that the people of Belfast are "industrious and law-abiding"; for if the Orange city has developed, so have Nationalist Dublin and Nationalist Derry. County Antrim has increased 1 1-2 per cent., but County Dublin (the only other in Ireland with an augmented population) has advanced by 2 per cent. To the average reader it must indeed seem amusing that so small an increase in two divisions, and such an enormous decline in every other division, should be regarded as a proof of prosperity in either the one region or the other; and surely one's eyes cannot be closed to the fact that though Nationalist Cork, Nationalist Limerick, and Nationalist Galway have manifestly receded, with equal emphasis have Tory Lurgan, Tory Lisburn, and Tory Armagh shown signs of increasing misfortune. Nor has Dublin City been more unfortunate than the "Northern Athens," as we sometimes hear it called. The statistics concerning the two cities are to some extent misleading, because the population of Belfast proper was artificially raised in 1885 by the inclusion of a large tract of suburban property in the parliamentary boundary, the object being to qualify for a fourth member under the Redistribution Act. This addition is embraced in the census returns, but in the case of Dublin only one of its suburbs is included. Some of the Dublin districts have advanced by more than sixty-four per cent., and if they were enumerated in the city lists, Belfast would be out of the running with the metropolis.

But how, it may be asked, do you account for the increased population in the Ulster capital? For the answer, look to the diminution of inhabitants in all the surrounding towns, for the extension of that city has brought in its train an array of ruined villages and decaying towns. Turn to the census tables, and find there, in the records of decreasing numbers where industries formerly flourished, one explanation of Belfast's success. Ask the Orange merchants, weavers, and mechanics in Portadown, Lurgan, Armagh, Lisburn, etc., and their answer will cause one to henceforth receive stories of Ulster's prosperity with a grain of salt.

This, however, is not the only explanation. It is a matter of history that when the woollen trade of the south and west of

Ireland threatened to extinguish the same industry here, the sovereign of the time assured a deputation of English merchants that he would "do all that in him lay" to suppress the rival trade in Ireland; and the royal promise differed from that embodied in the Treaty of Limerick in that it was faithfully observed. The woollen trade of the South was therefore swiftly and ruthlessly crushed, whilst the linen trade of the North, which did not conflict with the interests of English merchants, was fostered and subsidized. These are not mere assertions; they are historical facts which do not admit of even the faintest doubt. And lastly, Belfast enjoys exceptional advantages in its proximity to the English and Scotch coal markets and manufacturing ports, for it will be generally conceded that industries flourish most where coal is cheapest.

Let us see what the London *Times* has to say on the question of the great progress of Belfast. Writing on the shipping crisis on November 25, 1890, the leading English daily says:

"It is by no means certain that men who transact their business in Belfast, being impressed by the marked differences between it and other Irish ports, do not exaggerate the importance of the flourishing community on the river Lagan. Men who describe Cardiff, for example, as a small coaling port may be suspected of lacking the sense of proportion, and there will be no scarcity of men outside Belfast who will be of opinion that a paralysis of the trade of Cardiff for a month would cause more distress to the nation and more loss than the closing of Belfast harbor for a year. I must not be understood to be saying anything against Belfast, which is, indeed, the brightest spot in Ireland, when I say that her admirers have been led astray by statistics. The customs dues annually received at the port are, it is true, very large; they amount to about a million and a half of money by the year. But these customs dues are swollen by the great trade in whisky and tobacco. Imagination shudders at the conception of a ton of whisky; a ton of tobacco would last a persistent smoker, on an allowance of a quarter of a pound to the week, 186 years. Now, Belfast in 1889 imported 2,279 tons of tobacco and exported 1,234 tons; of whisky she imported 5,325 tons and exported 20,458 tons. Upon the principle that these commodities are luxuries and not necessaries of life, both of them are heavily taxed, and I doubt not that the tobacco and whisky trades have much to do with the large receipts of customs dues. For the rest, the exports of Belfast outside linen and ships are not considerable."

These, be it noted, are the words of a journal claiming a deep sympathy and close community with the people of that city.

So much for the Ulster towns and villages. In agricultural matters there has been the same contrast—tyranny in the South, protection in the North; and the reason can best be told in the words employed by Mr. T. W. Russell, a dissentient-Liberal M.P., who spoke as follows at Carlisle in January of this year:

"The position of the loyalist portion of Ireland is very clear. Why are we there? We are there because you sent our ancestors. There have been three great settlements in Ireland. There was the Ulster settlement under James, there was the Cromwellian settlement, and there was the Williamite settlement. Our ancestors went there to do your work; and you sent them. You cannot wipe out these great historic transactions. Some of you would not if you could, but you cannot if you would; they are part and parcel of the history of this nation."

Such is Mr. Russell's euphemistic description of the successive expulsions of the rightful owners of the soil, and the transference of the pilfered property to "settlers" who had not the shadow of a claim to the land. These "receivers" were allowed certain rights and concessions, which came in time to be known as the "Ulster Custom"; and hence it was that the northern farmers were in the enjoyment of much of that charter of "Tenant Right" which it required the agitation of the Land League to secure for the south and west of the country. It is therefore clear that the comparatively satisfactory condition of Ulster is not attributable to the industry, business capacity, and "loyalty" of its inhabitants so much as to its natural advantages and the undue preference given to its settlers and their interests by successive English governments.

The reduction in the inhabitants of Ireland has been largely caused by eviction and emigration. Since 1846 close upon 4,000,000 persons—a number almost equal to the present population—have been evicted, without compensation, from houses which they themselves had built, from land which they had reclaimed, and from soil which they had oftentimes actually created. Sometimes it was because the landlord wanted the land cleared for grazing, for shooting, for sheep-farming; and sometimes it was because the poor tenants were unable to pay a rent levied and increased on their own improvements; but from whatever cause, the cruel evictions have undoubtedly taken place, and that, too, under the protection of the British army. The tenant is compelled to leave behind him the capital and labor expended in the land by his family and his ancestors, and

allow all to be confiscated by the grasping landlord. "I do not think," said Sir Robert Peel in 1849, "that the records of any country, civilized or barbarous, present materials for such a picture." Of the evicted, some remained at home with the scenes of their sufferings and wrongs ever before them, and served to foment the four insurrections which in this century have emphasized the Irish hostility to misgovernment, and have justified the declaration of Lecky that "the Union, by uniting the parliaments, has divided the nations." Millions of them have sought a home in foreign lands, where many of them have risen to positions of power and eminence. "They came to America," says Froude, "and—who can wonder at it?—in no gentle humor. I confess that had I been myself expelled from my holding by a landlord's crowbar, I should not have felt particularly loving towards the government that allowed it."

Emigration, indeed, has been the great cause of the depopulation. Some of the victims of the Land Laws have died on Irish roadsides, some in poor-houses, and some in lunatic asylums; many have settled down in England and Scotland, where they have become a power that has more than once sealed the fate of governments, and made political majorities oscillate like a pendulum; but the large majority have carried to Australia and America the embittered war against oppression, and a vengeful recollection of their earliest experiences of "law" in Ireland. I am far from maintaining that emigration, within due limits, is not a healthy sign of a nation's vigor and progress; but in the case of Ireland it has been an Exodus, and it is still continuing. Since 1881 three-quarters of a million Irishmen have left to seek their fortunes in foreign lands, and in fifty years there have been as many emigrants as there are people still left in the country. And the worst of it is that it is the "pick" of the population, the very best in the country who leave it. Dr. Johnson once expressed his conviction that the policy of driving away a people might be successful for a time, but would assuredly prove short-sighted in the end; and so it has been with the depopulation of Ireland. As Grattan prophesied would be the case, the outlaws have risen in America to sting their old enemies; for the teeth of dragons were sown, and one cannot feel surprised at the enormous crop of vigilant and restless exiles.

Such are a few of the "Lessons of the Irish Census." The principle underlying them all, and the key to the whole position, is the fact that Irish opinion is not allowed to exercise its

influence in Irish affairs. For one brief period (1782–1800) Ireland did, indeed, enjoy the blessings of freedom as secured for her at the point of the bayonet by her Protestant volunteers; and all authorities of the time, Pitt, Lord Sheffield, Lord Chancellor Clare, Under-Secretary Cooke, Speaker Foster, Chancellor Plunkett, Henry Grattan, and many others, unite in testifying to the stupendous advance made in Irish prosperity within that brief period. It is no answer to tell us that "law and order" prevail in the country. "Order reigns in Warsaw" was the message of the field-marshal to his imperial master; but it signified the tranquillity of the charnel-house and the peace of the tomb.

Ireland has had decade after decade of such "order." Froude writes of a time when "order" prevailed so omnipotently in the country that, from St. George's Channel to the shores of the Atlantic, one would not hear the whistle of a plough-boy or the lowing of an ox. It was "law and order" at one period for any Englishman to kill any Irishman with impunity; it was "law" that a "mere Irishman" did not live, but only "existed"; it was "order" that an Irish Catholic should give up a horse, no matter of what value, if a Protestant offered £5 for it. He was not allowed to educate or be educated, to follow in religious affairs the dictates of his conscience, to be a member of any profession, or to hold any public appointment in his own country. Ireland has had enough of it; and the census returns surely afford us another proof, were further proof required, that if for no other reason than the advisability of a change, the time has come when the advocates of a more Christian policy towards that country should have an innings.

JEREMIAH MACVEAGH.

SAINT BERNARD.

THERE are many great saints about whose natural character and physiognomy we know little or nothing. We know that they were prodigies of grace, pillars of the church, perhaps martyrs. We may have a special devotion to them, and have experience of their power and affection. But beyond this they are mere names to us. Take some of those who are honored by daily commemoration in the Mass—some of the Apostles, Linus, Cletus, Clement, Xystus, Cornelius, and the rest. Their names slip glibly on our lips, but what do we know about them? what kind of men were they? what did they do? how did they look and speak? what, in a word, was their individuality? No historian has described their actions, no editor has collected their correspondence, no artist has preserved their features. Their bodies are buried in peace, but the memory of their individuality has perished because they lacked not merely the sacred bard, but (more important) a faithful Boswell. With regard to other saints, however, Providence has disposed differently. We know them so well that they seem familiar friends. We know the events of their lives in detail; we have multitudes of their sayings and doings preserved by admiring followers; we have lithographs of their handwriting and photographs of their authentic portraits; above all, we have their own works, whether the results of literary labor in which we see the thoughts and principles that ruled their minds, or their letters to friends in which we see them as their friends saw them, living, natural, actual. To this latter class, which is all too small, St. Bernard belongs. If we choose to study him we may come to know him better than most of us know our grandfathers. This year is being celebrated the eighth centenary of his birth, so we may naturally be inclined to ask what kind of man he was; for at a man's death we ask what he has done, what were the chief events of his life, but when a man is born questions turn rather on qualities than actions.

St. Bernard was a Frenchman, of a good family in Burgundy. We speak of the French as "our lively neighbors," but even among Frenchmen Burgundians are celebrated for liveliness. They are a gay, fiery race, as delicate as their cookery and as generous as their wines. Indeed, many are inclined to attribute

to their superior wine and cooking their long-established superiority in art and war. The family of St Bernard was worthy of its race. His father and brothers were soldiers, famous alike for their good sense, for their amiability of character, and for their prowess in war. St. Bernard himself was brought up for the church, but the sacred vocation never abated his fine spirit; and even cloistral observance could not blunt his wit or deaden his native vivacity. Now, what was St. Bernard like? We have, unfortunately, no authentic portrait of him. All those we know are probably works of the imagination. Most of the following details are taken from two of his contemporaries who knew him perfectly well, one being his special friend Abbot William of St. Theodoric, the other Geoffrey, a monk of Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary.

As to stature, St. Bernard was of a good moderate height (*honestæ mediocritatis*), rather inclined to tallness than shortness. No doubt he was one of those who by their straightness and squareness look taller than they are. His biographers more than once speak of his elegance, and the grace of his motions, and the dignity of his walk, all of which would be difficult for a man whose back and limbs were not perfectly straight. He had fair hair and a reddish beard, but both became white in course of time. His face and whole body became very thin, and no wonder, yet there was usually a ruddiness on his cheeks; and for the rest, his skin was so white and delicate that it excited the astonishment of the old monks of Citeaux when he was a novice. They could not understand how a man of such delicate temperament could endure the labors and coarse poverty of their state. These, however, were signs not merely of delicacy, but also of that thoroughbred spirit which carries men and horses past many obstacles, and makes the body a fit instrument for the higher operations of grace. St. Bernard never could tolerate dirt on his clothes. We know, of course, that there have been clean saints, and others not so clean. St. Bernard was a clean saint. One of his sayings was, "Paupertas semper, sordeo nunquam"—*i.e.*, Poverty—yes always, but dirt—never. Yet he wore mean poor clothes, and this was remarked in him even on the occasion that he went to receive the abbatial benediction.

But though he had this dignity of carriage, St. Bernard had a wonderful graciousness of countenance. Both his biographers dwell on this as on a joy which they have lost. It seemed to be an expression of the spiritual beauty within. "His face was radiant. There was in his eyes a kind of angelical purity and a

dovelike simplicity." Abbot William speaks of his smile as "that generous smile of his," as if it was familiar to all who knew him. Then there was something so winning in his manners that without effort he could get people to do what he wanted. Every one felt at ease with him, even the greatest sinners. All admired the extraordinary degree in which he combined, what unfortunately is so seldom combined, high principle with fascination of manner. In spite, however, of his radiant countenance and generous smile, St. Bernard was not a jolly monk, not a man for jokes and laughter. On the contrary he abhorred them.

Geoffrey tells us that he often saw the saint stand watching with amazement religious men laughing, and he frequently said that "from the first years of his monastic life till then he never remembered having laughed so." St. Bernard was not a dull man, innocent of any sense of humor, but rather a very bright Frenchman with a good deal more than his share of the national *esprit*. Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to avoid laughing in reading his descriptions and his plays upon words. Yet his sentiments with regard to jokes and laughter were most severe. "You may," he says in *De Consideratione*, "sometimes tolerate small-talk [*nugæ*], but you should never promote it." "It is detestable," he says again (*De Cons.*, ii. 13), "if you give way to laughter, but it is still worse if you excite it." And once more: "A joke is a joke in the mouth of a secular, but in the mouth of a priest it is a blasphemy." Of course St. Bernard is speaking to monks, but still the fact is that equal cheerfulness is a note of a spiritual man, while gloom and boisterous gayety are both alien from him. Yet, no doubt, gloom is more opposed to spirituality than levity.

St. Bernard was by nature a shy, retiring man. This surprises us in one who dared in full council to face the renowned Abelard, who almost dictated to popes and kings, and who successfully preached a Crusade. Yet his biographers use superlatives when they speak of his modesty. He is *homo mansuetissimus*, his *verecundia* is *tenera*, and it endures to his life's end. His elder brother, as is the custom with elder brothers, had great zeal for his virtue. Now, when St. Bernard began working miracles this elder brother became seriously alarmed for the young man's humility. His uncle also shared these fears. So these two, whenever St. Bernard worked a miracle, used to fall on him so energetically that, Abbot William says, it seemed as if God had given him *two* stings of the flesh lest the greatness of the reve-

lations should elate him. They "browbeat his gentle shyness, they ridiculed the miracles and annihilated them, they accused him of presumption, and often moved him to tears with their sarcasms and calumnies." And all the while St. Bernard used to say nothing and offered no contradiction, though he was the abbot of this brother and this uncle. Then again with regard to preaching, in spite of his genius and irresistible power, he had no liking for it. He often said himself that, no matter how humble the audience might be, he never opened his mouth without fear and shamefacedness; and that it was the fear of God that pricked him on when he would much rather have been silent. He is an instance of what Father Coleridge remarks in connection with St. John Baptist, that "it is not unfrequently the way in which God proceeds in his greatest works, to employ for missions of severity and stern witness men who are either naturally shrinking and retiring, or whose training makes such an enterprise uncongenial in the highest degree."

Whatever may have been the ordinary ruddiness of St. Bernard's cheeks, it is evident that sometimes its appearance was sufficiently cadaverous. One of these occasions was when he went to Chalons to be blessed as abbot. He went accompanied by one of his monks, Elboldo, a man, we are told, elegant for the size and strength of his body. When they arrived at the bishop's palace the hall was crowded with clerics and others, and on their entering—St. Bernard so young, so meanly clad, and so emaciated, almost like a dying man, followed by Elboldo, so much older and so elegantly robust—the contrast was so absurd that some began to laugh and others to chaff. The wits found names for the pair: *Mors et Vita* they called them. They could not agree which was to be abbot; some were for *Mors* others for *Vita;* but whether there was any betting history has not handed down.

These questions were cut short by the entrance of the Bishop of Chalons, who was then William de Champeaux, the famous master of the schools. He at the first glance recognized whom he had to deal with, and went straight to St. Bernard and treated him with the greatest honor, and from that time always took the deepest interest in him. How he first showed this interest by taking charge of St. Bernard's health and delivering him up to an ignorant quack is well known. The bishop had gone to the general chapter of the order and, prostrating at full length on the ground, had begged that the saint might be placed under his authority for a single year. Noth-

ing could be refused to such humility in so great a man. He returned to Clairvaux, St. Bernard's monastery, and built him a hut outside the enclosure, where he was to live free from all care and business, and to follow the prescriptions of the doctor aforesaid. Abbot William, his biographer, paid him a visit while he was in this hut, and found him full of joy at being delivered from the solicitude of government, and very little afflicted at a situation which to others would have been intolerable. "How are you doing?" asked William. "As well as possible," answered St. Bernard with one of his generous smiles; "formerly rational men obeyed me, and now by the just judgment of God I have to obey an irrational beast." He meant his medical man; and William, who stayed to dinner, had a specimen of his treatment. He says he had "thought that a man so infirm and who had been committed to the care of so great a personage as the Bishop of Chalons would have had suitable food provided for him; and yet at dinner I saw him served with food that a healthy man pinched with hunger would hardly touch." It was so disgusting that when he (Abbot William) saw it, "I wasted away; I could hardly restrain my wrath, and was only prevented by the rule of silence from attacking the doctor with indignant abuse as a sacrilegious man and a murderer." Bernard, however, took everything with indifference and complained of nothing.

This medical treatment did not, as we might guess, cure St. Bernard. Infirmity became an ordinary part of his life. His health had been permanently injured by the excess of his austerities in the first years of his religious life. He had misused his stomach, and afterwards, as usual, his stomach took a long revenge. Eating became a torture to him. He could take but little, and of that little he had to reject the larger part with great pain. What was left caused him a good deal of further pain for reasons of which the propriety of the twelfth century permitted a minute description, but not ours. This infirmity, which lasted to his death, gradually drove him from common monastic observance. He was extremely attached to common exercises and hated singularity. He renounced wearing a hair-shirt because it was singular. It was sorrow at being turned away from the common works that drove him as a novice to obtain of God by prayer the grace to reap well (*gratiam metendi*). He never would use the indulgences granted to elder religious. In the matter of dispensations, he used to say he regarded himself as a novice; they were suited, he said, to holy, perfect

men, but as for him, he had need of all the severity of the order and all the rigor of discipline. It required a precept of the general chapter to induce him to wear what they called "a woollen garment like a chlamys cut short," but what we would call a flannel shirt. However, he had to resign himself in the end to singularity. His frequent vomiting became disagreeable to his brethren, and they did not fail to let him know it. He made a last effort to remain with the community, at least in choir. He had a hole made in the ground near his abbatial stall. But the device was not successful, and at length he was compelled by the "intolerableness of the thing" to give up coming to choir altogether.

St. Bernard's infirmity made him renounce the common exercises, but it did not make him renounce mortification. He continued to afflict himself with fasts and want of sleep. In the matter of sleep he was somewhat severe toward others also. He did not tolerate want of spirit, and much less drowsiness in choir; and even in the dormitory if he saw a monk lying negligently, or heard one snore too loud, he could hardly bear it patiently, but upbraided him with sleeping "carnally and just like a secular." His ordinary food was bread dipped in milk or hot water; he seldom touched wine, and he used to say that water was the only thing that gave him pleasure because it cooled his throat. The Blessed Fastred tells us that St. Bernard used to feel a scruple at eating a mess of meal with oil and honey; and when Fastred reproached him for his austerity he answered: "My son, if you only knew the obligations of a monk, every morsel you eat should be moistened with tears." The views of the saint with regard to doctors and physic were in harmony with his views on diet. He gives his opinion in his letter to the monks of the monastery of St. Anastasius, at the Tre Fontani near Rome, which is even now held by his descendants the Trappists, and still enjoys its old reputation for unhealthiness.

He says: "It is not at all becoming in your state of religion to be seeking medicines for the body. We may tolerate occasionally common herbs, such as the poor use, and this is not unusual. But to be buying drugs, to be calling in doctors, to be drinking draughts, is unbecoming religious, and above all is contrary to the comeliness and purity of our order." Abbot de Rancé, the reformer of La Trappe, used to act more or less on these principles. He used to admit a country surgeon (who was very likely a barber also) when there was a case for incisions

or bone-setting, but he did not call in physicians. St. Bernard had his ideas on these subjects and we have ours. And it must be admitted that under our system we enjoy much better health than did St. Bernard. He became more and more infirm. At first his custom was to pray standing, but afterwards his bones became weakened and his feet swollen, and he used to spend his days always sitting and in a singular immobility. It was not merely that he kept his seat, but he sat quite motionless, neither moving his head, or his hands, or his feet, except when necessity required it. People used to wonder at this absolute repose, so unusual in France, and it contrasted strongly with the intense activity of his mind. He was overwhelmed with cares of all kinds, and engrossed in business of the highest importance in church and state; and there he sat all day dictating ceaselessly, himself remaining the while still as death.

Nevertheless, in all the languor of sickness and old age, when he seemed to have lost all sense and motion, there was one bodily power which never lost its freshness and efficacy, and that was his voice. He had received it from nature strong and flexible, and grace had preserved it to him in the wreck of all the rest. It was a curious thing to see him drag himself into chapter almost like a dying man, and then to hear him break out suddenly with a voice of power which could overawe with its thunders, terrify with its whisper, or charm by its soft modulations. Of course St. Bernard was a predestined preacher, and hence it was necessary that he should have this almost miraculous voice. We may even say that St. Bernard's infirmity, which cost him so much sorrow, was part of that suavity of Providence by which he was separated for the work whereunto he had been taken. For, as he always lived apart from the community, the ordinary government of the monastery was little disturbed by his journeys, and also the community missed him less. But we must not suppose that he enjoyed going out. His idea in entering the obscure Abbey of Citeaux was to forget the world and to let the world forget him. He always preserved this spirit. His secretary Geoffrey says that from the beginning he had desired to withdraw himself from all external business, and always to remain in the monastery. When he became infirm he thought he had found a good excuse for remaining at home. He resolved never to go out again, and for some time he kept his resolution. It was only at the united command of the pope and the general chapter that

he again left his cloister to come to the assistance of the church in its then pressing necessities.

Men of the world do not understand such conduct. The idea of a man of great position and ability burying himself in a silent cloister strikes it like wantonly throwing pearls and precious silks into the sea. The world gets angry at such things. The world admires efficiency. High gifts, highly cultivated, strenuously exercised, perfectly successful—this is what the world values. St. Bernard was an unworldly, or rather a next-worldly man, and if he appreciated his natural gifts, as no doubt he did, we may be sure that to him it added a refinement of joy that, besides money and rank, he could throw genius also into the golden censer of sacrifice. Of course we know that in the event there was not a single gift or power in St. Bernard that Providence did not use to the utmost for the benefit of the church and society. He became eminently a successful man, the most prominent and influential man of his century. And therefore the world admires St. Bernard. It admires the man of genius, the brilliant writer, the poet, the orator, the politician. But others, with sense perhaps more purified, admire rather that which alone he valued in himself, the man who scorned the world with its successes, who conquered the world in conquering himself, whose gaze was so riveted on spiritual beauty that he had not a look for any other, who gave all his substance for love and despised it as nothing.

B. B.

THE FORTUNES OF A POOR YOUNG MAID.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE same evening on which she had been reproved for the wearing of blue Bessie Delpole drew forth her Book of Confidences and entered the following:

I have been but twenty-four hours in the Fairy Palace, and have already discovered that the Fairy is a hag—hoary, horrid! She is an Ogress! Alas! for my youthful fancy, and dear mummy's reading between the lines.

I do believe uncle would have laughed could he have seen me this morning tortured by "dear Lydia"; he would say, "It is just as well, Bess, to be undeceived early in life." One thing I have made up my mind to—I shall not undeceive my darling mother. It would break her heart to know the truth. Here I am, and I must make the best of it; but what can I do to be happy in this gilded cage? Study French for one thing, even if I have no talent for languages, according to "Aunt Liz"; but I sha'n't let the Ogress sneer at me for want of pluck. I'll amuse her to her heart's content, and who knows but in the end I may turn the tables in my favor.

To think of my having been forced to sing until I was hoarse; and such horrid, old sentimental, last-century trash! "My own stricken deer," indeed! Oh dear! oh dear! what am I to do for dresses? I must discard every blue ribbon to please this faded beauty, who adorns herself in naught but cerulean tints.

A few days later Bessie again wrote:

My first Sunday in London. Mrs. Hamen sent Dobbs to me to know "where I worshipped"; as if she didn't know the Champneys were Catholics, having herself been at the convent with mamma. I answered that I was a member of the One, True, Catholic, Apostolic Church, which long title made Dobbs stare; but she simply said: "Yes, miss; and for what hour will you have the carriage, miss?"

As I have read the London *Tablet* all my life, I was at no loss to answer quite glibly, "A quarter to eleven, punctually."

True to a second Mrs. Hamen's coach stood at the door, and into it I tripped with easy grace, wishing I were called the Lady Gwendolyn, as the footman touched his hat for orders. "St.

James's, Spanish Place," I answered as I flung myself into a corner, and away we rattled.

At the church, or chapel as they call it, seeing the fine livery, the usher took me up the main aisle and into a front seat, where I eventually had to make room for some real aristocrats—Petres or Howards, perhaps.

When the plate was handed around at the Offertory I felt very much ashamed to have forgotten my purse, although I knew there was nothing in it but a few pieces of American coin. Then the idea struck me which, indeed, distracted my attention all through Mass, that I was literally without pocket-money. How very foolish of me to have given uncle's gold-piece to dear old mummy, who is so much better off than I am! If they but knew at home all I am undergoing—I'll not go under, however—how uncle would champ, to be sure; and mummy, dear mummy—why I believe she would hate the Ogress for having made me prisoner!

Chapter IX.

Plucky little Bess was not far wrong in judging the pain her mother would endure had she an inkling of what her treasure was being subjected to in the gorgeous mansion on Portland Square. Her heart would not have fluttered so feverishly, nor would she have borne her head so high when accosted by Minnie Vatts and asked for news of her daughter.

"I hear Bess is living in England with a wealthy countess. I wonder, Mrs. Delpole, you should care to let her go among Britishers. I'm satisfied with being an American queen! And when you've got lots of cash, why you know you're at the top of the ladder. Give Bess my love, and tell her to write me all the fun she is having."

"Thank you, Miss Vatts," answered the widow with pointed politeness; "my daughter only corresponds with her family, but I shall tell her of your kind inquiries as to her welfare."

Bess's first letter, written the morning of Higgins's departure, bore the impress of rosy youth in every line. The second, which followed within ten days, was not quite so gaily colored; there were some sombre tints which Mrs. Delpole attributed—with more truth than she was aware of—to a tardy fit of homesickness. This, with the exception of a letter to the doctor and another to her so-called "Aunt Liz," was the last line from Bess in months.

Although Mrs. Delpole acutely felt her daughter's silence, it did not shock her motherly love, for she unselfishly thought her darling must be having a good time; and should she get into trouble of any kind her friends would find it out, for ill news travels fast.

Meanwhile, in London, Miss Delpole was put about to procure stamps for her correspondence. Those she found in Mrs. Hamen's escritoire she did not scruple to appropriate; but they were few in number. Upon asking of the Ogress her leave to order more, her mother's cherished correspondent, dear Lydia, replied that it was an unhealthy, morbid taste for young girls to be always writing; in future Bess could exercise her fingers as amanuensis. Thenceforward our heroine was set a task every forenoon in helping her paralytic patroness with her letters, business or otherwise.

Time wore on; Bess had been in the great metropolis through the heat and dust of August vainly longing to see the sights, and wondering Mrs. Hamen never offered to let her go anywhere. Her sole recreation was a daily drive in one or other of the parks; but alas! the invalid in her cushions could not bear to be stared at, and thus most of the time her young companion had to catch what glimpses she could of the gay world through a crack in the silk curtains.

Twice a week the fashionable physician called to examine the state of his chronic patient, and twice a week he complimented Miss Delpole upon the good effect her sunny presence had upon the spirits of Mrs. Hamen and "consequently upon your general health, my dear madam," Sir Lionel would add with an uplifting of his white hands so expressive of buoyancy and hope that Bess in her mind made a note of the gesture for Dr. Champney's benefit.

One day the great man, after going through the usual form of taking pulse and temperature, whilst his keen eyes searched the invalid through and through, remarked that Mrs. Hamen had a wonderful hold on life.

"Really, my dear madam, quite wonderful! Miss Delpole's society is better than a trained nurse or my nostrums; youth, beauty, a laughter-loving temperament, is the panacea for all ills." And Sir Lionel gave Bess a suave bow, which made her feel she was of some importance after all in the rich woman's household.

"But," continued the wily doctor, "I hope, my dear madam, that you have made your will. I make it a point of conscience

never to let, through fault of mine, any of my patients lose this great and lasting satisfaction. The making of a will is the most interesting point in our lives. Some few know it, and begin early and go on adding codicil upon codicil. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so many people put off this pleasure till so late that they view it almost as a trial. Now, I made my own will quite recently, for in my poor opinion it is a duty we owe to society, the peace and order of which is too often troubled by petty squabblings over what we leave behind us. More especially is this the case with you and me, Mrs. Hamen, who have no direct heirs. We have, therefore, the true pleasure of disposing of our means." And Sir Lionel smiled benignly on Bess and his wealthy client, as he dextrously slipped the guinea from the mantel-edge into his vest-pocket and left the room.

The physician's advice was not lost upon Mrs. Hamen, who knew, perhaps, quite as well as Sir Lionel that her tongue was getting thick, and another attack of vertigo such as she had had the night previous might turn into a fatal stroke.

So for a number of mornings Bess's post in the pretty sitting-room of her patroness was taken by a lawyer and his clerk, and our heroine was left to her own devices.

CHAPTER X.

Having her full amount of true American independence in her, Miss Delpole rang the bell for Dobbs, whom she ordered to straightway put on her bonnet to accompany her on a walk.

Thus for three delicious days did Bess ramble about the streets of London: that London of her dreams, and which she knew so well from the great volume of *Pictorial London* she and her dear mother had together so enthusiastically conned before she started on her adventurous search for wealth.

As it was her native city Dobbs proved herself a very fair guide, and not only did she show Bess the usual points of interest, but she took her to out-of-the-way corners seldom trodden by the feet of lady tourists. The maid had numerous friends, both male and female, who materially aided her in carrying out Miss Delpole's desire of seeing everything.

"Mind you, Dobbs, I want to go everywhere, and see everything a woman can see. I'm an American," said Bess with a proud toss of her head, "and am not afraid of anybody."

And so Bess had her wish gratified in all sorts of unexpected

ways, for Dobbs took her through markets and quaint old chop-houses, where the woman's friends treated our heroine with semi-familiar respect and a vast amount of staring, particularly after having heard the young lady was from America—which Dobbs took very good care they should be informed of as soon as possible.

Tired out with her expeditions, Bess would return to the handsome mansion in Portland Square not a jot sorry she had not gone about in the coach and four of her dreams.

Looking over her Book of Confidences we find the following:

What a jolly time I have had going about with Dobbs! Really, I think I have seen more than if the Ogress herself had done me the honor of showing me the lions of London; because I've seen a great deal more than lions: I've seen a whole menagerie of wonders.

Certainly Lydia Hamen would not have taken me to that delicious chop-house in Ave-Mary-lane. Oh, such a queer place! where you eat in little stalls, and only know you have neighbors by the rattle of their forks.

Then I've been in an East-end brewery, and have drunk some of the beer hot as my lips could bear it. Dobbs's cousin is foreman, and he asked me to come again. I never knew a woman have so many cousins as Dobbs; I can't see how she keeps track of them all.

I'm quite pleased with Dobbs. She is not at all presuming, although I only repay her services with my blue ribbons and sashes, which the Ogress won't let me wear.

We positively managed to get into the House of Commons, and without an admission card either. As good luck has been favoring my explorations all along, I was not surprised when Dobbs told me she had a cousin on duty—"h'a regular h'M. P., miss, he is." I believe, for a second, I was silly enough to think she meant Member of Parliament, till I saw the initials on the hat of a burly policeman. I don't know what Dobbs gave him, but it must have been something nice, as he stood us in a little window, where we could see everything and hear something too, when the swinging door beside us was opened as the members passed in or out. I saw all the notabilities, whom I recognized thanks to *Punch;* for I regret to say on this point Dobbs is very deficient.

Whilst I was enjoying myself in this humble way the Ogress was making her will and disposing of her millions. I wonder has

she remembered me. Poor me! I've given up the idea of being her heiress, but from something she said recently I think she'll not leave me out in the cold.

A night or two ago I had done myself more than credit at the piano, ending off with a grand flourish, when the bedizened Ogress called me to her, and made me sit quite close up to her chair. Then she put her hand on my head, and, with the clawy fingers twining through my braids, said with a big sigh:

"You're a sweet, good girl, Bessie; and your mother is to be envied having such a daughter. You have a happy, cheerful disposition, and know how to take life. You will make things easy for yourself, and those about you. I fancy even wealth would not spoil you, for your tastes are simple and you are easily pleased. There now, give me a kiss and go to bed!" And as my ruby lips touched hers she added: "Take an old woman's advice, my child; if ever you are rich, don't be selfish. I know I have been too selfish all through life, and it has not made me happy."

And the poor old trot began to cry! It touched my heart so, I sobbed with her; till she bade me pull the bell for her servants to carry her up-stairs—an operation I have never been allowed to witness.

I think I'll take to calling her the Fairy Godmother again: I do feel so sorry for her! Well, if ever I am rich I'll have a good time, even if my tastes are simple; but I fear a lot of money might take the simplicity out of them.

"Good-night, sweet heiress!" At this juncture we may remark that Miss Delpole kissed the tips of her fingers to her image in the mirror.

I wonder how it will sound in the will? Something in this style, perhaps: "I bequeath and deed to Elizabeth Delpole, only child of my beloved friend and school companion, etc., all the residue of my estate—." Of course she must have a lot to give away, and no doubt I may expect at the last moment an invoice of poor relations. Dear me! if she has only half as many as Dobbs has, they'll make a fine show. But—but—enough. To bed.

CHAPTER XI.

For the next month or two Mrs. Hamen never felt better; she was cheerful, and was not so exacting with her young companion.

Really the making of her will, in easing her of a dreaded responsibility, had lightened her spirits.

She invented for herself a new pleasure in getting little Bess to tell her what she would do should she one day come into a fortune—a style of amusement better suited to our heroine's taste than stumbling through a French novel.

The girlish prattle was a perfect treat to the invalid, who for years had foolishly made of herself a prisoner and a recluse; and, to the surprise of her household, Mrs. Hamen's carriage was now ordered to satisfy the least of Miss Delpole's whims.

In and out of the city, up and down the parks, through the most fashionable streets, in front of the most aristocratic shops Mrs. Hamen's livery was paraded. And it may not be beyond the range of human probabilities that some curious eyes sought a glimpse of the bright girl-face so evidently enjoying its first view of London life.

The summer was fast waning, and Bess was beginning to find even the beautiful parks tiresome; she longed for the country, with its meadows and green fields and merry song-birds. Could she have persuaded Mrs. Hamen to move for a while to Bath or Torquay, or some near watering-place, Bess's happiness would have been supreme; but when she hinted to Sir Lionel that a change might benefit his patient, the great man—who was himself enjoying life at Astral Towers, the recently-bought country-seat of Bess's countryman, the Pennsylvania oil-king, and only came to London once a week on business—Sir Lionel raised his eyebrows, and remarked that invalids were most benefited by home-comforts.

The official visits of the fashionable physician, and a call now and again from an old maiden aunt of the sick woman, a Miss Rebecca Briggs, with whom Bess made friends, were the only break in the young girl's life. Yet, strange to say, Bess was not lonely. At her home on Staten Island she had not been spoilt by variety, and as she settled herself down for a long siege of her present life, she made the best of it. She painted and sang and read, and was not unhappy, notwithstanding her desire for a change. At nights she carried on with herself imaginary conversations in front of the mirror to keep her brain from rusting, while awaiting the day when her Fairy Godmother should see fit to launch her in society. Would this coveted day ever come? was a question constantly asked, and as constantly left without reply—until—well, Bess did not like even to think the thing about the shoes people leave behind them; so she simply wrote

in her journal: "My life seems to be a big point of interrogation, the answer being dragged along, under my eyes, as it were; and yet I cannot read the riddle."

But even as Miss Delpole penned these lines the word of the enigma had been spoken, and was being wafted nearer and nearer with the autumn fogs settling down over the dense human mass which moves and breathes in London.

One evening, after their usual *tété-à-téte* dinner, the ladies were seated over a late cup of tea in the drawing-room, when Bess noticed a wild grasping forward of Mrs. Hamen's unparalyzed hand, as of a drowning creature snatching at the air; then suddenly, before she could summon assistance, or even fly to the side of her mother's friend, the head fell down on the bejewelled neck; a little shiver, a gasp, and death had claimed its booty.

We need not describe the few hours which followed upon this sudden demise of a wealthy woman.

Sir Lionel came and felt the pulse, shrugged his shoulders, murmured "heart-failure"; looked on the mantel for his guinea, which he failed to find, Bess in the excitement having forgotten to place it there, and bowed himself out of the room.

The physician's visit was quickly followed by one from a prominent member of the Post Medical Profession, who, with hands in his pockets, gave orders to two assistants, talking of the deceased as of an art subject preparing for exhibition, to be touched up here and lightened there. And the exhibition took place and lasted three days, after which the curtain was drawn, and Lydia Hamen had for ever passed away from the scrutinizing eyes of mortals.

Chapter XII.

The first information Mrs. Delpole had of her "daughter's bereavement," as she styled the death of her old schoolmate, "Lydia Languish," was the insertion in the daily papers.

The small family at West Brighton were sitting over their rolls and coffee, Dr. Champney hurrying through his second cup; his sister, who ate sparingly in the mornings, scanning *The Times*, that she might give it to the doctor to read in the horse-cars. Suddenly the widow uttered an exclamation so startling as very nearly to result in the shattering of the porcelain cup the physician was just setting down.

"Great heavens, Francis! Lydia has gone to glory, and Bess will ride home in her coach and four!"

And in her excitement Agnes Delpole almost tore the newspaper to fragments. She ran to her brother, and hung over his neck while he read the paragraph she pointed out to him.

"*Hamen.*—Suddenly, at her house in Portland Square, London, Lydia, daughter of the late Robert Hamen of New York, and relict of Arthur Hamen, late of her Britannic Majesty's East India Company."

When he had finished, Dr. Champney's throat was so violently squeezed and the tiny bare spot on the crown of his head so hotly kissed that he had great difficulty in getting breath enough to remark :

"Well, Agnes, of one thing we are certain: our bird will fly back to its nest, and we'll be glad to hear the chirpy song again."

And the good doctor's eyes were moist, showing how much, if in silence, he had missed his niece. "Now, on with my overcoat; I must be off."

But as Mrs. Delpole helped Dr. Champney adjust one coat over the other she could not resist unburdening herself of a most weighty thought:

"Dear Frank! considering the altered circumstances under which Bess comes home, don't you think that we might move out of this shabby house into that pretty Queen Anne cottage Bess and I have so often admired from our 'turret,' and which the sweet child calls 'the Moated Grange'? In view of such a contingency I have ascertained the rent, and really it is very reasonable."

Dr. Champney evidently thought it "very reasonable" not to interrupt his sister; so when she ceased speaking, with just a little hope that she had won her point, he quietly remarked, as he buttoned his gloves:

"It might be as well to wait until we hear from Bess before signing the lease. Good-by, Agnes; you'll find a couple of foreign stamps on my desk; there's a steamer to-morrow, you know." And there was a suspicious twinkle in the doctor's eye as he pulled the hall door to behind him, thus putting a full stop to argument.

Mrs. Delpole, eager for action, seized upon her brother's hint, and wrote her daughter an epistle replete with motherly advice as how best to comport herself now that she was so soon to come into her property

Having done this, she felt really too exhausted, as well as excited, over the news to settle down to the prose of house-keeping; so the happy woman determined to take the air, and carry her letter to post in New York.

The trip across the bay this crisp November forenoon calmed her nerves and gave her leisure for reflection. On her return Mrs. Vatts and her bulky daughter Minnie met her as she stepped off the boat.

"I see Mrs. Hamen is dead," said the brewer's wife, her voice smothered in furs and fat. "Bessie won't know where to begin to spend her money, now she's rich."

"Oh! won't she bring lots of things from London, ma," added Miss Vatts. "You'll not cut us, I hope, Mrs. Delpole when you move into your villa on Bard Avenue. The agent told me you were pricing it lately."

Agnes Delpole merely smiled in answer—a lofty, enigmatical smile—and passed up the street.

Before she reached the house she found the whole village knew of the event, which was being liberally commented on.

At the grocer's, where she stepped in a moment for some spices, the man remarked, with the cool insolence of a tradesman who is sometimes made to await payment of his bill: "So Miss Bessie, I hear, has got to change her name to get the old woman's leavings, eh?"

Mrs. Delpole's head was carried very high as she quickly made her exit, but on her cheeks burned two spots of red-hot indignation. Her whole being protested against her poverty, and more especially against the horrors of "a drudge" who, from having no one to talk with indoors, must needs drag her long tongue into every corner shop for a gossip. Oh! things would go differently when Bess got back.

"My sweet Bess! How lonesome my pet must be in that great house without her Fairy Godmother. Dear Lydia! God rest her soul and reward all her kindness to my child. And to think she died but yesterday! What would I not give to have money enough to cable Bess a few words of love and condolence. Well, all things have an end—even poverty!"

This happy thought so haunted and entranced Agnes Delpole that when Dr. Champney got home to dinner he found his sister expending the superabundance of her energy in a regular up-side-down cleaning.

"Why, Agnes! this is perfectly ecstatic!" laughed the doctor, as, her head in a towel and enveloped from head to foot in

a blue kitchen apron, Mrs. Delpole issued from a dark closet under the stairway Bess was pleased to call the "black hole," and into which the happy family were wont to throw higgledy-piggledy any discarded article from cravats to broken lamps. "I thought we had got through the house-cleaning last week?"

"Well, we must tidy up things for Bess, you know. We'll try and look as much like Portland Square as possible!" And Agnes, warm and cheerful from her work, laughed heartily as she cast aside her wraps and ran up to "the turret chamber."

"Not more than five minutes' grace," called after her the doctor; "I'm as hungry as a Russian wolf."

That night Mrs. Delpole slept with the great volume of *Pictorial London* beside her, and her dreams were all a moving procession of gorgeous obsequies, the chief mourner of which was a stately young lady, whose fair hair and blue eyes were set off to perfection by the heavy *crêpe* of her attire.

Chapter XIII.

Extract from Miss Delpole's journal:

London, November 15th.

How am I to put into writing all I have gone through since the death of the Ogress! The funeral was magnificent. Such an array of coaches and splendid liveries! Mr. Crosby, the senior member of the firm of which old Higgins is junior, arranged it all. As the journals say, it was gotten up regardless of expense; or in Dobbs's words: "Mr. Crosby, miss, does things reckless of expenditure."

One rather droll thing I heard during the service at the house, which nearly upset my dignity. Hurlbut and James were standing behind my chair, and when the parson got to these words, "Amen, amen! I say unto you, he that believeth," the butler whispered: "Jeemes, the Scriptures is very personal at times!"

But I feel too out of sorts for jokes. Well, yesterday we had the reading of the will. I say we, for I was by no means alone. The dining-hall, in which we assembled, was well warmed by fires at either end, and those who were not near enough to them for comfort kept on their outer garments. If all those present were relatives, Mrs. Hamen had many more than she cared to speak of; for besides her aunt, Miss Briggs, and the artist, Harry Brush, with whom she corresponded through me,

and usually enclosing a check, she never mentioned any others. These two sat opposite me, on the other side of Mr. Crosby's table; the household of the defunct filling up the back of the apartment.

I must really put down what I know about this Knight of the Palette, for there is quite a romance attached to his life, and he looks it, with his dishevelled crow-locks, and startling black eyes in a sallow face.

It seems he is the late Mr. Hamen's son by a first wife, an East-Indian and a rajah's daughter. This creature, her son, was sent to England, and old Miss Briggs brought him up.

I suppose she let him have his own way too much, for he wouldn't mind his papa, who, on returning from Madras, wanted him to make money in his own counting-house.

There was a scene, such as we read of in novels. Papa Hamen jerked one way, Master Harry pulled the other, with the usual result, that when they let go they both came down flat.

Old Hamen—he must have been a vicious old brute—when he found his match for stubbornness, told the lad he might make off with himself, and leave his name behind him, as he had forgotten to marry his mother! With that Master Harry flung an inkstand at the face of his dad, and left the house for ever.

This happened some ten years ago, just previous to Mr. Hamen's marriage with his Cousin Lydia.

I got all this information out of "Aunt Briggs," one day that she and I took luncheon together. She is a tender-hearted old creature, notwithstanding her wabbly head and eyes that look as if she were for ever pressing tears. She is the only friend I have made in London.

She used to come on a visit now and again, to negotiate a check for her "nurseling," who was living in Paris, "very much on his brush," as he called it, which I believe to mean he was starving.

Harry Brush is now twenty-six, but looks much older, he is so shockingly lean.

He and Miss Briggs sat side by side at the reading; and truly I was quite touched watching the old lady's happy look as she kept her eyes, as steadily as her rickety neck would let her, fastened on her boy.

I wondered if she had told him that I knew his story, or had she imparted to him any of my little confidences to her? At any rate, I caught him looking at me several times. He

seemed to be sorry he had come, for most of the time he wore a frown as black as night. Then his great-aunt would whisper to him, and his whole face changed into such a smile it reminded me more of a brilliant flash of lightning than anything else.

Mr. Crosby preceded the reading of the will by a very nice little speech, which, if any of those present came with a feeling of "first lien" on the property, must have effectually undeceived them.

"Our late client," he began, without the usual "ladies and gentlemen," "as no doubt you are aware"—glancing round the room and, it may be fancy, his eye resting longest my way—"has no relation near enough to have hampered her in any way, by a legitimate claim, in the disposal of her property. The larger portion of this property she held in her own right; the residue coming to her through marriage with her first cousin, Arthur Hamen, late of Her Majesty's Madras agency; and which property said Arthur Hamen deeded to his wife in fee simple—that is, it was hers to will away as she pleased. Now, as the law desires equity, and the approbation of such as are in anywise interested in its execution, a certain number of you here present have been summoned as being in a more or less remote degree connected with the testatrix by ties of blood or marriage, that you might bear witness, or protest, as the case might be. We will now proceed to the reading of the instrument."

Really, I felt awe-struck, and rustled my beautiful bombazine as little as possible as I settled down all attention. Even with my capital memory it is impossible to recall all the items. There were charitable bequests, of course, and a pretty keepsake for Sir Lionel. And every one of the servants was handsomely remembered. In fact, a good many thousand pounds went in a way which did not in the least interest me. At last an item came which made me prick up my ears, already tingling with excitement:

"To my honored and beloved maternal aunt, Rebecca Briggs, I will the income of twenty thousand pounds for the remainder of her mortal life; upon her death to lapse to my residuary legatee. Item: To Elizabeth Delpole, only daughter of my dear school-friend, Agnes Champney Delpole" (I felt like fainting; and Dobbs must have noticed it, for she handed me a silver flacon of smelling-salts she had evidently appropriated from her late mistress' toilet-table), "in view of the four

months' services as companion with which Miss Delpole has favored me, and in grateful remembrance of the pleasant hours her youthful society has afforded me, and as a mark of my appreciation and love for her as a dear friend, I will and deed to her all that I die possessed of—" (Heavens! I was swooning) "in the way of jewels and wardrobe; with the sole proviso that she wear mourning three months for her well-wisher. Moreover, I will and deed to the above-mentioned Elizabeth Delpole the sum of—" (I felt myself breathing apoplectically; and Crosby heard me, for he looked up over his spectacles and began again)—"the sum of five hundred pounds, over and above which her return passage to America is to be paid out of my estate."

Here the lawyer made a pause, to search among his papers for a yellow bit of parchment, on which he placed his left hand. My composure had somewhat returned to me as he resumed:

"Item: to my second cousin, Henry Hamen, known as Harry Brush—" The artist, as he heard his name, sprang out of his seat, and in a violent manner said: "Brush, sir; not Hamen!" And I think he spoke the name with a venomous hiss, like an Indian snake.

Mr. Crosby resumed: "Henry Hamen, so called Harry Brush, I give back the hereunto attached certificate of marriage between the late Arthur Hamen, and the late Leila, daughter of Rajah Dnig-Tippoo, and which I found among my late husband's effects."

Here Mr. Crosby got up and, walking over to the artist, gave him the document. Of course I am too young to be able to decipher people's faces, but I almost thought, as Harry took the certificate, he looked more revengeful than pleased. Old Miss Briggs perfectly beamed with pleasure, and took the paper and caressed it all through the rest of the reading, which, there being but one short item, did not last long.

"To said Henry Hamen, my step-son, remembering the past injuries he has suffered, I will and bequeath, without let or hindrance of any kind, except such as are herein above specified, all my estate, both real and personal, to have and to hold for himself, his heirs, and assigns for ever."

Then followed a bewildering enumeration of the Ogress' property, of which I understood but little. The deed was signed in Lydia Hamen's best hand, which we all inspected as the lawyer desired us to do before dispersing.

And thus ended the most important moment of my life of

eighteen years! My elated hopes have been rudely dashed to the ground; instead of the heiress of untold wealth, I find myself very much where I was when I started my adventure, except that my dear old mummy is not here to have a good cry with me.

Perhaps the bitterest pill I have had to swallow was on leaving the dining-hall to meet face to face with Mr. Higgins. He had come to consult with the heir about his American securities; and had the audacity to say to me, with a most insinuating bow:

"I hope, Miss Bessie, we may have the pleasure of returning home by the same steamer."

Had I not been bred a lady, I'm very sure I should have scratched his face, or pulled his red hair, or done something horrid! As it was, I swept past him in my black train with an "Ah! Mr. Higgins, I did not think to meet you so soon again."

Well, I have but a few more days in London, and then exit for ever the "laughable episode of My Mother's Friend"!

Chapter XIV.

Bessie Delpole had too fine a sense of justice to feel more than a passing indignation for the way in which Mrs. Hamen had rewarded her short season of slavery; and her spirits, if at first inclined to be blue, soon regained their wonted grace of coloring. When old Miss Briggs took possession of the Portland Square Mansion, in the name of her great-nephew, she and Bess became capital friends; and, indeed, our heroine without the vigilance and prompt action of her ally would have lost a great part of Lydia Hamen's costly wardrobe, for the servants were consoling themselves for the loss of their mistress by appropriating her relics.

The number and sumptuousness of the costumes quite bewildered Bess; but, velvet, satin, or silk, all bore the impress of the defunct's taste for blue, every tint and shade of her favorite color being represented.

Miss Delpole threw up her arms in despair, and declared her life would not be long enough were she forced to wear out the toilettes of her late patroness; and, forsooth, she had no inclination to dedicate herself to one color, however beautiful.

"Why, my dear young friend," remarked Miss Briggs, "you

need not wear them; sell them, or give them to your friends. I don't wonder poor Lydia had such low spirits—always in the blues!"

And the old maid and the young maid both laughed at the innocent witticism.

When Bess examined the jewels she no longer thought herself ill-treated, but exulted in finding herself heiress to so much wealth, and in her heart almost believed her mother's friend had come of Jewish stock to have been so fond of precious stones. They would have graced a queen; and Miss Briggs shared with her nephew the pleasure of watching the girlish eyes gloat over such magnificence.

One day Bess was in the morning-room packing each lovely "parure" into its case, and thence to a box she had ordered to be specially made for her treasures. Being alone she could not resist trying on a number of "my jewels," as she took pride in calling her legacy. Suddenly she came across the triple necklace of pearls and turquois Mrs. Hamen wore the night of her introduction; Bess, with a disdainful toss of her head, flung it aside, exclaiming as she did so:

"You may be very fine, but I never expect to wear you. You remind me too much of my Fairy Godmother, the late Ogress."

A queer, short laugh gave the girl a start, and looking around, she saw the sallow face of the artist at her shoulder.

"O Mr. Hamen! I thought I was alone," said Bess, not very well pleased at the interruption.

"I pray you will pardon my intrusion, Miss Delpole; but as an artist I have almost as much taste for pretty things as a girl—perhaps I ought to say young lady to you; only you don't look as if you were very long out of the nursery, you know." And the Knight of the Palette gave Bess a quizzical side-look not at all pleasing to her dignity.

"I am not quite so tall as you are, Mr. Hamen, but, if you will believe me, I am of age, being eighteen; and as such fully able and quite apt to defend myself against any want of respect." And having delivered her mind thus clearly, Bess proceeded with her labors with great composure, except that her cheeks were a shade more rosy than usual, which was no doubt quite as much from her exertions as vexation.

At this juncture Miss Briggs entered, having caught part of our heroine's rebuke: "Don't be quarrelling, children, when you have but a few hours together," broke in the old maid in tremu-

lous accents, and wobbling her head first at one and then at the other. "Bessie, dear, be a good girl, and let Harry help you stow away your pretty things."

"There, Miss Delpole, you can't resist my aunt when she makes babies of us both," laughed the young man. "I should like to help you, if you wouldn't mind?"

And so it happened that Bess was mollified, and the long, lean, yellow-faced artist was installed her chief packer. He proved himself an adept in the art of crowding much into small space, which, when Bess praised him for it, he said it was part of his calling.

"For many years, Miss Delpole, I have carried all my belongings on my back, so that I have been forced to study the theory of condensing."

Then the artist, their labors ended, said with a graceful flourish, as he handed his companion the key: "I trust, Miss Delpole, you will have as much pleasure in wearing these ornaments as I have had pleasure in assisting you to pack them."

We regret to have to write that Miss Delpole, in a moment of whimsical petulance rather foreign to her nature, and which we must perhaps attribute to fatigue, answered the little compliment by this rude speech:

"Thanks! But I don't expect to wear those things. I'm much more likely to sell them, to get enough to live on!"

Bess was very sorry for what she said almost before the words were out of her mouth, for Harry in his queer, critical way looked at her a moment, then quietly answered:

"I hope you'll never do that, Miss Delpole; the greater part of those jewels are heir-looms." And Harry smiled at his impromptu fib.

"Then why don't you keep them? I thought heir-looms should never go out of the family!"

Miss Bess was made to suffer a blush for this outburst, as the young man coolly remarked:

"Well, I may get them back some day—ahem! You must write me, Miss Delpole, should you ever wish to dispose of them; we might, perhaps, come to an understanding. It needn't be a matter of dollars and cents, either!"

And Mr. Hamen laughed so heartily that Bess was perfectly disconcerted and fled to her room, the merry peal pursuing.

As our heroine came to London so she left it—in Lydia Hamen's stately coach, which was preceded to the station by a van for her numerous boxes and trunks.

Old Miss Briggs kissed her tenderly good-by, but the artist, to Bess's surprise, jumped in beside her, and accompanied her to the railway. There he secured her a first-class compartment, and feed the guard so the youthful traveller should not be molested; he bought her also a batch of the latest novels to while away the tedium of the journey.

Then the bell was rung, and for a last moment Harry stood on the step of the train. He stretched his hand out to Bess, and as she put hers into it, he leant over and pressed it quickly to his lips.

As Bess as hastily withdrew her fingers from his grasp Harry whispered maliciously:

"Pardon! Those fingers will wear the rings of my ancestors. The thought of the heir-looms overpowered me."

The train was jerked into motion before Bess could gather her wits to answer this sally.

Had she dared to turn her eyes to the platform, she would have seen the artist waving his hat with one hand, while the tips of the long fingers of the other were just preparing a flighty kiss.

But Bess would not look, and the kiss never took flight, and Harry took his hand down and stuck it in his pocket, as if he were putting the kiss in there to keep.

He could still hear the distant clatter, clatter of the Holyhead express, and had his ears been very sensitive the artist might have heard, too, the flutter-flutter of a maiden's heart.

CHAPTER XV.

Upon arriving at Liverpool what was Bess's dismay to see issue out of the next carriage to her own the bald head of the junior member of the firm of Crosby, Fox & Co.

"Let me assist you with your satchels, Miss Delpole," said Higgins, taking possession of a number of articles.

"Very nice of young Hamen to let me take you home. I feel very much honored indeed; and I hope to make the voyage as comfortable for you as possible—perhaps even attractive."

"You are very obliging," was Bess's curt reply to the enthusiasm of the old bachelor, who, notwithstanding many slights on the part of his companion, continued to press every attention upon her during the week of very stormy weather they passed at sea.

The vessel was nearing port; a number of passengers were on deck eagerly watching for Fire Island Light, amongst them Miss Delpole and her devoted cavalier.

She was leaning her elbows on the taffrail, her pretty face resting in the palms of her hands, her eyes moist with emotion.

Behind her Higgins held on his arm an extra shawl, and his twinkling gray eyes were fixed on the young girl. Bess gave a shiver.

"The night is cold; let me wrap you up. Or take a walk, Miss Bess. Looking at the shore won't land us any sooner." And fastening the shawl over her shoulders, Mr. Higgins crooked his arm.

"Well, as you say, we can't be in New York before to-morrow"; and with a sigh Bess slipped her hand into the old bachelor's arm. She had got so used to his services that she took them quite as her right.

They had not made many turns when Mr. Higgins broke the silence by saying in soft, oily accents:

"Miss Delpole, you never call me Higgins now! I wish you would. My name sounds almost pretty when spoken by you."

"Really, Mr. Higgins, I don't understand you. To-morrow we reach New York, and our intercourse ceases." And Bess withdrew her hand and walked quite stiffly.

"Oh, no! Miss Bessie, you mistake; we will see a great deal of each other, on the contrary. I have orders from Mr. Hamen to keep my eye on you, and—"

"I consider Mr. Hamen very impertinent, and you, Mr. Higgins, extremely insolent!"

The agent laughed a silent, suppressed giggle at this flare-up, and then added:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Delpole, if I have offended; and you must excuse me for saying that I am very much interested in you. I have been thinking for some weeks past how I could best care for you"; and after a slight pause, "I have reached the conclusion that the simplest way is to make you my wife. My proposal startles you; you feel, perhaps, insulted at my abruptness; but let me tell you that I know all about your circumstances, and besides have had the enjoyment of watching the growth of your taste for wealth. I own a house on Fifth Avenue, which, if not quite so gorgeous as the one we left in Portland Square, is quite a handsome affair for New York. I own horses and a coach; I never cared for livery, but

you can suit yourself. I am only forty-five, and am fond of gaiety, and could make you very happy. Don't answer me this moment; think it over, my dear. Mrs. Delpole will not refuse me for a son-in-law. Before leaving England I wrote a proposal for your hand, accompanied by a full statement of what I am worth on the market; and I flatter myself she will greet me to-morrow quite affectionately." And Higgins chuckled at the thought that he was rich enough to afford the luxury of a pretty, penniless wife.

Bessie's silence led him to believe his offer had touched the vanity of so young a creature. She, on the contrary, did not trust herself to speak, so enraged did she feel. When they reached the companion-way, without a word she turned from him to descend.

"Take your own time, Miss Bess," Higgins called after her; "think it over, think it over!"

And Bessie's last night at sea, morally speaking, was tempest-tossed indeed.

The following day the great ship steamed into the beautiful harbor, and reached the same dock whence Bess had sailed a few months previous. The young girl could scarcely realize she had ever left home, for there stood her uncle, her mother with outstretched arms, and a little to one side the kindly face of her godmother, Eliza Stone—very much in the same positions as when she bade them good-by. But how different were her feelings! Her departure had been as a fledgling leaving the nest, filled with the hope of unknown glory; her return, a great feeling of thankfulness; she had seen some of the realities of life, and they had not made her unmindful of home. Bess's journey to fairy-land, as she called her English experience, had done her no harm, for her first words were:

"O mummy! I'm so glad to get back to you!"

And the caresses and sobs of happy reunion almost made our heroine forget the presence of her travelling companion, until, with a deferential bow to Mrs. Delpole, Higgins ventured to say: "May I have my answer, Miss Bessie?"

Our heroine looked up for a moment, bewildered, so completely had the joy of home-coming blotted out every other thought; then in a ringing voice Bess said: "It is good-by, Mr. Higgins; good-by, good-by!" And our little girl turned away, so the discomfited suitor should not see the grimace she was making.

"Well, Bess, it's home, sweet home, after all!"

"Yes, uncle, and I'll be all the merrier for having left it awhile." And that evening it was a merry party indeed that sat around the doctor's tea-table.

Bess's experiences, when told in her comic way, seemed far more sweet than bitter; and all that had been sad in her London life, looked at from the safeguard of home, appeared but a trifling shadow—a sombre-tinted background which threw out in bolder relief the many happy hours.

Later on when our heroine lay tucked in bed, up in the turret chamber, and to the wide-awake maternal ear had made certain little confidences before dropping asleep, Mrs. Delpole, leaving a kiss not a feather's weight on the soft, warm cheek, noiselessly slipped down-stairs for just another word of joy and sympathy with her brother.

"O Francis!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands with the delicious sensation of having regained a treasure, "how she has improved! You see, I did the right thing to let her go." And the mother sighed in the very plenitude of bliss.

"Yes, Agnes, she has improved in a certain way; she is better-looking than when she left us. But Bess took something away with her which she has not brought back." And the doctor spoke with slow deliberation, almost regretfully: "Our Bess is no longer a child!" And Dr. Champney, too, heaved a little sigh as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Bess is eighteen, and would not thank us to consider her a child." And settling herself well back in her chair for a bout of words with her brother, Mrs. Delpole awaited the onslaught.

"Well, I'll agree, Agnes, she is grown up—more's the pity; but we won't dispute the matter," calmly answered the doctor.

"I was going to remark," he continued, "that I wish you had not read quite so much 'between the lines' of that wonderful letter. You were too sanguine, my dear sister, and our little girl has been disappointed in consequence."

"Stop one moment, Dr. Champney, before you reproach me." And the mother rose to her feet, to cast into the enemy's camp the loaded shaft she had hugged to her bosom ever since entering the room, confident that where it struck it would carry all before it. "In consequence of my sagacity, sir"—and Agnes gave weight to every word—"Miss Delpole has had the opportunity of refusing one very eligible offer"—Agnes's conscience gave a blush of protest against the words of qualification—"a lawyer, in excellent standing. And what is more," she continued, with a gesture suiting her words, "my daughter has but to

stretch forth her lily white hand to have it seized and bound by the wedding-ring of a millionaire!"

"Heavens, Agnes! what nonsense are you talking now?"

"Well, brother, you wait and you will see." And Agnes Delpole, secure of victory, swept from the room.

The doctor threw back his head with a loud laugh, and the one word "Incorrigible!" which made his sister's ears tingle as she mounted to her turret.

But in the stillness of her chamber, with her darling snug at her side, Agnes, after a murmured prayer of gratitude, slept the sleep of innocence and dreamed out her dream.

Chapter XVI.

Bessie had been home a month, and yet neither Mrs. Delpole nor she had tired of talking over her London experience.

The affectionate mother had written to Miss Rebecca Briggs a letter of thanks for that good woman's kindness to her daughter—"my sweetest Bess"—and had persuaded that young lady to add a postscript, enclosing, besides a warm embrace for Miss Briggs, a cold slice of regard for Mr. Hamen. After this missive had been sealed and duly posted—Mrs. Delpole always adorned her foreign correspondence with her monogram in the purest of red wax—in a confidential after-tea talk she observed, with an air of prophecy, to the doctor:

"Mark my words, Francis, something will come of this yet!"

"No doubt, no doubt, Agnes," answered Dr. Champney, poking the fire to hide a laugh; "something is sure to turn up if you say so. In some cases it's trumps, and sometimes it's triplets, as with poor Sally Hopper."

"I consider that remark very indelicate and irrelevant, Francis," said Mrs. Delpole.

"Not so out of the way, dear sister. I've been watching you and Bess this past week, and have seen you metamorphose the family old linen into baby clothes. You'll have a multiplication of blessings from Sally and her triplets; and as blessings are trumps, with such a handful our bonny girl is bound to win."

Meanwhile, our bright little heroine had but one sorrow: there was not room enough in the house wherein to hang up her finery, and the Hamen "heir-looms" seemed condemned to eternal repose for the want of an occasion to display them.

Mrs. Delpole, to be sure, had visions of a sudden outburst of

glory at the New York Charity Ball; but then, like most visions, they were up in the clouds, and Bess had sense enough not to have her head turned by them. To amuse herself, however, and to please her mother, she set her deft fingers the task of refitting the robes of "the late lamented" to her own trim figure.

Never had Mrs. Delpole realized that dress-making could be a labor of love, till she helped to adorn her daughter in the purple and fine linen of a millionaire. Restrained by her dignity as a mother from lavishing compliments upon her darling, many a time she would burst into the doctor's sanctum and force him up-stairs for the satisfaction of seeing his eyes dance as they rested on "the heiress."

"What do you think of her, Francis?" the widow would say eagerly—"what do you think of her?"

"Splendid! worthy of Portland Square!" And Dr. Champney would rush away for fear he should be tempted to pinch the rosy cheek of his niece.

It goes without saying that all Brighton knew the number of boxes that Miss Delpole had brought with her from England, and Mrs. Vatts' maid had even gone so far as to bribe the doctor's drudge for a peep at Miss Bessie's "things"; a recital of which, as she combed out Miss Vatts' hair, made that young person's face grow green with envy.

"You had better tell their 'slavey' to strike for higher wages, Marcelle; I don't believe she gets enough to pay for shoes. Didn't you tell me you caught her once barefoot?"

"Yes, mees; but then she was just putting on her stockings," Marcelle answered with a twinkle in her down-cast eyes.

"Of course! She was ashamed you should catch her without them." And Miss Minnie tossed her perfumed locks under the nose of her sharp little French maid, who then and there determined in her own mind that her "demoiselle" was "vulgaire," and if "cette charmante Mees" Bessie should prove to be the heiress of "la comtesse anglaise," Marcelle would like nothing better than to engage in her service, and enjoy the perquisites of so rich a wardrobe: "Ma foi! le bleu me va, aussi!"

At Christmas Bessie was surprised at receiving from London a handsome box of water-colors, within which rested a card bearing the compliments of the "late Mr. Brush."

This gift again elicited from Mrs. Delpole her prophetic: "Mark my words, Francis; mark my words!"

Whereas Bessie merely ejaculated: "Silly man!"

CHAPTER XVII.

It was the eve of the new year, and Miss Delpole was alone in the drawing-room; and, to tell the truth, she was standing on a chair the better to contemplate herself, or rather her toilet, in the mirror.

To say that her "get-up," as the doctor expressed it, was most becoming, is no flattery, and recalled to Mrs. Delpole's memory that "dear Lydia always had good taste." The dress was a superb combination of velvet and satin—blue, of course—finished at the neck and arms with the whitest of swan's down. Bessie fancied the costume particularly, as she had never seen it on the person of "the Ogress."

"How she would have looked in these angel-sleeves!" remarked the heiress, looking at the well-moulded lines of her own arms.

At this moment Dr. Champney's voice was heard in the hall. "This way, please; you'll find her in there," in the cheery tones with which he always greeted the advent of Eliza Stone, the ever-welcome and only guest at his fireside.

Bessie stood where she was, awaiting with impatience her godmother's cry of admiration. As no exclamation was forthcoming, Bessie craned her pretty neck forward, and peered coquettishly into the mirror, saying with a pout, "Well?"

Her eyes met the reflected gaze, not of the school-mistress but of a man.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Delpole, for not having had myself announced; but Dr. Champney bade me enter, and you must blame him for my intrusion."

A second Bess stood petrified, then descended from her pedestal in such haste that the long train of her dress lay resting over the back of the chair as if caught up by some invisible page.

She faced about and saw before her a tall, sallow-complexioned man.

"Mr. Hamen!"—a stare.

"Miss Delpole!"—a bow.

There was a moment of suspense as Bessie stepped forward, saying, "I will call my mother"; then with a crash the chair beneath her train struck the floor.

Bounding to the rescue, the Knight of the Palette deftly raised the offending garment, and bore it courtier-fashion on his arm as he escorted Miss Delpole from the room.

Once outside the door, regardless of her trailing finery, Bessie sped to the "turret chamber."

"Mummy, mummy, he's come!" she cried, flinging herself into Mrs. Delpole's arms.

This lady, a shawl over her shoulders—for there was no heat on the upper floor—was at that moment casting up her accounts. The widow of late had been running up quite a number of bills, intending to settle her debts by the sale of some paltry piece of jewelry.

"We must impress the trades-people," she argued to herself. "Credit is the privilege of gentle-folks!"

But with all her bravery she was not accustomed to owing money, and as most bills fall due in January, Mrs. Delpole actually shivered with fright as her daughter, clinging to her, repeated:

"O mummy, O mummy! he's come!"

"What? who? The sheriff? Oh, dear! What will your uncle say?"

"It was uncle let him in," answered Bess, not heeding her mother's words.

"He'll never forgive me; let me run down and explain!" And the widow was hurrying off.

"Why, mother, you must change your frock. That style is unbecoming and out of date. Quick! let me help you."

"Style! Much a green-grocer cares for style when he comes with an unpaid bill."

"Green-grocer! Why, mother, Mr. Hamen is a gentleman!"

Mrs. Delpole at this name fell back into her seat, her arms hanging limp at her sides. "Thank God! What a relief!" groaning tragically. "Yes, Bess, rig me out in my war-paint; nothing like first impressions. So Mr. Hamen has come! I'm not surprised," said the widow, nervously adjusting her best and only silk dress.

Although it seemed longer, Harry Hamen had been left alone but a quarter of an hour amid the modest belongings of the Delpoles when mother and daughter entered the room.

"Mr. Hamen, allow me to welcome most warmly the adopted son of a very dear friend," said the widow, accentuating the adjective.

The first impressions were mutually good, for as Mrs. Delpole advanced with both hands extended the artist received them into his with a bow which brought his lips to a level with that lady's finger-tips.

"Quite aristocratic!" was the widow's silent comment.

"She and Aunt Rebecca will get along like twins!" remarked Harry to himself.

The conversation wavered not a moment, for in her presence Mrs. Delpole never allowed the intrusion of those awesome periods wherein the company is presumably listening to angelic whispers.

At length Dr. Champney entered with a hearty invitation for the artist to stay to dinner. Mr. Hamen declined, however, as he could not leave Miss Briggs alone at the hotel in New York, and rose to depart.

"But," he added, "I should like very well to present my New Year's compliments to-morrow; and, if Mrs. Delpole has no objection, I should be delighted to escort Miss Delpole across the bay. My aunt has bade me ask her to come, as the rough sea-trip has quite incapacitated the dear old soul, and the thought even of a ferry-boat upsets her nerves. You will come, Miss Bessie, shall you not?"

"Certainly, certainly!" answered that young lady's parent; "and later Dr. Champney and I will do ourselves the honor of calling on Miss Briggs."

As the door closed behind Harry the setting sun went down, and the curtain was drawn on the most eventful year in Bessie Delpole's life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The frosty smiles of the first of January, 1890, were welcomed by the beaming countenance of our heroine, as she gazed out of the window into the brightness beyond.

She felt an undefined exuberance, none the less so for having assisted at Mass; she had a longing for wings, which fact it was, no doubt, that lent to her voice the sweetness of a seraph, and caused Dr. Champney to exclaim as she entered the breakfast-room:

"You are starting the New Year well, little bird; I hope every month will be as full of song for us all!"

Towards midday the artist appeared, laden not alone with compliments, but with a hamper of delicacies as well, a present sent especially to Mrs. Delpole by Miss Briggs, and accompanied by a note from that lady requesting that Bessie be allowed to spend the day with her in New York.

The widow was as flushed and happy as a girl, and when

the young couple got beyond her vision she could not resist embracing the good doctor, at the same time remarking:

"I almost feel as if I could marry again myself!"

"Dear me, Agnes! what premature notions you have to be sure," said Dr. Champney, releasing himself from the clinging arms of the widow. "Because a young fellow travelling around the world has happened to call on us, your silly head must go romancing about a wedding! Don't put notions into Bessie's head, please."

"You never would listen to reason, Francis; and have all along tried to extinguish my just ambition for my daughter. But, thank God! I have had my own way, with the result that Bessie Delpole, if she never wears a coronet, will revel at least in the wealth of the Indies!"

"You'll make her out Queen Victoria next! I'm afraid your brain is weakening, Agnes." And the doctor sighed and laughed by turns.

"Well, read that!" retorted his sister, "and acknowledge I am right."

Mrs. Delpole put into the doctor's hands the note Miss Briggs had written; it ended with these words:

"I hope the proposal my grand-nephew is about to make to your daughter will meet with your approval; I need not say that my own best wishes will be fulfilled when I see them man and wife."

"That certainly is very explicit," answered Dr. Champney, returning the paper. "I trust the young man is all you wish him to be. The only good point I see is, that he is willing to mate with poverty. In our money-grasping times this does him great credit, very great credit."

Chapter XIX.

Meanwhile the young people about whom this ado was being made were composedly pacing the deck of the Staten Island ferry-boat.

"You evidently don't dislike the sea, Miss Delpole; you have the quick, firm step of a born sailor," Harry remarked, the support of his arm having just been refused.

"Oh, yes! I like the sea. I believe I like everything that is nice and new and pleasant," answered Bess, twirling her muff and feeling very happy.

"Well, well! I never heard 'Old Briny' complimented in that way before. We are taught that the ocean is as old as the hills—indeed older; and I don't call it nice or pleasant to be seasick, do you?" And Harry bent down to admire the heightened color on Bessie's cheek.

"It is not necessary to be seasick; it's all a matter of nerves and imagination; uncle told me so. And the ocean is nice and beautiful; and," Miss Delpole added on seeing a smirk on Harry's lips, "I'd just loath a man that was seasick!"

"Oh, oh! Miss Delpole, don't say that; you make me tremble for my sex, so many of us pay tribute to Neptune. Some of these days you will have lots of suitors, and to be true to your principles you will be obliged to warn them. 'Mr. So-and-So,' you will say, 'before you propose, tell me truly, are you ever seasick?' This will be, of course, when you're older, when you are grown up."

"Mr. Hamen, you are quite vexing," Bessie answered; "I told you in England that I am quite grown up."

"Which means you are all ready to be proposed to?" queried Harry, laughing.

"I did not say that," retorted Bessie, stamping her foot; "you persistently misconstrue my words, Mr. Hamen."

"Then I am very sorry indeed, for I was on the point of proposing," said her companion with mock gravity; "but now I shall be in danger of misconstruing your answer. If you whisper 'Yes,' I might think you meant 'No'; and if you stamp your foot and say 'No!' why, I could fancy, I could hope you had intended it as 'Yes'!"

Bessie laughed in spite of some annoyance. "Well," she said, "you have no time for any more teasing; here we are in New York and must hurry to catch the 'L.'"

There was not much talking done in the train, and in twenty minutes time our friends found themselves at the "Normandie."

Miss Briggs, as might be expected, welcomed the two with equal warmth, for she was more than partial to Harry, and much interested in "the heiress."

The maid, in whom Bessie recognized her London friend Dobbs, was called to free the young lady of her wraps and make her comfortable for the day. And a very jolly, delightful day it was for them all.

Miss Briggs had prepared a number of pleasant surprises to amuse her guest, and Harry exerted his powers to the utmost

in personifying certain great men of the past and present from "the Father of his Country" to the immortal Gladstone.

His audience thought it all very funny, and Bess quite agreed with the doating old maid that no one was so clever as the artist.

As dinner was being announced Miss Briggs was surprised at receiving a note which, as characteristic of its writer and of deep interest to the young people, is here transcribed:

"My dear Miss Briggs: Thinking you would like to know as soon as possible my opinion as regards the proposal of Mr. Hamen for the hand of my daughter, I can truly say that, although we have seen very little of the gentleman, both Dr. Champney and myself [a slight fib, as the doctor had been unconsulted in the case] are impressed in his favor; and if our treasure, my beloved Bessie, should see fit to accept Mr. Hamen, you can assure her of her mother's blessing. Believe me, my dear Miss Briggs, very sincerely

"Your friend,

"Agnes Delpole."

This highly important missive kind-hearted Rebecca slipped into her nephew's pocket, as Bess was donning her things to return home.

"There, Harry boy," the good lady said, "this is the ace of hearts; you can trump the queen with it, and win! Good luck to you! Knock at my door on your return, as I shall not sleep until I hear of your happiness."

And Rebecca Briggs's wabbly old head pressed itself against the cheek of her darling. Then seizing in her arms the muffled figure of Bessie, she kissed her again and again, saying between each embrace:

"You dearest, dearest child! I wish I had you always! There now, be off! Very kind regards to your mamma, whom I hope soon to meet. Come, Dobbs, keep close to Miss Delpole."

And away went Harry and Bess down the lift, and up into the "L" train, and on to the ferry, where, whilst the stars of heaven twinkled at them, and the sheen of a thousand lights lay on the rippling waters, these two were to solve the riddle of love.

Oh, happy pair! Harry all conscious of the impending, and little Bess in a quiver of excitement she knew not at what.

Brought up both of them in the narrow circle of poverty, their hearts had never wandered out of their keeping; and if the dreams of youth had flitted through their brains, never till

Harry spoke the word and Bess had given her answer did either of them realize that life's young beginnings centred in God's own Paradise, the garden of true love.

Harry offered himself in a very unconventional way, and in like manner Bess replied. Their short courtship had an individuality about it which might have startled Mrs. Grundy and her society patterns.

"Bessie!" said Harry; and strange to say, Bessie did not feel surprised to hear the artist call her by name, although her blue eyes opened wider, and the "man in the moon" saw her blush—"Bessie! I have not yet given you my New Year's gift. It is a very little thing, but 'tis what I value most on earth. If you accept it, you must take with it my good-for-nothing self! Will you take it, Bess?"

And Harry held out to his companion an object so tiny that Bessie, unable to see it, said:

"What is it, Harry?"

"My mother's wedding-ring! I have worn it about my neck ever since she died."

And then little Bess put her arm about Harry and whispered: "Oh, you poor dear! You poor dear!"

Thus they solved the riddle between them, while the stars rolled their twinkling orbs and the moon hid its face in a cloud.

CHAPTER XX.

Mrs. Delpole sat in the drawing-room, her hands in her lap and eyes closed, busy with her thoughts. Yes, think, think over the past. Of the day she wedded Roger—ah, poor Roger! They were happy together for a time, and the happy, happy day when Bess lay in her arms, and heaven seemed so very near!

"O my pride! my darling!" whispered Agnes, half aloud. "Your happiness shall not be wrecked as mine was! God is good; and my sorrows will bring you joy, for God is good."

She was repeating the last words again and again, when a peal at the bell startled her to her feet. Well she knew who stood without, for already the laughing whispers caught her ear; and Agnes Delpole's heart gave a great bound of gladness. "God is good," she said, as she drew the bolt.

"O mamma, mamma! I am so happy!" And Bessie clung about her mother's neck, and received her mother's devouring kisses, as if their parting had lasted years, and not hours.

Harry Hamen possessed himself of the widow's hand, and, raising it to his lips, said in a half-comic way: "May I too say, 'Mamma, mamma! I am so happy?'"

Then Mrs. Delpole released her daughter, and, turning to the artist: "Sir!" she said, and there was a ring of tragedy in her voice, "my child's happiness has been my life's prayer. If you can make her happy, my blessing will follow you—follow you long after I am gone." And then a few tears were shed—happy tears that do not burn.

The artist then bade good-by, first kissing his dead mother's ring on Bessie's hand, and then the sweet, living lips. "You'll not have to sell the heir-looms after all, Bess!" And Harry's black eyes sparkled.

"You may take back your rusty old heir-looms, Mr. Hamen," said his lady-love saucily; "such archaic things are not the style in America!"

"To be sure! I forgot you like everything nice and new, and—"

But Bess closed the door sharply, and the last good-bys were spoken with the panel between them.

An hour after her darling slept Mrs. Delpole still sat watching for Dr. Champney's return from a night-call. At length his latch-key was heard, and with noiseless tread the widow ran down to meet him.

"What's the matter, Agnes? Is Bessie ill that you are still up?"

"No, Francis, but I could not rest without telling you the news. The new year has brought us luck: Bessie is engaged to be married."

"My word! but you do things hastily!" said the doctor with a frown. "I hope it will not be, repent at leisure."

"You are cruel, Francis!" his sister replied, with tears in her voice.

"I did not mean to be, Agnes dear."

"Well, then, congratulate me. Bessie will have wealth and happiness, and I can end my life in peace."

"Amen!" answered her brother.

Although Mrs. Delpole would have preferred a grand wedding at the Cathedral, Dr. Champney had his way, and Harry and Bess were quietly married in the little church on Staten Island, and were blessed and declared man and wife by its venerable pastor.

The guests were few, but the crowd was great. Minnie Vatts was there, of course; and as the bride and groom came down the aisle she remarked in a loud whisper to her neighbor. "I don't think much of her Indian prince, do you? He looks as if he had been washed in coffee. Give me an American that knows how to grind dollars."

"Ah! is she jealous, cette brasseuse?" said the French maid to Dr. Champney's servant: "I tink your mees charming. She did give you some old frock, hein?"

"More than that," answered the 'slavey,' wiping her moist eyes; "her young gentleman bought the cottage my old mother lives in, and made me a gift of it."

"I shouldn't be surprised if Dr. Champney married now himself," remarked the green-grocer in another corner of the church. "They do say as he and Miss Stone were as good as engaged before his hair was gray."

"Well, an' it's a blessing I wish them both," returned old Charlton, the florist.

"And a second husband for Mistress Delpole, so she shouldn't be lonely," added a third party.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamen had departed amid echoed blessings, and Miss Briggs had been escorted back to the hotel by Mr. Higgins, who forsooth had performed the part of best man at the ceremony. In the doctor's dining-room, contemplating the sad débris of the wedding-feast, were Mrs. Delpole, her brother, and Miss Stone.

"Agnes, dear, I wish you joy of our Bessie's success," said the schoolmistress, tenderly kissing her friend.

"May her happiness be a lasting one!" added Dr. Champney.

"And may I never regret the extravagance in postage which brought about this marriage," said Agnes Delpole with an hysterical laugh, as she sank down upon the identical sofa which had received her fainting form that fateful morning whereon Lydia Hamen's misconstrued letter had arrived.

"Well," said the doctor grimly, "whatever happens, Agnes, you will certainly have earned the great and always coveted satisfaction of being able to say: 'I told you so!'"

STANISLAUS MONK.

THE REINDEER AGE IN FRANCE.

How far back we can trace man's first appearance on earth is a disputed question among scientists. A high authority, Professor de Quatrefages, in his address before the eighth meeting of Americanists, says: "I consider the existence of Tertiary man to be demonstrated." And he is not alone in this opinion. Nevertheless, we prefer to stand on perfectly safe ground, on ground about which there is no dispute, and to place the first appearance of man not earlier than the Quaternary or Post-pliocene epoch. Toward the close of the preceding age—the Pliocene—a marked change had come over the northern hemisphere: in Europe England became definitely separated from the Continent; Denmark was divided from Sweden by an arm of the sea; while the two land-bridges across the Mediterranean—one by way of Sicily and another at Gibraltar—disappeared. At the same time the humid atmosphere grew somewhat colder, a hazy mantle veiled the rays of the sun: the great geological winter was approaching. This is supposed to have been brought about by astronomical causes combined with a changed distribution of land and water. But while the conditions were favorable to glaciation, the better opinion is that the Ice age was not a period of excessive cold. Debièrre, in *L'homme avant l'Histoire*, says: "It is probable that the glacial periods coincided, not with a period of excessive cold but with a foggy atmosphere, a soft and humid temperature, hardly more than from four to five degrees lower than to-day."

These conditions were prolonged into the succeeding post-pliocene or quaternary epoch, between which and the pliocene the division made by geologists is a purely conventional one. The same immense glacier spread in the shape of a fan from Scandinavia as far south as Lyons, while from the Pyrenees smaller glaciers spread towards the north, and the one which rose at Gavarnie and passed over Lourdes has been traced for a distance of thirty-nine miles. But if the ice age was a generally dismal epoch, it was happily broken by what are termed inter-glacial periods; and these taken together form what is known among French scientists as the Reindeer age. The reindeer then roamed down to the Pyrenees, and, judging by its fossil remains, it must have been very abundant. Along with the reindeer we

find the mammoth, the aurochs, the horse, the cave-bear, and a species of woolly rhinoceros.

But it is the fact that man lived in the reindeer age that makes it so interesting to us. Cartailhac, in *La France préhistorique*, says: "The reindeer age is the artistic period par excellence of all prehistoric times. . . . For the first time man draws, engraves, carves, represents the living creatures which surround him with a sense of beauty that is astonishing, nor does he forget his own image."

The first person in France to call attention to figures scratched on fossil bones was Desnoyers. As long ago as 1863 he observed them on the remains of *Elephas meridionalis* in the neighborhood of Chartres; and near by were a number of flint spear-heads, also the remains of the hippopotamus. This discovery, which was made known to the Academy of Sciences on the 8th of June of that year, produced a great sensation; and De Quatrefages, after examining the bones so interestingly marked, declared it not improbable that they belonged to an even earlier period than the quaternary, from the fact that near the remains of the elephant were remains of the hippopotamus, an animal belonging in Europe to the pliocene.

In the following year, 1864, Edouard Lartet discovered in the department of the Dordogne the first representation of a mammoth: it is engraved on a piece of mammoth tusk, and the long hair, which is boldly traced, shows that it is indeed the extinct species—*Elephas primigenus*. Shortly afterwards the Marquis de Vibraye found in the same part of France a piece of reindeer's horn on which is scratched the head of a mammoth. At about the same time Peccadean de l'Isle unearthed in the cave of Montastuc a piece of ivory on which is represented a reindeer, and among all the prehistoric engravings which we have seen this is the most beautifully done. In the grotto of the Madeleine a reindeer bone was found on which the same animal is represented; also a pebble with the figure of a mammoth scratched on it. At Mos d'Azil, in the Dordogne, M. Piette discovered the head of a reindeer not engraved but carved in reindeer bone; it is about five inches long, and shows surprising ability on the part of the workman. At Rochebertier a reindeer bone was found with a human head engraved on it. At Aurenson, department of the Hautes Pyrenees, another reindeer bone was discovered with the head of a buck goat inscribed on it. In the Dordogne the Marquis de Vibraye found a bit of ivory on which is engraved the figure of a woman; but the head and

arms are wanting and the feet are partly obliterated. This is now in his collection. Again, on another piece of reindeer bone we see represented the figure of a man. He is in the act of throwing a spear at an aurochs, which is fleeing with head bent low and tail high in the air. This engraving is correctly, even elegantly done. The horse is also found scratched on reindeer bones.

Let us say that in the caves where these fossil remains were unearthed there were also many rude stone hatchets and spear-heads, as well as needles made from the bones of birds. But there was no pottery; and the absence of pottery is characteristic of the paleolithic, or old stone, age, to distinguish it from the neolithic, or new stone, age, when pottery is met with and when the hatchets, spear-heads, etc., are of polished stone. Naturalists are somewhat uncertain whether the dog lived in the reindeer age, and until lately the better opinion was that *Canis familiaris* had not yet become man's companion. There is no doubt, however, that the horse abounded during the interglacial periods, and it is believed that the animal served for food. In the department of the Saône-et-Loire there was discovered, in 1868, an extensive agglomeration of horses' bones, and it has been calculated that these fossil bones represent no less than one hundred thousand horses. The bones had all been broken to extract the marrow, and the vertebræ had been pierced by flint arrows. A good account of this discovery may be found in *L'Anthropologie* for May and June, 1890, under the title "Les nouvelles fouilles de Solutré." The writer, Adrien Arcelin, says: "Besides the horse, we gathered accidentally, in the heaps under consideration, scattered bones of the reindeer, the cave-bear, the aurochs, and the elephant. Nor are chipped flints rare in these heaps. . . . We repeat, the heaps of horses' bones present all the appearance of being kitchen refuse composed almost exclusively of horse."

The fossiliferous caverns of France are mostly in a jurassic or cretaceous formation, and as they commonly face to the south and are near some river, they must have been warm in winter and cool in the hot interglacial summers. Nor are we bound to believe that man of the reindeer age was a wretched nomad in a state akin to the modern Patagonian. To quote again Émile Cartailhac, in *La France préhistorique:* "In the age of which we are speaking game was, no doubt, more plentiful than in any other, and it was not necessary to go far in order to procure it. The streams were full of fish, life was easy to support. These

conditions are not generally found in countries where we have looked for examples of primitive civilization. We believe we should expose ourselves to grave errors if we compared our ancestors of those times with the miserable tribes which live to-day in the rudest climates and most desolate latitudes." Nor does it follow that because man then dwelt in caves that he had no other dwelling-places. He may have had wooden abodes, but these must long since have disappeared. He may also have carved in wood, but this perishable substance would hardly have been preserved to our day. We cannot measure in years the distance which separates the present from the early quaternary epoch. Remember, we are speaking of a time compared with which the civilization of ancient Egypt is modern. Professor Perrot, in the introduction to his *Histoire de l'Art*, says of this far-off period: "Of these far-off ages the memory of humanity had not even kept a vague remembrance. Here we see them open and deepen under this ray which pierces their surrounding darkness. . . . There can be no question here of chronology. But when we fathom the sand of the diluvian beds of Abbeville or the soil which forms the ground-bed of the caves of the Périgord; when we light on the first chipped flints or on those fragments of reindeer's horn, of bone and of ivory which have perhaps preserved for us the first attempts made by man to trace the profile of living creatures, how far removed we feel ourselves to be from the most ancient times of which some trace has been kept by tradition, and especially from the centuries when the first dawn of history begins to break!"

It is the opinion of De Mortillet, an authority on the subject, that these carvings and engravings on bone were made with a flint instrument; such flint tools having been found in the same spot with the fossil bones, and they resemble not a little our modern engraving tools.

The oldest caves which show traces of having been inhabited by man are the cave of Chelles, in the department of the Seine-et-Marne; the cave of Moustier, in the department of the Dordogne; that of the Madeleine, in the same department, and the cave of Solutré, in the department of the Saône-et-Loire. But other and smaller caves have been discovered which are scarcely less interesting. Professor Bergounoux, in a recent work, *Les Temps préhistoriques en Quercy* (department of the Lot), describes several of these. In the grotto of Conal he found remains of the reindeer and the horse, a good many bone needles, as well as several teeth of carnivora which were pierced

with a hole, and had no doubt served as a necklace for some prehistoric maiden. But the most interesting discovery he made were some fossil bones, which Professor Noulet, director of the Museum of Natural History at Toulouse, declared to be the bones of a very little dog. If the learned professor is not mistaken, then *Canis familiaris did* live in the reindeer age. Another hole in the rock which Professor Bergounoux explored is called the "Abri des Cambous." This place of refuge, which is only six feet deep and nine feet high, is situated at the base of a cliff near the river Célé, from which it is separated by a meadow. But Bergounoux says it may well have been made larger artificially, perhaps by a sort of hood formed of skins projected over the opening. But small as it is it proved a rich mine, for a whole bagful of weapons and tools of the reindeer age were found in it. Perhaps the most curious thing unearthed was a piece of bone six inches long, and fashioned like a paper-cutter, but with a somewhat concave blade and Bergounoux thinks it may have served for a spoon.

The discovery of so many stone hatchets and arrow-heads, bone needles, engraving tools, etc., in the caves of central and southern France may make us ask why these seemingly safe retreats were abandoned. If the inhabitants moved elsewhere, why did they not take these useful things with them? In reply we quote Professor Bergounoux, who believes that they fled hurriedly in order to save their lives: "This allows us to believe that the cave-men of Conal and of Cambons must have belonged to the end of the quaternary epoch. The event whose effects we see in the supposed sudden abandonment of the caves was no doubt the melting of the ice."

In the caves of France human remains have very seldom been found. Of this Cartailhac, in *La France préhistorique*, says: "We are brought to believe that the paleolithic tribes only exceptionally placed the bones of their dead in caves or in places of refuge under rock; these remains must have mostly been left in the open air, either on the rocks or hung in the trees or otherwise, in conditions which did not allow them to last until our time. Our European ancestors of the age of chipped stone are thus linked by an essential trait of manners to a large portion of the primitive races of the other continents."

As we have said, many bone needles are found in the caves, and we may wonder what man used in place of thread during the reindeer age. Here we again quote Debièrre in *L'homme avant l'Histoire*. He says: "Like the Esquimaux of the Arctic

regions to-day, he probably made use of the tendons to take the place of thread, for on many long bones we may observe superficial erosions which show with what care these tendons were taken off."

Some scientists maintain that a wide gap exists between man of the interglacial periods and the race now inhabiting France. They believe that when the great glaciers melted and the climate became dryer and colder, man either perished with the mammoth or followed the reindeer to the far north, where he is at present represented by the Laplanders and Esquimaux. The better opinion is, however, that no such a gap exists; that the same race which lived through the ice age continues, after many vicissitudes, to inhabit the same region to-day.

The end of the quaternary epoch, which marks the disappearance of the reindeer in France, marks the beginning of the neolithic, or new stone, age, when implements and weapons were made of polished stone and when pottery is first met with.

We have found the study of the fossiliferous caverns of France very interesting. When man scratched the portraits of the mammoth and reindeer, as well as his own portrait, on the fossil bones which we have seen and described, the landscape of France was not what it is at present. The mountain of ice known as the Glacier of the Rhone towered eighteen hundred feet above Lake Neuchâtel and extended south as far as Lyons, while from the Pyrenees smaller glaciers spread northward. In central France the sky was lurid with the smoke and flame of active volcanoes, and sheets of lava swept over what are now fertile vineyards; of these volcanoes nothing is left except shattered craters and mineral springs. The river Seine where Paris stands was then four and a half miles broad, and in the open spaces between the extensive forests were seen the wild horse, the aurochs, the woolly rhinoceros, the reindeer, and the mammoth. Grand game indeed for the caveman to hunt! Let us be thankful that he left behind him, hidden in the cave earth, a few memorials to tell us that he lived, and was something of an artist, too, in the Reindeer age.

WILLIAM SETON.

A CONVERT'S STORY.

Conversion, which itself should be the beginning of a new life, mostly is bound up with other and earlier beginnings that may be omissions no less than commissions. These often are more important than they seem, and any fair statement of actual conversion in the present instance must go back to include years in which baptism was neglected.

The omission was due to Quaker parentage, and the clergyman who at last, a few months before my wedding-day, officiated at the font, had already ministered in the same way to some young friends who claimed to have thereby entered his Episcopalian fold and influenced me to follow their example. Seeking the teaching as to baptism, for the first time in my life I read the Bible in any other than a perfunctory way. Never before had I knelt to pray, or learned to say a prayer, not even our Lord's Prayer.

A practice, however, which I distinctly remember, and which my mother has since told me began when I was scarcely more than three years old, was that of daily reading aloud, usually to both parents, a chapter from the New Testament. The sacred text was unaccompanied by explanation, and it was one of the confusions of my youthful mind that the holy John who lived in the wilderness was the same with that other blessed John *whom Jesus loved;* while those things which the Apostle saw and which belonged to a higher range of perception—the angelic choirs, the great white throne, the sea of glass—were ever mentally reproducing themselves according to my childish imaginings of them, and various saintly characters supposably came and went at my bidding amid the celestial imagery in which the city that lieth four square is presented to us in the apocalyptic vision.

It was to be expected that to one utterly ignorant of every kind of legendary lore the heavenly country would in this way be much the same as fairyland to other children, or rather it might be far more; it was, in fact, the one resource for beguiling certain hours which until I was ten years old were regularly spent in midweek, as on Sundays, in the Friends' gatherings for worship, an offering that often consisted of unbroken silence. How truly, then, was parental guidance into the fields of Holy

Scripture a Providential ordering for the little one thus obliged to sit through the meetings which, in spite of Heaven's kindly aid to her, proved sometimes a painful discipline!

An only child, whose life, albeit in a large city, was one of singular seclusion, and whose study and leisure alike were so guarded as to exclude the few books which up to that time had been written for children, might well be inclined to seek companionship of her father's favorite authors. To suit my small stature the volume selected not unfrequently would be rested on my father's knee, and it was quite literally sitting at his feet that I learned to love the thoughtful reading which was a shield against many of youth's temptations. At the same time it caused much of childhood to pass in blissful unconsciousness of missing childish pleasures. Also, it has been instrumental in making me a Catholic.

Events and circumstances which at the time would have been interpreted as indicating almost any other goal than the church are easy of recognition now as making part of a Providential plan of preparation for the special grace of conversion many years later. Doubtless it was only one of many heaven-sent leadings into the true fold when, ere the end of my eighth year, I drew from a shelf in my father's library an old Catholic biography. Verily red-letter days were they which owed their special brightness to that outwardly unattractive volume, and now, after more than forty years have come and gone, are vividly before me. Notwithstanding the writer's rather solemn way of telling the story of a life, no romance could have proved more fascinating to me than the time-yellowed pages, which truly were a treasure trove since they brought what appears to have been my first conscious drawing to Holy Church.

This quaintly-worded biography most of all impressed me in its setting forth a personal attachment to our Divine Lord, and the fact that there is a union with him which in a special way is the privilege of religious. But the existence of nuns and what I now gleaned of their religion alike was a revelation to me, and it was with bated breath that I expressed to my mother the discovery, "they have our Saviour for their husband"; eliciting the remark, as she probably divined what was passing in her child's mind, that in my case at least it could not be right to look forward to entering upon such a life, because Friends, with whom I felt myself unalterably connected, do not approve of devoting one's self to God in that way.

It was the less hard to accept the Society's judgment in this matter since my mother's cap and 'kerchief and gown were as little conformed to the world's fashions as any which she described as worn by Sisters of Charity, and in soothing words she confessed to feeling it was also her duty to serve our Divine Lord in his sick and suffering members. Not long afterward I saw a nun for the first time, and thenceforth to be seated by one of them in travelling filled me with happiness much as if they had been angels, and when the black-robed figures passed me on thoroughfares if possible I followed them, with the ardent desire, destined to remain long ungratified, that I might hear the voice of one speaking.

What my mother said about Quakers devoting themselves to the alleviation of human suffering came home to me forcibly, for she was herself an ever-welcome visitor to prisoners, gently consoling them in their confinement; and often she took me for companion in various ministrations to the poor, or allowed me to fancy that with thimble and needle I was aiding her continued efforts on behalf of slaves, at that time here and there escaping from their masters in the South.

Those were the days of the *underground railway*, and some others as well as Friends are living who will remember how it was signaled from one watcher to another, stationed in readiness at different cities along the route, that a *box of freight* might be expected. Happy indeed was my mother when our city was the chosen terminus, that so, laying all else aside, she might make garments for the poor creatures, sure to be nearly nude on arrival here. Sewing-machines had not been invented, and as help must be given secretly for fear of some governmental arrest, the privileged few who might accept the risk of preparing for a consignment of runaway slaves were obliged to ply the needle into the wee small hours of two or three consecutive nights.

But what, it may well be asked, are any charitable deeds; what an unquestioning obedience to parents, and a cheerful submission to the dicta of certain persons who among Friends are appointed to the charge of whatever appertains to the doctrines or discipline of their Society; what the quiet of the soul and that listening to the *still small voice* which constitute an essential part of the Quaker régime,—what are all these if not so many notes of Holy Church, rays from the light that is within her, stirrings which come of her own blessed activities, thrills of her own adoring silence at Emmanuel's feet? So it is that

many who have endeavored to be faithful to so much Catholic doctrine as may be found in one or another of the sects have thereby come to know the embrace of our tender Mother, ever waiting to be gracious though for a lifetime we have been estranged from her.

The first twenty years after my Anglican baptism—most of them—were spent in a country home where no note of Catholicity reached me, and my knowledge of doctrines was confined to those which are held by the Low-Church party. Once during these years, however, there was something like touching a chord of long ago, the revival of a sweet but almost forgotten strain, when in a town library under care of Friends I took up a short biography of a religious. After reading the little book I could not resist saying that nevermore would the life I was then living satisfy me, yet knew not how nor wherein it should be made different.

At last a change of residence into a suburban parish enabled me to witness for the first time ritual and devotions which in a measure were those of the Anglicans, and I began to read their teachings. *Tract Ninety* was the means of my getting a hold on Catholic doctrine which charmed me into seeking all that came from the author of it, the while I made his thoughts my very own. The works of Dr. Pusey and some other Anglicans came in turn, and together with Cardinal (then Dr.) Newman's and the *Imitation*, which at once took the deepest hold of all upon my heart, they for years absorbed me to the exclusion of every other kind of reading. One book recounted St. Teresa's dream of an angel bearing a torch and a pitcher of water, and how the saint was told the one was to burn up heaven, the other to drown hell, that so man would serve God neither from fear of punishment nor hope of reward, but solely for love of Him.

The next thing, of course, was to get a *Life of St. Teresa*, and although I could command only one of those Anglican translations which leave out as "corrupt" so much that is helpful, it brought to me a great attraction to the saint, so that loving her I loved also the Mother of Saints. From this first reading of any of the saints' lives dates what in my own life, I humbly trust, was conversion. So, too, it may have been a consequence of taking the faithful Carmelite for my inspiration, that at once I began to invoke St. Joseph's aid, to place myself before the Mother of God as a child seeking a mother's care and protection, and to resolve to believe and to do all that I

might learn is enjoined by Holy Church upon her children. How much I owe to the intercession of St. Teresa in my behalf may be among the sweet surprises of the world to come. In my case as in so many others, however, was repeated the old story of Jacob's being deceived into taking Leah for Rachel, and reception into the Holy Catholic Church was not until nearly seven years afterward.

Anglican writers, pleading universal need of the sacrament of penance and then explaining their prayer-book as containing provision for its use, convinced me that it was my duty to seek a priest, and an unquestioning faith in the Anglican confessors never for one moment wavered through all my years of Anglicanism.

It was rather earlier that I began to have the comfort of believing in our Lord's Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament as defined in Catholic catechisms. A Catholic could not have more implicit faith in it than while yet an Anglican I had from the very first of learning the doctrine; and that which kneeling I received in the Anglican churches I then believed was verily and indeed the Sacred Host. Never in those days did this faith desert me or become less, but after returning once more to the city of my birth rather grew stronger during the five years of those daily receptions that immediately preceded my becoming a Catholic.

In the parish where I was then established, a large and influential one, the instructions were to receive fasting, and sometimes to be present and so "assist at the sacrifice" without receiving. Often there was a "requiem mass," and now again some explanatory teaching. Thus I long accepted all the dogmatic teachings of the church except the fundamental one of the Papacy, rarely alluded to in the Episcopalian pulpits, but shown by histories and other books which are circulated among the people as a mediæval development which, having been rejected by England, is not binding upon Americans.

Some were soft-blowing breezes, which gently detained me long anchored on alien shores. After a retreat made with the associates of an Anglican sisterhood at the convent, I became one of their band. The practices enjoined upon me were not obligatory; but consisting chiefly of a daily saying of the Magnificat, together with meditation and portions of the Psalms arranged for recitation at each of the Seven Hours, and perhaps of some charitable works under care of the sisters, time was so happily filled as to prevent the mind from dwelling upon thoughts of

the many beautiful Catholic devotions of which we were deprived.

Keen and sharp, however, were the actually propelling winds, steadily carrying me, though I knew it not, by devious ways into the safe harbor where at last, quite suddenly it seemed, I found myself. *Authority* is so held in abeyance among Anglicans, that not until the subject was put before me by Catholics did I know there was really any question regarding it. These friends, who were the first Catholics I had ever met socially, made various claims which caused me secret uneasiness. Confessing my inability to answer their questions was by no means saying they were unanswerable. Telling no one of the trouble, I went confidently to my confessor and, announcing the mere fact that some difficulties, Roman versus Anglican, had been suggested to me which I did not know how to dispose of, but had no doubt that he could vanquish, asked permission to state them to him.

Positively refusing to hear any such statement, my confessor said that during his dozen years in the ministry there had been little time for studying theology, and anyway it would be of no use for him to enter upon my inquiries, since rarely had he known any one to be saved from sooner or later joining the Church of Rome after being taken hold of by her teachings as they had evidently taken hold of me. The one suggestion of possible help against so sad a fate in my case was that I should read Dr. Ewer's *Conferences* and Littledale's *Plain Reasons.*

Comfort certainly came to me in reading one of the chapters in Dr. Ewer's book, but it came of conclusions drawn from false premises, that the Papacy is an innovation, and others which being *there* I supposed must be true, and did not so much as dream of investigating them. Heart-broken over the rebuff I had received, not until long afterwards did I mention it to anybody. Love and faith, and my conduct to every one, continued in all things the same as before.

Many were the serious questionings running through seven years; the same, probably, in the main that present themselves to most who become converts. But my peace was never more than ruffled on the surface; I was all the time so sure that my Anglican teachers were right, and that whatever seemed wrong was so only according to my understanding of it.

Faithfully following the advice officially given, to not read any Catholic books of controversy, since they would but unsettle without profiting me, I trustfully accepted from the same source

that the Papacy is not the will of Holy Church for her children. Books any one of which I now think must have converted me on this point were untouched, and in the desire to perfectly obey I sat quietly under Anglican rule without looking into what might be beyond it. The beginning of the end of my loyalty to a system of delusions was what seemed a mere chance finding of the first four volumes of the *Ave Maria*. Contributions from Archbishop Spalding and Dr. Brownson were, of course, especially delightful, and these and others, some of which were of the kind I had scrupulously avoided for many years, I read again and again, hardly knowing what I was about they so fascinated me, while into my heart came a yearning toward the Church of Rome which grew stronger as consciously and yet unconsciously I cherished it.

In the same library, later, I came across some of the very earliest numbers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Not only the controversial papers, but reviews of certain Anglican books (Dr. Ewer's *Conferences* was one of these) and some historical facts of which hitherto I was ignorant or had heard quite differently stated, helped me on. Often I had been warned against the Catholic fathers of the present day as being trained casuists, full of sophistries, and misleading in many ways; very remarkable now were the clearness and precision which I particularly noted in various brief writings upon doctrinal subjects, whilst no less impressive were the candor and charity which breathed in every line of them all.

Every day brought fresh conviction that previously I had been reading the "wrong histories," as an "advanced" High Anglican minister once greatly shocked me by saying in reply to something of mine about the Papacy as a "mediæval development." Yes, certainly wrong histories, which were responsible for my Protestant ideas of the Inquisition, of the popes, of the church prior to the "Reformation." And what was I to think of England's penal enactments against her Catholic subjects, and of Ireland's heroic sufferings as now I read of them?

It was whilst still enjoying my magazine treasures that I received from a clerical friend several books by some of the most "advanced" writers of the "Establishment." Even a layman may not find it hard to detect many falsities in the statements and reasoning of Dr. Littledale, and after the first half of his *Petrine Claims* I turned, heartsick, to other things from the same pen, and then to Canons Carter and Gore in turn, feeling

more and more that to be not within the Church of Rome, however near to her, is to be outside the Catholic Church.

Of course, it must be that my salvation was involved in what I would now do, but so possessing me as to leave little room for any other consideration was the one thought that I was outside of God's church, and it could not be pleasing to him to have me there. Long before this I was conscious of deep personal affection for the Holy Father, and now with all my heart I accepted the doctrine of the Papacy, hitherto rejected because, for reasons already stated, it was unexamined.

It was no new fervor which brought me into the church, but the same old love for her that long ago God had given and still continued to me, and which would not allow me to think at all of how hard would be the wrench of tearing up the roots of more than half a lifetime, but rather would leave consequences with God. A letter asking that I might at once have direction from those who alone are empowered of God to give it brought a summons, and the third interview was not over when I could say as never before, "I am a child of the church." Voyagers have told of hearing music when their ship's out-spread canvas has focussed the sound of cathedral bells, ringing jubilantly at the time when miles out at sea the ship was passing them. So the wanderer, kneeling to receive the sevenfold gifts, sails rightly set for home at last—surely it was from heaven that sound of far-away sweet music which the ear could but faintly catch; and we do know the angels there are rejoicing over the sinner that repents, who was lost and is found.

A. C. O. M.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

ON the twenty-first anniversary of the day on which the Pope was despoiled of his temporal power, His Holiness received the first band of some twenty thousand pilgrims from France. These pilgrims were all working-men who had come to testify their gratitude to the "great workman" (as the Comte de Mun styled the Pope) for his encyclical in defence of their rights. The Pope in his address to the pilgrims spoke of the happiness he felt at having been able to contribute to the elevation of the working-classes. He expressed great satisfaction at the fact that the heads of important industries had already studied the application of the encyclical, and that governments had not been insensible to it, and insisted upon its being imperative to act at once without losing precious time in barren discussions. Christian trade-unions, the formation of which was so warmly encouraged in the encyclical, were again spoken of. "Form," the Pope said, "associations in which you will find, as in a second family, strength in conflict, maintenance in the infirmities of old age. Secure to your children by wise thrift a tranquil future." With reference to the last recommendation of the Holy Father, it may not be out of place to mention that in many schools in England the fees which have hitherto been paid for the children's education are being deposited in the Post-Office Savings-Banks for the benefit of the children when they leave. In this way not only are the children enabled to start with a small sum, but they are being taught in early days practical lessons in thrift and prudence. For a considerable time Penny Banks have been established in connection with schools in Great Britain. These Penny Banks are brought into association with the Post-Office Savings-Banks, in this way securing unimpeachable safety. A movement is on foot in this country for the introduction of the Post-Office Savings-Banks, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of that thrift which the Pope inculcates, that it may be successful.

While recognizing the help which working-men may and ought to receive from the public powers, the Pope did not fail to reiterate the truth which is so often lost sight of, that the social question will never find a true and practical solution in

purely civil laws, even the best. The solution lies in the domain of conscience, and conscience embraces not merely the satisfaction of the demands of justice, which calls for fair wages for work done, but the exercise of charity which goes beyond justice. While it is necessary to insist upon the duty of paying fair wages for work done (because the failure to do this is undoubtedly the most crying evil), the fact must be recognized that the correlative duty, that fair, honest work must be done for the wages received, is not always fulfilled by the other side. A writer in an English paper records some observations which he made of the proceedings of five carpenters "at work" on the roof of an unfinished house. "I watched them attentively for ten minutes, during which two kept on steadily and honestly; a third knocked in three nails, giving three blows to each; a fourth exerted himself to about the same extent, while the fifth did absolutely nothing." It is unfortunately quite unnecessary to go to an English newspaper to find ample proof of the existence of injustice of this kind. We have only to open our own eyes and we shall see for ourselves. Yet it is, of course, as dishonest and unjust for a working-man to sell a day's or an hour's labor and idle away a large percentage of it, as it is for a store-keeper to sell short weight or measure, or for a capitalist to pay inadequate wages. And whichever party (whether the capitalist or the working-class) may for the time being have the power of making the civil laws to regulate the relation between labor and capital, no good result will be achieved unless the voice of the Church interpreting and enforcing the precepts of justice and charity be listened to by both classes.

Last month we chronicled the proceedings of the International Socialistic Congress at Brussels; we have this month to take note of the Annual Congress of Trade-Unionists which has been held at Newcastle, England. The proceedings of these congresses have been exciting more and more interest since the labor movement has taken so prominent a place in men's minds, and they were looked to as a means of ascertaining authoritatively and clearly the real wishes of those who work. We fear, however, that the proceedings of this last congress will not conduce to the maintenance or growth of this respect and regard. The president, Mr. Burt, spoke of it, indeed, as the largest and most representative body of Trade-Unionists that had ever met in the civilized world. The exact number represented was 1,302,855. When we remember that the

laboring population of England alone is estimated at some nine millions, it will be seen that the congress cannot speak for the whole body. This, however, is not the chief thing which weakens the claims of the congress to serious attention. Its proceedings were characterized by so much noise, clamor and even tumult, that the voice of reason made itself heard with difficulty, and it was evident that the majority had come to the congress with foregone conclusions, and with the determination to bear down all opposition. More than a hundred subjects were to be discussed by the congress, and yet a quarter of the time was spent in wrangling over the manner of voting.

We must not, therefore, attach too great weight to resolutions passed under these conditions. They call, however, for attention as indications of the wishes of no small number of working-men. The thing brought out most clearly was, that the "New Unionism"—the unionism of the unskilled laborers—is becoming predominant. A trial of strength took place at the beginning of the congress on the question of voting. By the regulations in force, each delegate was entitled to one vote for every thousand of the unionists of whom he was the representative who had paid the required subscription. It appears somewhat strange that among the working-classes the payment of money should constitute a qualification for voting, when in the interest of the working-classes such a qualification has been abolished in parliamentary and other elections. Influenced by this and by the fear of the richer unions, the New Unionists opposed this regulation, and succeeded in substituting for it the "one man, one vote" method, and thus paved the way for subsequent victories.

This, however, was a mere question of procedure; an important matter indeed if the congress had been a legislative body with powers to decide, but which, when decided as it was, rather detracts from than adds to the weight of resolutions which derive their chief importance from their own intrinsic excellence. Yet it took the better part of one day to settle this point, and consequently speeches had to be limited to three minutes, and even then a large number of the proposed subjects were not discussed. The most important matter dealt with was the legal Eight Hours' Day. After a long discussion, in which the original resolution was, after having weathered many storms, in the end lost, the congress found

itself able to decide, by a fairly large majority, "that legislation regulating hours of labor to eight per day should be in force in all trades and occupations save where a majority of the organized members of the trade or occupation protest by a ballot voting against the same." This would render eight hours the legal limit of work, but would give the majority of the members of any trade-union the power to exempt that union from the general law, establishing what is called Trade Option. This result is an important modification of the resolution in favor of a universally obligatory eight hours' day which was passed at the congress held at Liverpool last year, and shows that, notwithstanding the appearance of tumult and disorder, moderate counsels made themselves heard. But even the modified resolution has failed to meet with the approbation of Mr. John Morley, one of the leaders of the Liberal party. He characterized the Liverpool resolution as an absurd and an impracticable proposition; the modified resolution of the recent congress he looks upon not as absurd, but only as impracticable. "We must not, however," he says, "jeer at the perplexed resolutions of these good men, who are trying to puzzle out the matter for themselves." What effect this attitude of Mr. Morley will have on the proposed legislation—whether it will be disastrous to himself or to the legislation—time will soon show.

Resolutions were adopted for extending Factory and Workshop's Acts to laundries, domestic workshops, and all trades where women and children were employed; for raising the age limit of children to thirteen years; in favor of sending paid delegates to the House of Commons in order to bring about the state payment of all members of the house; for amending the Conspiracy Law; in condemnation of the present method of selecting jurors, which excludes working-men; in favor of limiting government and municipal contracts to firms which will conform to the customs of the unions in general, and as to wages and hours of labor in particular. It is of interest to note here that this demand of working-men has been conceded, either in whole or in part, by many departments of the British administration and by several municipalities. Contractors are required to pay trade rates, otherwise the contract is null and void. A resolution was carried in favor of closer and more friendly relations with co-operative societies, although the treatment accorded by some of those societies to their own workmen met with sharp criticism. Other resolutions of a more technical

character were passed. As indicating the opinion of working-men on the subject, it deserves to be mentioned that a resolution in favor of the appointment of a State Board of Arbitration, to consist of the nominees of capitalists and workers in equal proportion, was rejected by a small majority. The congress finally adjourned without having discussed several matters of importance, among which was a proposal for the establishment of municipal work-shops.

Last month we gave an account of several measures of the French legislature in favor of the working-classes. But what has been either done or proposed by the legislature does not represent the whole of the action of public bodies in the same direction. The municipalities of various cities throughout France have, under the influence of the party called Possibilist, taken similar action. The Possibilists profess to have a Socialist goal, but differ from other groups of Socialists in their belief that it is the duty of working-men to get as much advantage as possible out of the present arrangement of society. Among the fruits of this politic method of proceeding must be reckoned the creation of Labor Exchanges in Paris and several provincial centres, of which exchanges the working expenses are paid by the municipalities. Many of these municipalities have even been prevailed upon to defray the expenses of working-class delegations to all the principal exhibitions of Europe and America. In aid of evening technical classes subventions have been voted by various cities; and in some instances money has been voted in aid of the wives and families of men on strike. Without passing any opinion on the wisdom or unwisdom of these measures, it seems somewhat strange that when the influence of working-men goes so far already, so many should be willing to adopt violent methods.

And in fact French workmen have recently met with severe reverses in attempts made by them to secure by striking, accompanied with violence, the advantages which they desired. The circumstances under which their defeat was brought about afford an interesting contrast to anything that could take place in this country. The marked public sympathy shown to the omnibus men in their struggle in Paris led to their immediate success. Emboldened by this, the railway men, hoping for similar help, decided upon similar action. But in this they were disappointed. As was proved in the Scotch railway strike, the public sympa-

thy is warm enough to put up with a little inconvenience, but not warm enough to put up with much; and the stopping of railway traffic was more than it would tolerate. Then—and this is the notable feature—the government of the Republic stepped in and placed the army railway corps at the service of the companies, and the soldiers carried on the traffic until the strikers were glad to be received back. The same thing took place in the strike of the bakers; the army bakers were employed in making bread for the store-keepers, and they made it so much more cheaply that the keepers of the stores were glad of the strike and sorry when it ended. Moreover, there was a prospect of the bakers who were on strike being called upon as reserve men in the army to do the very work for army pay which they had been doing for higher wages. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the military system of the Continent finds so little favor among large numbers of workmen.

At first sight, reference to the International Electrical Exhibition recently held at Frankfort might seem to be quite out of place in these notes on social and industrial questions. The bearing of the one upon the other is, however, very far from being remote. As every student of political economy is well aware, the present conditions of manufacture favor the concentration or aggregation of capital. Small men have been driven out owing to the fact that the power now in use—water or steam—renders production much cheaper when the machinery is concentrated at one spot. But if a new power were discovered which could be distributed like gas from a single centre to the work-people in their own homes, the days of the large capitalist might be numbered, for production would in many cases be as cheap for the small manufacturer as for the large. Now, at the Frankfort Electrical Exhibition the current which lit 1,100 electric glow-lamps, and which set several motors in motion by which motive power was supplied to a number of workshops, was transmitted to the exhibition from Lauffen, a place at a distance of 108 miles. At Lauffen the original motive power for the generating dynamos was a water-fall. The experiment was a complete success, and is declared by competent authorities to be the most momentous one yet made in technical electricity since that force has been made practically useful.

The experiment did not merely show that the transmission of electric power to such long distances was scientifically possible,

but also that it would be practicable from a business point of view; for fully seventy-five per cent. of the efficiency of the current reached Frankfort. Unless some unforeseen obstacle presents itself, we may, therefore, be now on the verge of the long-desired revolution in industrial production. The agglomeration of men, women, and children in huge factories, amid the noise and din of rattling wheels, beneath the watchful eye of a mercenary task-master, may give place to work at home, where each man will do his own work in peace and quiet and be remunerated according to its quantity and quality. Then, too, the factory hand will cease to be the mere servile executor of the plans and taste of others, and will be able to maintain his own individuality and to contribute to the advance of art. We hope we are not dreaming, and we have reason to think we are not.

So great is the interest taken in social and industrial questions that, at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cardiff in Wales, the proceedings of the Social and Economic Science Section attracted far more attention than those of the sections devoted to the more purely scientific subjects of mathematics, chemistry, geology, or even biology. One paper in particular, read before the Economic section, may be looked upon as the one most likely to give the Cardiff congress an enduring place in men's minds. It was written by Mr. T. Forster Brown on a subject which is continually entering into the minds of English thinkers, the probable exhaustion of the coal-supply; but the point of view, however, from which it was looked at was new. After showing how entire is the dependence of English trade and commerce on the coal-supply, and that the coal easily obtainable—obtainable on terms commercially profitable—would be exhausted in fifty years, he asked what they, the present generation, were going to do for their children and grandchildren, whose resources they were consuming so rapidly and surely. As things are going on now the fathers, instead of providing for the children, are rapidly rendering it impossible for the children to provide for themselves. What, then, was the duty of the present generation? In view of the hard times coming it was their duty, in the present period of prosperity, to remove the burdens which would fall on their children. They should, therefore, by methods which he described in detail—and which, of course, our space precludes our attempting to describe—pay off the national debt, purchase all the railways, tramways, canals, docks, water and gas companies, and ex-

tinguish the indebtedness of the towns and cities. When all this has been done the high price of coal will be tolerable and will not cripple the energies of the future inhabitants of Great Britain. We have not seen that any step has yet been taken to realize the proposals made. However it is a good sign of the times that such proposals should attract attention, and we hope that this forethought for future generations of Englishmen is but an evidence of the anxiety which is felt for the existing generation, and that the superabundant anxiety which looks so far ahead will not be remiss as to actual needs.

The Free Education Act is now in force, and out of 19,700 schools in Great Britain more than 19,000 have signified their intention to conform to the act. This does not, however, mean that all these schools have been made quite free, for the act admits of partial payments by parents. The London Board Schools, have, however all been made free. The expectation that all school boards would adopt the free system has not, however, been realized, for in several places schools which charge fees have been retained. This is still more the case as regards Voluntary Schools. In Liverpool the Catholic schools charge the small sum of one-half cent a week—for the purpose, we presume, of keeping alive in parents their moral responsibility for their children's education. Great efforts are being made to maintain the religious schools in the position they had secured before the passing of the act; nor are these efforts superfluous, for the Bishop of Salford has declared that in his diocese alone $15,000 more a year will be required in consequence of the act. American experience is being appealed to in support of these efforts. The last report of the United States commissioner, which shows a steady transfer of children from public schools to private schools, a transfer amounting to as much as one-tenth of the children, is adduced as proof of the dissatisfaction excited by purely secular free education. The dissatisfaction experienced by those who have themselves made the experiment is sure, it is argued by Dr. Wilson, former head-master of Clifton College, to be felt sooner or later by those who may adopt the secular system in Great Britain, and what will be the result? If the schools are once given over to the state and made entirely secular, the state will never restore them to their former managers. Then new religious schools will have to be built and supported, and those schools will not have the advantage of government inspection. "If we close denominational schools under government inspec-

tion to-day, we shall have them open to-morrow without government inspection."

The Temperance movement, notwithstanding the adjournment of Parliament, is slowly but steadily effecting its object. The bills introduced during the last session, it is true, failed to become law. In particular the Irish Bill, which had such good prospects on its second reading, was withdrawn in the last days of the session owing to the impossibility of finding time for discussion. Mr. Sexton and other members of the Irish party, both Parnellite and anti-Parnellite, offered to it an unyielding opposition. The old law, however, remains in force. But notwithstanding the non-success of proposed legislation, the force of temperance conviction is making itself felt in another way. The decision of the House of Lords in the case of "Sharpe *v.* Wakefield," that a publican possesses no vested right to the renewal of his license, has induced the magistrates in a few instances to suppress public-houses on the mere ground that the number of them is too great, and to give notice in a great many cases that that course will be pursued hereafter, especially if there is the slightest ground for complaint about the manner in which a house is conducted. In some country places in England there is a public-house for every ninety-one inhabitants. There is, therefore, room for extensive weeding. The magistrates, however, have not even yet a perfectly free hand, for their power to refuse must be exercised judicially; that is, not in virtue of a general foregone conclusion, but on a judgment concerning each particular case.

There are several other indications of the growth of the movement in the most extreme form—Teetotalism and Prohibition. The leaders of the Gladstonian party, Mr. Gladstone himself, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley, have declared in favor of local option, and a member of the present Conservative cabinet has declared war on the "tied house" system. This for either party is a good stroke of policy if, as Mr. Caine asserts, there are now seven million total abstainers. To say nothing of other organizations, in the Bands of Hope, which consist exclusively of children, there are said to be two million members. But it is not the friends alone of the movement that recognize the power which it has attained. A leading physician in London, who has declared himself its unflinching opponent, has felt himself called upon, on account of its growing

power, to take up arms against it. He writes: "Believing teetotalism to be one of the weakest and most mischievous crazes of the nineteenth century, I think the time has arrived when it is desirable that some one who has strong views on the subject of what it is the fashion of the day to denounce as drinking should speak out honestly. . . . I am persuaded the time has come when those who do not share the views it is fashionable to profess ought to declare themselves." He admits unreservedly: "I am placing myself in antagonism to the majority of medical writers on this topic." This letter has called forth column upon column of letters to the newspapers. Into the merits of the controversy this is not, of course, the place to enter. We refer to it in order to show the strength which teetotalism has attained.

We do not, as a rule, in this country associate our German fellow-citizens with any remarkable zeal for temperance legislation. The German fatherland, however, is engaged in the consideration of perhaps the most drastic project short of absolute prohibition that has ever been submitted to the judgment of a legislative body. The real author is said to be the emperor himself. Among other provisions it forbids the selling of spirits before eight o'clock in the morning, and, with what seems charming simplicity, imposes on dealers the obligation of doing all in their power to hinder the abuse of spirituous liquors. No spirit-dealer is to be permitted to sell spirits to any person below the age of sixteen years. They are forbidden to sell liquor to any visibly drunken person, or to any person who within three years has been punished as a confirmed drunkard. The spirit-dealer is bound to see that drunken persons are conducted to their dwellings or handed over to the care of the police; moreover he is forbidden to supply liquor on credit. We hope that the German liquor-sellers have a keener sense of the evils of their trade than those in this country are endowed with, and also with a greater regard for the laws of the land. If they have, the law will be useful; otherwise we have our fears. But the most remarkable feature of the proposed law is the provision for dealing with those who on account of drunken habits are unable to manage their affairs, or who by their conduct threaten to bring their families into want or to endanger the safety of others. These may be placed under a guardian, and this person may, with the consent of the court, place his ward in an asylum for inebriates. Even in cases where the guardian does not exercise his rights in

this respect, the court may intervene and order his committal to an asylum. It is impossible to say as yet how much of this bill will pass into law. It will undoubtedly be keenly opposed, and, strange to say, by the party which in other countries is in favor of such legislation.

The most important event in European politics since our last notes were written is the relaxation of the passport system in Alsace-Lorraine. This indicates, and is generally accepted in France as indicating, the intention of the German emperor to do away with everything that unnecessarily increases the friction between the two powers. A thing worthy of note, however, is the way in which the papers have filled their columns with a variety of startling incidents, subsequently to be proved to have either no foundation, or but the slightest, in fact. It was gravely announced that the Emperor William had spent ten thousand francs to send a lot of Germans to acclaim Wagner at the Opera in Paris. Then the occupation of Sigri by the English was proclaimed. Afterwards came the declaration that France and Russia had decided to oblige England to evacuate Egypt without delay. Next came the news that an Italian man-of-war had ostentatiously refused to salute the French flag. Last of all a report appeared in a French newspaper of a speech made by the Grand Duke of Baden, in which he said that the time was near in which Germany would have again to unsheathe her sword. The newspapers aspire to supplant the pulpit as teachers and instructors, but while in Europe so many of them revel in sensation-mongering, and in this country in filth and calumny, they will before their claims can be accepted have to furnish more satisfactory proofs of their competency.

The closeness of the relation now established between France and Russia is proved by the fact that a loan has been negotiated by French bankers, although the Jewish bankers a short time ago refused to have any thing to do with a proposed Russian loan. It seems certain, also, that there has been a *rapprochement* between Turkey and her old enemy. The Dardanelles question has been settled by a concession which enables certain "Volunteer" vessels of Russia to pass through the straits as freely as merchant vessels. Moreover, since the change of ministry and the appointment of a new grand vizier, a change seems to have taken place in the attitude of the Grand Porte towards Bulgaria, although this is disclaimed. All the Powers, however

are loud, and we believe sincere, in their profession of a desire for peace, nor does it appear likely that war will soon break out. The chief fear at present is lest Germany and the other allied powers should deem it better to strike a blow while Russia is crippled by famine, and poverty, and the process of re-arming her soldiers, and before France gets stronger than she actually is.

For France seems to be growing stronger every day. The old parties are dwindling into insignificance. The recent manœuvres have made clear to all the world the strength and complete efficiency of her army; the present ministry has proved itself stable; the ministers in their speeches have manifested a spirit of great moderation and prudence, abandoning the attitude of combat and defiance towards the opponents of the republican form of government, and calling upon the nation to union and mutual confidence. The president has secured for himself the regard and respect of all parties. On the occasion of his recent visit to Chalons the bishop expressed his hope that as the first Carnot had been the "Organizer of Victory," the present might become the "Pacifier of Consciences." One of the most promising signs is that the government, which a short time ago quailed before the mob and suppressed "Thermidor," feels itself now strong enough to protect "Lohengrin" from the same opposition. Moreover, efforts are being made to suppress that glaring blot on French civilization—its obscene literature. Of course, many things are still done in the name of the government which call for the strongest condemnation. For example, the mayor of La Mire has forbidden young girls wearing white dresses, because white is the color of the old dynasty and of the Blessed Virgin. This seems to us a monstrous piece of tyranny, but the ways of continental Europe are not as our ways. Not long ago the police in Vienna were instructed to prohibit women in long dresses walking in the streets, and in Prague white caps were forbidden by the all-supervising authorities.

In Germany and in Austria military manœuvres have been the order of the day. At one of these the German and Austrian emperors met, but nothing is known of the political results (if any) of this meeting. At another the German emperor made a speech in which he referred (according to some reports) in disrespectful terms of the first Napoleon as a *parvenu* Corsican. This excited great indignation in the country which will not allow to the descendants of this Corsican so much as a burial-place in its

soil. In East Africa the Germans have met with a grave disaster, which may prove a serious hindrance to the suppression of the slave-trade. If we may put confidence in the words of the chancellor of the German Empire, European peace is assured, for he has publicly declared that no cloud darkens the political horizon.——The fearful famine raging in Russia should, one would think, engross all the energies of the government. However, it would appear that it is strong enough even in this severe time of trial to enlarge the borders of the empire. In "the Roof of the World" (to use the native name for Pamir), of which the Russian territories and those of British India and of China form the boundaries, Russia is accused of making serious encroachments. Meanwhile the Jews are being driven out of their homes with relentless rigor. One of the most remarkable undertakings ever entered upon by a private person has taken practical form and shape. Baron Hirsch has formed a company, of which almost the entire capital—ten million dollars—has been subscribed by himself, for finding homes, and especially farms, for the expatriated Jews. The effort is a noble one: whether or no it will succeed it is hard to say. The Jews who left Russia in 1882, and for whom farms were found in the West, have abandoned those farms long ago, and have been sent back to their old country, money having been subscribed for the purpose.

Spain remains in the same state of political quietude to which we alluded in our last. She has been visited, however, by terrible storms which have ruined and devastated whole provinces. In one place some two thousand lives were lost, railroads were destroyed, and there are grave fears lest the financial credit of the country—none too good—should be affected. The redeeming feature of these sad events has been the manifestation of the generosity and kindness of the nation towards the sufferers—"a frenzy of charity" one of its papers called it. These storms are said to recur periodically, and to be due to the absence of forests. This absence of forests itself is said to be due to the fact that the Spanish peasantry look upon a tree much in the same way as an English peasant looks upon game. As the latter thinks it no wrong to violate the game-laws, so every Spanish peasant cuts down without the least scruple any tree to which he may take a fancy, in disregard of all proprietorial rights, and consequently the whole country is denuded of forests. And so the recent disasters find an ultimate cause in mistaken ideas of morality.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THREE of the new fall books relate to Russia and various aspects of Russian life, a subject abundantly interesting of late, and destined, doubtless, to remain so. What is written about it, however, whether by natives or foreigners, varies indefinitely in point of interest, instructiveness, and charm. Mr. Stoddard's volume* probably represents no aspiration beyond that of producing a fresh and comprehensive guide-book for intending visitors to St. Petersburg and Moscow. It is, at all events, faithful enough to such an ideal. It must not be inferred that these two cities were the only places visited by Mr. Stoddard on the journey he describes. He entered Russia through Sweden and Finland, to each of which countries he devotes a chapter or two, and came back to "a society where education and civilization were prominent and influential" by way of Warsaw, Cracow, the Carpathians, some Hungarian caverns, and Buda-Pesth. But the chief impression gained by his reader is not unlike that produced by a good museum catalogue and Cook's tourist guide-book. More history, more politics, more communicativeness concerning the condition and manners of the common people, and a less marked avoidance of burning questions, would have increased its value and interest for the general reader.

Gregorovitch, an old man of seventy, has long been a popular novelist in his own country, but has not made much impression upon that foreign public which either admires or pretends to admire Tolstoï and Turgénieff. The tale† now translated and preceded by a brief sketch of the author by Mr. Pierson, is described as "an admirable picture of modern life in St. Petersburg." There is nothing admirable in the picture, however, except the skill with which it portrays the fond simplicity of Nikolai Foufliguine, the abortive folly of his wife, and the meanness, cupidity, profligacy, and selfishness of all the other personages introduced. It is undeniably clever in workmanship, and that is all that can be said in its favor, save that it ends happily for the Foufliguines after they have thrown all their little fortune into the laps of greedy relatives, petty politicians, and other disgraceful but, doubtless, wholly natural characters.

* *Across Russia from the Baltic to the Danube.* By Charles Augustus Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *The Cruel City.* After the Russian of Dimitry Gregorovitch. Introduction by E. De Lancey Pierson. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

*A Russian Priest** represents a totally different aspect of Russian life. It appeared about a year ago as a serial in the Viéstnik *Evropi*, the leading literary magazine in Russia, under a name which is probably assumed. It is interesting in all respects and particularly well worth reading, since it deals with a topic seldom handled—the habits and conditions of the peasantry and the influence exerted over them by the clergy. The hero, Cyril Obnovliénski, belongs to what might be called the hereditary caste of the clergy. As is well known, the Greek Church requires marriage as a preliminary condition to the ordination of a secular priest, although it forbids them to contract a second marriage after widowhood. A student who has passed through the seminary and the academy with honors, especially if he has earned the degree of "Magistrant," or Master of Arts, is a "made man" from the professional point of view. There are several courses open to him, as Mr. Gaussen explains in his brief but instructive preface. He may either marry and receive a nomination to some lucrative town living, or remain a layman and become a Seminary professor. But if he is ambitious to rise in his profession, he will embrace the celibate life and enter a monastery, the only feeding ground of prospective bishops. The less productive town livings and the country parishes fall to the share of those theological students whose course has been less brilliant. The clergy are not salaried by government, nor, since 1861, when the serfs were emancipated, have they been greatly assisted by the great landed proprietors. Their income is derived from the fees received for baptisms, funerals, and other religious ceremonies, and, in the towns, often amounts to a large sum. "Several parishes in Moscow and Petersburg," says the English editor, "yield considerably over a thousand pounds a year in our money." But in poor country places the living of the priest, his family and clerical assistants, is screwed out of the peasants by a tariff of charges graduated according to the needs of the recipients, unmodified by those of the persons to whom the services are rendered. In addition to these fees, a small allotment of church land is given them to farm. Hence, when Cyril, who might legitimately aspire even to a bishopric, elects not only to marry but insists on being appointed to a country cure, his own family and that of his bride-elect are bitterly disappointed. The bishop alone approves when he learns the grounds of his choice. Never before in that dignitary's life had an academician petitioned to be made a village priest. "I wish

* *A Russian Priest.* By N. H. Ilota Ilehko. Edited and translated by W. Gaussen. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

to serve the lesser brethren—those that live in darkness," Cyril had answered when his reasons were inquired for. "Oh, that's it!" said the bishop; "only I don't understand why you have thus decided." "I don't care about town life; a large income has no attractions for me," continued Cyril. "My heart is in the village where I was born and bred." "This is very sensible! May God bless you!" added the bishop in delight. "You will be an example to the others."

Cyril, in short, has the true priestly and apostolic vocation. "Why didn't he enter a monastery if he had such notions as these?" inquires his aggrieved assistant, when, under Cyril's management of their flock, the income with which he has been accustomed to provide comfortably for his family and lay aside wedding portions for his six daughters, shrinks up into a sum barely sufficient for the necessaries of life. The answer is that Cyril feels himself called to an active work of enlightenment and elevation among the poor, and that he is as unable to accomplish it unmarried as he would have been if unordained. He replies to the woman who would have tempted him to be unfaithful to his vocation, when she says:

"Why do you wear that cassock? You don't really believe. . . . Take it off!"

In her quiet, scarcely audible voice something in the nature of a demand was heard.

"Who told you that? I believe in God, who has helped me to reach the hearts of these dark people. Without that I should never have done what I have," answered Cyril in a tone of firm conviction.

"Very well! but why do you wear that cassock?"

"Why? *Why in order to have the right to go among them in their every-day life.*"

There is something very noble in the conception of Cyril, and the manner in which it has been worked out is excellent. His vocation costs him all that he has, even his wife, to whom evangelical poverty, when it comes to mean almost starvation, passes the bounds of endurance. She promises to come back and bring his baby son when her husband "returns to his senses." Should he do so, "the bishop is willing to appoint you to a place in the Merchant's church, should you wish it." For an instant Cyril meditates that possibility, but only to reject it. One day he will reclaim his son and teach him how to live. And meanwhile he is not alone. He has conquered his people and made himself dear to them. "Cyril remembered the sick woman the doctor had spoken to him about. He put on his cassock, took his stick, and with a firm step descended into

the street." Thus abruptly the story ends, leaving, as it were, a half-closed door through which one gets a more than ordinarily vivid glimpse into the needs and hopes and immense drawbacks of Russian common life.

*Amaryllis** is a pleasingly sentimental and perfectly innocent little pastoral, the scene of which is laid near Athens. It can hardly be said to have a theme, but perhaps, if rigidly searched in quest of something of the sort, one might unearth the suggestion that obstacles are so essential to the proper course of true love, that, when they do not naturally exist, it is wise to introduce them artificially.

Emotions are plentiful enough among the four or five persons with whom the latest issue of the "Unknown" library chiefly deals, to justify one half of its very taking title.† Nor are some emotions likely to remain dormant in its readers; those, for example, which produce amused laughter, respect for the author's cleverness, his extremely light and sure touch, and keen sense of some fundamental belongings of human nature. But the "moral" is not so obvious, unless, indeed, it may be couched in the advice, "Never marry one person when you love another." The two couples who are paired but not mated could hardly serve to point any other. However, the moral of a story is nowadays seldom worth discussing or looking for. What does call for notice in this one is the cleverness of the dialogue. There are strokes of wit and flashes of insight in the talks carried on between Cynthia and Lady Theodosia unsurpassed in any recent fiction we remember. Cynthia, by the way, bears a family likeness to some of Mr. Thomas Hardy's earlier heroines. She might be "own first cousin" to Elfrida in "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

Those who "love books about books"—and there are a good many of us—will not easily find more agreeable entertainment than is furnished in Miss Repplier's recent volume.‡ She is a very charming essayist. Unerring taste; a range of reading wide enough to include the Shepherd of Hermas at one end and the "penny dreadful" of English railway-stands at the other; a pleasant humor of her own, and its natural accompaniment, a quick sense of humor in others; a style so lucid yet so restrained that the epithet well-bred seems to belong to it by right, give Miss Repplier a certain unique distinction in her own

* *Amaryllis.* By Georgios Drosines. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Some Emotions and a Moral.* By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *Points of View.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

department of literature. We have, for our own part, no favorite among the papers contained in her present volume. "Books that have Hindered Me" is especially amusing in a quiet way, and "Fiction in the Pulpit" a good sermon whose application the reader makes or fails to make according to his own good pleasure. A closer and more compact style than is usual with Miss Repplier is observable in "Scanderbeg," an essay which originally appeared in this magazine. But in this case her subject did not naturally lead into those pleasant byways which usually attract her.

Mr. Crawford's new romance* is fantastic enough to abundantly justify its title. His "witch," if not a convincing is at least a striking figure, and one that to our notion illustrates admirably the artistic possibilities and the rigid limits of hypnotism, whether as a healing or a destructive agency. Unorna, the witch, is a natural clairvoyant as well as a marvellous hypnotizer, who uses her powers without comprehending either their source or scope. Mr. Crawford insists on her beauty, but, by gifting her with one gray eye and one brown one, and dwelling now and then on various other natural defects, such as the coldness and marble-like heaviness of her well-modeled hands, he manages to prevent his reader from believing in it. Perhaps this treatment is meant to be symbolic. At all events, whether by accident or design, his tale throws into prominence the old truth, familiar to all who have made any study of either ancient or modern occultism, that here as elsewhere in nature nothing comes out of the egg which was not put into it. In the new science, where man's will seems to be raised to the n^{th} power, so to say, it nevertheless remains purely human. Probably the evolution is not even yet equal to the involution, but its promise tends only thitherward; man wills, not what he pleases but what he can. Naturalism, that is, remains always distinctly different from, and indefinitely below, what Christians mean by supernaturalism. Who will may convince himself of that fact by reading the lives of the saints, and comparing them, not merely with the most circumstantial details of spiritism, magic, and hypnotism, but with the fictions based on such things by men as clever as Bulwer or Mr. Crawford. There is something towards which man aspires, and to which he not infrequently attains, not simply in the persons of saints and prophets but in those of otherwise ordinary good Christians, between which and the extraordinary limit of his natural powers a great gulf opens. Life and Love

**The Witch of Prague: A Fantastic Tale.* By F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

mock at man. Death he can always compass, and almost always satisfy his brute desires; he can inflict pain and give pleasure; he can thwart, oppose, and harass the spirit of his neighbor and fatally degrade his own. Within the limits of his nature he can ameliorate his condition and uplift those beneath his mental and spiritual level. The professional hypnotists promise a step farther than has yet been taken in this direction, and by the mere force of suggestion to convert drunkards into sober men, and the vicious into decorous members of society. They are handicapped, however. Their "sword's hilt is the sharpest," as Mrs. Browning's seraph remarks of his own. On all sides the evils that must attach to the now fully accepted and fast-developing power, are more dreaded than the benefits that may spring from it are desired. Grant all that can possibly be claimed for it, and man, though richer, is not other than he was. Life and Love mock at him still, and "He that sits in the heavens laughs" when he seeks peace or blessedness except in Him. "Wonderful in His saints," He works still, as He has always worked, in and through and by them, marvels which neither human science nor imagination, hampered in their boldest flights by the chain that binds what is earthly to the earth, dare aspire to rival. Man rests on his natural level until lifted from it by the lever of divine grace and a will that is higher than that of man. But then, he soars above the earth; the rust of poverty and the pangs of disease transmute themselves for him into the gold of contentment and the blissful soundness of those who are whole in God; when it pleases Him whose footstool is Nature to reward heroic virtue, inanimate things obey him, the brute creation acknowledges him its master, and death and the grave yield up their prey. Read the naïve and bald chronicles, Scriptural in their bluntness of detail, in which the lives of men like Francis of Assisi and Anthony of Padua are set down. Behold the dead take up anew and go on bearing the burden of life at the prayer of Francis Xavier and Francis de Sales. See, as some of us have seen, the blind restored to sight, the deaf to hearing, the deformed made straight, the gifts of healing, and prophecy, and vision granted in ways that made visible the finger of the Master of Life and asked of man's will only the act of invocation based on the merits of Jesus Christ, and then think how cheap the marvels of occultism must be held by Christian men and women!

The author of "How to be Happy though Married," and several other volumes which by their popularity seem to prove

that they "met a felt want," has recently published one on *The Business of Life.** Though there is nothing very new about it, even to the anecdotes with which its pages abound, yet it is entirely readable, wholesome in sentiment, and for the most part even tritely true. In fact, the well-known criticism on a certain philosopher, that what was true in his writings was not new, and what was new was not true, seems particularly applicable in the present case. We have not found the author straying beyond orthodox Protestant bounds save in the remark that "immortality is probably conditional." His essay on "Wealth as a Profession" is well worth pondering by those who have been elected to the high calling of stewardship in these days. He is gossipy, chatty and agreeable always, and if he is sometimes preachy as well, that is one of the chief drawbacks of men of his cloth when they leave the pulpit for the desk.

A very good novel indeed, clever in style, full of incident, and so well managed as to plot that he will be a very penetrating reader who does not remain in ignorance of the clew until the author reveals it in the last chapter, is *The Fatal Request.*† It comes to us in company with another issue of the "Sunshine Series," which deserves equal praise, Mr. Hake's *Within Sound of the Weir.*‡ Both of them are English stories of middle and lower class life, the scenes being laid near London. Mr. Hake has sometimes a touch which reminds one of Dickens.

A really brilliant novel in point of style and treatment of character is called *Miss Maxwell's Affections.*§ This also is English, but the characters belong to "the nobility and gentry and county families." Though it seems to be its author's first story, it is written with a firm hand and plenty of assurance. Gertrude and her trio of admirers are very well understood and described, though exception may plausibly be taken to the very unpleasant scene in the churchyard with the hereditary madman, George Brabant.

A poor novel, *The Price of a Coronet,*‖ adapted from the French of Pierre Sales, and a very clever¶ one, whose scene is laid in France, by an Englishman, Mr. R. H. Sherard, come also from Cassell's. The first, though not destitute of good points,

* *The Business of Life.* By the author of "How to be Happy though Married." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *The Fatal Request.* By A. L. Harris. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *Within Sound of the Weir.* By Thomas St. E. Hake. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

§ *Miss Maxwell's Affections.* By Richard Pryce. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‖ *The Price of a Coronet.* Adapted from the French of Pierre Sales by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

¶ *By Right, not Law.* By R. H. Sherard. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

makes them by forced contrasts with meanness and vice of the unpleasant description too common in French fiction. The second is something of a curiosity as to invention and plot. The singular Englishman, Oliver Martin, and his contrivance for extorting what he conceives to be justly his own from old Prudence Mecrant; the history of his motives; the apparent incredibility of a perfectly true tale, which brings him within a stone's throw of the scaffold; the clever use that is made of hypnotism as a detective agent; and Oliver's final escape, just when the need of escape had been averted, all make up as entertaining a bit of pure story-telling, with not a scrap of love-making in it, as we have lately seen.

There are some very pretty complications in Mr. Anthony Hope's unusually clever novel, *Father Stafford.** "Why is the gentleman called 'Father'?" asks one of the guests at Eugene Lane's country-house when he learns that the party is to be reinforced by a new arrival.

"Because he is a priest," Miss Chambers answered. "And really, Mr. Territon, you're very ignorant. Everybody knows Father Stafford. You do, Mr. Haddington?"

"Yes," said Haddington, "I've heard of him. He's an Anglican Father, isn't he?"

The personage thus announced is a "high" Churchman of the most advanced description. "Everybody knows" about his fasts and penances and his vow of celibacy. As his host says on the occasion just quoted from:

"By the way, you fellows, I may as well mention that Stafford doesn't drink, or eat meat, or smoke, or play cards, or anything else."

"What a peculiar beggar!" said Bob.

"Yes, and he's peculiar in another way; he particularly objects to any remark being made on his habits—I mean on what he eats and drinks and so on."

"There I agree," said Bob; "I object to any remarks on what I eat and drink"; and he took a long pull at the beer.

Stafford, though not much past thirty, has made a real reputation based on what he has done as well as on the many things he declines to do. Not only his learning and his success with an East End parish have made him a marked man, but his absolute sincerity of conviction has won him the reverence of many to whom his views and practices seem absurd. If he comes down at this crisis to his old friend Lane, it is because incessant labor has reduced him to such weakness that he has

* *Father Stafford.* By Anthony Hope. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

been ordered to quit work and rest himself. Now, the party at Lane's comprises the betrothed of the host, Kate Bernard, a couple whose attachment for each other is a doubtful quantity; a Mr. Haddington, who is the second string to Kate's bow; Lady Claudia Territon, a dangerous flirt by whom Eugene Lane is seriously smitten; an eccentric artist named Morewood; Sir Roderick Ayre, the Bishop of Bellminster, and his wife, and one or two others. "Father Stafford" being destined by fate for the hero of a novel, is preordained to fall in love, in spite of his vow, and is altogether out of his depth with Claudia some time before he knows it. Claudia, flirt as she is, does not know it at all. Like the "father," she is religious, takes his vow seriously, and though she spends a good deal of time with him, she is doubly protected, on one side by her belief that he is within no woman's reach, and on the other by an attraction to Lane, held in tolerable check by her knowledge that he is an engaged man. Stafford's recognition of his predicament comes when he sees a head of himself that Morewood has painted after seeing him at an unguarded moment when all his passion for the unconscious Claudia is written on his face. There is some excellent talk between the painter, Lane, and Sir Roderick when they look at this picture together and debate whether or not Stafford ought to see it. When he does, the effect on him is immense. He is shocked, horrified. "It is the face of a beast," he says to Morewood. "My dear fellow, that's stuff!" returns the painter. "It's only the face of a lover. . . . What's the harm, again I say? And if she loves you—"

Stafford's story is itself so condensed that it is not easy to outline it more narrowly still. The gist of it is that he has been so desperately in earnest in his vow, and his faith has taken so profound a hold on his intellect, that to him such a dispensation as he could easily get from his bishop has come to mean a deliberate casting away of God and all high ideals, for the sake of gratifying his lower inclinations under a decent veil of marriage. "Lucas Malet" has recently been handling a somewhat similar situation in her *Wages of Sin*. Stafford flees at once from temptation — or, better, from Claudia's presence — and betakes himself to a "Retreat" founded by some wise man for Anglican parsons in difficulties, where they can think out their problems undisturbed. He fights through a terrible week or two— perhaps more — and then announces his decision in a really powerful scene with the infidel Morewood, and shocks him thoroughly. He says he thinks

"a broken vow is death to your own soul and a trap to the souls of others—a baseness, a treason, a desertion. . . . All that it meant to me—and more—the triumph of the beast in me—passion and desire rampant—man forsaken and God betrayed—my peace for ever gone, my honor for ever stained.". . .

"Do you still believe all that?"

"Yes, all, and more than all. For a moment—a day—perhaps a week, I drove myself to doubt. I tried to doubt—I rejoiced in it. But I cannot. As God is above us, I believe all that."

"If you break this vow you think you will be—?"

"The creature I have said? Yes—and worse."

"I think the vow utter nonsense," said Morewood again.

"But if you thought as I think, then would your love—yes, and would a girl's heart weigh with you?"

Morewood stood still.

"I can hardly realize it," he said, "in a man of your brain. But—"

"Yes?" said Stafford looking at him almost as if he were amused, for his sudden outburst had left him quite calm.

"If I believed that, I'd cut off my hand rather than break the vow."

"I knew it!" cried Stafford, "I knew it!"

Morewood was touched with pity.

"If you're right," he said, "it won't be so hard to you. You'll get over it."

"Get over it?"

"Yes; what you believe will help you. You've no choice, you know." . . . A pause followed. Stafford still sat motionless, but his face changed from its stern aspect to the look that Morewood had once caught on his canvas.

"You're in love with her still?" he exclaimed.

"Still?"

"Yes. Haven't you conquered it? I'm a poor hand at preaching, but, by Jove! if I thought like you, I'd never think of the girl again."

"I mean to marry her," said Stafford quietly. "I have chosen." Morewood was in very truth shocked. But Stafford's morals, after all, were not his care.

"Perhaps she won't have you," he suggested at last, as though it were a happy solution.

Stafford laughed outright.

"Then I could go back to my priesthood, I suppose?"

"Well—after a time."

"As a burglar who is caught before his robbery goes back to his trade. As if it made the smallest difference—as if the result mattered!"

"I suppose you are right there."

"Of course. But she will have me."

"Do you think so?"

"I don't doubt it. If I doubted it, I should die."

"I doubt it," said Morewood.

"Pardon me; I dare say you do."

"You don't want to talk about that?"

"It isn't worth while. I no more doubt it than that the sun shines. Well, Mr. Morewood, I am obliged to you for hearing me out. I had a curiosity to see how my resolution struck you."

"If you have told me the truth, it strikes me as devilish. I'm no saint; but if a man believes in good, as you do, by God, he oughtn't to trample it under foot!"

Stafford took no notice of him. He rose and held out his hand. "I'm going back to London to-morrow," he said, "to wait till she comes."

"God help you!" said Morewood with a sudden impulse.

"I have no more to do with God," said Stafford.

"Then the devil help you, if you rely on him."

"Don't be angry," he said with a swift return of his old sweet smile. "In old days I should have liked your indignation. I still like you for it. But I have made my choice.

"'Evil, be thou my good.' Is that it?"

"Yes, if you like. Why talk about it any more? It is done."

It is Morewood who is right about Claudia, however. Not only does Stafford's abandonment of his ideal lower him in her eyes, but the breaking of Lane's engagement—very amusingly managed, by the way, by Sir Roderick Ayre—has left the way open between her and the man she loves. Stafford, waking up to the knowledge that he has really flung away all and got nothing in exchange, resolves on suicide. It will be only hastening his fate. Morally he had committed it when he made his decision. He is rescued, however, by Sir Roderick, who has a way of turning up at critical moments. He persuades Stafford, whose intellectual belief remains precisely what it was, that life still contains something for him, and that as the church suits him best, he ought to make himself something to live for in "your own church or another. I've often wondered why you don't try the other." "I've been very near trying it before now," returns Stafford. "It's a splendid field. Glorious!" says Ayre. "You might do anything."

Mr. Hope, who goes into detail and analysis so often, omits any that may have occurred to him concerning the processes in Stafford's mind between this conversation and the news, announced just before Claudia's wedding, that he "has joined the Church of Rome."

Morewood grunted angrily. "Did you tell him to?" he asked Ayre.

"No; I think I referred to it."

"Do you suppose he's honest?" Morewood went on.

"Why not?" asked Eugene. "I could never make out why he didn't go before. What do you say, Ayre?"

"Oh! I expect he's honest enough; and it's a splendid field for him," he answered, repeating the argument he had urged to Stafford himself.

"Ayre," said Morewood aggressively, "you've driven that young man to perdition."

"Bosh!" said Ayre. "He's not a sheep to be driven, and Rome isn't perdition."

To Claudia, when she asks what it means, Ayre says:

"Mind, I may be wrong; I may do him injustice, but I think—"

"Yes?" she said impatiently.

"I think, Lady Claudia, you have spoilt a Saint and made a Cardinal!"

And so ends a novel so skilfully contrived as to produce all the emotions and the suspense awakened by the sight of a great struggle carried on at the verge of a precipice, and at the same time to keep the fact before the reader's mind that the contestants are made of pasteboard, and the bottom of the precipice only a step below the stage. It is an exceedingly clever piece of work in more ways than one, but its special achievement, to our mind, is that we have just noted.

I.—THE WESTERN SCHISM.*

The title of this little pamphlet of thirty-two pages tells what is its topic in general terms. Its particular object is to prove the certain legitimacy of the election of Urban VI. and the succession to the rightful possession of the Roman See of the line of popes who followed him, down to Gregory XII. inclusively. From this position follows necessarily the rejection of the pretenders of Avignon and Pisa as anti-popes.

The occasion of the pamphlet is the publication of a work on the same subject, written in an opposite sense, by the Abbé Gayet; of a review of the same in the *Catholic Quarterly Review* of January, 1891, and of a long article by M. Valois in *La Revue des Questions Historiques* for October, 1890. M. Valois is less categorical and more reserved in the expression of his conviction of the legitimacy of Urban's election than is Dr. Brann. Nevertheless, he shows plainly enough what his conviction is, and has arrayed a mass of proofs to sustain it which presents a very strong front to his opponents.

Dr. Brann's argument is succinct, but very clearly and ably

* *The Schism of the West and the Freedom of Papal Elections.* By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Agnes's Church, New York. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

presented. We have always held the opinion which he advocates, and have seen no reason to change it. The want of due and general information concerning the rival claims of Urban VI. and Cardinal Robert of Geneva excuses the adherents of the latter from formal schism, and for similar reasons the members of the Council of Pisa and its adherents must be likewise held guiltless. The complexity of the question makes even now a sincere and plausible plea possible to the Catholic opponents of Urban VI. and Gregory XII. The lack of any formal decision of the church leaves the question, in point of fact and in a technical sense, an open one.

Nevertheless, it appears to our mind sufficiently clear, that the universal judgment of the church, and specifically that of the Council of Constance, has practically determined the question in favor of Gregory XII. and his immediate predecessors, from Gregory XI. down the Roman line. The rival lines of Avignon and Pisa came to a disastrous and disgraceful end. Peter de Luna and Balthassar Cossa were rejected and abandoned by the universal church. Gregory XII. was treated with honor and respect. The great diet or congress of Constance submitted to be convoked by him as an œcumenical council, to be presided over by his legates, and to receive his authorization to proceed, after the acceptance of the resignation which he tendered, to an election in an unusual mode. The Council of Constance owes its undoubted character as œcumenical to the convocation of Gregory XII. and the subsequent confirmation of Martin V. The canonical regularity, though we may not venture to say the validity, of the election of Pope Martin is dependent on the right of Gregory XII. to sanction the mode in which it was accomplished.

The history of the Papacy from Clement V. to Martin V. is, in one aspect, reassuring. Seeing the vicissitudes and perils of the See of Peter during that period, and the wonderful providence of God in its preservation and final triumph, we are encouraged to hope for a deliverance of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Roman Church, and Catholic Christendom from present troubles and menacing dangers.

2.—RATIONAL PHILOSOPHY.*

This is the final volume, completing the Stonyhurst Series of Manuals of Catholic Philosophy. These Manuals have been receiving welcome and praise on all hands, since their appearance;

* *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy. Natural Theology*, by Bernard Boedder, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

and they have been honored by the high appreciation of the Sovereign Pontiff. What most clearly shows their opportuneness and excellence is the fact that they are becoming favorite volumes of our studious youth, even those who make their regular course in Latin text-books.

Father Boedder's *Natural Theology* is written in a very lucid and attractive style of pure English, and his treatment of his topics is logical, well-reasoned, excellent in its order and arrangement.

The First Book treats of the existence of God. The first chapter contains a brief but sufficient refutation of the mode of proving the existence of God proposed by the so-called Ontologists. Connected with this is an examination of the ontological argument, or demonstration *à priori*, sometimes called *à simultaneo*, which is totally dissimilar from the systems of ontologism contained in the writings of Malebranche, Gioberti, and Rosmini. The author appears to be inclined to allow considerable force to the ontological argument, although he denies to it the quality of a conclusive demonstration. We think he has discussed this point too superficially, and has not done justice to a line of argument which, in combination with the argument *à posteriori*, adds very much strength to the metaphysical demonstration of the existence and fundamental attributes of God.

In the second chapter, and those which follow, the author proceeds to the exposition of the argument *à posteriori*, in a very able and satisfactory manner. Especially noteworthy is the way in which the author presses into the service of his argument the admissions of Kant, Wallace, Darwin, Huxley, Tylor, and others, who are hostile or alien to Catholic philosophy.

In the fourth chapter, section xii., thesis 20, the author states a proposition to which we cannot agree: "*It is not evident that no creature, whatsoever, can exist from eternity.*" The author demonstrates that the actual world and every creature in it must have had a beginning. However, although he is not inclined to think a creature existing without succession and change to be possible, he denies that it can be certainly proved to be impossible. It seems to us, that a being whose duration is not measured by time, although receiving existence from God, must have a duration commensurate with the eternity of God, *i.e.*, "a simultaneously full and perfect possession of interminable life." Having possession in act of boundless life, without end and without beginning, it is a contradiction in terms to suppose that God can deprive him of it. To imagine that God can

bestow such a gift on a creature seems equivalent to the supposition that he can impart the infinite to the finite, divine attributes to a created substance.

The topics of the other books are treated with an ability equal to that which is shown in the first. The explanation of the divine foreknowledge of future, conditioned contingents, we do not, however, find to be satisfactory. But neither have we found one more satisfactory elsewhere. Kleutgen has expressed his dissatisfaction with *scientia media* as a solution of the problem, and Cardinal Pecci, with whom Archbishop Satolli is in agreement, has written more fully in the same sense. We confess to a difficulty in understanding the precise meaning of both these eminent writers. Perhaps the problem is insoluble.

We have read with pleasure the author's refutation of the theory of physical predetermination. Here he has the two illustrious authors just mentioned entirely on his side, and their arguments, together with those of some other recent and very able writers, have very much weakened the position of those who rest their cause of physical premotion chiefly on the authority of St. Thomas. This is not a mere curious question of scholastic discussion in a time, and in places, where the effect of Calvinism and the determinism of materialists, is disastrous and must be counteracted. It is most essential, in present circumstances, to insist on the universality of the grace of Jesus Christ, and on the freedom of the human will. It is impossible to do this successfully by following the theology of Bannez and Billuart. Hence the practical importance of this question, and the reason for welcoming the prospect of an honorable burial of physical predetermination in the sepulchre of obsolete theories.

It is superfluous to add that we recommend the entire Stonyhurst Series in a special manner to our studious youth, both lay and clerical.

3.—A LIFE OF CHRIST.*

It may be asked why another Life of Christ should be published when we have the admirable work of Father Fouard, and a translation of another celebrated work of the same kind by Father Didon. A glance at the present volume will show that the question is irrelevant. It is not, like the works above mentioned and similar ones by other authors, a life narrated by

* *The Life of Jesus Christ according to the Gospel History.* By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College. St. Louis: B. Herder.

the writer in his own language. It is a harmony of the Gospels, with a running commentary in notes at the foot of the pages. The text is the Gospel history pure and simple. The arrangement, the introduction, and the notes are the author's work. The harmonizing has been made according to the best authorities. The commentary is full of the most useful and interesting information about everything which can suggest questions to the reader, and which he would desire to have explained. In regard to those points which are not certainly determined by critics and expositors, the author contents himself, as a rule, with a presentation of the several different opinions advocated by good authorities, and the reasons on each side. An excellent introductory essay gives an account of the authors and periods of the four Gospels, and the proofs of their authenticity. The gospel text is taken from an edition of a recension of the New Testament of Rheims, approved by the Archbishop of Baltimore and published by the Catholic Publication Society. It is, of course, a faithful version and quite sufficient for practical purposes. We need, however, a better English version of the Bible than any we have. A separate publication of the Psalter and Scripture Lessons in the Marquess of Bute's Breviary could go far to supply the want. We have no hope, however, that any suggestions we may make on this head will receive any attention. All proposals and attempts at a perfect English version of the Bible seem doomed to disappointment. Nevertheless, one who reads our common English Bible is just as safe from any error of consequence as if he read the original texts.

The style of printing in this book is good and convenient for the reader. It reflects credit on the printing-office of the Catholic Protectory, where the work was done.

This excellent Harmony and Commentary ought to be in every Catholic family in the English-speaking world. Certainly, all ought to read the Gospels, the most precious part of the best of books. Father Maas's *Life of Christ* gives them in the best form and with the most instructive explanations for general reading ever issued from the Catholic press. Undoubtedly, it will very soon come into universal use and be everywhere prized as it deserves.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE literary associates and supporters of St. Anselm's Society were lately called together for a special meeting at the Archbishop's House, Westminster. From the report of the secretary, Mr. W. M. Hunnybun, we learn that the original plan of this society was to prepare lists of books that could be safely read, to be selected from Catholic works and such others as had been found to contain profitable reading. Every encouragement was given to the formation of parochial libraries by securing reduced rates in the purchase of books. The society could not promise greater reduction in the price of books than was offered by booksellers generally, except by the aid of special donations, which were not always to be obtained.

The need of St. Anselm's Society may be judged by the fact that the information which it gathers concerning the best books has been eagerly sought for by managers of libraries and intelligent readers generally. It has done much, largely through the personal service of generous ladies, for the diffusion of good literature in prisons, hospitals, and workhouses. Soldiers and sailors have also been assisted in obtaining suitable reading for libraries on board ship and in the military garrisons. This is noiseless work mainly conducted by letters, and, though unseen by the public at large, it must have a most beneficial result in correcting the tendency to careless or vicious reading.

* * *

Cardinal Manning declares that the work of St. Anselm's Society is of very great importance to the church. "The clergy," he says, "are often asked whether they can recommend a book on such and such a subject, or whether a certain book can be recommended for reading. It is impossible for us to read everything; and it is therefore of great importance to have some guide or test, such as St. Anselm's Society gives us, to know which books can be pronounced, in the opinion of competent persons, to be safe. We are in a country where the enormous multitude of publications every year is constantly increasing. It is impossible for Catholics to read only books

written by Catholic authors. We are compelled to see continually all manner of books. St. Anselm's Society performs an exceedingly valuable function in testing and giving its testimonial to such books as will well repay reading."

* * *

The Duke of Norfolk endorsed the good work in these words:

"Not only in the public libraries, but at every railway station, and, in fact, everywhere we go, we see how, more and more, the country is being flooded with literature, and as the increase of education goes on, while people will benefit from the spread of literature, it is to be remembered that there are dangers which are inseparable from those benefits. That being the case, it is exceedingly desirable that Catholics should turn the current to good account rather than to evil. Now, this society, in the first place, puts it into the power of those who have to provide literature for others to know where they may find wholesome literature, and where, on the other hand, they may avoid what is poisonous and dangerous. That is, in itself, a very good and important work, although it is not as far-reaching as some of its other aims. We then come to the point of those who have to select a literature for themselves; and there I confess rather a sneaking sympathy with the priest—and I am very glad to be able to quote a priest on my side—who said, when he was told that the society was to provide good books for people, that people do not want good books. I think that is the feeling in the minds of a great many people. It is rather disagreeable to tell them that the bad books are there and must not be read, and that good books must be thrust down their throats. It is very sad that this should be so, no doubt. At the same time, the very fact of the existence of the society reminds us that the selection of the literature we study is a matter of great importance; and it also takes away from us the excuse that we really must read the bad books first to find whether they are good or bad. This society comes forward to perform that perilous task for us, and to assure us that the books it passes are wholesome and may be read with profit. I think those are the chief objects the society has in view; and I think that the two points which ought chiefly to animate us to zeal in its support are, firstly, its immense importance, and, secondly, the difficulty of pushing it to a successful issue. There is no obvious hostility to be overcome; but we have to cope with the silent tendency of the age, which unhappily appeals to our nature. I think, undoubtedly, in proportion as this society pushes to the front and brings the objects it has at heart into practical utility, a great work will be done for the church, and, indirectly, for the people of this country at large. I think all who consider the matter carefully will feel that that is the case, and I trust that all here will not only do all they can, but will urge upon others the importance of a work which, if it be not pushed before

peoples' minds strenuously and persistently, is in great danger of being forgotten; but if pushed forward with zeal and success will do a very great work and one of lasting good."

* * *

The Marquis of Ripon attended the meeting of St. Anselm's Society and moved this resolution:

"Since the power of the Press is only second to the power of the Church of God in influencing the opinions and conduct of men, it is of the first consequence that this power should be exerted and directed in the cause of Christian faith and purity, and the advancement of sound learning."

"The assertions contained in the resolution," said the Marquis of Ripon, "are almost self-evident. No one, I am sure, will contest the power of the press in the times in which we live; and I do not think the resolution can be charged with delusions even when placing the power of the press in the high position accorded to it. I am sure that none of you will doubt, if the power of the press be as great as the resolution affirms it to be, that it should be exerted and directed in the cause of Christian faith and purity, and the advancement of sound learning. We are all of us convinced that we could give no better advice to any young persons who ask us upon entering life what they should do, than to seek to enter into communication with good companions. Well, it has been said with truth — and never in any period of history was it more true than at the present time — that books are in a high degree our companions. And if it be desirable to seek for good companions, then it is certainly desirable that we should offer to the young especially the opportunity of having good books placed in their hands. The torrent of literature poured out upon us in these days is such that if the reading of it is to be of use it must be reading which is directed under guidance. We cannot, happily for us, read all the books that come forth from the press every year. We must make a choice, and anything that will help to make that choice a sound one must be of the utmost possible assistance to us. Therefore, it seems to me that the society, if conducted in a sound and wise, and I will say a wide spirit, must prove to be of very great utility. There is another direction in which, it seems to me, the society may do a great deal of good: that is especially in the direction of history and in the explanation of Catholic practices and doctrines. Nothing surprises me so much, in reading books not written by Catholics, but written very often by people of very great ability and very great authority, as to observe the continual, profound, and startling ignorance in which men who, one would think, ought to know better, are in regard to Catholic history and Catholic practices. Men who would be ashamed to make a mistake in connection with the Athenian Constitution or the proper succession of the kings of Egypt are not a bit ashamed when they are found out in some egregious error in reference to the history and practices of the Catholic

Church. It is a singular thing that men of education and cultivation and knowledge should so continually fall into such obvious blunders in regard to the religion professed by the greatest number of people of any religion in the world, and it is, therefore, most desirable that this society should have the means of circulating books of the description to which I have referred."

* * *

As an author and a publisher of long experience Mr. Kegan Paul is well qualified to give an opinion on the diffusion of literature. He spoke as follows:

"So far as I have been able to know the work of St. Anselm's Society, it is one that commends itself to every Catholic. Its function is to put good literature in the place of evil, and to place it within the reach of everybody; to drive out, if it be possible, evil literature by good. Now, I have a very strong belief that if there is much evil literature read in these days—and that there is can hardly be doubted—it is not because people love evil literature, but because the good is not put before them in sufficient quantities. There are a great many very good books which, it must be said, are somewhat dull, and there are a great many bad books that are extremely lively. What we have to do is to bring out, as far as possible, good books that are at the same time interesting. The books that are put before the readers and supporters of this society are not always, I will say, necessarily lively, but such books as one can read with interest. I think the society is doing a very good and a very noble work. It needs support, and it ought to, and I believe it will, receive it when its objects are more fully known."

Besides endorsing the general plan of St. Anselm's Society Mr. Wilfrid Ward suggested that Catholic queries might be taken up more extensively.

"There are," he said, "many points of interest, both to Catholics and to non-Catholics, who are anxious upon the points of Catholic doctrine and Catholic history, upon which, no doubt, you can get information in large books, which, perhaps, persons have not very much time to trouble about. If they have a recognized body with which they can communicate, and to which they can send questions, it might be very useful indeed, particularly in view of the great ignorance on points of Catholic doctrine displayed by non-Catholics, referred to by Lord Ripon. There are many practical questions as to historical, liturgical, and even doctrinal questions, which Catholics themselves are often uninformed upon, and to whom such a publication would be very useful. That is only, I think, an additional reason for our rallying to the support of the society."

* * *

Father Bridgett ventured the opinion that since the Catholics of England became mingled in the general society of the coun-

try less interest has been taken than formerly in the spread of Catholic books. If those who have come later into the Church would read what has been done in former times they would be incited to greater efforts.

"We are," said Father Bridgett, "doing nothing compared with what was done in the penal times, when books came out year by year and went through three or four editions. Why, we are lagging behind and doing nothing compared with what has been done in the last three hundred years. Therefore, I always feel the deepest interest in St. Anselm's Society, because it is simply carrying on the old work. The resolution says that 'the power of the Press is only second to the power of the Church of God,' but I would say that it is a part of the power of the Church of God. It is not distinct from it. That is to say, the church cannot be without it. I do not say that the church could not exist for a time in the country without the press; but certainly it never has done, and you cannot conceive a state in which it could not use the press. It is one of its adjuncts. However, there is no doubt that the power of the press, even as it is understood here, extends the direct power of the church, and is in that sense second to it."

* * *

We extend our hearty congratulations to the Very Rev. Provost Wenham on the successful results produced under his direction by St. Anselm's Society. The workers in the same cause on this side of the Atlantic are particularly grateful to him for having arranged to get for his special meeting positive declarations on vital points connected with Catholic literature from some of the leading minds of England. The same conditions prevail in America, and the problem of making a good use of our literary opportunities must be discussed on the same lines. Prominent Catholics who fail to do anything for the support of Catholic literature are blind to the best interests of the church. Intelligent zeal should prompt them to assist in directing the publications of the press for the welfare of religion, as well as for their own mental improvement. Good books penetrate where the voice of the preacher can never reach. They can be used to supply an effectual antidote to the literature now extensively circulated, which is exerting a most dangerous influence against sound faith and true morality. By indiscriminate reading many are brought into direct contact with minds diseased and darkened by the spirit of modern unbelief.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

WHILE the Publisher must again regret the narrow limits of his department in this issue, he must frankly declare that his call for evidences of renewed activity in the work of the magazine has not been seconded with the enthusiasm he expected. He has met with some response, and with response that went a long way in quality to make up for his disappointment in quantity. Perhaps the past has spoiled him in the experience he then had of the answers that followed every appeal; perhaps, too, the stirring events in the political world claim the greater attention of the moment, and perhaps—and he confesses it looks like it—there are people who think he has made too many such appeals already, and should now harp on some other string.

But, dear reader, he won't touch another string; Oliver Twist in his demands for more is far less insatiable than this Publisher. Why, the plain truth is that he cannot have an alternative. If you knew all the schemes he has in the back of his head, far from finding fault with his persistence, you would rather marvel at his self-restraint, and wonder why he neglects to put dynamite in his paragraphs. Why, when he built THE COLUMBUS PRESS and gave the magazine a local habitation of its own, it wasn't his plan to sit back in his chair and listen to congratulations; it was a great step, no doubt, and if congratulations were in order, they were due to his readers, not to him. He had all his work still before him. THE CATHOLIC WORLD had better equipment, but its new conditions meant an easier and more rapid movement towards the realization of its mission; it was not a call to halt, nor was it a grand review after victory. That great victory is still to come. And lest any should forget it, the Publisher repeats it, that victory largely rests with our readers.

It is the Cause of Truth that made THE CATHOLIC WORLD. That cause has your allegiance; your reverence for it, your loyalty, forbids the thought that it *demands* your service; you rather hasten to give it, cheerfully, generously, with the knowledge that such service brings you honor. The only question with you is to determine the channel through which you can

render the best and the widest service. And it does not require very prolonged reasoning to make you see that this service is best rendered through literature. It won't take you long to see how much depends upon the reader to secure the aims of any cause that invokes the press for its aid.

The grain of mustard-seed of one man's example is already showing signs that it has taken root in favorable soil. The gentleman who sent a year's subscription for THE CATHOLIC WORLD, to be sent "where it will do the most good," is beginning to gather followers in his missionary zeal. Facts have been powerful as persuaders, for there are now eight subscribers who have imitated his example. One of these sends with the subscription a letter which my readers will grant ought to be given to our public:

"BOSTON, Oct. 12, 1891.

"DEAR REVEREND SIR: Talking Fact, in the third paragraph of "With the Publisher" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October, is persuasive.

"Herewith is a single subscription, $4, for the coming year, the magazine to be sent by the Publisher where he believes it will do good. . . . Put Talking Fact to the front as a file-leader, and extend the column "devoted to the same mission" to regimental numbers. It is an effective way for the Home Guard to send out recruits, to do a service distinctly of the virtue of the charity of Christ, of love of God and man. Publisher, bid for a regiment!"

We know our readers will agree with the Publisher that this letter is the very best "Talking Fact."

Macmillan & Co. announce *The Browning Cyclopædia*, by Dr. Edward Berdoe, an active member of the Browning Society. The volume will treat of all of the poet's works, and will contain a commentary on every poem with explanations of all obscurities and difficulties arising from the classical allusions, legends, archaic phraseology, and curious out-of-the-way terminology which makes Browning so difficult for the ordinary reader. The Publisher is one of them and hails the Cyclopædia as a boon. Hitherto his bouts with Browning have been, he confesses with sorrow, rich in experiences of the kind that brought such trouble to Mr. Gilead P. Beck of *The Golden Butterfly*.

The same firm announces two new volumes of essays by E. A. Freeman, historical and miscellaneous; *The Present State of the Fine Arts in France*, by P. G. Hamerton; a popular account of the whole series of Dr. Schliemann's excavations and

their results, from the German of Dr. Carl Shuchhardt; *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century:* Chapters in the Social History of the Times, by Wm. Connor Sidney; and *Mahdiism and the Soudan:* An Account of the Rise and Progress of Mahdiism, and of the subsequent events in the Soudan up to the present time, by Major F. R. Wingate. This book is compiled from official sources, and gives the fullest possible details of the fall of Kartoum.

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued an English translation of Père Didon's *Life of Jesus Christ*, the sale of which was so phenomenal in France. The work in its English dress has been edited by Mgr. O'Reilly, and Cardinal Gibbons contributes a preface.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published:

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1892 (Columbus number).

The Temporal Power of the Pope: "Definable or Indefinable." A reply to criticism. By the author of *Civil Principality.*

A Short Sketch of Father Albany James Christie, S.J. By Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S.J., with portrait of Father Christie from a recent photograph.

The same firm has in preparation:

Frequent Communion. By Father Joseph Hube. Translated by Rev. Charles Barchi, S.J.

Benziger Brothers' new publications are:

Help for the Poor Souls in Purgatory. Prayers and Devotions in aid of the Suffering Souls. Edited by Rev. F. B. Luebbermann, Editor of *The Poor Souls' Advocate.*

The Schism of the West and the Freedom of Papal Elections. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Agnes's Church, New York.

They have in preparation, to be issued shortly:

An Explanation of the "Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine." For the use of teachers and advanced classes. By Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead.

The Correct Thing for Catholics.

Birthday Souvenir, or Diary. With a Subject of Prayer or Meditation for every day in the year.

Tom Playfair; or, Making a Start. By Francis J. Finn, S.J., author of "Percy Wynn," etc.

The Little Altar-Boy's Manual. Instructions for serving at Mass, Vespers, Benediction, etc., with the Proper Responses. With Morning and Evening Prayers, Prayers at Mass, etc. With the imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

La Theologie Populaire de N.-S. Jesus Christ. Par l'Abbé E. Le Camus. Paris: Letouzey et Ané.

White Slaves; or, The Oppression of the Worthy Poor. By the Rev. L. A. Banks, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Lady Jane. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. New York: The Century Co.

Phillips Brooks. By Newell Dunbar. Boston: J. G. Cupples.

On the Border with Crook. By John G. Bourke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon. By J. A. Froude. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Being of God as Unity and Trinity. By P. H. Steenstra, D.D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Will of God. By J. Hillegeer, S.J. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The Use and Abuse of Money. By W. Cunningham, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament. By S. R. Driner, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Right Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., First Bishop of Brooklyn. By the Rev. James H. Mitchell, A.M. Brooklyn: Golden Jubilee Committee; M. F. Welply, 274 Fulton St.

Jesus Christ: Our Saviour's Person, Mission, and Spirit. From the French of the Rev. Father Didon, O.P. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Fourth Annual Report of the School Board of the Diocese of Leavenworth. Leavenworth: Reyburn & Brogan.

Rules and Regulations for the Parochial Schools of the Diocese of Leavenworth. Leavenworth: Reyburn & Brogan.

Purgatory. By the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. St. Paul, Minn.: The Catholic Truth Society.

Brazil. Washington, D. C.: Bureau South American Republics.

Carmen Jubilare. Buffalo: Catholic Publication Society.

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THE PIROGUE OF THE AURICULAS.

NOW, madame, a story this Christmas afternoon, if you please; your own story. Nay, do not expostulate! What story could so interest an old friend? It still wants an hour till monsieur your husband and the boys return from the matinée. You have time.

It is so droll to relate of myself! But, as monsieur wishes, so be it. All that I will tell is true, and of the truth. Why say I this? It is so trivial, monsieur cannot doubt.

Ten years ago to-day, of a Christmas morning, at the Aurora Mass, I met François—I and the *grand-mère*, and the good M. and Mme. Robert, who have the *boulangerie* over which we did live. Ah, monsieur, you smile at my English! Good! I will tell my story in French. If I could speak monsieur's great language as he speaks the French— But I must not desire all things.

As I said, we four met at the Aurora Mass, and as we ascended the steps of the cathedral a young man, who carried a violin-case, stopped to greet our good friends the baker and his wife. Grandmother was for pressing on through the crowd when Mme. Robert would have introduced to us the young man, whom she called M. François Malan. But madame was persistent, and when grandmother recognized how respectful M. Malan was to her, and how he was in awe of me, she was reconciled. And monsieur need not laugh! It is quite true that he was in awe of me, and monsieur will not deny that he is handsome. That I saw, though I kept my eyes down and did not appear to look him in the face while he told us that he was to have a part in the orchestra at the Mass.

The good God will forgive me, but the music was very beautiful that Christmas morning ten years ago!

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When I went down to the bake-house towards nightfall to fetch our little dinner, I remarked to Mme. Robert that the violins at Mass were not in accordance.

"You must have been asleep, mademoiselle," retorted madame. "M. Malan not to know how to play!"—and she banged to the oven-door.

"But there were others," I said. "And this M. Malan, he is a boy!"

Madame put her hands on her hips and nodded her head vigorously. "M. Malan," she said, "is first violin at the French opera."

I drew in my breath. First in my reverence was the good God and our Lady, then grandmother, and then music. For, monsieur, I had a voice, yes.

"Is he the one you said might get me place in the chorus?" I asked, abashed.

Madame nodded her head. "He is a good boy, mademoiselle. I have known him always; he is my godchild."

Again I drew in my breath. "Madame, you must never speak to M. Malan of my desire to enter the chorus. I forbid you," I commanded.

Madame stared at me, amazed; and I took up the pan of bread and meat, and went up the stairs slowly to grandmother.

Monsieur must understand that I desired to be in the chorus not for itself, but for the picayunes it would bring to grandmother. Monsieur is a man of affairs, and he knows that one cannot live well on one hundred and eighty dollars a year, and that is all we received for the rent of the Auriculas, the little place left us out of the dead past. And here I may tell you that I had never seen my father, my mother died when I was a child, and that I only knew grandmother, and grandmother very poor, but never stouter of heart than on this Christmas day of 1879.

I thought of her poverty, and of the music at the cathedral, and a little of M. Malan, and I suppose I looked sorrowful, for grandmother asked me why I was sad. I laughed and told her some of the truth. "I think much of what I am to do; I am eighteen," I said.

"You can sew, my Irène," she suggested.

Monsieur, I confess it! I can cook—I adore to cook! But to sew—I detest to sew! I sighed and looked out on the bright sky, and said under my breath, "I have a voice, grandmother."

"Yes," she smiled; "and you will sing to me after dinner."

At this I took heart and said boldly: "I have spoken to Father Rosseau, and he says if it is the will of the good God so it will be; and we must have wherewith to live, and I can gain heaven there as well as elsewhere if my intention is pure; and to have a voice is a gift of the good God—and, grandmother, I would sing in the chorus at the French opera." Just so did the words fly from my lips.

She laid aside her napkin and rested her hands on the edge of the table. "Little one," she said softly, "I do not say I wish this otherwise than as is the will of the good God. Have you spoken of your desire to any other than Father Rosseau?"

"To Mme. Robert," I replied.

"And you had no trust in me, Irène, my little one!" she exclaimed.

Ah, how sad that made me! I wept, monsieur, yes; and I begged to be forgiven, saying I feared that she would oppose me.

"Will the old bird refuse to let its young eat?" she asked.

But for all her courage and gentleness, I knew her heart was troubled. And what a web of wrinkles that ugly spider, trouble, had woven over grandmother's face. But the good God kept her heart sweet!

While I cleared the dinner-table, we talked over and settled how I was to make my application to the chorus-master. I did not speak to grandmother of M. Malan, although I knew from what Mme. Robert had told me that his influence with the master was great.

We had so much to talk about, serious talk concerning my future, that it was late before grandmother was ready to take her after-dinner nap. Then, when she lay back in her chair, I sung to her as was my custom; on this occasion choosing my softest song, one she loved to hear from that forgotten opera, *Petite et Blanche*, by the forgotten Charpentier. The apostrophe to the south wind:

> *"South Wind, O South Wind, sweet is thy breath!*
> *Thou singest of life, never of death;*
> *Thou singest to me the silvery psalms*
> *Sung by an angel who dwells 'mong the palms;*
> *Sung by an angel whose silvery psalms*
> *Thou bringest laden with fragrance from the fair land of palms."*

And repeat; and, monsieur, all my voice is not lost? If you think so, then it is because you are old and *blasé*.

Believe me! all the time I sung I thought of the violin I had heard that morning. But François must not know this, for, monsieur, he is vain, you are vain, all men are vain!

On the Monday after Christmas we—grandmother and myself—went to the early Mass to commend me and my purpose to the good God and our Lady. I did not realize the seriousness of the step I was about to take, but grandmother, yes. And on our way to the Opera House, as we went down the old street so quiet, so dear to every Lousianian, she held my hand in hers and whispered: "You are such a little one, and your hand is small and your heart is big. Irène, your father and your father's fathers were honest and honorable; make your heart and your hand strong with prayer; always, always with prayer, that the little hand and the big heart be honest and true, honest and true!"

She almost made me weep, she did; and for answer I held her hand warm and tight.

My heart was very small when I stood in the presence of the men before whom I was to try my voice. The manager to whom we had applied had been respectful in his manner, but discouraging. "So many think they can sing," he said. And then he took us to a room which contained a piano and elegant furniture, and about which sat a number of men smoking. In my ignorance I had supposed I would sing accompanied by the orchestra, and I dreaded meeting M. Malan. Therefore it was a relief when I heard the manager request one whom he called "Henri" to accompany me on the piano. At first, though what he played was the simple air of "In the Desert," my voice trembled, but presently love touched my lips, for I thought of grandmother, and how I would make her last days comfortable, and then I sung as I had never sung before.

"If, monsieur," I said to the manager when the song ended—oh! I was bold—"if Mme. Chevreuil could be permitted to accompany me?"

He did not look pleased. "The last was quite good," he said; "M. Henri will continue."

I was infuriated. "Ah, monsieur of Paris," I thought, "you think me little, but I shall conquer you!" And I *sang*.

It was nothing to me that they clapped their hands, that they cried "*Encore!*" But it was victory when monsieur of Paris bowed to grandmother profoundly, and implored Mme. Chevreuil to accompany me.

"What shall it be?" she whispered.

"The 'South Wind,'" I answered.

There was so much smoke in the room! I wished to purify it.

It is enough to say that I was engaged for the chorus at a small salary that seemed to me large. I sang night after night, often as close to M. Malan as I am now to you, monsieur. At last I was given a small part, and on the night of my first appearance in it François gave me the flowers you see preserved in the frame above your head. Before that he had been in the habit of bowing to me when we met, but we never paused to converse.

Now that I had a part, I was almost a grand madame, and so hired Diane, Mme. Robert's black maid, to attend me to and from the Opera House. This I did to please grandmother, not because it was necessary; for, in all my experience of the stage I was treated not alone with respect but with consideration. Perhaps because I am so little; eh, monsieur? But I think it was because I respected myself.

One morning there was to be a grand rehearsal of a new opera, with the full orchestra present. I had taken my place, and was thinking to myself whether I could not afford grandmother an unusual treat by way of a dinner at the lake, when M. Malan crossed the stage. He was about to pass me with a bow, but something made him change his mind, and, with some hesitation, he said: "I congratulate mademoiselle—with her permission?"

Instead of replying I said: "I wish to thank monsieur for the flowers he gave me the other night."

"It was too much of a condescension in mademoiselle to accept them," he answered, and— Has monsieur ever seen François blush?

"Was it?" I asked. "For a truth I don't know; no one ever before thought to give me flowers."

He was about to speak when the manager gave the command for us to put ourselves in readiness to begin. I was provoked, yes! I wished to hear what he would say. I have asked him since what it was, and he says: "Why, little one, I have forgotten." Forgotten! O you men, you men!

A few days after M. Malan came to our lodgings and asked for Mme. Chevreuil. *Madame!*—it makes me laugh even now. He was in distress at having to disturb madame, but mademoiselle her granddaughter had forgotten a roll of music at the Opera House—"Ah!" he exclaimed, "but mademoiselle is here."

O François, François, the hypocrite! I should have distrusted a man who could feign so well.

Yes, I was there, sewing; and so busy I could scarce lift my eyes to thank him and say that he need not have troubled to bring the music to me, as he must have known I did not need it. He looked so sad when I said this that in an instant I repented, and added, "But monsieur has his violin."

His eyes were almost too grateful. However, it was of grandmother he asked permission to play. He is proud of his genius for the violin. That, I grant, he has a right to be. After he laid aside the violin, he sat and talked with grandmother, and I listened, continuing to sew. All I could say was yes and no, piping like a little bird and quite as innocent.

When he had left us I waited for grandmother to express her opinion. She said nothing. I talked about everything that would lead her to tell me what she thought of him, and she remained silent. At last I asked, gazing out of the window: "What do you think of M. Malan, grandmother?"

She laughed and said, "Come here, little one"; and I went and knelt beside her arm-chair, and hid my face in her arm.

"What do I think of M. Malan?" she said. "He is a great rosy-cheeked boy—but he plays divinely."

Then I knew she was pleased, and I kissed her and ran away to my room.

He came again, and again, and again; and although we never spoke of love, I knew that he loved me, and he knew that I loved him. I had become quite famous, and the season was drawing to a close, when François asked to speak to madame, my grandmother, alone. I waited in my room, knowing what he was saying, but not knowing what she would answer; therefore the time seemed long. Very long it had grown to me when Diane came to say that Mme. Chevreuil wished to see Mlle. Irène in the little *salon*.

I looked at his face to see what it would say, and what I saw made my heart leap, and I said, quite under my breath, "François!"

Does monsieur think I was too ready to be won? Let him think how dear I am to François before he answers that question.

He caught my hands and led me to grandmother, who made us kneel, one on each side of her. She rested her hands lightly on us for a moment, saying nothing; her silence speaking much. Then she bade us cheerily to be seated, and our tongues were loosed, finding so much to say that we almost talked together.

François was much surprised when he heard I would have a dower, our little place of the Auriculas. He called me a queen with territorial rights, and himself a poor troubadour. François is such a droll boy! It was at this time, as well, that it was decided that I was to leave the stage. Was I glad of this? In truth I was. I adored music, but I cared more to have a little home with François and grandmother than to be as great as Mlle. Blanche Servain. *Encore* is sweet to hear, but to my ears *maman* is of heaven.

One morning at our Lady's altar there was a Mass in white, and in the presence of M. and Mme. Robert and grandmother we were wed, and Father Rosseau gave us the blessing that has never, never left myself and François. We have never had sorrow? Listen, and then answer for yourself. But the blessing was with us always, always.

At the time of our marriage, as it is still, the violin of François was in such demand that we were almost rich. Therefore it was that he bought this house, not furnishing it all at once, but little by little, till it is as monsieur now sees it, quite elegant, and I do not hesitate to say, in good taste. This alone would not satisfy François. "It is not enough that we have a house in the city," he said; "we must have a place to spend the summer when the singers have flown away, and my violin sleeps and dreams of the glory it is to bring its master. The Auriculas no longer has a tenant; what do you think, Irène?"

"I think," I replied, "that my boy is lazy"; and laughed.

"You are one mock-bird!" cried François in English. (It is mock*ee*ng-bird, as monsieur knows. That boy never will speak English well, though I talk to him the English to tire him to the correction of his faults.) The end was, that when we had consulted grandmother we had our way, and François went to arrange the house of the Auriculas for us to live in. While he was away grandmother fell ill, and before we could move her to the country she died. She was eighty-seven when she died, monsieur; and how blameless her life, the good God knoweth. You may well believe that our hearts were sad when we went to the Auriculas, though we knew she was in Paradise.

"I do not remember my mother, and she was all that to me," I said to François.

"And my mother died when I was but a baby," said he to me. The trouble brought us nearer to one another than we were before. The blessing followed us, monsieur.

It was a pretty place, the Auriculas—the house up on a

bluff that stretched out into the Mississippi, forming a little peninsula. Back of the house was a field and garden, where the auriculas, the roses, and jasmine grew thick as weeds and plentiful as grass. And further back on the main-land was our field of sugar-cane, which a Gascon worked for us on shares. From three sides of the house we could view the river, that is like the sea for strength and majesty, and for cruelness too. Down the river, about three-fourths of a mile away, in the sunlight and in the moonlight, we could look upon the town of Plaquemines. And when the wind came from there we could hear, like the buzz of many insects, the hum of the saw-mills and the call of the men ; the song of the teamsters on the road, the crack of their whips, the happy laugh of the hands in the fields ; and wherever the wind, the whistle of the birds, the singing that is like no other singing, of the mocking-birds.

We lived quite in state : a negress, Priscille, to cook ; her boy Tarbon to care for the horse and buggy that carried us to Plaquemines, to Mass, and to visit the friends we soon made, and who all spoke of François as of a planter. That would make me laugh, for I could but think of the garden when they called François a planter. For François had worked to make what he called "harmony" in the garden. The rose must grow in one place, the narcissus in another, and so on with all the others. Monsieur, those flowers became enraged, and they grew more madly wild than before. Then I said, "François, you improve much on the good God." "You mock-bird!" he cried. He always says that when I am right and, monsieur, he says it very often.

For our own pleasure, that no one else could share with us it was so small, we had our pirogue. A pirogue? Why, a boat, shallow, its ends curved like the horns of the moon, and very light. Imagine a magnolia petal large enough to hold two persons, and you have its weight. And as lightly as a magnolia petal would float on the water, not less lightly floated our pirogue.

This same pirogue caused our first dissension, and gave me a dark hour—dark like the wind-clouds that sometimes come close to the earth, blighting whatever they touch. It happened in this way. François would call the pirogue Irène, and I would call it François. "Well," said he, "so it be ; we will call it François." Then the little fool, that is myself, monsieur, thinks : "He is very ready to call it for himself ; he has become tired of me." And without a word I went out on the gallery. After a little,

I heard him get the paint-pot and the brushes, and presently he called to know if I would come to see him paint on the name.

I tried to call out "No" in a decided tone, but my voice broke down. In an instant he stood before me, paint-pot in one hand, brushes in the other. "What is it? what is it?" he cried. I made my heart hard. "François will be a sweet name for the pirogue," I said, and my foot went so—pat, pat! His eyes became round like an owl's and his jaw fell. Still my foot went pat, pat! "I thought you wished it so," he said, and put down the paint and brushes. "You wanted so!" I retorted. His face became white, and he looked weary, oh, so weary! Something touched my heart, and I threw my arms about his neck and hid my face on his shoulder. He did not embrace me, his arms fell so, limp. "François," I whispered, "please call the pirogue as you wish."

I thought to hear him say "Irène," but he answered promptly, "We will call it 'The Pirogue of the Auriculas.'"

"I like the name, for a truth," I whispered. I felt him tremble, but otherwise he did not move.

"You do not call me mock-bird," again I whispered.

"Quack, quack!" he said twice, but I kissed him rather than he should say it thrice.

That pirogue! I would get in it cautiously, monsieur—cautiously; a pirogue is easy to upset—and François would paddle me up the river or down the river, or up the bayou of Plaquemines, but always to some new spot. And sometimes we would run the boat ashore, alight, and wander in the woods heavy with perfume; the woods that would be dark were they not lit up by the white magnolias and the fire-bushes of crimson azalea. Monsieur, we were young, and we are not yet old.

One day François went out to fish, and I was alone on the gallery watching his return, when the good God whispered to me a message I was glad to hear. And even as I listened, happy tears in my eyes, from Plaquemines came the peal of the bells ringing the noon-day Angelus; celebrating the message that was brought to Mother Mary—that, but with greater glory, was like the message brought that day to me.

How shall I make monsieur comprehend the joy of François! How proud he was; he seemed to grow before my eyes. And tender? Ah, yes! I was queen supreme, and I might have been a tyrant, but was not.

The time arrived when François was needed in his place in the orchestra, and we were obliged to separate, for the doctor

would not permit me to return to the city. "It will be best for madame in every way to remain here," he said. "And for the angel who is coming, think you not that its first experience would be more pleasant in the country than in the town?"

So it happened when she, my little Frances, came to the Auriculas, François was not there to bid her welcome. The doctor telegraphed from Plaquemines to tell him of her arrival, and the next evening he was with us. "What think you of our little one, our angel, our own, François?" I asked as he knelt by my side and tried to talk to Frances in my arms. "I think she has a voice," he replied, and laughed. Did I strike him on the ear? Yes. "Does she look like me or you? She has your eyes, François," I insisted. "My faith! I think she looks like nothing but herself," he said and still laughed. But when that boy saw that I was not strong to be teased, and that I was about to weep, he told the truth: that he jested, and that Frances was so beautiful she could look like no one but me. I blushed like a young girl, but presently, when I took occasion to look in the mirror, I saw I was pretty, monsieur, yes.

How good our friends were to us I must not pause to tell. Mme. Robert came from New Orleans to stay awhile, and to be the godmother of Frances, the doctor the godfather. I could not go to Plaquemines to the baptism of Frances, but waited on the gallery with Priscille for her return. And when François brought her back to my arms, I loved my little girl, if possible, more than I did before. For, not alone was she my child, the child of François, but she was, as well, the child of the good God.

I now began to desire the time to come when the doctor would permit me to return to New Orleans. François could not come to the Auriculas oftener than once in a fortnight, and it worried me to think that Frances was a stranger to her father. I teased the doctor to permit me to depart, but he would say: "When the fine air brings the bloom to madame's cheek."

It was late in November and the air was full of the silken rustle of the cane falling under the knives of the cutters, and red with the flamingoes sailing to the most southern marshes. "The river has risen to such a height that he peeps over the levee when the wind enrages his bosom," said the doctor to me one morning. "It is the north wind," I pleaded. "Permit me to return to the city, my good friend." He smiled. "My child, the wind is there as well as here," he answered.

That night the wind came from everywhere; and at times we

could hear the tolling of the bells at Plaquemines, the clanging of the plantation bells that call the hands at sunrise, at noon, at sunset, and when there is danger from the treacherous river. From the windows we could see the lanterns flit, carried here and there along the levee; and when there was a lull in the storm we could hear the crash of axes, the shout of the men building up and strengthening the weak places in our bulwark against the wash and surge of the mighty river. Mighty!—how little that word to express what the Mississippi is when he takes on himself to show that he is king.

Up on our high bluff we had no fear. The river could not reach us, nor the land behind us that was shielded by the bluff of the Auriculas stretching out into the water, and by the belt of bluffs that stretched to the west and to the southeast. Still, we were glad when the wind subsided. Still more so when the morning brought the blessed sun, and a neighbor who came out of the goodness of his heart to tell us that the river, laughing at us, had gone down in the night, and that there was no longer danger of an overflow. "Ah, M. River!" I cried, "you change your mind to swallow up the land—but me and my little Frances up here you cannot get." The neighbor laughed and went his way; the river rippled and sparkled and whispered low along its banks; and I watched the men outlined against the sky leave the levee, and the cutters going to the fields. Then Frances, Priscille, Tarbon, and myself were alone on the bluff of the Auriculas, no one nearer than those at Plaquemines, and the hands in the fields a mile away.

On the evening of that day François was to come, and Tarbon was to drive the buggy to the station at Plaquemines to meet him. Priscille was to go along, for there was business to be done at the shops that could not be trusted to Tarbon. The train would arrive at seven, but I said to Priscille that she had better start for Plaquemines between four and five. "You have to go to the apothecary's, to the grocery, and to the post-office; all this will take time," I said to her. You see I knew Priscille; what with her not being quick, and what with her tongue being long, she would lose time.

Priscille and Tarbon had driven away, and now there was no one in the house but Frances and myself—Frances fast asleep, I so wide awake. I tried to read, I sewed awhile, and wished it were time to prepare the dinner which we were to eat at eight. After six o'çlock would be time enough for that. "Well," I thought, "the doctor may forbid if he wish, but I return with François to New Orleans."

About six o'clock Frances awoke and I arrayed her in her finest white, as, I thought to myself, in the time to come I would for her First Communion, and later, when her François would come to take her from me, I would array her to stand before the altar. "But, Frances," I said to her with much seriousness, "he, whoever he is, must be as good as is François, thy father." She laughed when I said this. Perhaps she understood; who knows?

When she was clothed I put her in her little coach and wheeled her on to the gallery. Then, on my knees beside her, I took a little hand of hers and put it to her forehead, to her breast, and from shoulder to shoulder, left to right. "Thou hast signed thyself with the sign of the cross, Frances," I whispered to her; "and now, my angel, 'The good God bless papa and mamma'—" My lips closed, my heart stood still, as there came to my ears a rumbling noise, a crash of timber, a splash—splash, and then a gurgle of the sweeping river, and silence!

I snatched Frances to my bosom—she never cried—and ran the length of the gallery to see—

To see the river where had been our field and garden; to see the river eating away the bluff on which stood the house; to see the river curl round the bluff that was now an island; to hear the sullen grumble of the clods of clay and loom detaching themselves to slide into the water laughing at me in the setting sun; to feel the house shaken to its foundation, to feel my child warm at my heart.

Over the railing of the gallery that *had* been the only one to face the river I leaned and saw the pirogue dancing on the water, and fastened by a rope and staple to the landing made by François.

I was perfectly calm, and prayed earnestly in my heart to the good God to be permitted to reach the pirogue, and for strength to paddle it away from the bluff before what was left of it was swallowed up by the water.

My arms and hands must be free, and snatching up a shawl I rested Frances on my back and bound her to me as does an Indian mother with her child. Frances did not cry; no, she did not cry!

The water washed over the landing, and the stairs that led down to it swayed to and fro. It was growing dark, and I was yet some little distance from the bottom, when the stairs slipped and cracked and fell in together with a dull report, and I was flung on my face and hands in the water on the landing.

Partly stunned, I recollected to put back my hand to feel if Frances were safe. As my hand touched her body she drew a long breath like a sigh, and I was dumbly thankful that she slept, not wondering how that could be.

To find the staple to which was fastened the rope of the pirogue I had to grope in the water, and when I found it, it was well for me that I had learned to tie and untie the slip-knot, for the water had made the rope difficult to unloose.

I was still calm, and when at last in the pirogue, every thought was put aside but the one that the safety of Frances depended on my being able to paddle the boat far enough away to prevent its being sucked in with the house and the bit of land on which it stood. Once out of the eddy of the water, the tide swept us on fast enough, and far enough for me not to hear; but in the light of the rising moon I saw the house topple and disappear.

Now that I was free to think, I realized that I was cold, and that as I was so must Frances be, and that it was strange she did not cry. I felt me over quickly to see if I had on one garment that was dry, and found none. Then, sitting in the pirogue, I loosed her from her place on my back to lay her against my bosom that was warm for her.

I laid her in my lap to take off her wet clothes, and when I took off her cap, in the bright moonlight, I saw where a plank of the stair—and I had not known it!—must have struck her; I saw the head of my little one bruised and broken — and I knew that she was—dead!

Monsieur, you will pardon me—I am her mother!

I now know that it was out of the mercy of the good God that she was taken so, without suffering, for in the end she would have died of the wet and exposure. But for a time I was out of my mind. I rocked her to and fro in my arms, calling on her by every name of love I knew, till I fell, as it were, into a stupor, droning, "Frances, Frances, Frances!" As I said over and over her name, without an effort on my part, it melted into François, and my ungrateful heart became conscious of the grief that would be his if he lost us both. "François!" I called aloud; "François!" and looking about me, saw that the pirogue had drifted into a marsh of tall grass and tangling vines.

"François!" again I cried with all my might. My cries only served to disturb the cranes among the sedges. Having placed Frances, wrapped in the shawl, in the bottom of the boat, I ex-

erted myself to push the pirogue from out the marsh into the tide of the river. By the position of the Plaquemine lights, I knew I was still above the town, and my hope was that the tide would carry me thither, for my strength had given out and I could no longer use the paddle. But before I quite gave up I cried again, my voice shrill and piercing, "François! François!" As I sank down beside Frances, I heard my name called in return and the plash of oars.

I remember being lifted into a fishing-boat, I and Frances, and that François' arm was about me, my head resting against him. I must have asked him some question, for he said, "From the shore we saw you drifting away, and came to seek you."

"How long since the house fell in?" I asked, and shuddered.

"About an hour ago. I saw it fall on my way from the station," he replied.

An hour ago! It had seemed to me many hours. Then I began to moan in my distress, not loudly but without hope.

"We have lost our Frances, Irène," he whispered; "but the good God has spared you to me, else my heart would have been pierced so that it would have died."

Monsieur, you know the rest of my story. I have lived, and we, my husband and myself, have we not been blessed? And—But, monsieur, see François and my boys coming up the street! Are they handsome? Are they good? Are they brave? Yes! yes! yes! Monsieur, I am proud of them.

HAROLD DIJON.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST AT CANA.

"The wine failing, the Mother of Jesus saith to him: They have no wine. Jesus saith to her: My hour is not yet come. His Mother saith to the waiters: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."—ST. JOHN ii. 3, 4, 5.

A WONDROUS miracle indeed, of power divine!
Plain water changed at once to ruddy, luscious wine;
Yet more miraculous thy love's persuasive power
When at thy word, He changed his God-appointed hour.

ALFRED YOUNG.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

IN a city far, in Palestine,
O'er which His wondrous star did shine
To tell the place,
Was born our own Emmanuel—
Sweet Christ-Child, the source of grace.

Born He was before all time,
Begotten ere His star did shine,
Of God the Father,
Now born in lowly Bethlehem,
Sweet Christ-Child, the source of grace.

And born this very day to me,
Born in my heart with love so free,
That I do wonder:
Born for all the world and me!
Sweet Christ-Child, the source of grace.

HENRY NEVILLE.

THE BURMANS AND BUDDHISM.

II.

TO give my readers some idea of this highly interesting Buddhist system, I will attempt to present them with a faint outline of it. It is just as well for me to premise that Sir William Jones, the most eminent and most discerning Oriental critic of this century, has cast serious doubts on the historical existence of its founder. He asserts that Buddha was only a myth, and that the name designates, not a man but the possession of a human faculty, Wisdom, in the highest degree, in an individual. He believes that the system now going under his name was established by a heterodox Brahminical School of Philosophers. Leaving this question to be decided by competent judges, we will assume, for our present purpose, the historical existence of Buddha-Gaudama.

Buddhist philosophers assure us that there have existed other worlds before the present one, at each of which one or more

Buddhas made his or their existence. Their number is set down at twenty-four. Our own world has been the joyful (*sic*) parent of four, the last of whom, our hero, is named Gaudama. Gaudama made his appearance six centuries before the Christian era. That century ushered a great revolution into the world of thought and politics. Solon was then framing new laws for the Athenian Commonwealth; Confucius was establishing a new system of philosophy in China; Pythagoras was pouring out floods of persuasive eloquence upon his spell-bound disciples in Magna Grecia, and Cyrus was widening the boundaries of the Persian monarchy. Gaudama's original name was Siddhartha. His father's name was Suddhodana, king of Kapilavastu, a city supposed to have been situated somewhere on the borders of Oude and Nepaul, in the north of India. The young prince Siddhartha seems to have fostered a thoughtful turn of mind from his boyhood. He was thirty years old when, unable to shake off the uneasy sensation and conviction that life was a galling load, offering nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit, he resolved on quitting his wife and only child. His royal father did all in his power to dissuade him from taking such a step, and placed every obstacle in his way to prevent it; but all in vain. Eluding at last his father's vigilance, he shaved off his long locks and withdrew into solitude, in the hope of finding that peace and rest he could not find amid the glittering splendors of the court. Here a bundle of bulrushes formed his couch; the grassy mountain-side supplied him with his lenten fare, and the crystal spring with his drink. He spent six whole years in this rigorous asceticism, without finding the coveted remedy for the ills that life is heir to. Then he said to himself: "I'll yet find this out, and that too by sheer force of thinking." So saying, he sat himself down cross-legged under the spreading branches of a huge Peepal-tree (*Ficus Religiosa*), and lighting up the lamp of meditation, he began to revolve in his mind the causes and effects of things. After weeks of close and abstruse reasoning he at last arrived at the full, perfect, and universal knowledge of things by realizing their illusory nature. This at once constituted him a Buddha, a word derived from the Pali language, "Budd," to know; and Buddha means "one who is wise, enlightened," one to whom the riddle of life is solved. The fictitious tree under which the last Buddha sat plunged in abstraction, and under which he also attained perfection, is still shown in India at a place called Buddha-Gaya, in Bahar, whither a ceaseless tide of pilgrims flows. The last tree, which was supposed to be about

two hundred years old, fell down in 1880, when I was in India, and its place was supplied, as heretofore, by a seedling.

Buddha began now to impart to others the knowledge he himself had acquired. For forty years he crossed India from north to south, from east to west, making everywhere numerous converts. During this time he sailed three different times to the island of Lanka, the modern Ceylon, where, at a place called Anarajapoora, there is still extant a "Bo-tree" (the Peepal-tree of India), considered by competent judges, and proved by unimpeachable historic documents, as the probably oldest tree in the world, having been planted two hundred and eighty-eight years before the Christian era. The Buddhists aver that it is a branch of the identical tree under which the last Buddha, Gaudama, reclined when he underwent his apotheosis. The Buddhists invest this tree with wonderful sanctity, and fallen leaves of the same are reverently picked up and jealously treasured by devout pilgrims.

At the age of eighty years, the time of his liberation having arrived, Gaudama resigned his breath at Kusinagara, in Oude, and his body being burnt, "such parts of it as were not consumed by fire, as teeth and bones, were divided amongst contending claimants, and deposited in appropriate tumuli" called Pagodas, or Shrines.

Gaudama prophesied that his Religion would last five thousand years, of which 2531 have already elapsed. After this period another Buddha will appear, whose name will be Areemateya, sometimes contracted into Meetraya.

As we have remarked elsewhere, Buddhism is rather an ethical than a religious system. Its underlying principle is the deceptive appearance of all that is in the world; the instability of all sublunary matters; the woefulness of man's existence; the rooted conviction that human life is, on the whole, a curse rather than a blessing. "Aneitsa, Doka, Anatta" a Burmese is constantly muttering to himself, which freely rendered means, "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity." Nothing, not even death itself, can deliver a wretched mortal from the evils of sentient existence, for the simple reason that, when the soul is dislodged from its present abode, it will transmigrate into another one, mayhap worse than the former. Hence, the only escape Gaudama could find from the horns of this dilemma was, sinking down to non-existence, extinction, annihilation of the soul, or what he technically termed "Nirvana." I must be allowed to subjoin one word of explanation for the better understanding of

this much-controverted term. What people in general understand by Nirvana is simply a deliverance of the soul from future birth, from Transmigration. When some of his disciples asked Gaudama to expound to them the right meaning of the word Nirvana, he took a lighted candle in his hand and, blowing it out, illustrated in that way what it meant. This, however, is nothing more than the etymological signification of the word, Nirvana being a compound of two Sanscrit words, "nir," out, and "vana," blown; *i.e.*, "extinction; blowing out." The meaning of "annihilation" attached to Nirvana having not found universal favor amongst Buddhist philosophers, they have endeavored to effect a compromise by the introduction of a new term, "Nibban," which is very vague, to say the least. These gentlemen, however, contend that Nirvana is a state that can be attained during the lifetime of a Buddha only, and that too after hearing his preaching. Now, as the advent of the next Buddha, Areemateya, will not take place for another twenty-five hundred years, this state is unattainable by any one under the present Buddhist dispensation. It is further contended that Nirvana means simply "a ceasing to be," and that the meaning "annihilation of the soul" attached to it is foreign to Buddhist mind and doctrine (see Forbes's *British Burmah*, page 314). Here I must differ from the late Mr. Forbes, who upholds this view; and I do so for the simple reason that Gaudama himself discredits it. "Nibban" means the "cessation of all action, influence, change, existence, sensation, volition, and consciousness; or more clearly, the annihilation of feeling; the extinction of desire."

To facilitate the arrival at this heaven (*sic*) of annihilation, Gaudama bids his follower exercise himself in meditating upon the "Four Great Truths," namely, the Existence of Pain; the Production of Pain; the Destruction of Pain; and the Way leading to the Destruction of Pain. The disciple is to ask himself: "What is the remote cause of Pain?" The answer is at hand, "Birth!" Had we not been born we should not be exposed to pain. Again: "What is the proximate cause of Pain?" "Desire!" "How is Desire excited?" "By the organs of sense—sight and feeling principally." These in their turn produce ideas in our minds. Now, ideas are invariably deceptive, inasmuch as they represent to us as real and lasting what is only momentary and apparent. Be firmly convinced of this; free your bosom from the influence of passion; kill desire; break every tie that would bind you to creatures and to the material world in general, and you are fairly on the way leading to the

Destruction of Pain. Mount one step higher, and you have arrived at the consummation of all perfection; you have entered into the state of Nibban; you have sunk into annihilation; you have reached Nirvana!

Though complete Nirvana cannot be attained till after death, yet there is a state of perfection akin to it attainable during life. This is that state of contemplative asceticism so frequently met with in Asia, so characteristic of Oriental religious philosophy, and common to both Buddhism and Brahminism, consisting in freeing one's self from the influence of the passions, dying to all external objects, releasing the soul from the thraldom of sense, riveting one's mind on Buddha, and, like him, passing one's existence wrapt in a trance.

Besides the Four Great Truths, Gaudama gave his disciples "Five Great Precepts." These are: not to kill; not to steal; not to commit adultery; not to lie; not to drink intoxicating drinks. All Buddhists, without exception, are bound by these precepts, under penalty of bringing upon themselves a woeful train of evils in their future existences. The transgression of these precepts admits of no parvity of matter. Thus, he who kills a flea becomes as guilty in the eyes of the "Law" as he who kills a man. For this reason I have seen Burmans treat troublesome parasites infesting their persons with as much care and kindness as we would handle delicate babes! To steal a pin is as bad as stealing a horse. To wish to do wrong is as sinful as if one had done it. To swallow a drop of wine causes one to break the Commandment as grievously as if one had drunk a gallon. Over and above these universally binding precepts, Gaudama counselled his disciples to practise "Ten Virtues, or Perfections," calculated to lead them to Nirvana. The chief are: Almsgiving, Purity, Patience, Courage, Contemplation, and Wisdom; to wit, Almsgiving towards the Monastic Fraternity; Purity or Celibacy in those who make profession of sanctity, like the Buddhist monks; Patience under injuries and affronts; Courage under sufferings and trials; Contemplation for Ascetics; Wisdom in arriving at a true estimate of the bubble, life. Gaudama inculcates Humility, and makes it consist in displaying one's faults, and hiding one's virtues and good works. He also exacts public confession: from the monks on the days of the new and full moon, and from the laity once every five years at least. All this, it must be owned, bears a striking resemblance to Christianity. Yet the greater the resemblance a false religion bears to the true one, the more reprehensible its errors appear.

While speaking of the Buddhist Religion we must not forget to say something on a doctrine which forms a leading feature, and plays a most important part in the economy of Buddhist salvation, so to speak—a doctrine which is trying just now to gain a footing among western nations, and is being imported into Europe and America, and palmed off on the credulous public at large as something "new": I speak of the Doctrine, or Law as Buddhists call it, of Merits and Demerits, otherwise termed "Karma." Karma is a Sanscrit word denoting *action, work.* We have stated elsewhere that the Buddhists ignore the existence of a Supreme Being, who rewards the good and punishes the bad. After the cessation of one existence, the duty of determining the nature of the next one devolves not on any Superior Power fixing this by the institution of a regular judicial process; but by the inflexible and inexorable *fiat* of the power inherent in "Karma," the actions. Hence a man can bless or curse himself by his own free will, and his unfettered course of action, his own deeds. These deeds, whether good or bad, become part and parcel of his system, and cleave to the very essence of his soul, for better or for worse, for good or for evil, for his bliss or for his misery in his future state or states. According to this Law, a man is simply what he does, or what he has done. And what he has sown, that he will most assuredly reap, and it will spring up and make itself felt or seen, sooner or later, if not in this life, or in the next existence, most certainly in a future one. These convictions act as moral checks on a Buddhist's evil actions, and as a stimulus to good ones. We can easily discern from all this whence the modern utilitarian System of Ethics was borrowed, according to which actions are done or avoided in so far as they have a tendency to further or hinder one's well-being. It is self-evident that actions done for these motives are determined more by feeling than by intellect.

The Three great, general Principles of Demerit are Lust, Anger, and Ignorance. They are also the causes of all sin, sorrow, and suffering. Buddhists are exhorted to wage a ceaseless warfare against them, their victorious efforts being crowned with a state of existence better than the present. When the warning hand of time reminds an old Buddhist that he is fast approaching a new existence, he then begins by laying up a store of merits for himself. I have known rich persons spending their whole accumulated wealth in building a Monastery or a Pagoda, in the hope of at last animating an elephant!

This last reflection lands us at once at the threshold of another Doctrine closely allied to the Law of Merits and Demerits, a doctrine which forms the fundamental principle of all Asiatic systems of Religion and Philosophy, exerting the greatest influence on every department of thought and the Buddhist's daily routine of life: I refer to the doctrine of the soul's migration, after what we call death, from one body, place, or state to another body, place, or state, commonly known as the Doctrine of Transmigration.

The origin and originator of this doctrine seem alike to be lost in the dust of antiquity. Egypt and India claim the questionable merit of first establishing it, the balance of opinion inclining towards the former. Be this as it may, certain it is that the larger portion of the human race holds it to this day as tenaciously as we hold the contradictory. In recent times, the celebrated German critic Lessing made tentative efforts to revive it, though in vain—a circumstance which lessens our esteem for this otherwise great man. In ancient times amongst us, and in Asia in a great measure to this day, it led and leads people to abstain from flesh, fish, and fowl, lest they should dish up unwittingly some one near and dear to them. Among the Buddhists in Burmah two opinions have always prevailed on the subject of Transmigration. One holds that it is the self-same soul that appears birth after birth, till it is purified from all defilements of sin, and sublimated to Nibban or Nirvana. The other asserts, that when the body dies the soul also dies along with it, the actions (Karma) alone surviving him. These actions contain in themselves the principle of a new life, and from them consequently, as from fruitful seeds, spring up a new life and a new soul, occupying that particular form in the scale of existence awarded him by their moral Merits or Demerits. Hence the karmic consequences of a man's actions might subject him to the penalty of animating a dog, or an ass, or a wolf, or a rat, or even a ghost. Or he may be made to animate trees or shrubs. But the lowest condition or degradation of the human soul divine is that of animating a public dancer!

Buddhist philosophers bid us not be surprised at the seemingly wonderful power inherent in human actions, for is not one lamp, say they, lighted at another? Do not trees produce seeds from which other trees of the same kind spring? In the same way do actions produce human souls. We remarked elsewhere that the Buddhist Religion was simply a system of ethics, a rank atheism and nothing better. In confirmation of this assertion we

will now add that the Burmese, with whom we are chiefly concerned, have no priesthood, no altar, no sacrifice, and consequently no god. Who is Buddha-Gaudama, then? may pertinently be asked. Buddha "the wise," Gaudama his successor, is a man like any other man, superior to other men not in nature but in knowledge and perfection, which he acquired by the practice of every virtue, by the conquering of every passion, by the extinction of every desire, by dying to self and to all else. This rigorous discipline, practised by him through countless stages of existence, raised him to such a transcendent degree of knowledge that he was able to fathom the cause and effect of all things, the misery and wants of man. Every Buddhist can attain to Buddhaship by practising Buddha's virtues and actions. Gaudama preached a Law designed to give comfort and consolation to bleeding hearts, and afford relief and remedy to all the ills of life. After establishing his Religion he died and sank into Nirvana. A true Buddhist will fashion his life after that of Buddha-Gaudama, and be in all things like unto him.

But though the Burman Buddhist believes in no god, says Forbes, yet he feels the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, affection, and devotion towards Buddha-Gaudama for pointing out to him the way leading to the destruction of pain, to the deliverance of life's evils, to Nirvana. He gives vent to these pent-up feelings by bursting out into loud praises of him, and ends his laudation by repeating the Buddhist's orthodox formula: "I take refuge in Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly." These are called the Three Precious Things, and each and every one of them is equally entitled to the self-same honor and worship.

I must not forget to mention that beads or rosaries, as contrivances by which to keep count, are much in vogue among the Burmese; though their use is almost entirely restricted to old men and women. The Burmese rosary is a string of beads one hundred and eight in number, made either of wood, stone, seeds, or bone. After every five beads has been slipped through the fingers they mutter this formula: "Aneitsa, Doka, Anatta, Phra, Tara, Thinga yáydana thou ba"; which means—Illusoriness (of the world); Misery (of man's existence); Mutability (of all things); the Lord, the Law, the Assembly, the Three Precious Things. The Burmese know nothing of the famous Lamaistic prayer or greeting: "Om Mani Padme Hum," the probable translation of which being—"Salvation (Om) is in the jewel lotus (mani-padme), Amen (hum)."

Together with Gaudama, the Burman Buddhist feels love and

veneration for the Law—*i.e.*, the sayings and teachings of Gaudama. Last of all he entertains the same feelings for the Assembly or Monks, whom he worships by prostrations and presentations of gifts.

Four times a month Burmans repair to the Kyoungs, or Shrines, to make offerings to Gaudama. These times are the days of the new and full moon, and seven days after each. The offerings consist of flowers, fruits, rice, candles, gold-paper and streamers. Orthodox Burmans keep these days as a strict fast on one meal taken before noon, after which they eat nothing till sunrise next morning. Presents are also made to the monks, who on these occasions seat themselves cross-legged on a platform, and, holding a large palm-leaf fan before their eyes, read out portions of the Law to the Congregation. Sometimes one of the elder Monks leads a kind of Litany in praise of Gaudama, and the people join in a sing-song manner, with their hands raised and joined, and a flower or flowers between them (see Forbes's *British Burmah*). The Burmese observe a Lent lasting from the full moon of July (Wàtso) to the full moon of October (Thadinkywat). During this time marriages and merriments of all kinds are interdicted, and many of the Monks spend it in seclusion and contemplation, in places removed from the hum and buzz of the world. The Burmese year, like the year of many Oriental nations, begins in April—usually between the ninth and the twelfth of that month.

The foregoing, then, are the leading characteristics of Burmah, the Burmans, and Buddhism.

We forbear entering into a serious refutation of the latter. We will simply remark that, though we perceive in it some traits of resemblance between it and the Christian religion, yet on close inspection we find that this resemblance is more apparent than real. The Buddhists start at once with the destructive assumption that there is no God; while we Christians base our religion on the existence of God. The Buddhists practise virtue for the sake of annihilation; we Christians in the hope of an immortal and blissful life. Can we trace any resemblance between these two conflicting tenets? And if we happen to find some of Gaudama's teachings at one with those of the Gospel, this is simply because all men have the same law of God engraved in their hearts, the self-same voice of conscience whispering to all the same truths.

We have called Buddhism a "System of Morality." This is an error which we must here rectify, for there cannot be

morality where there is no God, who is avowedly the foundation of all morality. Hence even this apparent stately structure of a "Moral System" crumbles to pieces. There is nothing left for it, therefore, but to designate it as an apotheosis, an idolatry of "self," and as one of the many sad aberrations of the human mind uncontrolled by revelation. Our only surprise is that this enlightened age of ours can supply believers and livers in it. This causes our souls to sink into deep humiliation; and the reflection that we are not of their number should kindle in our hearts an adoring gratitude to God.

The Burmese have a highly flourishing monastic institution in their midst, the members of which are styled "Phoongyees," a word signifying "great glory." They are also known under the appellation of "Talapoins," from their carrying a fan made from the leaf of the "Tala-pat" palm. The Pali word for them is "Rahan," namely, Religious-Holy Men.

The Phoongyee Order is an absolute necessity under the present Buddhist dispensation, because no one can emerge from the whirlpool of ever-recurring existence unless he abandon the world and become a Recluse, a Monk. For this reason every man with the least claim to respectability or good social standing in Burmah must go through the formality of assuming the yellow robe of a Phoongyee once in his life-time, and join the religious brotherhood for a few days at least. This is generally done in boyhood, about the age when one is budding into manhood.

These Monks live in monasteries or "Kyoungs," built away from the hum and buzz of towns and villages. Successful traders will oftentimes spend the better part of their gains in building a monastery; either as a means of acquiring merit or for the sake of prefixing to their name the honorable appellation of "Kyoung-taga"—*i.e.*, builder of a monastery. This they bestow on some favorite Monk of theirs, who *ipso facto* is installed as Superior of it.

The Order has a duly-organized hierarchy, with a "Great Teacher" at the head of it, styled "Thathanapine Tsa-yah-daw-gyee." After him come the "Gine-ôks," or Provincials, under whose direct jurisdiction are the Abbots of the different monasteries. These last rule, in their turn, over the novices and other "Oopatzins," or simple monks.

The respect shown by the people in general to these monks amounts to veneration, to worship. In fact, the Assembly of the Rahans is one of the Three Precious Things every Burmese is

bound to venerate. They are addressed as "Phra"—*i.e.*, Lords. The person who addresses them, be he prince or plebeian, must approach them in a kneeling posture, with his hands joined and raised to his forehead—a form of salutation known in Burmah as "Sheekoing"—and after making three different prostrations proffers his request. As a rule, no one goes to see a Phoongyee empty-handed. The monk on receiving a present never acknowledges it. Sometimes he might deign to say "Thadoo, thadoo!"—well, well! but never "Thank you!" The reason of this is, that the monk confers a favor on the giver, by affording him an opportunity of acquiring merit for his next existence.

The Phoongyees live exclusively on the liberality of their countrymen, who are very generous to them. As a compensation they teach children the first rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

By an imperative rule of their Order the Phoongyees are obliged to beg their daily food. For this reason every morning, between seven and eight o'clock, they go forth in procession from their respective monasteries, carrying a large lacquered wooden bowl, which they clasp with both hands in front of their persons, and with slow steps, eyes down, mouth shut, solemnly pace the streets, halting from time to time before a door. They neither knock nor make their presence known by any sign whatsoever, but stand there as mute and motionless as statues. Should no one come out and attend to them, they move on to the next house, where perhaps they will receive a cupful of boiled rice or curry, which they accept without betraying the least sign of gratitude or recognition—no, not even so much as looking at the donor. When they think they have enough for the day they return home in the same slow, silent, and solemn manner as they went out. The senior members of the Fraternity very often stay at home. But their wants are regularly and plentifully supplied by pious women who carry food and little dainties to them. A monk may have his fill from sunrise to noon; after that hour no more solid food must enter his mouth till next morning.

On entering the monastery the monks promise to observe poverty, chastity, and seclusion. In common with every Buddhist, they are bound to the observance of the Five Great Precepts; over and above these there are five others which concern them alone. These are: 1st, Not to eat after mid-day; 2d, Not to dance, sing, or play any musical instrument; 3d, Not to use cosmetics; 4th, Not to stand in unduly elevated places; 5th,

Not to touch gold or silver. Of late years abuses have crept into the Order making the last-named Precept almost nugatory. But they observe with scrupulous fidelity the other points of the Law. Above all they are very particular with regard to their Vow, if we may so call it, of chastity. Seldom or never one hears of a monk having broken it. In fact he has no occasion for so doing, because if he cannot bear the restraints of a monastic life he is always at liberty to return to secular pursuits. This, however, is attended in Burmah, as everywhere else, with dishonor and disgrace to the individual.

To secure his monks from possible breaches of their Vow of Chastity, Gaudama, their founder, prescribes that when any one of them is obliged to converse with women he must screen his face with the fan he carries for that purpose; the conversation must not be prolonged beyond five or six words, and this too must be done where every one can see and hear them. On no occasion or pretext whatsoever may a monk touch, never so slightly, even with the tip of his finger, a woman, be she mother or sister. All Oriental scholars are familiar with the famous "casus conscientiæ" proposed to Gaudama by one of his *rahans:* "What if I saw my own mother lying in a ditch?" "Pull her out by giving her the end of a stick!" was Gaudama's stern reply.

The life of a Phoongyee is, on the whole, uneventful and uninteresting. Most of the forenoon he spends in ministering to his bodily wants. After that he may, perhaps, take a walk to some shrine, accompanied by a few of his disciples, or sit idly at home chatting with visitors or listening to the town gossip.

I must not forget to mention that he is bound to the daily recital of his "Kamathan," or book of devotions; also to say his Buddhistic formulas on his string of beads, with which he closes his "spiritual" duties for the day. On Feast-days he mounts a platform, upon which he sits cross-legged, and, putting his large palm-leaf fan before his eyes, he reads out portions of Gaudama's Law, or Teaching, to the assembled congregation. This is the sum total of his duties to them. Sometimes he is asked to funerals, when he reads Gaudama's teachings on the ills of life, and nothing more. It must be clearly understood that a Buddhist Monk is not a Priest in any sense of the word. He has not chosen a state of mortification and penance for the good of others—*i.e.*, to minister to their spiritual wants—but for his own benefit: that he may the sooner extricate himself, so to speak, from the meshes of Transmigration, and arrive at Nirvana-annihilation.

There is no human being outside the pale of Christianity who appeals more strongly to our pity and commiseration than the poor, deluded Burman Phoongyee. He imposes upon himself unnatural restraints; lives contented with the bare necessaries of life; renounces the world and its advantages, fasts and prays, and all for the sake of being quickly annihilated! He differs *toto cælo* from the Brahmin, who is a lying impostor; and from the Yogin, who is a fanatic; as well as from the Lama, who is a nondescript. He is sincere in his convictions, honest in their expression, edifying in his conduct. Hence, besides our pity he also deserves our praise. This has not been stinted to him by the best living authority on Buddhism, the present venerable head of the Catholic Church in Burmah, Bishop Bigandet, in his classical work *The Life and Legend of Gaudama*, to which we earnestly refer the reader.

The honor paid to a Phoongyee in his life-time is carried further still after death. A Monk, however, never dies; he only "returns"—*i.e.*, to the Fairy country. A Phoongyee's funeral rites are one of those sights that, when once witnessed, can never be effaced from a foreigner's memory. Like all other Burmese funerals, there is not the least tinge of gloom about it; everybody being as merry as at a wedding. No sooner has a Phoongyee breathed his last, than his body is embalmed, swathed in linen, varnished and gilded; after which he is put in a glass-panelled shrine, and exposed on a catafalque in a mortuary chapel built for the purpose. Thither people resort to see him and make offerings of flowers and candles to him. Meanwhile funds are raised for his cremation, or as they call it, "Phoongyee-pyan." This may take months and years, but it is always preceded by a few days of merry-making, in which all take part. The construction of the funeral pile occupies days and weeks, and Burmese decorators take great pleasure and pride in putting it up, bestowing upon it all their care and skill. The frame-work is of bamboo woven into intricate, various, and oftentimes tasteful designs, ornamented with gilt and colored paper, and the usual Oriental display of tinsel. The structure is about sixty or seventy feet high, crowned by a gaudy canopy. Just below this is a cenotaph provided with an iron grating for the reception of the body, which is carried to the place of cremation in a triumphal car. Under the cenotaph is a heap of combustible materials. These must be ignited by means of rockets, big and small, discharged against them from far and near till it is on fire. Thus the unfortunate Phoongyee is literally blown up to glory: only

he will *not* go up. The fire, acting on the bamboo supporting the coffin, makes the whole structure give way. This causes the coffin to tumble to the ground with a thud amid the crash and noise of breaking and crackling bamboos, till the whole pyre caves in and creates one big blaze in which the body is burnt to ashes. The ashes the Phoongyees reverently gather and deposit in an urn and bury in a kyoung.

ADALBERT AMANDOLINE, O.S.B.

THE NEW STONE AGE IN GAUL.

THE archæology of prehistoric times is a study of recent date and one which is intimately connected with paleontology and geology. The students of classical antiquity, who had been accustomed to look no farther back into the past than the times of Egypt and Assyria, were at first a good deal fluttered and excited by it. Now, however, they take a more sober view, and acknowledge that man's early history may be traced to an epoch when the mammoth existed, and when the reindeer in France roamed as far south as the Pyrenees. This was during what is called the Old Stone Age, when tools and weapons were never polished, but were chipped into shape.

But when the mammoth became extinct, and when the reindeer migrated northward, what, it may be asked, became of the cave-men who had been their contemporaries, and who had scratched the images of these animals in life-like outline on their bones, which were happily, in a few cases, preserved for after-ages under hard floors of stalagmite? Did the cave-men also disappear, or did they abide in their old haunts and blend with other tribes, coming perhaps from Asia, which has so often sent its overflowing hordes into Europe? This question is not easy to answer. Much has been written pro and con.; one side arguing that the break or gap which seems to exist between the age of chipped and the age of polished stone is only apparent, and that the men of the Old Stone Age lived on through the succeeding New Stone Age, and may even be traced to the present day in France. De Quatrefages, in *L'Espèce Humaine*, says: "At

Solutré, in the neolithic tombs placed beside the sepultures of the Quaternary period, the old horse-hunters are represented by their descendants, whose skulls are found more or less modified. In the sepulchral grottoes of the Marne, so ably and so fruitfully explored by M. J. de Baye, the type of Cro-Magnon* is found associated with four other human races and with a neolithic race." It is the opinion of this distinguished scientist that toward the end of the Old Stone Age a new race appeared in France and blended with the men of the quarternary epoch; and a careful comparison of the skulls found in the caves adds not a little weight to this opinion. Nevertheless, the evidence in support of an hiatus between the two ages of stone is very strong, and we are inclined to believe that the mammoth and its companion the woolly rhinoceros, the cave-lion, the ancient horse, as well as man himself—saving, it may be, one or two families——perished in the Deluge, of which so many nations have preserved a tradition. And this wide continental flood must have been accompanied by a sudden change from heat to intense cold over the whole northern hemisphere; thus allowing the carcases of so many mammoths to be preserved to our day in the ice and frozen soil of Siberia.† Speaking of this hiatus Cartailhac, in *La France préhistorique*, says: "When, after passing the Reindeer period, we find ourselves in a new age, known as the age of polished stone, or better, the neolithic period, we become aware that great changes have taken place. Nothing made us foresee them. Between the most recent paleolithic beds and the oldest neolithic beds of which we have any knowledge there is a break in the continuity." We find the two ages separated either by a thick bed of loam or a sheet of stalagmite; below the stalagmite are found the fossil bones on which are engraved the figures of the reindeer and the mammoth, as well as man's own figure; while above the stalagmite these inscribed bones disappear altogether. Geikie, in his *Prehistoric Europe*, says: "We can trace a gradual passage from neolithic times into the succeeding bronze age, but no such transition has yet been detected between the relics of the new and the old stone periods. . . . The implements of the one period are never found commingled with those of the other, nor do the characteristic faunas of the two ages ever occur together in one and the same undisturbed deposit." Among the remains of the New Stone Age no mammoth or woolly rhinoceros has ever been found, while among

* Grotto in the department of the Dordogne which contained several very ancient skulls.

† See *The Mammoth and the Flood*, by H. H. Howorth.

the cave deposits of the Old Stone Age not one domestic animal has been discovered, unless perhaps some doubtful traces of *canis familiaris*. The wild horse, too, whose fossil bones are so plentiful in the beds of the Old Stone period—especially in the caves inhabited by man—is so scarce as to be almost unknown in the caves of the New Stone Age. How account for this well-nigh complete disappearance of the horse of quaternary times, unless we believe that it perished in the cataclysm of which we have spoken—and which may be called the great Divide between the ancient world and the modern world? And this curious fact in regard to the horse is as true of America as it is of Europe. We know that in post-pliocene times the horse abounded in the New World, yet when the Spaniards discovered America it was quite extinct there.

But granting that the cave-men of the reindeer period were not all drowned in the Flood, granting that a few did survive and continued to dwell in the same region, it is certain that they lost their artistic sentiment as well as changed their mode of life. They in most cases abandoned their homes in the rock and took to higher ground, and around some of their new abodes may be traced lines of earth like the lines of an intrenched camp, and within these lines we find pottery and implements of agriculture, a proof that the inhabitants had become more sedentary and no longer depended entirely on the chase. But Lieutenant-colonel de la Noë, who has carefully examined all the stations in France of the New Stone Age, does not consider these encircling earthen walls as indicating a fortified place; such earthen walls may still be seen in Normandy, where they serve the purpose of herding cattle.

And now for the first time we find traces of the cow, sheep, goat, pig, and chickens. The stone hatchets, too, are not only smoother and better shaped, but have generally a small hole on one side so as to be more securely fastened to the handle. In the Old Stone Age such holes were never made and the axe-head was probably fastened to a stick by means of tendons, just as is done to-day by the Esquimaux and Polynesians. Let us here observe that the best authorities tell us that the pine-tree is characteristic of the New Stone Age; the oak characterizes the age of bronze; while the beech-tree marks the age of iron. The pine is no longer found in Denmark; yet it was certainly the contemporary of the Danish kitchen-middens (refuse heap). It must have required many thousand years to bring about this change in the character of the forests, for in the time of the

Romans Denmark was covered with beech-trees; eighteen centuries have made no change in its forest vegetation.

In the New Stone Age caves and grottoes were often used as places of sepulture. The first grotto of this kind, and the one most celebrated in the history of anthropology, is the grotto discovered at Aurignac, department of the Haute-Garonne, France, in 1852. Unfortunately it was not till some time after it had been opened, and after the remains of seventeen human beings had been taken from it and buried in a cemetery, that Edouard Lartet heard of it. Another little grotto similar to this one is the grotto of Durnthy, in the Landes. Above a layer of earth, which covered remains of the preceding Old Stone Age, were found thirty-three skeletons, together with implements and weapons of polished flint. These skeletons have been pronounced to be the same type as the men of the Reindeer epoch. But it is in the department of the Lozère, in a rocky, desolate district, through which flows the river Tarn, that the most interesting remains of the New Stone Age have come to light. Speaking of these Cartailhac, in *La France préhistorique*, says: "There has been much dissertation about the races whose vestiges have been preserved for us in the grottoes of the Lozère. It has been maintained that they were the direct descendants of the races of the quarternary period, and that they had come in conflict with invaders, with the Dolmen builders. These conclusions were, and are still, premature; the relative age of all these populations remains undetermined. Only one thing is certain: they lived during that long period which follows the reindeer age and precedes the coming of metal industry. And among them we find again the old race types."

It is to the New Stone Age that belong the dolmens, cromlechs, lake-dwellings, and kitchen-middens. The Swiss lake-dwellings were first exposed to view during the uncommonly dry season of 1853. They are very like the lake-dwellings still to be seen in New Guinea. The houses are round, with a conical roof, and built upon trunks of trees which had been sharpened at one end by means of fire and then driven from four to six feet into the bottom of the lake. As many as one hundred thousand such posts have been counted in one village, and the village was generally between one and two hundred yards from the shore. Of course no remains of the rhinoceros, reindeer, or mammoth are found among the debris of these ancient lake settlements, and there are scarcely any traces of the horse in the oldest villages; the horse does not become abundant again till near the close of

the bronze age. But the dog, pig, goat, sheep, and marsh-cow are common enough.

What are called Dolmens* are broad stones placed upon stone pillars, and it is now well established that they are sepulchral monuments, funereal chambers in which were placed the bodies of eminent persons, and not, as formerly imagined, places where human sacrifices were performed. Originally the Dolmen, was covered by a pyramid of earth; but in nearly every case the earth has been washed away by ages of rain. One Dolmen, however, has been found in Brittany with its original earth-covering still over it. Broca, a high authority, says: "The Dolmen, which seems at first to be a special mode of sepulture, nevertheless appears to me to be merely derived from the primitive mode of burial in the caverns." And Cartailhac says, following the opinion of De Mortillet: "L'ensevelissement aurait d'abord eu lieu dans la grotte naturelle. Les grottes devenant rares et les morts toujours plus nombreux, on se serait mis à creuser des grottes artificielles; puis on serait arrivé à en construire de toutes pièces, avec des matériaux rapportés: ce sont les Dolmens." Cromlechs, which are circles formed of large stones—as at Stonehenge—are believed to be commemorative monuments: and it is interesting to know that megalithic monuments are met with all over the world; even in remote islands of the Pacific. May not this be due to a psychological principle which incites men who have reached a like intellectual level to adopt similar habits and customs, and to act in a similar manner?

What are called kitchen-middens are small mounds composed of oyster-shells, cockles, mussels, bones of the otter, deer, and other wild animals, as well as of different birds, among which the capercailzie, a bird that lives only in pine woods. The dog is the only domestic animal whose remains have been found in the kitchen-middens. These refuse heaps are met with in Ireland, France, Sardinia, Japan, Portugal, North America, Australia, and New Guinea; and they would no doubt be much more numerous had not the ocean in many places swept away the shore-line. In the kitchen-middens scattered along a little river which flows into the Tagus, in Portugal, a number of skeletons have been unearthed, and good authorities maintain that the race to which these skeletons belonged was merely a variety of the more ancient reindeer hunters. It is also generally admitted that the implements of polished stone which have been dug out of the kitchen-middens of Europe belong to

* Dolmin, in the dialect of Brittany, signifies a stone table.

the beginning of the New Stone Age; this is shown by their rude workmanship and general form. We may also infer from the shells of certain molluscs buried in the kitchen-middens that the men of that age were not afraid to venture out to sea, for these shell-fish belong to species living at some distance from the shore.

If archæological researches have proved that in certain places the men of the New Stone Age continued to occupy the same natural caves in which had dwelt the men of the Old Stone Age, nevertheless, as we have already observed, the former as a rule did not inhabit these caves and grottoes, but built for themselves dwellings of stone; and the artificial grotto certainly marks an advance in civilization, for it allows man to choose the spot which he likes best for a home. In several departments of France are found a number of artificial stone abodes placed quite near together, a village hewn out of the chalky rock; and from the polished stone implements and the pieces of pottery found in these little abodes, we know that they belong to the New Stone Age: nothing more surely indicates a station of the New Stone Age than pottery. But so well were these dwellings concealed by the overlying earth that, until they were accidentally brought to light, nobody suspected their existence. The entrance to them was generally blocked by a big, flat stone. Nevertheless, wood was sometimes used in place of stone, for remains of wooden doors have been discovered. In regard to the healthfulness of abodes in the rock, Baron de Baye, in *L'Archéologie préhistorique*, says: "Such abodes may appear at first sight insufficient and very disagreeable; but this is not the case, for grottoes thus made in the chalk are healthy at all seasons. We must not judge of their healthfulness by a single and hasty visit."* There is little doubt that excavations in the chalky rock were made with implements of horn, for we know that the men of the New Stone Age used horn implements when mining for flint. They dug holes in the earth which were not quite vertical, and the horizontal layers of this, to them, most precious stone were reached with the greatest care; the picks, as we have said, were of deer's horn, and in several prehistoric mines such picks have been found jammed fast between two masses of rock. In some artificial stone dwellings we see shelves cut in the rock; there are also sharp, projecting points of stone, which very likely served for hooks. But by far the

* We have seen comfortable dwelling-places in the rock still in use on the banks of the Loire, near Tours. The grotto of St. Martin de Tours is widely known.

most interesting things discovered in these homes of the New Stone Age are sculptured figures representing more or less well the human body. In seven grottoes in France such carved work has been found. One of the figures, which is unfinished, is eighteen inches high and has a nose disproportionately large. Broca believes that it, as well as the other six figures (one of which is half-woman, half-bird), are meant for divinities. De Quatrefages, in his introduction to *L'Étude des Races humaines*, says of the religious interpretation usually given to these carvings in the rock, and which were discovered by Baron de Baye: "Si elle est vraie, comme tout permet de le croire, nous avons sous les yeux la plus ancienne forme connue que l'homme ait imaginée pour représenter un de ces êtres aux quels s'addressent des hommages."

It is interesting, too, to find, besides these human and semi-human figures, several sculptured hatchets at the entrances to the grottoes. We know that the Greeks held this weapon in a certain religious esteem. In one case Bacchus is worshipped under the form of a hatchet—*pelekys*—while the Egyptian hieroglyph standing for Nouter-God is a hatchet. Speaking of this De Quatrefages says: "Must we, then, trace back to our neolithic ancestors the worship, or at least the veneration, of the hatchet which the learned tell us existed among the Greeks, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians?" Some writers maintain that the men of the New Stone Age were cannibals; but Edouard Lartet says: "Pour ma part, dans tout ce que j'aipu observer d'anciennes stations rapportables à la Gaule primitive, je n'ai pas reconnu le moindre indice d'anthropophagie."*

The frequent cases of trepanning in prehistoric times have not a little puzzled archæologists. Some maintain that these holes in the skull, when made after death, were made in order to rid the skull of its more perishable matter; to quote again Cartailhac: "Et puisqu'il est probable que souvent les néolithiques prenaient soin de décharner les morts avant de les transporter et de les délaisser dans une dernière demeure, les trépanations posthumes des crânes sont on nombre des preuves que l'on en peut donner." This is certainly the better opinion in regard to posthumous trepanning. But it is now generally believed that trepanning during life—which was extensively practised on young persons—was meant to allow the evil spirit, the supposed cause of epileptic convulsions, to escape through this perforation in the skull; and the pieces of bone thus cut out—

* *Annales des Sociétés Nat. Zool.*, xv. 239.

each pierced with one, sometimes two, suspension holes—were very likely worn as amulets or preventives against the evil spirit. To quote again from Cartailhac: "It is the unknown that begets superstition, the unexplained maladies whose hidden causes are attributed either to divine or diabolic influences, such as epilepsy and convulsions. In all ages they have excited terror and given rise to the belief in possessions. Only a spirit imprisoned in the body could produce the effects which we observe. . . . If we opened an exit for him, the spirit would escape and the sick person would be cured. It is thus, according to Broca, that the idea of trepanation must have arisen." And this custom of trepanning during life, and of wearing as a charm the bone that was extracted, was handed down to succeeding ages. De Baye says, in *L'Archéologie préhistorique*:* "In an age nearer to ours we have undoubtedly found a circular piece of bone taken from the skull in a funereal urn belonging to the Gallo-Roman epoch, found at Reims." And Professor Bellucci exhibited to the archæological congress in Lisbon an amulet made of a piece of skull, which amulet had been applied in Italy for epilepsy. Let us add, however, that Broca and other authorities maintain that trepanning was not always performed merely from superstitious motives; there were cases in which the operation was performed for therapeutic reasons; and these prehistoric surgical operations were done with a flint knife. For further observations on this curious subject we refer the reader to the proceedings of the International Congress of Americanists held in Turin, in 1886, and especially to the remarks made by Baron de Baye. From the earliest ages man has sought to beautify himself by artificial means. Probably the oldest representation of a necklace is the one cut on the sculptured figure in the neolithic (*neos lithos*) cave at Coizard, in France. The part of it which hangs on the breast had been colored yellow. In this far-off age the teeth of wild animals, the dorsal fins of fish, shells, and also little balls of chalk, were strung together to form a necklace; while in a few excavations of the new stone period beads made of amber have been found. It is a solemn sight to behold a number of ancient skeletons—in one place three hundred were found—stretched out on the floor of a cavern, with these ornaments lying in close proximity to their necks; each tooth and shell and pellet of chalk pierced with a tiny hole. The sepulchral grotto was a pretty good imi-

* *De la Trépanation préhistorique.*

tation of the abode used during life; and as time goes on, as the Old Stone Age passes into the new, and the New Stone Age merges into the Age of Bronze, we see manifested more and more expressions of sorrow in these resting-places of the dead, as well as greater precautions taken against desecration—as by carefully concealing the entrance to the tomb. In some cases, however, the old home, the inhabited grotto, was wholly given up to the dead, and a new home for the living was chosen elsewhere; and here, no doubt, the main idea was to show greater regard and veneration for the dead person.

The better opinion is that in the New Stone Age the dead were not cremated, as they were at a later epoch. Valdemar Schmidt, in his address "Études comparatives sur les Rites funéraires," delivered before the International Congress of Prehistoric Archæology at Budapest, says, speaking of the New Stone Age: "During the age of stone it was the custom to bury in nearly all countries. We have, it is true, observed in certain regions tombs of that age in which there seem to be traces of cremation, but it can be shown that these sepultures belong to an epoch not far removed from the beginning of the Age of Bronze." But it is interesting to know that in many cases the bodies were placed on flat stones; and as there is good evidence to show that these stones had been heated, the better opinion is that this was done in order to dry the atmosphere of the cave, as well as to cause the humidity contained within the bodies to more speedily evaporate; it was seemingly an attempt at dessication, and may have been handed down from the preceding Old Stone Age, where the bodies of the dead were often deposited on the hearth-stones.

There are, however, a few cases of undoubted incineration, where the bones had been completely carbonized; for instance, at Moret, in the department of Seine-et-Marne. But here it is believed we are at a period of transition—as Valdemar Schmidt asserts—between the New Stone Age and the Age of Bronze. In the great majority of cases the skeletons of this age are found with knees bent and arms raised above the head; and we know that many nations, savage and semi-civilized, place their dead in this attitude. Perhaps the best explanation of this is given by Latourneau, quoted by Cartailhac in *La France préhistorique;* he says: "In the imagination of most primitive men death is a long sleep. Hence nothing is more natural than to give the corpse the attitude of repose which one has the habit

of taking in the chimney-corner in the evening, after a day spent in hunting or fighting.

In closing this brief sketch of the New Stone Age let us observe that we find man at a higher degree of civilization than in the Old Stone Age. He has learnt to make better weapons, no longer using only the native flint, but stone of a better quality procured from a distance. Man has also learnt to construct better dwelling-places; caves in the rock are no longer his sole abode. We even find him building houses on the water, doubtless for greater protection; and lastly in the dolmens and cromlechs we see him erecting monuments and tombs of huge stones, which have defied the wear and tear of thousands of years. Broadly speaking, the New Stone Age was followed by the Age of Bronze, and the Age of Bronze by the Age of Iron. Nevertheless, in some parts of Europe the stone period lasted down to comparatively recent times. Unless we are greatly mistaken, stone weapons were used in Ireland as late as the ninth century; while the stone age lasts even to-day in some parts of the world. Of this Cartailhac, speaking of France, says: "But if we had to give an idea of the date to which we might reasonably assign the last stations and the last neolithic tombs, we should name the twelfth century before our era, but with every reserve. If later we may be more precise, it will surely be in increasing rather than in diminishing the distance which separates us from that period."

WILLIAM SETON.

A PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS.

"RUSHVILLE!"

The very intonation of the tall brakeman who thrust his head in at the half-opened door was an intimation that few passengers were expected to alight, and that those who chose to do so were distinctly of the "no-account" sort. The truth that the train was "slowing-up" dawned at last upon the consciousness of a person in the rear of the car, who found some difficulty in adjusting his physical belongings to the stern necessity of an immediate retirement from the warm and comfortable corner where his lean and well-worn satchel was his only companion.

The ruddy-faced conductor felt constrained to translate in a truly literal sense the rough suggestion of the passenger to "give a lift," for the old man was thin and poorly clad; the only evidence of comfort in his wardrobe being a strong pair of "double streaked" mittens, such as Ruddyface had not seen since the days of his childhood, when a loving grandmother had knitted them in turn for each male member of an old-fashioned household. So strong was the rush of memory that he scarcely heard the quavering voice that questioned as to the location of the "County House." "It is too far for you to walk," was his answer. "You ought to have written to Petty that you were coming; he's a capital, good-hearted man and never minds driving his big bays down." He waved a vigorous protest against longer delay, swung himself easily to the platform and was gone. Not so agile, however, was the passenger. He lingered a moment in the wintry wind, and then, tightening his red comforter about his wrinkled throat, gripped the satchel closer and stepped forward. Before the train had passed out of sight Ruddyface saw him cautiously crossing the track, and sighed as he thought: "It's a pity Petty did not meet him. The old fellow ought to have one more ride in life, but I guess likely his next will be in a close carriage drawn by a black horse." Then the supposed pauper slipped from his mind, and he went back cheerily to the monotonous duty of punching pasteboard and reminding delinquents that they might have saved five cents by getting tickets.

Meanwhile, the passenger found the cold wind at his back to be a friend in need. It greatly helped him onward, and seemed to stimulate his mental faculties, for he began to plan his coming campaign.

Less than an hour after the arrival of the train at Rushville Mr. Joshua Petty, as he liked to be called, opened the heavy front door of the big stone alms-house in response to a vigorous blow by the "knocker." He was accustomed to find his visitors pinched and despondent, but here was a man who had passed the limit of threescore years and ten, feeble in body, yet with the light of youthful enthusiasm sparkling in his eye, and a quick smile responding to the kindly greeting of the poormaster.

"Is Cynthy Dobell here?"

"He has got a mean face, yet kinder human withal," was the thought that crossed Joshua Petty's mind as he measured his reply: "Y-e-s."

"Tell her I want to see her, will ye?" The stranger made haste to enter, and the poormaster pointed to a small, square room on the right where an uninviting bareness was the conspicuous feature.

However tired the newcomer was, he did not sit down; the lean satchel was deposited on the floor near the door, and the keen eyes peered into the entry, along whose bare floor some one was slowly walking. It was a woman. She limped and rested her hand on a stout stick. As she neared the door the person who watched her could see that she was very erect, spare in flesh, and with the peculiar deadness of color that belongs to aged people who have once been fair. Her hair was soft and fine, and its silver strands were partly concealed by a coarse but clean cap. Her thin lips parted in a smile as she saw the man, but in his eager recognition he gave her no time to recall his features.

"Cynthy," he said, grasping her hand—"Cynthy Dobell, don't you remember Lige Dane?"

Her voice was a little tremulous as she replied softly, "I guess I do." He had not released her hand when she reminded him of her lameness. "I ain't as spry as I used to be, Ligy; I'll hev to set." She sank into the rush-bottomed chair by the window and drew her spectacles from her pocket. She looked out of doors first, and then turned her glance full upon him.

"I declare 'tis you, Ligy; but we're both on us changed."

"It didn't take no glasses to make me see it was you, Cynthy," he answered in a disappointed tone; adding slowly, "I hate to find you in the caounty house."

"Oh! that ain't nothin' to some afflictions, Ligy. Mister Petty he keeps it awful good; his wife's never stinching about things.

We hev full an' plenty vittles, clean beds, an' a chair apiece by the fire, an' Sis reads the Good Book to us every blessed night; I dunno as I hev anythin' to complain of. It seems to me you kinder need lookin' after; you ain't fleshed up no more than me, an' you look somethin' more peaked than years had orter make you. Hain't ye well? Be ye hungry? I'll jest step an' ask Mis' Petty fur a cup o' tea an' a cracker."

"Don't go, Cynthy," he said eagerly; "I hain't hungry fer nothin' but jest seein' you." She dropped back into her chair, half-frightened at the intensity of his emotion. "Cynthy, you hain't afraid to hear me talk to ye?"

She shook her head and wiped her glasses vigorously, as if thereby to perceive more clearly his meaning. She pointed out to him, too, the remaining chair, and he drew it so close to her side that the trembling of his lip was perceptible to her. "Well, Ligy?"

"It's most Christmas ag'in, Cynthy." "Yes."

"Do you recollect the last time we sot together?" "Yes."

"It was that drefful cold time when the roads was snowed chock full, an' I was teamin' fer Pelig Johnson, an' you was tailorin'."

"Yes, when I hev a smart turn now I tailor fer the men an' boys, but land! the fashions is so changed, though your coat don't show it much— Be ye poor, Lige?"

He started. A deep flush like anger spread over his face. "Never mind, never mind!" she said quickly, thinking she had vexed him. "A friend was always more to me then his coat."

"Be I a friend?"

"Why not, Ligy?"

"I dunno as I want to be." She moved as if to rise. "Stop, Cynthy; I can't seem to sense it that we're old, and in a caounty house. It's like as if we was on them steps ag'in, leading to the granery, and you ought to hev a red hood."

"Why do you talk of that, Ligy?"

"Because, Cynthy, I can't never forgive myself that I didn't ask you to be my wife—" She trembled. "S'pose I ask ye now, Cynthy? I ain't no pauper; I've got full and plenty fer both of us." A beautiful color overspread her thin cheek, but she shook her head. "Listen, Cynthy. You'd be awful well took keer of, an' I most know you leant to me onct." Her flush deepened.

"Don't, Ligy," she said; "maybe there was a time—"

"Wasn't it that night?"

"Well, p'raps it was. Yes, Ligy, I'm free to confess I did lean to ye, an' if you had a-spoken why likely enough—"

"It hain't too late now." Still she shook her head.

"Yes, Ligy, it's all too late." The moisture in her own eyes prevented her seeing the tears that trembled on lids that had not been wet in years. There was silence.

"Cynthy," he said at last, "ye don't know how I've sot my heart on sharin' with you; how I've thought about you when I was workin'."

"Yes, Ligy, I know all about it. Fer years I could not give it up but that some day you'd come, somethin' like you've come now, and fetch me off with ye. I'd a-gone quick indeed; but now it's too late. The things we sets our hearts on are sure to come round, but it's mostly when the appetite's gone. No, I couldn't now."

"Tell me why."

"I dunno as I kin."

"Ah, Cynthy, I wisht you knew jest how much I'd like to see ye out o' the caounty house and sharin' with me."

"I do know, Ligy, well enough, how you feel about it, fer I'd feel jest so myself, knowing you had nothin' and me all; but I can't do it."

There was no fire in the little room, but great drops of perspiration trickled down the man's face. He stooped over the lean satchel and nervously opened and shut its worn clasp.

"Cynthy," he said at last, "I've got to tell ye somethin' more. You asked about my money, an' I didn't mean to tell ye till after we was married; fer I thought if you loved me enough to marry me you would sure love me enough to forgive me, an' your love is the only thing I've ever keered for. I was too a'mighty poor fer twenty year to keep a wife ef I had her. Then that old uncle of yourn, that was all the relashun you had, give me a hum, an' I nussed him when he died, an' he left me that there quarry-hole—all he had—in case you was dead, as he s'posed. It turned out to be a fine stone that lay away where we couldn't see it, an' I sold out a share to a man who is workin' it. There may be a big fortune there, an' I needn't hev hunted you up. I'm jest naturally a mean man, but I jest couldn't help it. I'd got to find you, if you was on earth. There was a twitchin' at my heart every time I thought of you an' the red hood, an' I didn't keer more'n a meal o' vittles fer the whole quarry ef I couldn't hev you too. So I set off an' I found you, an' now you won't hev me nohow, an' the papers is all there in the

satchel, an' I'll jest say good-by an' leave 'em. I s'pose there's somethin' the law might do, but I dunno. There ain't no more fer me in the world. If you was here I could stay even in a caounty house too; but you'll be goin' now—so I can't stand caounty vittles."

He drew the comforter again about his neck, and lifting the satchel set it on the chair beside her.

Mechanically Cynthy opened it, and saw that its contents were simply a package of legal documents and a big red hood. She spread the papers over the floor, utterly at a loss to understand them. Then she fingered the bonnet as if it were a child, and at last slipped it on her head. The very touch of the wool sent her into dreamland. Long she sat, her eyes fixed on the documents at her feet, her lips parted as if to speak, but oblivious to all before her.

The tea-bell was sounded at five o'clock, but she did not know it. The winter twilight deepened and the cold grew intense. At last she was conscious of Joshua Petty's voice ringing through the house, but it did not disturb her until he touched her arm and shouted in her ear:

"What's the matter, Miss Dobell? You'll be havin' pneumony too, next thing. What on earth did you let go that poor streaked-mitten man for in all this freezin' weather? If it hadn't a-been for my goin' to get groceries for the wimmin's Christmas fixin's he'd a-froze stiff alongside the rail fence. I fetched him home, but he's a-lyin' in a dead sleep, an' goodness knows if ever he'll wake. I most thought the same of you. It's queer business."

Even then her consciousness returned but partially. She stooped with an effort and gathered up her papers, but she kept the hood on as she limped slowly down the entry. Mr. Petty followed her with a handful of bills that had fallen from the satchel.

"What's all this?" he demanded, almost angrily. "Who you been a-robbin'?" But she motioned him away, only whispering: "It's hisen—I dunno—but I reckon its fer a caounty-house Christmas."

It was high noon on Christmas day. Without the sun shone on the crusted snow, and long icicles glistened from the eaves. The evergreens were laden with spangles, and the crisp air betokened a polar temperature. Within the alms-house all was warmth and light. The shades were lifted to admit a broad

stream of sunshine. The doors of the first floor were thrown wide, and in a room not far from the dining-room, where long tables were spread with clean linen and abundance of Christmas cheer, were two cots from which a pair of aged invalids looked out upon the gathering about the well-spread board. Quietly the men and women filed into the bright room. Silently they awaited the blessing that Joshua Petty called down upon them, and when his voice quaveringly besought the favor of the Heavenly Kingdom in behalf of those about to pass from earth, a suppressed sob echoed through the place. But it is not in the nature of those long bereft of material comforts to resist their alluring presence, and the county charges rarely had the opportunity to revel in the luxuries now spread before them. Quickly their tears were changed to smiles, and in the enjoyment of plenteous platters they forgot the circumstance of the getting. So absorbed were the paupers in their pudding that no one heard the low voices from the hospital cots.

"Cynthy, it is Christmas, ain't it? 'Pears to me I scent turkey and cranberries."

"Yes, Ligy, we're goin' hum now—I thought better of it and come with ye. It's awful cold, but my hood keeps me het up; but somehow it keeps the light out."

"Give me your hand, Cynthy; it is a-gettin' dark; but you seem to be settin' alongside that picter of the Virgin and her Infant that used to hang on the peg in Pelig Johnson's kitchen, left there by his hired man. Seems like she's a-callin' you."

"Ligy, I'm glad I come. I told you onct that I couldn't, but it's all right; there's somethin' awful peaceful about Christmas. I guess likely it'll be Christmas for ever in Heaven. The good Lord don't never forgit us, an' if I thought a spell ago that our best wishin's comes to a real too late, I know now it's all a mistake, fer it's jest as clear to my mind as readin' was when I didn't hev to wear glasses, that the way's always open to us, an' the reward's a-waitin' fer them as patiently earns it. I've tried to lend a hand to some of these poor critters that the Lord didn't lend much sense to, and when I thought you'd forgotten me, I laid a-bed nights an' repeated over an' over: 'Well, I'll jest try to make my loss somebody's else blessin', an' if the Lord has enough to go round, maybe some day, here or hereafter, mine will come. Ligy's a good man an' I hope I'll see him in Heaven.'"

There was a sob in his voice as the dying man replied: "Cynthy, I hain't never earned this, but I do know the scales

has fallen from my eyes, as the Good Book tells, an' I 'most can see how beautiful Heaven is. It's pretty near now; we won't hev to wait long." Then his mind wandered a little, and he smiled as he said, "The Lord has loaned me the quarry-hole money, and you needn't never be afeared, fer I've got full an' plenty to hire a team whenever you git tired." She thrust out her feeble right arm and groped about until she reached Elijah Dane's weak hand, his fingers closed over her wrist, and a great hush fell upon them.

The paupers did not hear a strange footfall, nor the rush of wings, yet a messenger had come and gone, and two spirits had taken flight during the Christmas dinner.

S. M. H. G.

THE JEWS IN EARLY SPANISH HISTORY.

V.

THE conversion of the Visigoths to Catholicity was a terrible disappointment to the Jews in Spain. Although the fathers of the Third Council of Toledo had shown in their regard so much benignity and indulgence, as has been demonstrated in foregoing pages, it is nevertheless certain that the Jews, accustomed in the past to turn the influence of the governing power against the persecuted Catholics, could not make up their minds to accept the position of defeat, nor look with resignation upon their former victims in the enjoyment of the benefits of peace and the advantages resulting from triumph. On the other hand the decrees of the Third Council, although inspired in behalf of the mere defence of Catholics against Jewish perversion, placed the latter in a rather precarious situation, by rendering their position difficult in the new order of things and lessening their ability and cunning towards searching for ways to frustrate the foresight of the Catholic bishops, and to hinder the efficacy of the measures adopted by them for the purpose of defence.

Seventeen years after the council above referred to had been held Sisebuto ascended the throne. He was bent upon stopping the abuses imputed to the Jews, and resolved to re-establish in all their vigor the laws made by Ricaredo, "which course," says a historian, "would have gained for him the approval of the episcopate and the applause of the Catholic population." Nor could it be otherwise, since the main aim of Sisebuto's legisla-

tion was to free the Christian serfs from the implacable tyranny of their Jewish masters by compelling the latter to manumit them, by absolutely prohibiting their being thereafter purchased or donated, under penalty for disobedience of losing, not only the serfs but all their other possessions as well. The laws in question provided, by way of compensation, that the status of converts from Judaism should be on a par with that of Christians, and in this way invested the former with complete civic rights.

King Sisebuto had appointed the calends of July as the latest date for compliance with his decrees; disobedient offenders against them were threatened with the penalty of the loss, not only of all their Christian serfs but also of half of their other property. The Jews then concluded that this time contumacy would prove more efficacious than the hypocritical submission which they had been accustomed to practise before, and far from yielding obedience to the decrees, made a boast of violating them. In consequence, Sisebuto, when the time was up, promulgated his famous edict, banishing for ever all Hebrews from the Visigoth Empire, with exemption only for such as might embrace Christianity. But this last provision, disapproved by the Catholic prelates, and of their number particularly by St. Isidore,* had for its only result to make matters worse, for many Jews fled to France, *others took refuge in Africa*, and a large number consented to be baptized in order to avoid persecution.

The contest between the Hebrew and Christian populations now became in every respect implacable. So great in those days was their incompatibleness that one of the two was bound to disappear and give way to the other, else both had to live in the midst of continual reprisals which, from their constant tendency to weaken the realm more and more, laid it open to become a prey to the designs of foreign ambition. The preparations for the Arab invasion were then started, and the Visigoth Empire was fated to last just long enough to give time for the web of conspiracy to be woven for its downfall.

The Christians were a majority, and looked for support to the strength of the royal throne; the Jewish minority, which surpassed them in cunning and guile, being possessors of far more wealth, relied on its power to gain their ends. In consequence the contention could have no different ending than

* St. Isidore affirms that Sisebuto's proceeding was *non secundum scientiam* (not according to knowledge), and that *potestate enim compulit quos provocare fide oportuit* (because he compelled by power those who should have been won to faith).—*Historia Gothorum*, Era cl.

just what happened—the furthering of conquest by a foreign foe. In this matter the Jews acted the part of the false mother before the judgment seat of Solomon, who preferred that the child in dispute should be killed sooner than be handed over to her rival. After the death of Sisebuto, in 621, the Jewish converts returned to their former faith. The Christians were indignant and exasperated, and the struggle between both parties sprang up afresh to such lengths that it became necessary to promptly bring to bear new decrees against the Jews, the leading one of which set forth the sound doctrine that Christian belief was not to be forced on them. Five years after the Fourth Council had promulgated the decrees in question, the Sixth Council was held during the reign of Chintila. The decrees of that body give a clear idea of the extremity to which things had reached, for by them not only were thanks tendered to the monarch for having prohibited settlement and habitation in the Visigoth realms to any person not a Christian, by which Jewish perfidy was made to relent, but they besides ordered expressly "that a sovereign elect should not be allowed to take possession of the kingdom unless he positively bound himself by oath not to favor the Jews in any way or shape." "The impatience of these," says a historian, "was not repressed by these measures, so that the fathers of the Eighth Council, held during the reign of Recesvinto, found themselves *under the absolute necessity** of re-enacting the ordinance making it obligatory on the king elect to swear 'to defend the faith against *Jewish perfidy*.'"† The king, in view of these measures binding upon him, and of a real necessity of the state, ordained various measures having reference to the Jews, who seemed for a time pacified thereby; although their apparent quiet may have been mere dissimulation, practised to cover the doings of conspiracy which were soon to develop into alarming deeds. The ordinances of the Ninth and Tenth Councils evidence the tranquillity and confidence with which the Catholics were inspired by the submission of the Jews, for they contain no new enactments in regard to the latter, who, to all appearance, were subdued by the rigor of previous legislation directed against them. Nevertheless there lay under this attitude of tranquillity and seeming acquiescence a very great peril for the Christian state, as was shown later on by two occurrences, one of which was the setting on foot of the bloody disaster of the Mussulman invasion. No sooner had Wamba ascended the throne than an uprising

* Amador de los Rios' work, already quoted. † Eighth Council, Canon 10.

took place in Gothic Gaul. History has not been able to clearly reveal the plot which brought it about, but all the attendant circumstances indicate deep design and extensive foregoing preparation. We have already mentioned that during the reign of Sisebuto many Jews, in order to escape his famous decree of expulsion, took refuge in Gaul, others in Africa, in both of which lands of exile insurrection, by singular coincidence, broke forth. Of these we shall give a sketchy account.

Hilderic, Count of Nîmes, in contravention of the repeated decrees of the Councils of Toledo, had extended to the Jews splendid hospitality. The Visigoth dominions extended at that time beyond the Pyrenees, on the territory now belonging to France, and comprised, besides others, the province then known as Septimania. Hilderic refused to recognize the authority of Wamba and proclaimed himself independent. The king, who is said to have acted under motives which historical criticism, in view of his well-known character of activity and valor, cannot accept, sent against Hilderic a Greek general named Paulus, who, seeking to turn the military operations confided to his command to his own personal advancement, after having proclaimed Wamba's election void, caused himself to be proclaimed king, and by his rapid movements made himself master of nearly all Septimania. Tidings of the treason of his general having reached Wamba while in warfare to subdue the Basques, he immediately determined to set out against him, contrary to the advice of some of his officers that he should return to Toledo and take more time to prepare for the expedition. Their counsel has a suspicious appearance and leads to a surmise how well arranged was the conspiracy, and that it was directed by leaders cunning and wealthy. Wamba rejected the advice thus given him, and marching intrepidly into Septimania, put down the insurrection in a very short time and captured Paulus, whom, with other insurgent generals, he took as prisoners of war to Toledo, and afterwards generously spared their lives. That the Jews took part in these events may have been inferred from our narrative so far, but we will add that during the short time the rebellion lasted Gothic Gaul was overrun by Jews who, casting aside their dissimulation, declared themselves openly in favor of the rebels, going to the length of joining them in taking up arms, which shows that they founded hopes on the success of the conspiracy. Nor is there room for doubt on this point, for, while the troubles above mentioned were going on in the north, events of far greater gravity were taking place in the south,

where the Hebrews could rely on powerful means of warfare against the land of their adoption.

During the year 675, as related in Arab narratives and by Alfonso III. in his chronicle (the authorship of which has been attributed to Sebastian, Bishop of Salamanca), the Arabs, who then were in recent possession by conquest of North Africa, threatened Tangiers and equipped 272 vessels with intent to cross the straits and capture Algeziras. Great must have been the surprise of King Wamba on getting tidings that this new foe had turned up against the attacked Visigoth dominion. An evil genius seemed, as it were, to delight in stirring up enemies to it in every quarter. The king lost no time in going to meet the new foe, and, either through better fortune or greater skill in naval manœuvres, succeeded in repelling the Arabs and sinking the greater part of their fleet. By this first victory disappointment was inflicted on the perfidious enemies of Spain.

During Egica's reign the Jews obtained some favor at the hands of the bishops assembled in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Councils, and it went so far as to concede to converts from Judaism the distinctive appellation of noble and honorable (*nobiles atque honorabiles*), and, as stated by a historian, to open to them the way to a sincere and fruitful reconciliation.* But in 694 it happened that King Egica unseasonably called together a new national council at Toledo, and laid before it a memorial in which he charged the Jews in the Visigoth realms of plotting, in concert with their co-religionists in other countries beyond the seas, against the safety of the state.

Judging from the alarm which the royal disclosures aroused among the fathers then and there assembled, the danger must have seemed great, for, in accord with the grandees and counts palatine, they did not vacillate in proposing confiscation of the property of the Jews, who were to be handed over to the control of their own Christian serfs, and were to be obliged to place their children to be educated under the guardianship of virtuous Christian men; and Jewish subjects proving refractory and disobedient were to be severely punished. "Excessive indeed," says Amador de los Rios, "were these resolves of the monarch and council; great and immeasurably imperative must have seemed the necessity which impelled them to go to such lengths; sacred, and to a certain extent incumbent on them, was their duty to save the country from the servitude with which it was threatened in consequence of the combination of the Jews

* Work already quoted.

in Spain with their brethren in other countries to take revenge on their Catholic fellow-subjects for injuries suffered in the past, by means of inviting the followers of Mohammed to invade the peninsula who seventeen years later were to bring about the destruction of the Visigoth Empire.

"Why a king who only a year before had conferred upon Jewish converts the boon of nobility, of such great value in those days, which placed them at once on a par with the best Visigoth families, an advancement never vouchsafed to the Hispano-Latin subjects, should now come out against them with so great severity and harshness, can only be accounted for by the fact that he was deeply indignant at ingratitude and deception practised upon him. Subsequent events, if they do not completely justify, at least explain the wrath of the king and the fierce rigor of the council, as unlooked-for as it was beyond bounds."*

In these times, so fraught with peril, Witiza ascended the throne. Not content, as a chronicle expresses it,† with provoking the ire of God by his vices, he placed himself in the hands of the Jews, who in a very short time reached a preponderance in Spain greater than ever before. It will suffice to say that the new monarch ordered the canons and laws directed against Jewish perversity promulgated during preceding reigns to be repealed, that he released the Jews who had received baptism from the obligations of the oath which they had taken, and finally that he raised to high positions many descendants of that proscribed race.

"The Jews," as stated by a historian whom we have so often quoted, "having in a short time acquired a really dangerous preponderance, improved to their advantage every opportunity favorable to their purpose which came in their way, and doubtless laying new plans for revenge, prepared themselves secretly to retaliate for the wrongs undergone by them under the Visigoth rule." ‡

Chroniclers as truthful and reliable as the great prince Don Alfonso III., John of Biclara, the monk of Silos, and others besides, relate that Witiza levelled to the ground all the strongholds of the realm with the exception of three only, and ordered all the weapons of warfare to be burned. Were these measures taken in compliance with malevolent suggestions from his own new counsellors? Everything seems to indicate this.

* In the work so repeatedly quoted from, vol. i. chapter ii. pages 100 and 101.

† *El Cronicon Moissiacense* (918).

‡ Amador de los Rios' work, already quoted from, vol. i. p. 103.

The mine was charged and lacked only a spark to make it explode. Let us see now how the catastrophe took place.

VI.

In Witiza's time the Visigoth Empire extended from the Rhone to Fez, in Africa. The distinguished historian Dory's statement that Tingitania belonged to the Byzantine Empire is incorrect. Count Julian, though he bore a Roman name, was of the Visigoth race, and had been appointed by Witiza governor of Ceuta. The Arabs, led by Muza, had invaded Tingitania in the early part of the eighth century. In 707 Tangier, its capital, had been compelled to surrender. While the earldom of Ceuta, getting constant succor from Spain, kept up its defence, Count Julian entered into a pact with the foes of his country, and after having signed a disgraceful treaty of alliance, declared himself in open rebellion against his sovereign, Witiza. In the autumn of 709 he crossed the strait, and, after dealing desolation to the territory of Algeziras, came back over the sea with rich booty and many captives.*

Don Rodrigo's reign had not then begun, he having ascended the throne only in January, 711. How, then, can the revolt of Count Julian be attributed to the motive of the dishonor brought upon his daughter Florinda, more usually known by the name of La Caba? Nothing of the sort ever took place. The rebel count began his treasonable acts against his native land while Witiza reigned, to whom he was indebted for special favors. If, after his sovereign's death, he afforded an asylum to his son, the discontented and badly-advised prince, it was because they were willing to favor his plans and to give a decent appearance to his infamous conduct. In July, 710, Witiza still holding the royal authority, Muza and Taric, encouraged by the successful result of the prior expedition, sent another made up of four hundred foot and one hundred horse, who were carried across the strait in four vessels furnished by Count Julian by order of Tarif Abu Zara, and returned to Ceuta with rich spoils.† Who contrived this alliance of Count Julian with the Arabs? Who set on foot these expeditions, which are unaccountable unless we assume the fact that the raiding band felt sure of meeting allies on the coasts of Spain? Let us see what Dory relates, who is a historian always inclined to sympathize with Moors and Jews: "During twenty-four years the Jews bore their sufferings in silence;

* Almaccari, i. 158.

† Arib ben Sad-Ajbar Machmua, 20; Archbishop Don Rodrigo, iii. 19; Almaccari, i. 159.

but at last their patience gave out and they resolved to take revenge on their oppressors. About 694, seventeen years before Spain was conquered by the Moslems, they planned a general insurrection in concert with their co-religionists beyond the strait, where many Berber tribes professed Judaism, and many Jews, exiles from Spain, had taken refuge." The uprising was probably intended to break out simultaneously at several points as soon as the African Jews had made landing on the coasts of Spain."* Thus says Dory, an authority in nowise subject to suspicion of being partial to the cause of Spanish Christians. Manifestations of the conspiracies of the Jews began in 694; would there be matter for wonder if they kept them up in successive stages and by divers ways until they had accomplished the ruin of Spain?

Finally Don Rodrigo ascends the throne. Thereupon the relatives of Witiza, whether urged to do so or not, made haste to league with the conspirators, and when, in April of 711, Count Julian and Taric, with an army of twelve thousand Jewish and Arab adventurers, set sail for Spain, the Hebrews of the peninsula were ready to welcome them and to help, as we shall see further on, the plans of the invaders. "In the meanwhile," relates Fernandez Guerra, "the revolutionists managed to arouse to rebellion the indomitable Basques, thereby compelling Rodrigo to march off to the Pyrenees and lay siege to Pamplona, while the Arabs, after crossing the strait, were seizing the Rock of Gibraltar and fortifying themselves upon it."† Do not these facts, entirely verified both by Arab and Christian historians, conclusively show a plan of conspiracy ably devised by people influential and crafty as the Jews were? Who but they could extend the field for treasonable action from Africa to the territory of the Basques, from Toledo to Ceuta, and collect the funds needed for these expeditions by the enemies of the Visigoth Empire?

Subsequent events serve to throw light on these points which it has been the disposition of the conspiracy to cover up in historical obscurity.

"The co-operation of the Jews," asserts Fernandez Guerra, viper which over-confiding Spain had allowed to take shelter in her bosom, "were of avail to Taric and the dastardly Count Julian for gaining incredible victories." In fact, even the Arab chroniclers attest that strong fortresses and important cities, in which

* Dory, *Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne*, edition of 1801, vol. ii. p. 27.
† Don Rodrigo y la Caba, p. 43.

the Israelite race was prominent by numbers and wealth, and which undoubtedly would have cost Taric's forces a great expenditure of blood to get possession of, were surrendered to him by the Hebrews, to whom they were afterwards given in charge to guard and who fraternized with the African invaders. Now let us hear the chroniclers repeating the same tale.

"When the invaders," as we read in Ajbar Machmua, "came to a district where the Jews were numerous, they assembled them in the chief town, and leaving with them a detachment of Mussulman troops, the main body continued its onward march." The following extracts are taken from the text of the same chronicle: "Moquets gathered together the Jews of Cordova and gave them in custody that city to defend"; "Muza confided the safeguard of the city of Seville to the Jews who were in it"; "They laid siege to the city of Elvira, and after its surrender they found many Jews, in whose charge they left it to be guarded." *

But the clearest evidence of Jewish perfidy and conspiracy appears in the capture of the city of Toledo, which Wamba had fortified with towers, and which from its strong position was impregnable. Let us look up the records of the renowned chronicler of Queen Berenguela, Bishop Don Lucas of Tuy. He relates that in the year 715, the Visigoth capital (Toledo) having been invested by the Arab commander Toriq ben Zayad, the Christian inhabitants of the city went out on Palm Sunday to the near-at-hand basilica of St. Leocadia to celebrate therein the Passion of our Lord. The Jews, taking advantage of their absence, delivered over the seat of government of Leovigildo and Ricaredo to the besiegers, the Christians having been massacred partly in the plain and partly in the basilica itself."

All the historians of Toledo, inclusive of the venerable Archbishop Don Rodrigo Gimenez de Rada, in his Latin and Spanish chronicles,† agree in this statement of facts. "In view of these facts," writes Amador de los Rios, "there can be no doubt that there existed between these two peoples, the Arab and the Jewish, a certain kind of combination and concerted action which seemed to proceed from secret sympathies and understandings, if not from former pacts and alliances." Another learned member of the Academy of History, referring to Amador de los Rios' book, in a luminous paper, read at a meeting of the academicians, thus exclaimed: "Señor Amador de los Rios makes no at-

* An anonymous chronicle of the eleventh century, published now for the first time, translated and commented upon by Señor Lafuente y Alcantara in the *Coleccion de obras Arabigas de Historia y Geografia.* Published by the Academy of History, vol. i. pp. 25, 27, 29.

† *De rebus in Hispania gestis Chronicon*, lib. iii. chap. xxiii.

tempt to smooth over facts concerning the Jews, while we, less indulgent to that race, openly and loudly accuse them of having conspired against the safety of the state and of having efficaciously assisted toward the fall and ruin of Spain."*

Modern writers who have studied old Arab and Christian chroniclers all express themselves, with slight variations, in the sense above stated. For instance, we may cite the German writers Graetz† and Nefele,‡ the Portuguese Herculano,§ the Belgian Dory,‖ and as for Spaniards, from the very learned Father Florez down to Menendez Pelayo¶ all concur in accusing the Jews of having conspired against their adoptive country. We allow ourselves, relying on what the old chroniclers tell, having gone more deeply into the study of this historical question, to affirm that the Jews, and they only, attracted the Arab hosts to Spain. If Witiza's sons, if Count Julian and other Goths, took part in the revolution, it was only a repetition which ever happens, that all malcontents range themselves under the banner of treason and rebellion. The Jews it was who initiated the perfidious plan, who spread the nets of conspiracy, who brought together wills so varied, and who in a word opened the gates of Spain to the Arab invaders.

Is this co-operation of theirs to be attributed to race sympathies or affinities, or to traditional alliances? To nothing of the sort. Between Moslems and Jews profound antagonisms have always existed. "In the estimation of the believers in the teachings of Mohammed," says Amador de los Rios, "the Jews were false, unbelievers, contemners of the Scriptures, calumniators of the true religion, disobedient to God, and bearing on their foreheads the curse of David and of Jesus. "Learn," says Mohammed to his followers, "that those who foster the most violent hatred against the faithful are Jews and idolaters" (*sura* Valeya, 85).** What

* Don Manuel Colmeito, *Bulletin of the Academy of History*, vol. i. part 1, p. 70.

† *Los Judios de España*, chap. i. p. 49.

‡ *El Cardinal Cisneros y la Yglesia Español*o, 1844.

§ *Historia de Portugal*, vol. iii. lib. 7, part 1, page 208.

‖ *Histoire des Musulmans d'Espagne*, vol. ii. p. 27.

¶ "It is an established fact," says Menendez Pelayo, "that the Arab invasion was iniquitously promoted by the Jewish inhabitants of Spain. They opened to the invaders the gates of the principal cities, and were enabled to do this because they were numerous and wealthy and had conspired before during the reign of Egica, thereby putting in jeopardy the safety of the state. The seventeenth council, by reducing them to slavery, punished them pretty severly for their conduct, but Witiza favored them anew and they made return for his patronage by taking part in the plots of all the malcontents in the realm. The native population could have withstood the handful of Arabs that crossed the strait, but Witiza had disarmed the former, towers of defence had been levelled to the ground, and the lances in the armories had been converted into hackles and rakes. There is no mention in history of a conquest effected more rapidly than the one in question."—*Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, edition of 1880, vol. i. page 216.

** Work already quoted, vol. i. p. 116.

room can there be for doubt that the actual alliance in question was grounded on antecedent leagues, based, it seems, on the hatred of one of the parties to them and on the ambition of the other, and that these compacts were arranged through the cunning and perfidy of the Jews, who indulged in the dream of bringing their adoptive country under the yoke of the Mussulmans? They finally accomplished their design and enjoyed the gratification of their revenge, but it happened in this case, as it does in all treasonable acts, that the traitor suffers the penalty of his own misdeeds.

The Jews brought over the Arabs in order to free themselves from the rule of the Visigoths, but under the dominion of their Moslem allies they soon fell into a deeper and harder condition of subjection. In compensation, the descendants of the Christian race so deeply detested by them, the posterity of the country's defenders defeated at Guadalete and of the unfortunates massacred in the Vega of Toledo, became anew their unwary protectors, going to the length of conceding to them in municipal charters equal rights with the Christian population and founders. It would be an interesting study to trace the condition of the Jews during the middle ages, whether under Moslem rule or under the new Christian kingdoms in Spain. But such researches would be foreign to our purpose, and would lead us too far if we were to set out to prove that their ingratitude, avarice, and most appalling crimes,* in time were the means of arousing against the Hebrew race implacable hatred on the part of our nation, thereby giving rise to bloody disorders and truly public calamities. In consequence Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand were induced to establish the Inquisition in Spain (February 11, 1482), as a tribunal having for its true origin and main object to calm public excitement and moderate mutual rancors; and shortly afterwards (March 31, 1492) these sovereigns found themselves under the further necessity of decreeing the expulsion of Jews, publicly known as such; "an unavoidable measure," says Menendez Pelayo,† "in order to save that unfortunate race from incessant and fierce threats of popular riots."

The anti-Semitic tendencies of our day constitute a factor which should be borne in mind in order to arrive at an impartial judgment in regard to the history of the times about which we have been relating. The historian Prescott bears testimony in the main to the accuracy of the facts which we have recited,

* The martyrdom of the boy of La Guardia in Toledo (1491) aroused just indignation throughout Spain, for they (the Jews) performed on his person all the tortures of the Passion of our Lord, and they set aside his heart for the purpose of perpetrating with it and consecrated hosts abominable sorceries. The original judicial records are preserved in the archives of Alcala de Henares.

† *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, vol. i. p. 635.

and we quote from him as follows: "Under the Visigoth Empire the Jews multiplied exceedingly in the peninsula, and were permitted to acquire considerable power and wealth; but no sooner had their Arian masters embraced the orthodox faith than they began to testify their zeal by pouring on the Jews the most pitiless storm of persecution." On the page following it is stated that "after the Saracenic invasion, which the Jews, perhaps with reason, are accused of having facilitated, they resided in the conquered cities and were permitted to mingle with the Arabs on nearly equal terms."* Why Prescott should have so faintly alluded to and glossed over the immense and exasperating provocation given by the insidious treason against their native land of which he admits that the Jews were guilty, is probably to be explained by his manifest prejudice against and dislike of the Catholic religion, and of the Papacy in particular. These feelings have led him more than once into misconceptions and blunders, forming blemishes on his writings, and detracting from their historical value and from his merit as an impartial historian. We may, therefore, fairly claim for our monarchs in the past and our forefathers that justice and that indulgence denied to them by modern historians on the plea of an ill-understood liberty. We do not assert that popular risings against the Jews have never taken place in Spain. But who can withstand a unanimous feeling pervading an entire nation? On the other hand, it should be admitted that if our codes, beginning with the *Fuero Juzgo*, contain laws of repression against the Hebrew race, it has been in nearly every case because of measures needed to preserve our social and religious unity, as a just remedy and salutary foresight against the transgressions of that proscribed race, the cause of the downfall of Spain in the eighth century and of much other evil and disorder recorded in history.

Notwithstanding the abundant injustice and calumny of which Spain has been made the object, there is no nation of Europe, neither in ancient nor modern times, where the Jews have been treated with greater moderation, and their ravaging misdeeds borne with more patience. Perhaps for this very reason they, who made return for the mercies of God with rebellion and deicide, have shown themselves more ungrateful to the Spanish people than to any other.

MANUEL PEREZ VILLAMIL,
Member of the Royal Academy of History.

Madrid.

* *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. i. pp. 348-349.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE LABOR PROBLEM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

WHATEVER else the Royal Commission on the State of Labor may do or fail in doing, it will certainly materially contribute to that first and indispensable step, the ascertainment of the facts. Whether or no a remedy for the evils proved to exist will be found, is more doubtful. Yet even in this respect the inquiry will not be fruitless; an opportunity will be offered for ventilating theories, examining their practical worth, of showing their unsoundness if unsound, and, should the worst come to the worst, it will be a satisfaction to all concerned to be convinced that it is not the evil and selfish will of man that is to be blamed, but the conditions under which the human race exists in this imperfect state. We hope and believe, however, that the outcome will be something more satisfactory, and that the inquiries will lead to practical amelioration of the most crying evils, at all events. We propose in these notes to indicate the chief causes, in the opinion of the various witnesses, of existing evils, and the remedies suggested by both sides—the employers as well as the employed.

The first point is the hours of labor and the rate of pay in the various industries.

The warehousemen employed as permanent hands in the tea and wool industries make no complaint of the hours of labor, these being eight per day for eight months of the year, and seven for the remaining four months. The rate of pay is not so satisfactory: for the longer day it is about 90 cents a day; for the shorter, 88 cents. Three holidays are allowed without any deduction from the wages. The average wage for the year is $3.60 or $3.94 per week, while for two or three rooms the rent is from $1.20 to $1.80. For dock-laborers the average rate of wages is, according to the statements of dock-laborers, as low as $3.12 per week; although a few earn as much as $12, or even more. The average rate, low as it is, is nearly 50 per cent. better than it was before the great strike of 1889, when $2.16 was all that was paid per week. How were the men and their families able to live at all on these wages? The dockers' representative said their food was, as a rule, bread and tea, with or without milk. As to meat, they had it occasionally, paying for it about four cents per pound. Their clothes were purchased at a rag-

fair, where suits could be bought for 36 cents. At the East and West India docks the average wages, even after the strike, are from $2.64 to $2.88 per week.

These wages seem small enough; yet the Billingsgate fish-porters are worse off, for they are obliged to work for nothing for the salesmen of fish in order to get the right to carry the fish to the buyer, who pays them for the work done for him. They have even to pay one penny per package to the "bobber," whoever he may be. The average wage secured by these porters under these conditions of labor amounts to $2.16 per week; no evidence was given as to the number of the hours of work.

One cause of the low wages of so large a number of men seems the excessive greediness of a few. One of the witnesses said that at certain wharves men worked regularly twice a week throughout the year for from 35 to 40 hours at a stretch, receiving from $12 to $14 per week in payment. This they did although after three months of this pressure they would be used up. The witness attributed this to the method adopted by the employers, who found it more advantageous to themselves; to us this seems doubtful. At all events, it is certain that this system could not be carried on unless men were greedy and imprudent enough thus to work.

The preceding statements as to the wages of dockers and other unskilled laborers were made by the men themselves. It is only fair, however, to hear the other side; in fact, the special value of the Royal Commission consists in the opportunity it affords for making this comparison. Now, with reference to security of employment at the docks: the employers, while admitting that there were necessarily slack as well as busy times, maintained that a steady man could get as regular employment there as in any other occupation. They maintained that the irregularity of employment of which the labor-witnesses complained was largely their own fault. In particular, one of the witnesses before the commission was accused of spending the greater part of his time in agitation, and applying for work only in the intervals, the smallness of his weekly wage, due to his own neglect of work, being magnified into a grievance against his employers. The managing owner of the Wilson Hill Line gave evidence that the whole of the men in their employment received $11 per week all the year, and that last Christmas, when the papers were deluged with appeals to the charitable, he had been unable to get sufficient labor for loading and discharging one of their steamers.

The fullest statement from the employers' point of view, and the one which seems to reconcile the otherwise conflicting evidence, was that of the chairman of the London and India Joint Docks Committee, and at the risk of wearying our readers we feel bound in justice to their side to give it at some length. The number of laborers usually employed by his board is about 6,000. Of these about 1,750 are permanent laborers, and these have full work all the year round. A second class of men, numbering about 1,000, is engaged by the week; these, too, have practically full employment, with a weekly wage in summer of about $6 per week, in winter of a little over $5, the hours of work in winter being shorter. The third class of men, numbering about 2,000, are called "preference men," because they get a preference after the regular weekly men. Of these, four-fifths get full employment at the same wages as the former class. The last class is that of men who are taken on by the day and hour. To this class the witnesses from among the men whose evidence we have cited above belonged, and it is only about this class that they have a right to speak. Their employment is irregular, but not so irregular as was asserted by them. If we may believe the employers, two-thirds get full work and the remainder one-half. The statement that the average wages of a docker was $2.50 a week this witness pronounced to be incorrect, so far as regarded the general body of dock-laborers, although it might be correct as regards the last fifth or sixth of the men calling themselves dock-laborers. The average wages, he maintained, were, for fifty-nine per cent. of the men, $7.50 per week; for the remaining forty-one per cent., $6.25 per week.

It will be seen that the evidence presented to the commission with reference to the dockers is somewhat conflicting, and it will be the province of the commissioners to sift the various statements and to give their judgment on the real state of the case. When we pass to the skilled laborers this difficulty disappears, and there is no real conflict between the different witnesses as to the facts.

Of the card and blowing-room operatives—of those, that is, who conduct the first process in dealing with the manufacture of cotton—for men the wages are from $4.56 to $7.20 per week; for women, from $3.36 to $6.24. For weavers the average wages are $5.28 per week. The hours of labor are fixed by the factory acts at 56½ a week, leaving off work at 1 o'clock on Saturday. These hours are satisfactory to the work-people, and there is no desire among them for an alteration, legal or

otherwise. The wages, however, are not sufficient to enable men to keep their families without sending their children to work. The *minimum* for their necessities would be $7.20 per week.

Passing to miners, the hours of labor in the coal-mines in Durham, for men engaged in getting and "leading" the coal, are seven hours "from bank to bank"; that is, from the time of leaving the open air till the return to it. For other kinds of work connected with the mines the hours are longer, 10½ being the longest. The wages change with the price of coal, and are fixed by negotiations between the associations of the masters and men. The method of determining wages by a sliding scale has recently been abolished on the initiative of the men. The truck system is unlawful in Great Britain. The miners in Durham, however, live in the houses of the proprietors of the mines without paying rent. If there are no houses they get an allowance for them. Coal is supplied at the price of twelve cents for a fortnight. The Durham miners are opposed to the regulation of the hours of labor by legislation. The proposal to work the collieries on a single shift of eight hours would throw, their representative said, half the men out of employment. What would be good for one class would be injurious to another class of workers in the same mine.

For the iron-miners of Cleveland and North Yorkshire the standard hours of work are eight hours from bank to bank. With these hours the men are satisfied. The average wages are $1.24 per day. Here the men pay the rent themselves, as well as for their own coals and blasting powder. The average cost of rent is 82 cents per week.

As we have already said, the irregularity of employment is one of the serious difficulties with which the working-men in Great Britain have to contend. As another instance of this, we have the evidence of the representative of the warehouse employees engaged in the tea and wool industries. He said that the busy season lasted three or four, sometimes five, months, and that during this season 3,500 men were employed, while during the rest of the year there was work for only 500 men. During the greater part of the year, therefore, some 3,000 men in this single department have to get on as they can. Their wages when at work are too small to render it possible for them to save, and so in the event of there being no work, they have to part with their goods and live on inferior food. For dockers generally the average employment is seven months of the year. The

immigration of foreigners has also become a matter of great importance, especially since the enforcement of the rigorous measures against the Jews in Russia. The representative of the warehouse employees engaged in the tea and wool industries said that this work was too hard for the Jews, and that they entered the easier trades of tailoring, shoemaking, and furniture-making. They drove out those engaged in those industries, and the displaced men had to find employment elsewhere, generally on the docks. Consequently several of the witnesses testified to the desire of working-men for the enactment of measures restrictive of immigration.

The influx of agricultural laborers into London, driven into the cities either by the hope of higher wages or by that longing for town-life now so prevalent, contributes materially to increase the difficulties of the lowest class of workmen. By organizing the country people into trade-unions it is hoped to prevent their becoming a competing element. We do not find that any one suggested that the duties on corn should be reimposed, and yet there is no doubt that such a reimposition would secure a higher rate of wages for the agricultural laborers, and thus prevent them from competing with the workmen in the cities. But it would at the same time add to the price of bread, and so what was given with one hand would be taken away with the other. A representative of the dockers went far to justify Prince Bismarck's opinion that all labor legislation will be idle and futile, because the call for such legislation arose only from the inevitable discontent felt by the poorer class on account of the better fortune of the richer. This witness said that he believed "the laboring class in general would always be dissatisfied, not merely because they are so badly off, but because there is so much wealth in the country and their share is so small." He qualified this, however, by saying that so soon as the poorer could live with their families "in comfort" this discontent would cease.

Coming to the remedies suggested by the different witnesses for the evils to which those engaged in industrial pursuits are subjected, every one will be struck by their number and variety, by the difference of opinion on the subject which exists even among working-men, and by the fact that the lower down we go in the scale of labor the more far-reaching and radical are the changes suggested. We shall endeavor to indicate the chief of these remedies, and to show the opinion expressed by the various witnesses so far as it was elicited. Many technical and

special suggestions were made which are applicable only to particular trades, and of those we, of course, take no notice.

In order to secure regularity of employment the representatives of the Docks, Riverside, and General Laborers' Union would have ship-owners give over competition with one another, and send their ships to sea after they had been loaded by men who should work only for fixed hours. The same witness suggested that the American Contract Law should be adopted and restrictions passed on immigration. A strong but perhaps not impracticable proposal was that it should be made a legal offence for an employer to dismiss a workman because he belonged to a union—that this should be made legal intimidation. The abolition of contractors in the case of public works, and the direct employment and payment of the men employed upon those works by the municipalities, was another proposal. Many representatives of unskilled labor were strongly in favor of public workshops being established for the unemployed. This plan, which throws upon the state the responsibility for supplying employment for all who cannot find it for themselves and which involves numerous economical difficulties, many of the witnesses seem to look upon as within the region of the feasible and practical. What presses heavily on the minds of this class of laborers is especially the large number of the unemployed; for whatever tends to increase their number is heavily felt by them. Consequently one of the glories of our modern times—labor-saving machinery—falls under the condemnation of several labor representatives, and even of one of the representatives of the skilled laborers. We do not find that they would wish to break up all machines, but there were those who proposed to put a heavy tax either upon them or upon all machine-manufactured goods.

Another way of getting rid of this evil of over-numerous applicants for work proposed by a well-known labor-leader, Mr. Quelch, was that all work should cease at sixty years of age, that no one who had attained that age should be allowed to work even though he might wish to do so. All men over sixty were to be provided for by the community, should in fact become pensioners, and should receive as such (if married men) some $7.00 per week—an amount about twice the present average earnings of a docker.

Mr. Ben. Tillett, another noted labor-leader, was able to suggest the ways and means for providing the money for the payment of these pensions. The cost is not to be placed on the

rates, but on the general taxation of the country. It should fall upon the excise and customs; ground-rents should be taxed. A graduated income-tax, too, might be necessary. Other remedies suggested by Mr. Tillett were, that the docks should be bought and controlled directly by the people, that there should be a Ministry of Labor, and that a State Labor Bureau of Arbitration should be established. This brings to an end the suggestions of the unskilled laborers.

When we come to the skilled workmen we have a more pleasing record of remedies which have been adopted, and which have met with a large amount of success. In fact, some degree of contentment with the existing state of things may be found among this class. The Secretary to the Amalgamated Society of Card and Blowing-Room operatives said that those whom he represented were content with their hours of labor, and that there was no movement for a change, and this because they recognized that a further limitation of hours would imperil the prosperity of the trade; work would go to India, China, or Japan. There had been no general strike or lockout in recent years in Lancashire or Cheshire; only disputes in individual mills. Both workmen and employers are organized, and this contributes to the settlement of disputes. The weavers have a sort of conciliation board comprising representatives of both sides, and this board has never parted on questions of magnitude without agreeing, except in 1883, when a strike took place. Disputes, when serious, were the subject, first of all, of correspondence between the secretaries of the two associations; if they failed to agree the case is taken up by the joint committee of six employers and six operators.

In the Durham Mining Industry disputes are referred to a joint committee consisting of six owners and six miners, presided over by the County Court judge. Disputes which cannot conveniently be settled by this committee are dealt with by a referee. A perfect understanding is said to exist between employers and employed, the joint committee meeting once a fortnight to discuss matters. The same thing was said of the relation existing between the owners and the miners in the Cleveland district, where a joint committee also existed.

Among the means of settling disputes which have been discussed of late arbitration and boards of conciliation have received the warmest commendation. A wide difference of opinion, however, is found to exist between witnesses on this point. Arbitration met with uniform condemnation from the

skilled workmen (who spoke from experience), conciliation with approval. The unskilled laborers, without experience, had more elaborate schemes.

The representative of the warehouse employees engaged in the tea and wool trades proposed that a conciliation board should be formed consisting of equal numbers of the masters and men concerned in the dispute. Their decision should be binding on both parties. In the event, however, of the board being unable to arrive at a decision, this witness would have recourse to a state board of arbitration. To it the workmen should be able to make a final appeal. It should not, however be compulsory on either part to accept the decision of this board. The public sympathy with the men in the event of the masters declining to accept this board's decision, and its moral effect, would, this witness thought, be sufficient to secure the rights of the men. This plan was approved of also by the representative of the Docks, Riverside, and General Laborers' Union, although he was of opinion that the voluntary boards of conciliation and arbitration, as at present established without a state board, had failed. Other witnesses were in favor of the decision of the board of arbitration being made obligatory on both parties, and were ready to make the state thereby the authority to determine wages,

Quite a different opinion was held of the advantages of arbitration by the skilled operatives. Boards of conciliation, as we have seen, have in the cotton trade been the means of preventing disputes for many years; but arbitration was looked upon as unsatisfactory on various accounts. In arbitration the umpire generally split the difference without regard to the merits of the case. Moreover, to give to an outsider—and an arbitrator must be an outsider—so much power is looked upon as dangerous and unwise. The representative of the Durham Miners expressed decided opposition to the appointment of a state board of arbitration, or to state interference at all, being convinced that conciliation between the parties themselves would do all that is necessary. The same opinion of the arbitration boards was held by the representative of the Cleveland miners.

The Legal Eight Hours' Day for all trades was considered by the representative of the warehouse employees engaged in the tea and wool trades as the best way for diminishing the number of the unemployed. The representatives of the Dockers also gave their warm adhesion to this plan. All over-time and night-work should be abolished. The cotton operatives, on the other hand, are agreed in opposing any legislative limitation of the working

day to eight hours. In their opinion it would ruin their chances of competition. The representative of the Cleveland Miners' Union was opposed to the legal eight hours' day because it would have a tendency to make men leave the union.

As to strikes, the representative of the warehouse employees engaged in the tea and wool industries looked upon them as an impracticable method of settling disputes, it having been tried in his own industry and, after having cost the men more than $30,000, proved a failure. This opinion as to the futility of strikes owing to the large number of unemployed who are ready to take the places of the strikers was expressed by many of the witnesses, and seems to be gaining ground. It is to legislation that the eyes of the working-classes are being turned. But here, again, evidence was offered which goes to show that this, too, may prove inadequate. Even in the event of the enactment of wise and just laws—laws, that is, fair to the employer as well as to the employed, and not detrimental to commerce—will they be enforced? The greater the amount of legislation the more difficult enforcement becomes. Several witnesses testified that much recent legislation was disregarded. For example, an official of the Southside Labor Protection League said that the act prohibiting the payment of wages in public-houses was practically a dead-letter. Another witness said that the Employers' Liabilities Act was practically a farce, but this was owing to a defect in the act itself.

We cannot conclude without referring to the testimony of one of the working-men to the effect that, although their lot is at present far harder than it should be, yet things are not going from bad to worse, but in the opposite direction—that, in fact, the position of the laboring classes has improved and is improving. "The workers nowadays get a larger share of the profits earned by the operations of labor and capital than they did twenty and twenty-five years ago, and, having regard to all the circumstances of the trade, they are getting a fair share. In my experience the condition of the people has improved immensely." These are the words of a skilled operative, and do not apply, in their fulness, to the present condition of the unskilled laborer. Let us hope that the outcome of the movement of which the Royal Commission itself is a striking feature may render it possible for some future unskilled laborer to give similar evidence.

Gilbert Simmons.

THE CONVENTION OF THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

ON the Feast of the Epiphany, the sixth day of the coming January, and the day following, a Convention of the Apostolate of the Press will be held in New York. It will be composed of all men and women of approved Catholicity who desire to co-operate in the spread of the Printed Truth; it will be made up of those of the laity who are or who wish to become friends and adherents of the Apostolate of the Press. The project has received the hearty sanction of the Archbishop of New York, and is to be carried out with the assistance of the Paulist Fathers. The place of meeting will be Columbus Hall, adjoining the Paulist Church on West Sixtieth Street, near Columbus Avenue. Invitations to the Convention will soon be placed in the hands of the parish priests of the United States and Canada, to be given to such men and women of their congregations as will be likely to attend the Convention, and practically co-operate in the work of the Apostolate of the Press.

Although held under the auspices of the clergy, the Convention is to be composed of the laity. They are competent and they are trustworthy; they are in immediate contact with our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, united to them by ties of patriotism, and by business and social relations, as well as by those of intimate friendship: all golden opportunities for imparting to them their share of the divine heritage of the true religion of Jesus Christ.

The following letter of the Archbishop of New York not only gives the approval of ecclesiastical authority to our purposes, but very clearly summarizes them:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, 452 MADISON AVE.,

NEW YORK, October 26, 1891.

REV. DEAR FATHER ELLIOTT: I am glad that you see your way to resume the work inaugurated by the revered Father Hecker, and recommended by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore: I mean the diffusion of Catholic Truth by the publication of short articles, leaflets, and similar productions, intended to dispel prejudice and to defend sound doctrine. You are no doubt aware that the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of this Cathedral, has been engaged in similar work during the past three

years, and has already distributed many thousand copies of short papers explaining salient points of Catholic discipline and dogma. Kindred societies, actuated by the same praiseworthy spirit, are successfully established elsewhere. In a country like ours, where the Apostolate of the Press has an immense and almost an unlimited mission, there is ample room for many workers in the same field, and I therefore applaud and bless your zeal in calling a convention to further this good work and to devise ways and means by which it may be strengthened and made permanent. After all, intelligent minds want to know the truth; St. Thomas says: "In no way is the truth disclosed better than by refuting those who contradict it." And Tertullian wrote, long before the Angelic Doctor, "Truth blushes only at concealment."

Wishing you all success in your noble project, and begging God to bless it most abundantly, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN, *Abp.*

The Press is the layman's Apostolate. It is an altar upon which every man and woman may stand in a holy priesthood and distribute the bread of life to hungry souls. It is a pulpit from which every Catholic can preach, and whose evangel can be heard by countless thousands. The laity are to be assembled, therefore, to take counsel together, to listen to words of wisdom from each other, to learn ways and means of practical success from each other's experience, and to be mutually enkindled with that fire of missionary zeal which our blessed Redeemer cast upon the earth to consume his followers with the spirit of love and self-sacrifice till the end of time.

The Press is the readiest and most universal means of spreading the truth. We have questioned many converts as to how they were led to the church, and have found scarcely any who had not read themselves into conviction of the truth. One was started on the road by an item in the daily newspaper telling of an heroic Catholic charity; another read an indignant denial of a calumny; a third picked up a Catholic journal in a friend's house and was taught the truth by an article in it. Who can calculate the power of a good book? It is not well enough known that over two hundred thousand copies of Cardinal Gibbons' *Faith of Our Fathers* have been sold, making multitudes of converts; that the sale of Father Lambert's *Notes on Ingersoll* has approximated to the same number, saving the faith of thousands in God and immortality. The statistics of the sale of devotional and controversial books of every sort, and especially of the number and circulation of Catholic journals, show a marvel-

lous increase of activity in recent years in the religious use of the Press.

What Catholic has not blessed God for the art of printing? Its best victory has been the rescuing the sacred Scriptures from religious anarchy. The Biblical controversies induced by Luther's apostasy may seem dreary enough to us who must fight for the Book's very existence as a valid witness of truth, and even for the validity of the religious sense. But for three hundred years the rightful place of the Written Word in God's dealings with men was the supreme question; and the Printed Word was necessary to detect misleading citations and refute false interpretations. The Press enabled the church to maintain in every tongue the true and common ownership of the divine book against its private exploitation by deluded, visionary, and fanatical individuals. The appeal to the Bible has ended in Catholic victory, and that victory is greatly due to the fact that the Printing-Press gave us a fair and a broad field of battle.

In every phase of religious life, doctrinal and devotional, controversial and ascetical, for the learned and the simple, for the innocent and the penitent, the Press has exercised among civilized nations an influence so beneficent and so wide-reaching as to deserve the name of the Catholic Apostolate by excellence.

In our own country God has raised up men in the clergy and laity who in printed words have shown the power of the Holy Spirit. In more recent times, the women who have in various capacities served the interests of Catholic morality and religion in the press have been numerous, and distinguished for intelligence and for courage. The movement for the Apostolate of the Press made under the inspiration of the late Father Hecker twenty-five years ago, resulted in the printing and distribution of many hundreds of thousands of leaflets, pamphlets, and books, assisting large numbers into the church, disarming prejudice, correcting errors, and greatly helping towards the present favorable outlook for the conversion of our fellow-countrymen. Although Father Hecker's long illness deprived the work of much of its public character, yet in the hands of zealous Catholics acting in their private capacity and from motives of personal zeal, or as members of charitable or devotional organizations, the Apostolate has never ceased its activity. It would be a mistake to suppose that because no great central organization has existed the Press is not largely used for the diffusion of Catholic truth. There is not a community in the country in which Catholics, priests as well as men and women of the laity, are not continually feeding

the fires of the Holy Spirit in the souls of honest non-Catholics by the Printed Truth.

An example of what may be done and often is done by the zeal of individual priests and laymen, inspired by personal zeal, is given by the Archbishop of New York in his letter already quoted. And in recent years such private zeal as that of Father McMahon has assumed organized form. Emulating the activity of our English brethren, the Catholic Truth Society of St. Paul, Minnesota, has enrolled over six hundred men and women into an active missionary body for the distribution of the Printed Truth. The Holy Ghost Society of New Orleans has done a work of the same sort with wonderful success. The Visitation and Aid Society of Chicago has made the distribution of Catholic books and pamphlets in penal and reformatory institutions an integral part of its general beneficence. These societies, praiseworthy as they are, working with much success and enjoying the entire sanction of the clergy, are but the promise of an Apostolate of the Press which shall become the most conspicuous feature of the new missionary era now happily dawning upon us. And it is to further all these public and private efforts, to voice the zeal of all these societies, and of all the men and women privately at work, to enable them to come together and know each other, to lend and borrow the fruits of experience, as well as to exhibit to the entire country the aggressive force of Catholic truth, that it has been decided to hold the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press.

Yet the Convention is not to be one of societies as such, but of the Great Apostolate itself. There is less need of our zeal being organized than of its being awakened, stimulated, and rightly guided to personal activity. Society conventions have their uses. Any gathering of earnest men and women exhibits their cause, defines publicly their attitude on some grave question, voices their purpose. But for the Apostolate of the Press the supreme need is personal zeal; that creates organization, which for any apostolate is the means to the end. Besides, we have various societies already engaged in dissemination of the truth through the Press, either as the principal or a subsidiary aim of their existence, and these can work together only by independent co-operation, conference, mutual encouragement, meanwhile respecting each other's autonomy. Such will be the uses of the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press. The best men and women of all societies will confer together, and their addresses and discussions will form, when printed, a hand-book for practi-

cal utility in the layman's co-operation with the clergy in the elevation and purification of humanity.

But besides members of societies there are many zealous souls who work best on their own initiative. They do not work alone, but they love absolute freedom of choice as to methods and association. It is hoped that such independent spirits will be drawn to the Convention and to the work which it is intended to promote. There are many who have zeal to labor for the good of souls, but their union with others must be voluntary. To such persons every harness is a fetter, except the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ and His Church. The Convention will aid them to use their liberty to the best advantage, and will encourage others to imitate their example and emulate their success. How many intelligent Catholics are there not in the United States and Canada who are well fitted, both by good-will and education, for the Apostolate of the Press? They are in every Catholic parish of any size; they are among those who are engaged in education, journalism or the other professions, or they are members of Catholic charitable and religious societies, not to mention those already devoted to this Apostolate in the Catholic Press.

The intention is to stimulate the entire Catholic public to take part in the Apostolate of the Press. The very names of those in attendance at the Convention will, when published, show the large number of men and women of character who take an active interest in the spread of religious truth. Here they will have an assemblage of kindred spirits, whose meetings will not be consumed by discussing reports of committees on credentials, auditing committees, committees on resolutions, debates on points of order or of precedence, questions of privilege, not to mention the parliamentary warfare of the embattled hosts of rival societies, marshalled by favorite sons. All this distraction of mind from the main question in hand, and all this awful waste of time, will be avoided by the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, for it will be open to all approved Catholics desirous of aiding the distribution of the Printed Truth, and its only business will be to get information how to succeed in that purpose. No organization was effected or dreamt of at the Catholic Congress of Baltimore, yet it marked an epoch in American Catholicity. Organization, therefore, in the sense of forming a society, is not intended.

It is not necessary to say that societies already in existence shall not be interfered with. On the contrary, they will be en-

couraged; and although the Convention will hardly be the occasion for recruiting their membership, it will publish their success to the entire country, make known their plans, and enable them to enroll new members after the adjournment. Nor is it intended that the members of the Convention shall be asked for contributions of money; that is a practical matter which may be left to their own judgment when they return home. The expenses of the Convention will be paid by one generous patron of our Apostolate. In their own neighborhoods, or in their own societies, those who attend the Convention will concert measures for the carrying out of the suggestions heard and discussed at the meetings. The Convention will give a focus to the ideas and principles, the plans and methods, of the Apostolate of the Press. Home-rule must be relied on to choose the persons and collect the funds necessary for obtaining and actually distributing the Printed Truth. We trust to have members present from all Catholic societies which in any way use the Press for the good of religion; but the Convention is open to all good Catholics of the laity who take a practical interest in this Apostolate, whether by active personal labor in preparing and distributing the Printed Truth, or, lacking facility for this, by prayer and counsel. It is hoped that the result will be that where there is now but one there will soon be many Apostles of the Press among the Catholic laity.

The object is the organized and personal distribution of Catholic literature both doctrinal and devotional, the use of the press for refutation of error and the repression of vice, for the spread of the truth and the propagation of virtue. For these ends we will bring the best men and women of the laity together, to take counsel how to use the Press for the good of religion, especially with a view to the conversion of the non-Catholic American people. We are right on the great questions of the soul and we can prove it, and the most universal medium of doing so is the Press. Why it should be done, and how to do it, when and where it can best be done, by what agencies and by overcoming what obstacles, such questions as these will be discussed freely and answered fully by those most competent to do so.

Arrangements are being made to have papers read by representative Catholics from all parts of America, particularly by those who have already distinguished themselves by their zeal in the Apostolate of the Press. These are more numerous and of higher consideration than one would at first glance suppose.

The topics will embrace the entire home field of Christian missionary zeal, such as, how to refute errors against truth and morality as they appear in the secular press; the uses of fiction in our Apostolate; how to interest children by the printed truth; how to reach agnostics, infidels, and old-fashioned Protestants respectively; the use of the Press against intemperance; Reading Circles, how to form them and how to maintain them; the Apostolate in prisons, reformatories, and hospitals; how to spread the truth through the mails; how to assist soldiers and sailors to obtain good reading; the aid of the Press in the conversion of the colored people; what share charitable societies may have in this Apostolate. Each of these exceedingly interesting subjects will be treated of in carefully prepared papers, and in a free and informal discussion which will follow each of them. We hope in addition to hear from those who have had practical experience in this Apostolate. From them we shall learn the lessons and warnings of their zeal and prudence. All these papers and discussions, it is hoped, will be collected and published at cost price after the convention, furnishing a hand-book for the guidance of zealous members of the laity in the exercise of both personal and organized zeal for the distribution of the Printed Truth.

What a joy to make a convert! The Convention will tell fully a score of ways how to make a convert by the Printed Truth. The story of the victory will be told by the men and women who wear the laurels. Nor will they be priests, monks, or bishops; all these give their sanction, but the laity will make up the Convention, trusted and trustworthy members of the great body of the faithful, whose zeal and intelligence have overcome the prejudices, broken down the antagonisms of non-Catholics and led them into the true fold.

It is not only about such doctrines as the Real Presence, the Communion of Saints, the Divine Unity of Christendom that our separated brethren are astray; their ignorance of the simplest and most fundamental principles of Christianity is simply appalling. Just what is meant by the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Grace of Christ, the guidance of the Holy Spirit, never was fully agreed upon among Protestants, and the utter vagueness of mind of our separated brethren on these most essential as well as most consoling doctrines can hardly be exaggerated. Christianity outside the Church has an indistinct notion that Christ is the Teacher and Leader of mankind and that the Bible is the best of books; as for the rest, there is utter confusion of schools of

thought, drifts and tendencies of opinion, each man teaching whatever he likes and each of his fellows accepting as much as he pleases. The spirit of doubt, allying itself to "the higher criticism"—a pompous name for learned scepticism—is gradually undermining what is left of reverence for the Bible. Now let us ask ourselves what stands between us and our honest neighbors, thus tossed about in the wreckage of Protestantism? Two things, prejudice on their part and apathy on our part. The tremendous force of the former is due to the awful *vis inertiæ* of the latter. The prejudice of non-Catholics in America, no longer fed by race antagonism or political passion, rests almost wholly on ignorance, and if we had been true to our opportunities and faithful to our mission, it would have been entirely dissipated long ago.

The following words addressed to the writer by an earnest non-Catholic seeking for the truth are in evidence: "You may not realize the difficulty which Protestants have in getting at the truth. They have really no idea what the Church is, what the Mass is and what it means, what the Christian life really is in distinction from being vaguely good. Judging by my experience," he adds, "they don't know where to learn. When away in the country I have expounded Catholic truths of the strongest kind to New England Puritan Congregationalists, and I found them *delighted*, longing for just such things, and so I believe tens of thousands are longing for just such knowledge. Why should not the Paulist Fathers meet that want by a series of tracts on the common Catholic truths. People by the thousand want what Rome has to give, but they don't know that they want it." Not only the Paulists but many other communities are quite ready to furnish the tracts, leaflets, pamphlets, books, at the mere cost of printing them, but the laity must be ready to distribute them. Are they ready? We are convinced that they are, and the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press will furnish information not only for preparing the matter but also for guidance in distributing it.

By attending the Convention prominent laymen will lend their names publicly to the cause of Catholic truth; men of zeal will learn to use the most powerful means of saving the souls of their non-Catholic neighbors; they will become acquainted personally with the best men and women of the Catholic Church in America; and their attendance will be as enjoyable as it will be profitable and instructive. The convention will show the laity to be a powerful element of Catholic

public life, full of aggressive zeal and the highest intelligence. If numerously attended by Catholics well and favorably known in their communities or their professions, it will fitly begin the celebration of the centenary of the discovery of this New World, an event due to the science, the spirit of adventure, and above all to the Apostolic zeal of the Great Catholic Discoverer.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

CHURCH AND STATE.

FEW questions keep coming up age after age with greater insistency than the question of the relations that ought to exist between Church and State. This was a vexed question under the old Roman Empire, it is still a vexed question under the new German Empire, and it has occupied a prominent place in the long centuries that lie between them. There has been the widest possible divergence of opinion on the subject from the mediæval idea of closest union to the modern idea of complete separation. The friends of religion have not unfrequently claimed too much, the enemies of religion have invariably allowed too little on the religious side of the question. Some of the fiercest attacks that have been made on the church were founded on her supposed arrogant assumption of authority over the civil power, and the acts of a few mediæval pontiffs in their interference with the state have become the nightmares of history.

Now, without attempting to explain or justify the attitude of individual churchmen in any age or country towards the secular power, let us try to ascertain what the church herself really claims in her relation to the state. Not the particular conditions that obtained in past ages, or the mere accidental results of civil or ecclesiastical policy, but the general principles involved, are of real and lasting importance.

It must be confessed that the history of the church in her progress down the ages is largely the history of her conflict with the state; and the long and dreary record of the church's persecutions, trials, and temptations bears testimony to the intensity as well as to the continuity of the struggle. The conflict has undoubtedly been a most relentless one; no sacrifice has been great enough to appease it—it has cost the lives of millions of martyrs. No faith has been strong enough to stay it; it was the bane of the ages of faith themselves. No progress

or enlightenment has been able to outgrow it; in nearly every country in Europe the church and the state are more or less in conflict to-day; and even in our own free and favored land the cry is often raised that the interests of the church are inimical to those of the state, and that Catholics, simply because they are Catholics, are not, and cannot be, perfectly loyal citizens. And why this ceaseless conflict? Cannot the things of Cæsar and the things of God be distinguished, separated, and rendered each to each? Our Lord Jesus Christ certainly intimates that they can. But then we must remember that the kingdom of Christ, though in the world, is not of the world, and the domain of Cæsar, which is the world and of the world, can never harmonize with it. Conflict, it would appear, is the normal condition of the church's existence in the world, and it shall doubtless continue on in some form or other to the end. The reign of peace is not here to seek; life itself is a warfare; and the rest that remaineth for the people of God is not temporal but eternal. The question is, Which party to this great conflict has been unreasonable in its demands and has striven to intrude itself on the domain of the other?

No one, assuredly, will be disposed to accuse the church of undue aggression in the beginning of her career: she only asked for the right to live in the world, and for three hundred years that right was denied her. Every appeal for protection was met by the shouts of the populace: "Death to the Christians; they are the enemies of the empire!" And when at last the church overcame her persecutors and they became her followers, she did not ask for a sceptre; whatever civil authority she exercised was thrust upon her. She only laid claim to the love and obedience that children owe to their spiritual mother. It is true that from time to time she called upon Christian kings and rulers to defend her rights whenever they were unjustly assailed. And when all the nations of Christendom professed their filial love and loyalty towards her and their willingness to protect her, then arose that intimate union of church and state which for so many centuries proved the great bulwark of Christian civilization. The benefits of this union are eloquently summed up by Pope Leo. XIII. in his encyclical "Immortale Dei," in the following words: "That Christian Europe was able to tame the barbarian peoples, and from a savage state bring them to meekness, from superstition to the truth; that she victoriously drove back the invading hordes of Mahometans; that she retained the princedom of civil culture, and continued to show

herself to the rest of the world as the guide to all that contributes to the ornament of humanity, and as the teacher of others; that she secured to peoples true freedom of every kind; that she established institutions to alleviate human misery—she must for this, without controversy, greatly thank Religion, under whose auspices she undertook such great enterprises, and whose help she had."

But the state rather than the church was the gainer by this union, for while it brought nothing but benefit to the state, as then constituted, it often brought the most deplorable evils upon the church, as when those who pretended to protect her abused their privilege and sought to debase her for their own personal ends. Indeed, the greatest dangers the church has ever encountered were political, and came from the abuse of this intimate union between church and state. The greatest evil, perhaps, that ever befell the church was the schism of the fourteenth century, known in history as the great Western Schism, and this was purely political in its origin.

The church, nevertheless, does claim due recognition in the Christian state, and she holds that the best interests of Christian society are secured by an *entente cordiale* between the civil power and the ecclesiastical authority. And Pius IX., in his famous *Syllabus*, condemns as false the proposition which asserts that there should be absolutely no union between church and state. But the most earnest and the most enlightened defenders of the church and her rights in the world to-day disclaim all idea of such political union as sometimes existed in the past, and which has bequeathed a legacy of weakness to the church the evil effects of which are felt in some countries even to this day. The march of mankind, though halting and circuitous, is ever onward, and we must not turn backwards. Not to restore the past, but to try to improve the present and save the future, should be the aim of all enlightened zeal. The political ideas and methods of the mediæval age would be as much out of place in the nineteenth century as its dungeons and its cumberous coats of mail, and the church would no more think of restoring the political conditions of that bygone time than of resuscitating the dust of its dead kings and warriors from their long-forgotten graves. The most intense churchman has no yearning to see the past restored in this particular; such a reactionary spirit would be the height of folly. The church, like everything else in the world, must accommodate herself to her changed surroundings, and she has always done so. Her power of adaptation to

the circumstances of all times and places and races is not the least evidence of her divine organization. While her doctrines are unchangeable her discipline is ever changing. But the Catholic Church has her rights in the nineteenth century as well as in the twelfth, and she never hesitates to assert them, though the ages of faith and chivalry have passed away.

From the very beginning the church claimed the right to determine the "things of God"; she made this claim when hid away in the catacombs as well as when she stood uncovered in the palace of the Cæsars. Her very existence is founded upon this right, for her mission in the world is to point out the divine law and secure its observance, and without at least the negative co-operation of the state she cannot fulfil her mission. The legislation of the civil power must be in harmony with the divine law, or at all events not opposed to it; otherwise there must necessarily be conflict between the church and the state. The first efforts of the church when the power of paganism had passed away was to secure legislation on Christian lines and in full harmony with Christian principles, and, thanks to these efforts, the common law of every civilized country in the world to-day is based on Christian principles and is, with few exceptions, in harmony with them. Even in our own young Republic, where the separation of church and state is so complete, the laws of the land recognize the ethics of Christianity as the supreme standard of right and justice. The divorce laws and the laws relating to education are the only ones where there is direct conflict between the legislation of the church and the legislation of the civil power in this country. In many respects, indeed, our civil tribunals are very favorable in their interpretation of the church's rights. It generally happens that when an ecclesiastical case comes up before a civil court in this country it is decided on the principles of ecclesiastical law, the judges taking the common-sense ground that when persons freely embrace the ecclesiastical state they willingly submit themselves to its laws, and are therefore bound to abide by them. And this is far more just and reasonable than the attitude of not a few so-called Catholic governments in similar cases. If we take for example some of the South American republics, the old-time union of church and state is supposed to exist in them, but the church is hampered at every step by the civil power and very often she cannot enforce the most elementary discipline. The bishop of a diocese may be compelled to suspend a priest for just cause, or Rome itself may depose him, but the civil au-

thorities interpose in the matter and sustain him, and, though a past-master-mason or a sacrilegious usurper, he retains his parish, to the great scandal and injury of religion.

The church never has questioned and never can question the absolute authority of the state in its own proper sphere, and she deprecates all idea of interference in the functions of the state. The words of Pope Leo XIII., in his encyclical on the "Christian Character of States," ought to be sufficient evidence of the church's teaching on this subject. "God," he says, "has divided the care of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil; the one placed over divine things, the other over human. Each is without *superior* in its own sphere; each has fixed bounds in which it is contained, and these defined by the nature and proximate cause of each one, so that a kind of circle is drawn within which the acts proper to each, each does of its own right." But while the church thus maintains the absolute authority of the state within its own sphere, she holds, with St. Paul, that "there is no power except from God," and hence "in every kind of government those who rule should keep their eyes fixed on God, the Sovereign Ruler of the world, and have him before them in executing their civil duties as their example and law." Rulers and law-makers as well as private individuals must recognize the principles of divine right and justice, and be guided by them in their official conduct and in the enactment of laws. This much the church insists upon. As the exponent of the higher law of God to Christian legislators, she demands that the laws of Cæsar shall not interfere with "the things of God," but shall render due homage to them; and, on the other hand, she commands full obedience to the laws of the state, and a strict rendering to Cæsar "the things that are Cæsar's."

This is the absolute claim of the church in her relation to the state and its laws, and a careful examination of her past history will show that this has been her real attitude all along. No doubt there have been ambitious churchmen who in their relations with the civil power contended for much more than this, as there have been ambitious statesmen who wanted to rule over spiritual as well as temporal affairs; but individuals, however high their office, are not the church, and their aims must not be confounded with those of the church, which are *essentially spiritual;* and just as grasping, unscrupulous statesmen have brought and still bring odium upon their government or their party by their abuse of power, so misguided churchmen have brought

odium upon the church by trying to make her the instrument of their own personal schemes and ignoble ambitions.

And the perfect freedom of action which the church concedes to the state in its own sphere she also demands for herself in the exercise of her ministry. The words of Pope Leo on this point, in the encyclical already quoted, are clear and unmistakable. "Not the state," he proclaims, "but the church must be the one to lead men in things heavenly, and her office is assigned her by God to see and to legislate for the things that regard religion; to teach all nations; to spread as far as possible the Christian faith; in a word, to have the administration of all that pertains to Christianity freely and without trammel according to her judgment. This authority, in itself absolute and fully of its own right, which the philosophy that flatters princes has long opposed, the church has never ceased to assert for herself and to publicly exercise, the Apostles first of all contending for it, who when forbidden by the princes of the synagogue to spread the Gospel constantly replied, 'We ought to obey God rather than man.' . . . Whatever, therefore, in things human there be in any way sacred, whatever concerns the saving of souls and the worship of God, whatever is such by its nature or may be looked on as such by reason of the end to which it is referred, all this is under the power and subject to the judgment of the church. The rest, which is of a civil and political nature, it is right should be under the civil authority; for Jesus Christ has ordered that what is Cæsar's be given to Cæsar, what is God's to God."

But if this be the actual state of the case, if the church admits that she has no right or title to interfere in the remotest manner with the affairs of the state except where the things of God are clearly concerned, why the constant friction between church and state all adown the ages? Simply because the state has all along tried to ignore the rights of God where they actually exist, and the church has tried to enforce them. Let us take a few examples. Is not marriage a sacrament, a divine institution, in the eyes of the church, and do not the laws relating to civil marriage and divorce concern the things of God? Does not the observance of Sunday concern them? Does not Christian education concern them? Does not the maintenance of public decency and morality concern them? If the church have no right to a hearing on such matters as these, her mission is a mere mockery, and her power and her authority in the world at large is null and void. She is only a dumb dog that cannot bark.

Those and those only who hold to the purely pagan idea of

a state supreme in all things and over all things can deny the rights of religion here. No one with a particle of Christian faith or feeling can question them. If Christianity is true, the claims of the church in this particular are also true. Every Catholic, I had almost said every Christian, must needs unite with Leo XIII. in saying that "to exclude the church from influence on life, from law, from the education of youth, from the family, is a great and pernicious error. A state cannot be moral if you take away religion." The experiment of a purely secular state has never yet succeeded, and certainly the results of recent attempts in this direction do not give any sufficient evidence to show that it ever will succeed. There can be no stability in human affairs without some recognition of the divine order of things. When the civil and religious elements are in full accord and move harmoniously together the best interests of society are secured.

There may be abuses, there have been abuses on both sides; but is there anything in this world that is not subject to abuse, and has there ever been any arrangement of human society that worked perfectly? Conservative governments are liable to curtail the just rights of the people, liberal governments are liable to fail in the enforcement of law; so there is some danger in every form of government. A very common, but none the less a very erroneous, idea is that the Catholic Church is in favor of extreme conservatism, or even absolutism, in government, and is the uncompromising foe of all liberal constitutions. The truth is the church is not wedded to any particular form of government; all forms that fulfil the functions of government and promote the public welfare and the common good are alike to her, and she loyally supports all just constitutions, whether monarchical or republican. Here again we can quote the words and the authority of the learned and enlightened Leo XIII. "The right to command in itself," he says, "is not necessarily coupled with any form of government; it can rightly have one or other, provided it really brings about the common utility and good. . . . None of the various forms of government is in itself to be condemned, since they have nothing in them opposed to Catholic teaching, and can, if wisely and justly carried on, keep the state in excellent condition. . . . The assertion, therefore, that the church is envious of modern ideas in regard to government, and promiscuously rejects whatever the genius of these days has brought forth, is an *empty and flat calumny*" (Encyclical letter, "Immortale Dei"). With these distinct utterances of the infallible head of the church in plain print before the world, it is

difficult to excuse the blind bigotry that keeps on insisting that the Catholic Church is the foe of free institutions.

The rabid, unreasoning opponents of Catholicity sometimes amuse us by prophesying what the church would do should she ever gain the ascendency in this country. Their prophetic fears are not only groundless, but to us they seem supremely absurd. We know very well what the church would do under the circumstances. She would do away with divorce; she would establish a system of Christian education for her own children (she would not impose it upon others); she would try to root out public as well as private corruption; she would endeavor to secure an honest ballot and anathematize any party or individual that should by bribery or other methods pollute the sources of our political life; but she would not touch a single stone in the noble fabric of our constitution—nay, she would safeguard to the utmost of her power our free institutions, and teach her children to be willing at any moment to die in their defence.

It were a grievous injustice to the church to suppose that the few Catholic politicians who from time to time become prominent in public life represent Catholic principles in their political action. Most of them represent nothing but themselves; some there are who carry their Catholic consciences into their official conduct, and they are an honor to us and a blessing to the state; but unhappily the majority go with the tide and recognize no principle but expediency, and the church must not be held responsible for them. As for the low and venal crew of pot-house politicians who batten on bribery and the perjured spoils of office, they are a libel on humanity as well as on Christianity. The true, consistent Christian, the man who brings his Christian principles everywhere with him and acts upon them, is always the best citizen, and the words of St. Augustine on this subject are as true to-day as when they were first written, nearly fourteen centuries ago. "Let those who say the teaching of Christ is opposed to the republic," exclaims the great doctor, "give it soldiers such as the teaching of Christ bids them to be; let them give such governors of provinces, such husbands, such wives, such parents, such children, such masters, such servants, such kings, such judges—finally, such payers and exactors of the debts due the revenue itself, the very agent of the government; all these such as Christian principles commend them to be, and let them dare to say the church is hostile to the republic; nay, let them acknowledge that she is, if obeyed, the great source of safety to the state."

E. B. BRADY, C.S.P.

AN IRISH SCAPIN.

I.

The philosophy of the canny Scot's advice to a friend hesitating between a girl with beauty and a girl with a cow, is for the most part the philosophy of the farmers of the south and west of Ireland: "Wed t'lass wi' coo, mon; sin' there's no the deefer of a coo's value twixt any twa weemen i' Chreestendom."

Yet even among these sordid farmers beauty gives in the marriage market to a cow-endowed lass something of the additional value that polish gives the diamond. Wherefore Mary Morony, daughter and heiress of Michael Morony of Morisk, Miltown Malbay, was at premium as being dowered as richly by nature with beauty as by fortune with cows. For Michael was what in those parts was called "a warm" (*i.e.*, rich) man—a description which applied also to his temper, as Tim Dooley urged in answer to the reproaches his father poured upon him because of his dismissal from Mr. Morony's service. "Sich an illigant place! Where 'ill ye get the likes of it? Where 'ill ye get the likes of it, ye schraneen, ye? The warmest man in the barony!"

"It's warm enough he is, 'tis so! An' he makes the place warm enough, begor!—too hot to hould ye!" cried Tim, who, as we shall see, was sharp of wit and word—a kind of Irish Scapin.

"Lishten here to me now, Masther Tim Dooley," retorted his exasperated parent. "No wan can say that I haven't done me duty by ye. I've given ye the sthrap four times a week an' betther whin ye were a spalpeen, an' have got ye as many places since as there's holes in a sieve; an' ye've dhropped through thim all, like the shmall dirt ye are; an' now ye may go to the divil yere own way!" So saying, Mr. Dooley senior turned his broad back upon his son and strode into the house.

Tim betook himself, instead of to the devil, to a young scion of a ruined race, Dick Mahon, whom he had followed with a dog's devotion to sport and to the sportsman, and also in something of a dog's capacity, in a hundred shooting, fishing, and coursing expeditions. He found Dick busy making a fishing fly in a dismal little den, which looked like a vault infected with the decay of its corpses. Where the plaster had not dropped from the

ceiling, and the paper had not peeled off the walls, there were bloated blotches of damp and mould and mildew, which gave you shuddering suggestions of advanced decomposition. Here was Dick at work, with his materials upon a small deal table drawn close to the window to get all the light which filtered through the grime of its panes. Dick himself, however, in wholesome contrast to his environment, was as engaging a picture of health, strength, manliness, and brightness as you would wish to see.

"Halloa, Tim!" he cried excitedly, as he sprang up upon the entrance of Mr. Dooley. "Have you got an answer?"

"There worn't nothin' to answer, Masther Dick," replied Tim, looking as dispirited as a drenched hen. "I niver seen sight or sign of her, though I kep' mouchin' round the house, like a fox round a hen-roost, till the ould masther seen me an' sacked me."

"Sacked you!" exclaimed Dick, as he took back the letter Tim handed him out of his pocket.

"Sacked me, an' kicked me, an' 'ud have had me life if he'd a hay-fork handy. He's a terrible man!"

"But what had you done?"

"Och! ye needn't do much to fire a blasht, Masther Dick. Sorra another thing I was doin' beyant lookin' in the little panthry windy, thinkin' Miss Mary might be inside, whin I felt a kick behind, savin' yere presence, that 'ud rise the roof aff a church. 'What are ye afther now, ye shneekin' thief of the worruld?' he says. 'Oh, begorra! yere honor,' I says, 'ye gev me the divil's own fright,' I says. 'I thought you was him,' I says. 'Thought I was who?' he says. 'The thramp I seen mouchin' round the house,' I says. 'I was lookin' to see if he'd got in,' I says. 'No, he hasn't,' he says, 'for I've just caught him in time,' he says; an' with that he tuk me be the collar of the coat an' dhragged me to the yard gate, an' shot me out like a fork-load of hay, an' shouts as he shut the doore afther me, 'Aff wid ye, ye burglin' thief; an' niver darken me land wid yere black shadow no more!'"

"I'm very sorry," said Dick, looking ruefully at the undelivered letter, but (though he was fathoms deep in love) really concerned also about Tim's loss of a good place.

"It can't be helped, Masther Dick," Tim said resignedly; only to add immediately, with a sudden brightening of tone and face: "Or, begor! it might be helped if ye'd put a bit of a poshtshcrap to that letther, tellin' Miss Mary what happened. Sure she can turn the ould masther round her little finger."

"But how are you to get it to her, Tim? Her father expects her to read out to him every letter she gets by post, and that old catamaran never takes her eye off her."

"Sweet bad luck to her!" cried Tim viciously. "Do you know what she's doin', Masther Dick? She's robbin' the ould masther wid both hands; sorra a lie I'm tellin' ye. It's sellin' his butther she is here an' there, an' up an' down all over the barony, an' puttin' the money into her own shtocking!"

"What a shame! and he so good to her."

"Begor, he's good to every wan, is the ould masther—he is so. He kep' us all out of the workhouse lasht November by payin' ould Shpaight tin pound down! He's a bit sperrity wid his tongue an' wid his fisht; but there isn't his like in the county for kindness."

"But it's his tongue and his fist you're likely to taste, Tim, if you go next or near the place again."

"It's Ennis fair to-morrow, Masther Dick, an he'll be there, I'll be bound."

"Well, I'll write the letter now, Tim, and if Miss Mary can do it, it's done."

"Oh, begor! she can do it, Masther Dick, for he folleys her eye as a flower folleys the sun."

"I suppose he'd do so much to please her," sighed Dick, remembering what he would not humor her in—her choice of a mate. "Was that fellow there to-day, Tim?"

"'Deed thin he was, the big bosthoon! Whin I seen him shwaggerin' up the avenue as if he owned iverything barrin' thim knock-kneed legs of his, I cuts acrass to him an' I says, 'Have ye met Miss Mary?' I says. 'I've not,' he says. 'It's by the Ballyboreen road ye've come thin,' I says. 'An' how else would I be afther comin'?' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'Mrs. Carmody is at home anyway.' 'Hang Mrs. Carmody!' he says, an' away he walks wid thim legs of his thryin' to shlip from under him."

Dick laughed at the ruse and at its success, and said then, more to himself than to Tim, "I wonder what he sees in him?"

"The ould masther? He sees three hunerd acres of the besht land in the county in him; there's where it is, Masther Dick. If ye'd dhress a schare-crow in pound notes ye'd have all the gurls in the counthry in love wid it—barrin' Miss Mary," he hastened to add.

"He doesn't get much encouragement from her," said Dick, glad to talk even with Tim of the adored one.

"Oh, begor! she's as fond of him as a horse of a horse-fly; but all the shakin' an' shtampin' in the worruld won't keep him aff her."

"That old hag encourages him too."

"Sure he buys her butther, Masther Dick; if ye could give her an ordher now an' thin she'd come round fast enough—the ould naygur!"

"What! help her to rob her master!"

"Sure she'd rob him anyway, Masther Dick; an' if ye couldn't help her doin' it, ye wouldn't be helpin' her to do it." But, as Dick couldn't see the thing in this light, Tim gave up, at least for the present, all idea of corrupting Mrs. Carmody.

After some talk about the prospects of the fishing season, and about the fly in process of manufacture, Dick retired to re-write his letter, leaving Tim to "make a sunshine in that shady place" till his return. For by this our buoyant Tim had so far recovered his spirits and spirit as to be able to whistle "The College Hornpipe," with occasional accompaniments of the steps of that mercurial dance.

II.

"Molly, Molly, Molly, this won't do; this won't do at all! What is the matter with you? Eh?" cried her father, as Mary sat silent and listless with her hardly-tasted breakfast before her next morning.

"Nothing, father," she answered, suddenly affecting to brighten up and to resume her breakfast with an appetite.

"Nothing! that's what you eat and drink; but it's not what's the matter with you, my girl. Mrs. Carmody—"

"That's it, father, if it's anything."

"What's it?"

"Mrs. Carmody: that's what ails me. She just treats me like a baby in arms, watching and worrying after me all day long."

"She's a bit anxious about you, dear, and has made me anxious. Only last night she hinted to me that she suspected something was wrong with you."

"What did she say, father?" Mary gasped, paling suddenly, and as suddenly flushing scarlet.

"She only said that she didn't like the way you were getting on, dear; no doubt she's noticed you eat nothing."

"She's a downright—" began Mary hotly, only to pull herself up suddenly to say, "I wish, father, you'd have Aunt Nanny here instead of her."

"They never get on together, Molly; and your poor mother made me promise never to let the old woman leave my house until she was taken out feet foremost."

Here Mary rose and, getting behind her father, put her arm round his neck and pressed her soft cheek against his. "Father, you always loved mother dearly?"

"I did so, dear; I did so. And no woman ever deserved a man's love better."

"Always, father? You always loved her—before you married her, I mean?"

"Who's been making mischief?" cried her father with sudden fury. "Has that old hag been telling you lying tales? If she has, out she goes neck and crop before she's an hour older!" (This the sacred charge who a moment since was to quit the house only for the grave-yard! But Michael's explosive temper hung by a hair-trigger, and the suspicion that Mrs. Carmody had been retailing to Mary some of his youthful escapades was more than enough to fire it.)

"Father!" Mary cried reproachfully. "Do you think she *dare* say anything against you to me; or that I would listen to it for a moment?"

"You never know what those old women will say," he answered, the swell of his sudden wrath still working yeastily after the storm.

"I was only wondering, father, whether mother married you for love."

"And why shouldn't she?" cried the old boy, rather testily. "Do you think I was as broad and bald and wrinkled as that old bellows there when I went courting her? I was as fine a young fellow as ever winked at a girl; as straight as a rush and as strong as a bull, and with a head of hair as thick as thatch!'

"That's gone anyway," she said, kissing the top of his head, which, in truth, was bald and shiny as a billiard ball. "But you're strong enough, and straight enough, and handsome enough still, in a way, you know, to make me believe half what you say."

"Faith an' you may believe it all. I was just as right and tight a lad as there was in the parish in them days."

"And mother fell in love with you?"

"She did so; and she wasn't the only one either. But she was the only one I courted," he added hastily, having still some misgivings about Mrs. Carmody's discretion.

"She wouldn't have married you unless she loved you, father?"

"To be sure she wouldn't; and I wasn't the only one that was after her, I can tell you," he said, getting quite excited over this fascinating subject of his old self—his young self, rather. Before, however, he could enumerate all his vanquished rivals, Mary went on with her diplomatic catechism.

"And you wouldn't have married her unless you loved her either, father?" Here again Michael, who loved boasting about what he was and did, and would and could be and do, seized this other opening for complimenting himself.

"And why should I? What call had I to sell myself? There wasn't another man in the barony with better prospects, or who could have better made his own way, if he had no prospects at all. No one could better afford to please himself, as I did."

"Father, dear," cooed Mary, as she rubbed her cheek softly back and forward against his—"Father, dear, if you wouldn't have married mother unless you loved her, and if she wouldn't have married you unless she loved you, why should you want me to marry a man I *can't bear?*" putting quite a fierce emphasis on the last two words. If she had had any knowledge of human nature she would have foreseen that her father would resent being trapped in this way. The mere annoyance of the discovery that she had led him on for another purpose than the pleasure of hearing how extraordinarily fine a young fellow he had been was enough of itself to ruffle his irascible temper. But, besides, he had set his heart upon making her by a marriage with Terence Magrath the richest woman in the neighborhood.

"I hate these low, sly tricks; and I don't know where you learned them. I believe it's that—" (here he used tremendous language of denunciation against Mrs. Carmody). "You may just tell the old hag that if I ever catch her putting you up to such tricks again, off she goes to the workhouse; do you hear me now?—to the workhouse!"

"I don't know what you mean by low, sly tricks; I've never learned any from Mrs. Carmody or any one else," Mary began. But her father, who dreaded above all things a quarrel with her, had hurried out of the room to wreak the rest of his rage upon Mrs. Carmody. As, however, he made some small matter of household neglect the text of his onslaught upon the old lady, it was plain he was using her simply as a whipping-boy. Now, his fury was so outrageously disproportionate to its alleged cause that Mrs. Carmody was convinced that Mary had been making mischief against her, for which she would have her full revenge.

Meanwhile, poor Mary, feeling utterly wretched, had walked up in a very stately way to her own room; which, however, she had no sooner entered than she flung away the mask of stateliness and allowed herself to be limply and abjectly miserable. She flung herself upon her bed, buried her face in the pillow, and broke down into a tempest of tears. Out of this prostration she was startled presently by a low and hesitating knock at the door. "Yes?" she cried, sitting up in the bed.

"It's I, dear; may I come in?" answered her father in a meek voice. She sprang out of bed, dried her eyes hurriedly, and hastened to unlock her door. Though the sight of her red and swollen eyes completed her father's ready remorse, he never referred to their recent passage-of-arms; since to no one, not even to his adored daughter, could he own himself in the wrong. However, no explicit apology could be more ample and abject than his meek, remorseful manner.

"I am just off to Ennis, dear. Could I get you anything?"

"No, father," she answered rather woefully certainly, but she did what she could to assure him of her full forgiveness by putting both arms round his neck and kissing him.

"I wish you'd let me bring you something, Molly. Do now," he entreated quite pathetically.

"Well, get the hat then," she said with a smile; since she had been vainly trying to persuade him for weeks to buy himself a new silk Sunday chimney-pot.

"I will then," he replied quite eagerly; "but I'd like to bring you something too, Molly."

She shook her head. "It's your own fault: you've left me nothing to wish for except the hat."

"Well, I'll get it; and Molly," he added after a shamefaced pause, "I'd like to bring the old woman something. What does she want now?"

"You'd better ask herself; she'd grumble over anything I suggested."

"I'll get her a shawl?" he said interrogatively; for he certainly wasn't going to eat humble pie before Mrs. Carmody also.

"Yes, that will do very well."

III.

Mary, when her father quitted her, relapsed into a fit of still deeper dejection. He was so good to her, and she was deceiving him! And Dick, for whose sweet sake she was deceiving him,

had made no sign for days! What had happened? Surely he might have managed to smuggle a letter to her, since it was not possible, with that old Mrs. Carmody always on the watch, to manage a *tête-à-tête?* Oh, something must have happened to him! Or—or had he changed? Oh, no, no! a thousand times no! He was true as truth. Certainly something had happened. And yet it was not four days since this despairing young woman had had from him a letter alight and aglow with hope and love! But we live

> ——"in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs."

And so counted, what an eternity to a lover are four days of frozen silence! Besides, poor Mary was in low spirits about this clandestine engagement, and as we look at everything through the clear or smoked glass of our spirits, she could read only disaster and despair in these four days' silence.

She was not, however, allowed a long indulgence of her solitary fears and fancies, since Mrs. Carmody, under the officious pretence of asking for instructions, came presently to disturb her. This old crone was a serviceable head over the Morisk servants, since she no more minded the master's temper-tempests than a duck minds a ducking; and since, also, she allowed no one to steal but herself. Having no object to spend money on, and no relative to leave it to, she was naturally a miser; and her hoard was formed at first of unconsidered trifles picked up about the farm and sold in Ennis; but latterly, as avarice grew upon her and impunity encouraged her, she had gone on from pilfering to robbing. Yet during Mrs. Morony's life she was absolute honesty itself! But the *auri sacra fames*, like the thirst of the drunkard, rots the character. It was through it that Dick's rival, Terence Magrath, secured her services as a spy upon Mary. He tipped her liberally and regularly for reports of Mary's movements, of every person she saw and of every letter she wrote.

Hence Mrs. Carmody's intrusion upon Mary this morning, caused by a suspicion that she was writing a love-letter. "What is it?" Mary asked irritably at sound of her knock.

"I want ye to come down and see the butther weighed, miss. I'm not goin' to have no wan say that I tuck as much as 'ud smooth me hair on a Sunday."

To one less guileless than Mary this protestation would have sounded suspicious, on the principle of the shrewd Spanish proverb: *Herradura que chacolotea clavo le falta*—"A clattering hoof

means a nail gone." But she answered only and impatiently, "Oh, nonsense! Who ever said you took butter?"

"Them that says it 'ill have to prove it, miss; they will so. I've been twenty-seven year, come next Lady-day, in this house, an' barrin' the bit an' sup I ate, an'—"

"You'd better say all this to some one who has accused you of stealing butter, or anything else. I haven't," Mary said rather sharply, for Mrs. Carmody's offensive-defensive manner was exasperating.

"Well, there's the dinner, miss; maybe ye'll be afther givin' ordhers for it?" the woman said sulkily. Thus on one pretence or another she contrived to keep Mary under surveillance all the morning. About noon Tim turned up, bold as brass.

"Top o' the mornin' to ye," he cried cheerily, as he walked into the kitchen as though he was calling for the rent. "Ah, thin, Mrs. Carmody, is that yerself? Begor! I hardly knew ye, skippin' about like a new-married flea! It's dancin' at Miss Mary's weddin' ye'll be next, an' Biddy there won't hould a candle to ye in a jig," he said in a tone of amazed admiration, but with a conciliatory wink at Biddy.

"What's your business, me man?" replied Mrs. Carmody sharply, eyeing the imperturbable Tim sourly the while.

"I want to see the masther, ma'am, av it's plasin' to ye."

"Ye can't, thin."

"Phew!" whistled Tim in seeming consternation, which of course excited Mrs. Carmody's curiosity.

"What would ye be afther wantin' him for? It's gone to Ennis fair he is."

But Tim seemed too much absorbed and disturbed by his own distressful thoughts to hear her.

"Ay, begor! it's a bad job—it is so," he muttered, scratching his head perplexedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Carmody anxiously.

"Was it Ennis ye said, ma'am?" he inquired in turn.

"He went to the fair there this morning. What's happened, man?"

"There's a thrain at half-pasht twelve—oh, begor! it's gone," he exclaimed, looking up at the kitchen clock. "It's the divil's luck—the divil's own bad luck!" he muttered as he turned to quit the kitchen. Before he had gone two steps, or Mrs. Carmody could renew her inquiry, he seemed arrested by a sudden thought and hope. "Is Miss Mary in?" he turned round sharply to ask eagerly.

"She is, but it's lyin' down she is wid a bad headache. If ye've any message to her I'll take it."

"'Deed thin, I'm thinkin' it's yereself 'ud be the wan to ax advice from—in regard to yere bein' as knowledgable a woman as there is in the barony. It's this way it is, ma'am. Ye see—Maybe, now, Biddy 'ud take up the masther's letter to Miss Mary, who ought to see it anyway," he said, with a wink at Mrs. Carmody which expressed that this confidence was too sacred for Biddy's ear.

"Run up wid the letther to Miss Mary, an' wait for an answer," Mrs. Carmody said to Biddy. The old lady was completely taken in—as well she might be—by Tim's troubled manner, and was burning with eagerness to hear the terrible news it portended.

"Well, Mrs. Carmody, ma'am, here's how it is," Tim began, as he seated himself comfortably before the fire. "Whin I seen that thramp mouchin' round the house yestherday, says I to meself, I says, 'Maybe that's the thief of the worruld who murdhered the poor ould woman in Lisdoonvarna for the money she had saved, an' shcraped, an' hid in a shtockin'"; so I folleys him up to the house, an' wor lookin' in wan of the windeys for him, whin the masther he sees me, an' tuk me a kick behind that 'ud shtave in that shtove there, an' sent me about me business. But this mornin' I got the offer of another place, ma'am, an' I must take it or lave it at wanst; but sorra a wan of me 'ud take it if I thought the ould masther 'ud have me back; so I ups an' I goes to Misther Mahon, an' gets him to write me a charàcter, in regard of his knowin' me since I wor the height of that table—"

At this point Biddy returned breathless with eagerness to hear the horror, but with the letter still in her hand.

"Miss Mary isn't in her room, ma'am, an' I thought she might be here, maybe," she said guiltily, fearing that Mrs. Carmody would discern her real motive for searching no farther for the young mistress. But Mrs. Carmody was too busy reading through Tim's real motives and dodges to trouble about Biddy's. The sudden change in his manner from distress and distraction to the coolest composure, as he seated himself by the fire, had excited a suspicion which the bathos of his story—"That roared so loud and thundered in the index"—confirmed.

"Give me the letter," she said, snatching it from Biddy's hand roughly. "There, me man, ye may go now; I'll give this to the masther, never fear." If a shadow of a shade of doubt

of Tim's diplomatic duplicity had remained in her mind, the sight now of his crestfallen face would have dispersed it.

"The letther will be no use now," he said, rising, "as I must take or lave the other place at wanst." As he held out his hand for it, she put it defiantly in her pocket, sneering: "Sure it's yere charàcter, it is! An' there's no wan 'ill want more nor the masther to hear anything good av ye. It will be news to him, I'm thinkin', as much as to all the counthry side."

"Whatever it is, it's me own letther, an' I'll thank ye to give it back to me," Tim said sulkily, forgetting all his tact and tactics in his extreme mortification at his defeat.

"Ye've put it in the posht now, me man, an' it 'ill go whether ye like it or not. Now!" she cried, defiantly facing him with her arms akimbo.

Then Tim tried coaxing with no better success, since his extreme anxiety to get back the note only convinced the old woman that it was a love-letter which would give her revenge against Miss Mary, and gain her credit for its interception with Terence Magrath.

Tim, therefore, had to sneak off, mortified and dejected, to Dick, to whom he told the whole story without exaggeration, which alone showed how dispirited he was.

Dick, let it be recorded to the credit of his sweet and sunny nature, said nothing to deepen Tim's dejection and self-condemnation. Indeed, the only part of the story which at first seemed to concern him was the news that Mary had a headache. However, he soon so far got over the shock of this woeful news as to take in the consequences to her of this letter getting into her father's hands. "It's a bad business, Tim, but it was no fault of yours anyway. What on earth is to be done now?"

"If ye had a sovereign to spare, Masther Dick," began Tim, by no means hopefully.

"I have that much anyway, Tim," Dick said, producing the coin and offering it to Tim, who took it gratefully, touching his cap as though it were a present to himself. "She'd sell her ould sowl for a sovereign, Masther Dick; an' a good bargain, more be token, it 'ud be for her in regard to the size of it—the ould naygur?" ("naygur" being Munster for "miser"). "An' anyways if I don't get hould of the letther, she won't get hould of the sovereign, ye may take yere oath of that, Masther Dick."

"Come back at once, Tim; for if you can't get it out of her I must go myself and insist on seeing Miss Mary, who'll make her give it up."

"There'll be the divil to pay wid the ould masther," Tim objected; only to add despondently, "but there'll be that anyway."

"Well, away with you, Tim; and good luck to you! And maybe you'll see Miss Mary to give her the letter, after all."

IV.

When Tim presented himself a second time to Mrs. Carmody, whom he found alone in the kitchen, he looked round guardedly first before he ventured to whisper confidentially, with his hand at the side of his mouth: "Plase, Mrs. Carmody, ma'am, that letther worn't a charàcter at all"; looking as though he expected the old lady to faint with amazement.

"Ah, thin, do ye tell me so now?" sneered Mrs. Carmody with scorching scorn.

"No, ma'am, I won't desave ye; it was not," Tim rejoined with the air of a martyr declining to recant at the stake.

"See that now!" cried the old woman sardonically.

"It wor a letther for Miss Mary from Misther Fred Fitzgerald, an' he sent me to ax ye for it back, if ye think he's done wrong in writin' to the young misthress unbeknownst to yerself an' her father."

"From Misther Fitzgerald?" cried Mrs. Carmody, now genuinely surprised.

"Yes, ma'am: him ye sells the butther to; an' be the same token he gev' me wan pound to pay ye wid."

"Sent ye?" the good lady asked incredulously, but uneasily also.

"Yes, ma'am. Whin he offers me the place this mornin', I says, 'I must first see if the ould masther 'ill have me back'. 'Misther Morony, do you mane?" says he. 'If yere goin' to Morisk,' says he, 'maybe ye'd be afther takin' a letther for me to Miss Mary, to give her unbeknownst,' says he, an' wid that he gives me a shillin'; an' I tuk it, ma'am, I did, more shame for me! but I had the place in me eye; there's where it was, ma'am."

"It's not his writin'," she answered, taking the letter out of her pocket and affecting to scrutinize the writing of the address.

But Tim, who knew she could not read, answered boldly: "Not his writin'? Sure I seen him write it wid me own two eyes. Look at the writin' on yere butther bills an' compare it," he cried quite defiantly, in the confidence that there was no

such dangerous records of her butter robberies, and that the reference to such transactions would have an intimidating effect upon her.

"Where's the money?" she asked suspiciously after a pause.

"For the butther? Here it is; but I must make so bould as to ax ye for a resate for it?" he said, as though in sullen offence.

"Sorra a resate ye'll get for it," she answered, suspecting that a trap was laid for her.

"Ye'll aither give me a resate for it, or ye'll give the letther foreninst me to Miss Mary," Tim said defiantly, and added as an ultimatum, "Thim's me ordhers." He saw that the old lady was quite cowed by the reference to the butter transactions while her miserly palm was itching for the money. Without another word she went upstairs and brought Mary down under some household pretext. "Where's that letther?" she said to Tim, standing between him and Mary, and holding out her hand with the letter in it for the soverei n. Tim took the letter and dropped the sovereign simultaneously into her hand. "It's from Misther Fitzgerald, Miss," Tim said as he handed it to Mary, with all kinds of grotesque facial distortions to do duty for a wink; but a glance at the letter had shown Mary from whom it was, and she said only, with a scarlet face, "Oh, thank you!" and fled.

Then Tim turned his back abruptly upon Mrs. Carmody and quitted the kitchen without a word, in seeming disgust with her, but in real disgust with himself. "I might as well have pitched that pound into the horse-pond," he muttered. "Another shake or two about that butther 'ud have made her dhrop the letther widout the money at all." The more he thought of this, the more certain he felt that he had bungled the business, and thrown a solid sovereign away.

From these gloomy meditations he was roused by a shout that shook his heart. "Halloa! Is it here ye are again? What are ye after now, eh? what are ye after now?" shouted Michael Morony from afar, as he walked up the avenue on his return from Ennis. The quick-tempered impatience which made "the ould masther" roar at him while fully twenty yards away gave Tim time to get his wits together. "Oh, begorra! yere honor, I thought I'd stale a march on ye, an' shlip up to the house whilst ye wor away in Ennis," Tim said with a deprecatory grin which disarmed wrath.

"And what the blazes did you want at the house? Is it still smelling after that tramp ye are?"

"Oh, bedad! ye cured me of that thramp, yere honor," Tim replied, rubbing his hand up and down the seat of honor tenderly; "but here's how it is, yere honor: Me father sint me wid a sovereign towards that tin pound ye paid for him—God bless an' keep yere honor for it!—an' I says, 'I daren't go next or near the ould masther; there isn't a man in the barony,' I says, 'wid a fisht or a fut like his,' I says; 'an' he goes aff like the crack of a gun,' I says. 'Oh, begorra! Tim,' he says, 'that's thrue; an' maybe it's yere life he'd be takin' nexht,' he says. 'But sure it's Ennis fair to-day,' he says, 'an' it's there he'll be, I'll go bail; an' ye can shlip up an' give the money to Miss Mary. But mind now, Tim,' he says, 'give it to no one but Miss Mary,' he says, 'for that ould Mrs. Carmody 'ud think no more of keepin' it than she thinks of robbin' the ould masther,' he says. But sight or sign of Miss Mary I couldn't get, an' I had to thrust it wid the ould woman afther all, yere honor; an' sorra a resate she'd give me aither," he added aggrievedly.

"Do you expect me to believe all that?" asked Michael, looking keenly into Tim's unblushing face.

"Begor, I don't!" Tim rejoined promptly. "But sure I can go back wid yere honor to the house, an' ye can have the life av me there if it's lies I'm tellin' yere honor."

"Back with you, then," replied Michael, putting his hand upon Tim's shoulder and turning him round playfully, since he could not now doubt the truth of his story. "And so ye have the feel of that kick still?" he asked complacently, for he was, as Tim well knew, immensely proud of the remains of his great strength.

"Oh, begor! yere honor, it's pasht a joke—it is so. Ye might have lamed me for life, an' no wan 'ud be more sorry nor yereself, for yere heart is as good as yere fut."

Michael, now in high good humor, beguiled the walk up the avenue with tales of his youthful feats of strength, to which Tim listened with occasional breathless exclamations: "Oh, wisha, wisha!" "See that now!" "Did ye ever hear the like?" "Oh, murdher! murdher!" etc., etc.

When they reached the house, Tim walked after the master into the kitchen as bold as brass, and in an intimidating tone said to Mrs. Carmody: "Ye'll hand over that sovereign I gave ye just now to the masther. It belangs to him, ye know."

The old crone, in great fear and trembling, thinking that her

butter robberies had been discovered to the master by the treacherous Tim, handed the sovereign to Michael without a word.

"Here," said Michael, handing it to Tim, "that 'ill pay for the kick, and you may go back to your work."

"Thank yere honor; the Lord bless an' keep yere honor!"

As Michael hurried away to look for his idolized daughter Tim turned to say, in a voice which mimicked Mrs. Carmody's sneering tone of a few minutes back: "Me charàcter 'ud be news to the masther? Maybe it's yere own charàcter that 'ill be news, an' bad news, to him! Lishten here to me now: I haven't tould him yet av yere thrickin' an' thievin'; but if ye let wan worrd out of yere mouth to the ould masther about that letther, ye'll find yereself in Ennis jail."

In truth, the agony of terror into which his re-demand of the sovereign had evidently thrown the old crone had given Tim his cue of intimidation.

Tim, upon his return to Dick to report progress, had the discretion to say nothing of the story he had imposed upon "the ould masther," for whom Dick had a great respect. He simply informed Dick that the old woman was terrified by a threat of exposure of her robberies into giving Mary the letter, and that he had met "the ould masther" in such good humor that he took him back. (The sovereign, which he knew "Masther Dick" could ill spare, he returned without a word.)

Mary, however, contrived to let Dick know what had really restored that scamp, Tim, to her father's favor. The delicate reticence which made the exuberant Tim suppress a story of successful roguery surprised and impressed Dick much more than his generous resignation of the sovereign. He did not, however, and indeed dared not, expose Tim's roguery to Mary, who would be shocked by the deceit practised upon her father. But the deceit she herself was practising on her father? She was utterly wretched about it. Again and again she cried out, "O Dick, it's *wicked!*"

"But it would be more wicked to marry a man you hated."

"But I needn't do either," she answered distressfully and without, of course, a thought of coquetry.

"You leave me out of consideration altogether, dearest," Dick moaned.

"Ah, Dick! if it was only myself I had to consider I wouldn't be here this evening," she answered truly and sadly.

"And you think you love me!" cried Dick with impatient petulance.

"Don't you?" was all she answered, but with such a look as silenced, satisfied, and intoxicated him.

Then there was a relapse into idle nothings from which they were aroused by Tim.

Let me explain how Tim here also came to play the *Deus ex machinâ* part.

Michael Morony had returned unexpectedly early from Limerick (whither he had gone that morning at the dawn) to find Terence Magrath seeking everywhere in vain for Mary. Now, Mrs. Carmody had taken advantage of her master's absence to make up a parcel of butter for Terence, whose bribery took the delicate form of paying extravagantly for this article. When, then, Tim heard the hue and cry for Mary, he hit on a brilliant ruse for giving the lovers time to separate before an arbor in the garden, where they were, could be searched. Hearing "the ould masther," as he stood with Terence at the hall door, cry, "Where on earth can she have gone?" Tim answered promptly:

"Sure she's put it in the boot, yere honor."

"Who's put what in the boot, you blockhead?" cried Michael.

"Mrs. Carmody, yere honor. She put it in the boot five minutes ago."

"Put what in the boot? What are you talking about?"

"The butther, yere honor, that Misther Magrath bought from Mrs. Carmody. It's in the boot it is, Misther Magrath, all right." And Tim as he spoke officiously opened the boot of the dog-cart and pointed to the basket of butter. Now, as Michael Morony, once set on a scent, ran it down doggedly, and as Terence Magrath had none of Tim's readiness of resource or speech, there was no doubt whatever of a tremendous row, which would give Tim ample time and opportunity to warn the lovers.

"What does this mean, sir?" cried Michael, turning fiercely upon the shivering Terence. "Have you been buying my butter from my housekeeper?"

"I—I—she told me you were selling it!" stammered Terence.

"You lie, sir; you lie! you lie!" reiterated Michael furiously. "Send the hag here!" he roared to Tim.

Off rushed Tim for Mrs. Carmody, who from the kitchen commanded a view of the garden gate.

"I think the masther is afther looking for ye, Mrs. Carmody, ma'am," he suggested sweetly; and having hereby got her out of the kitchen and out of sight of the garden gate, he rushed off into the garden to warn the lovers.

Tim felt, not without pardonable pride, that he was killing three birds here with one stone: Mrs. Carmody, who, as he had learned from Biddy, was working incessantly and underhandedly for his dismissal, would herself be dismissed; Terence Magrath, "Masther Dick's" rival, would also be sent about his business; and "Masther Dick" would be given time and opportunity to get away undetected.

At a discreet distance from the arbor Tim called out "Masther Dick!" since it would spare "Miss Mary" embarrassment to have the state of affairs told her by "Masther Dick," instead of directly by himself.

Dick was not a moment mastering the situation, which he hurried back to explain to Mary; adding gleefully, "Exit Mr. Terence Magrath!"

Mary was, however, too much troubled and conscience-stricken to take this idea well in. What would she say when her father asked her where she was and what she was doing? She could not bear to lie, especially to him.

But she was spared this base necessity, since her father's fury with Mrs. Carmody and Terence engulfed everything else in his mind. When she appeared upon the scene he was thundering at Mrs. Carmody; but at sight of Mary he turned sharply (as a bull in the arena turns at sight of another flaunting red flag) upon Terence Magrath. "And you, sir; and you—Mary, come here! Do you see this man? He is a thief! Do you hear? A thief! A thief! A thief!" he cried, almost inarticulate with rage. As he threatened to inflict personal chastisement on the stupefied Terence, Mary put her arms about him and cried remonstrantly, "Father!"

Meanwhile Terence climbed clumsily into the dog-cart, from which safe eminence he shouted as he drove away, "You're drunk, man!" the only brilliant repartee he could think of.

Whereat Michael's fury foamed out afresh, and he was with difficulty restrained by his daughter from running after the trap to stone its occupant. Mary, however, got him into the house, and into his favorite chair, and filled his pipe and lit it for him. Michael pulled at it furiously, till the smoke arose in volumes, as from the burning fiery furnace of his wrath, while every now and again he took it from between his lips to cry: "The ras-

cal!" "A pound or two of butter!" "I could put him for it where he'd get little butter to his bread, or bread to his skilly."

"Father," Mary said presently, when she had filled and lit his third pipe (for Michael when excited smoked a pipe in a few puffs)—"Father, he's not worth worrying about; he isn't a gentleman."

"A gentleman, Moiryah! But who ever took him for a gentleman? We've no call to be looking for gentlemen. I'm not a gentleman for that matter. You'll be looking down upon your old father next, I suppose, because you've been to a grand boarding-school."

Was this simply the "wash" of the storm of his fury dashing blindly against her? Or had some one told him of Dick? The fact was that Mrs. Carmody, upon finding that Tim had informed upon her, took the natural revenge of informing upon Tim. She had shrieked out high above the thunder of Michael's abuse of her: "Tim Dooley 'ud be betther mindin' his own business of carryin' letthers betune Miss Mary and her young gentleman."

At the time Michael was in too great a fury to take this in; but now Mary's mention of the word "gentleman" recalled it to him. Was this a lie of that old woman? Or was it possible that his Molly was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with some young gentleman? He dared not ask Mary directly, since he dreaded above all things in the world a quarrel with his adored daughter. He looked sharply at Mary when he said: "You'll be looking down upon your old father next, I suppose, because you've been to a grand boarding-school."

But Mary's answer neither confirmed nor disarmed suspicion, since she said only: "You've no right to say such a thing as that, father. It is to look down upon me as the meanest of creatures." As she was plainly, greatly and justly hurt, he could not help soothing her; but at the same time he determined to heckle that rascal, Tim, upon the subject of this letter-carrying business.

He went off straight-away in search of Tim, who was nowhere to be found—unless by the faithful Biddy. This young woman, hearing the master call for Tim, and knowing that Mrs. Carmody had informed against him, hurried off to find him and to warn him to decamp. "The ould wan"—Biddy's invariable name for Mrs. Carmody—"The ould wan tould the masther that ye wor always carryin' letthers from young gentlemen to

Miss Mary; an' he's roarin' for ye now, like a mad bull." So the discreet Tim decamped.

VI.

Tim naturally, upon quitting Morisk, made for "the Abbey," Dick's home.

He found Dick in the same little den as before, smoking and building castles in the air on the foundation of Terence Magrath's dismissal. He immediately fell upon Tim for concealing from him the true story of the sovereign affair.

"Sure, thin, ye know, Masther Dick, it's mad ye'd be wid me for makin' a hare of the ould masther; but, begorra, it's a raal hare he'd have made av me, if I'd no shtory ready: faith he would so!" Then there followed a little contest over the sovereign, which Tim at last was forced and fain to accept.

"But, Masther Dick, there's the divil to pay up beyant. Ould Carmody tould the masther that I tuk a letther to Miss Mary from ye, an' it's fit to be tied he is!"

"Oh!" cried Dick in consternation.

"An' Miss Mary, she says to me, she says, 'Tim,' she says, 'I haven't time to write,' she says, 'an' ye must run over to Misther Mahon'—Misther Mahon she always calls ye to me, Masther Dick—'run over to Misther Mahon,' she says, 'an' ax him to write me a letther I can show me father,' she says, 'to apologize for writin' to me unbeknownst to him,' she says, 'about gettin' ye back into yere place, Tim,' she says. 'An' ax him to spake very respecful in it of me father,' she says. Begorra, she's right there, Masther Dick; for the ould masther likes a bit of butther as well as any man, or woman either, in the barony."

"Did she tell you—she must be in great trouble," Dick said distressfully, more to himself than to Tim.

"Sure wan roar av the ould masther's 'ud shake the heart out av Cromwell, let alone a tinder-hearted shlip of a gurl, like Miss Mary."

"Did she seem in great distress, Tim?"

"She did, Masther Dick—in a way av spakin'"; this qualification having been wrung from him by Dick's look of wretchedness.

"She must have been in terrible trouble to ask for a letter like that," Dick said again, rather to himself than to Tim.

"If ye're in a field wid a mad bull, Masther Dick, ye must

blind it wid throwin' yere coat over its head an' run for it; there's where it is."

As Dick departed to write the letter, Tim said: "Masther Dick, if I might make so bould, I'd put me respects for the ould masther in shthrong. Ye couldn't put it too shthrong to plase her, or him either, begor. If ye'd be afther sayin now," Tim continued insinuatingly, "there worn't his like in the counthry side for goodness, an' cleverness, an' iverything, he'd take it kindly, I'll go bail." Tim looked so wistfully anxious about this that Dick could not help smiling.

"All right, Tim; I'll not forget."

Upon Dick's departure Tim looked disturbed for a few moments and muttered: "Begob, he'll be tearin' mad, an' Miss Mary too; but sure it's ruined all three together we'd be if I didn't put the ould masther aff the scent. Och! they'll come round, divil a fear, whin they see the hole I've pulled 'em out av."

Tim no sooner got the letter from Dick than he hurried off upon urgent business to escape further questions; since, as his lies would probably be overtaken in a day or two, he didn't care to tell more of them than were absolutely necessary.

Next morning Tim went "mouching" round the house as on the first day of our introduction to him, till he heard Michael's voice in the kitchen, when he opened the door of the porch leading into the kitchen and, having waited for an interval of silence, called out in a hoarse conspirator's whisper, "Biddy!"

Biddy hurried out to warn him of the ould master being in the kitchen, but before she got near enough to give him this caution Tim said, in a raucous whisper which Michael could hear distinctly, "It's a letther for Miss Mary," handed it to her, and fled.

Michael rushed out in a frenzy of fury. "Hould him! Catch him! Give me that letter! Send Miss Mary here! I'll have his life!" And away he rushed after Tim, who was well out of sight and reach before his master had got to the yard gate.

In tearing open the yard gate Michael dropped the letter, which diverted his attention to it. He picked it up, and then and there tore off the envelope and read it where he stood. It was interesting to watch the succession of expressions which crossed his face as he read, of bewilderment, relief, self-complacency, and finally of shame and embarrassment. How face Molly? No one in the world would feel more poignantly the

outrage of the suspicion which made him basely violate her letter. Poor Michael returned to the house, crestfallen and miserable, to find Mary, in fear and trembling, coming to meet him. Biddy had not only gone for her as she was bidden, but had told her the cause of the summons. The crisis had come at last which would lose her her lover and the love of her father. It may be imagined, then, what her bewilderment was when her father met her with shame and contrition in his face and in his tone, as he said: "Molly dear, will you ever forgive me? I—I read your letter." Mary took the letter without a word, in complete stupefaction, which was not lessened when she proceeded to read it:

DEAR MISS MORONY: I must apologize for the unintentional offence I have given you by writing to you without your father's knowledge about Tim Dooley. The poor fellow seemed in such extreme distress at the loss of so good a place that I could not help entreating you to use your influence with your father to reinstate him. I hope I need not tell you that no one has a deeper respect for your father than I, or would be more sorry to do anything to deserve his disapproval or displeasure. Believe me, dear Miss Morony,

Yours very truly,

"RICHARD G. MAHON."

What on earth did this mean? She stood looking at the letter long after she had read it in stupefied bewilderment, which her conscience-stricken father took for inexpiable offence with him for the baseness at once of his suspicion and of the violation of her letter caused by his suspicion.

"Molly dear," he said at last tremulously, "can you ever forgive me? How *could* I suspect you?" The words, the tremulous tone, the look of yearning for forgiveness were too much for poor Mary, whose nerves had been unstrung through weeks of mental and moral conflict. Flinging both her arms round her father's neck, she broke down into an almost hysterical passion of tears. Her father, hardly less overcome himself, helped her into his own smoking-room, and here was again proceeding to express his shame and contrition when she sobbed out: "No, no, no, father! Don't say such things to me! I am all you thought me, and worse. Listen!" And kneeling at his feet she told him the whole course and story of her love. Michael's first thought was one of absolute relief that he had not been the brute to Molly he had supposed himself! His next was an

access of love and worship of the girl for her noble confession—for Michael was the most generous of men—but his last thought was one of anger with Dick for trying to take him in by such a letter. "He's not worthy of you, Molly! A man who could write a sneaking, scheming letter like that!"

Mary could hardly believe her ears! Was this all he had to say, and this said in the gentlest of tones! Rising to her feet she put her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again. "Father, you are good. There never was such a father!" was all she could say.

"But he's not worthy of you, Molly; he isn't indeed. I don't mind his being poor, but to be so mean! And he a gentleman too!"

"Father, it wasn't he at all—his fault, I mean. It was Tim, I know."

"Tim?"

"Yes. Promise me now you won't fly out at Tim, if I get him in here and question him before you."

"I'll try not, dear; but he is the divil's own!"

Not without difficulty Mary discovered Tim at last, and not without immense difficulty induced him to face "the ould masther."

"Only tell the truth, and he'll not touch you, Tim."

"Sure the truth 'ill kill me entirely, Miss Mary."

"It won't hurt you, Tim, and it will serve Mr. Mahon; and, anyway, my father knows it already. *Do* tell the whole truth, Tim."

"I will, miss; I will," Tim said with an air of making a great moral effort and sacrifice.

When, however, he found himself in Michael's close presence, he kept as near as possible to the door with the handle clutched nervously in his hand, ready for flight at any moment; and he told his story in the watchful and uneasy way of a rook feeding in a field, which lifts its head to look all round after every peck. As for telling the exact truth, that seemed impossible to him; but with a quick understanding of his present cue he made his exaggerations tell in Mary's and Dick's favor. "I tould him the ould masther was in a divil av a timper ("an' begorra, yere honor, there's times whin you do be angry," Tim interpolated deprecatingly); "an' that ye threatened to turn Miss Mary out of house an' home, an' niver see or spake to her ag'in; till she wor fair out of her mind, an' axed me to get

a letther she could show yere honor that it wor about me he wor writin' to her. An' so it wor, miss, worn't it now?"

"Partly."

"See that now, yere honor!" cried Tim, triumphant over even so slight but so unusual a flavoring of truth. "But begor! it wor all I could do to get him to write it. 'Are ye sure she axed ye for a letther like that?' he says. 'I can't believe it,' he says, 'an' she so honorable an' so fond of the—her father,' he says, 'an' him the best man in the counthry,' he says. 'There isn't his like in Munsther,' he says, 'for sthraight doin's an' dalin's,' he says; 'an' it goes agin nature,' he says, 'to desave him,' he says."

Poor Mary felt that Tim was ruining the credit of the whole story by this outrageous and incredible flattery; but Tim knew his man well, and watched with the pleasure of an artist his blarney smoothing out the black looks in Michael's face as the song of the Lady in "Comus" smoothed

> —"the raven-down
> Of Darkness till it smiled."

To make a long story short, the net result of Tim's florid diplomacy was to dispose Michael strongly in Dick's favor! An acquaintance, which grew soon into an intimacy, did the rest; and Michael before very long came to boast of the real gentleman his daughter was going to marry, as though Dick had been a clever discovery and acquisition of his own.

Tim married Biddy, and made a small fortune for his master Dick by his horse-dealing transactions. Mrs. Carmody begged her bread from door to door, and was found at last dead in a ditch with 264 sovereigns and some coppers concealed about her person. And of course Dick and Mary "lived happy ever after."

Richard Ashe King.

DR. BOUQUILLON AND THE SCHOOL QUESTION.*

Dr. Bouquillon, "at the request of ecclesiastical superiors," has here put into a ten-cent pamphlet of thirty-one pages the true answer to the education question. What strikes us as its peculiar merit is that it is expository and not controversial. His discussion of the entire subject, as to the rights of men generally to educate, those of parents, of the church, and of the state, is but a clear statement of the common doctrine of Catholic authors, philosophers, and publicists.

He holds that nature vests a right to teach in every individual who has any knowledge to impart, and therefore in every lawful association of individuals. He holds that the parent has a high natural right to teach his child in the entire domain of knowledge, though in matters of religion Catholic parents exercise this right under the guidance of the church, and in secular matters subject to correction by the state. The church has a right directly God-given to teach the truths of the Christian religion, and an indirect right to teach those of nature and science as far as they are needful or useful for revealed religion.

The civil authority, the author maintains, has the right to provide by its own agents for the teaching of all human knowledge; that is, to educate in all the temporal branches, doing so in the same way as it governs and judges, through officials fitted for the duty. "It has been said," continues Dr. Bouquillon, "that the state cannot teach, because it has no teaching to give. An absolutely false assertion. The state has its own doctrines and must have them. How otherwise could it make laws? We must, however, admit that the state is not qualified to define and impose religious doctrines." The author then affirms that the state cannot claim a right to teach error, or to destroy the rights of parents, or to injuriously interfere with the rights of any individuals to privately or corporately set up schools and teach. But, nevertheless, he maintains that education is a mission incumbent on the state, a specific duty of providing training in letters, the sciences, and arts; and this duty is comprised in the general one of providing for the common

* *Education: To Whom does it belong?* By the Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

good. Of course, Dr. Bouquillon does not look upon this duty as essential to the state's existence, but rather as incidental. "Individuals, families, associations may have provided all the education that is necessary. In that case the state is freed from its obligation. But we must add that in primary education this hypothesis is rarely realized. . . . We may therefore assert that, generally speaking, the state is bound to take measures for the diffusion of human knowledge. It can accomplish this glorious mission by encouraging private efforts, helping parents, establishing schools, appointing capable teachers. If this duty falls on the state at large, it binds more particularly, as to primary education at least, the local authority of municipal communities, as they represent more immediately the families. Certainly among the local interests for which the municipality should provide the education of children holds the first rank. . . . We do not mean to say that the state may teach only when and where individuals fail to do their duty. The exercise of the duty of the state is allowable whenever the state judges the exercise of this duty to be useful, without being absolutely necessary."

Dr. Bouquillon maintains that the state, holding the authority of God in temporal matters, may justly coerce negligent parents to send their children to school; that it may determine a minimum of instruction, which it shall make obligatory, quoting Taparelli to the effect that this minimum varies with the country and the age; that it has a right to exact from teachers evidences of capability; that "it may also prescribe this or that branch, the knowledge of which, considering the circumstances, is deemed necessary to the majority of the citizens"; and, of course, may lawfully cause inspection for purposes of hygiene and public morality. These powers of the state the author proves to extend over all schools whether private or corporate, controlled by individuals or by the state. But he emphatically denies that the state has power to "force the father *to send the child to a certain determined school, if the father chooses to give the prescribed minimum at home or in any school of his choice*," emphasizing this restriction by italics.

After reading the argument one can hardly help admitting, if he ever doubted, that the educational rights claimed by the author for the state are inseparable from sovereign authority. As to whether or not the letter or spirit of American institutions imposes restrictions upon their use by our States is another question. But the domicile among us of so many millions of Euro-

peans certainly introduces another factor into the problem. If, for example, a system or grouping of schools should undertake to teach imperialism, or anarchism, or should prohibit the use of the common and official language of the state, the wildest Jeffersonian would claim for the state the right of interference.

On the other hand, the exercise of the State's supervisory and corrective right over private schools may amount to so large a measure of control as to make the schools practically public institutions, and call for aid from the public funds for carrying out the state's requirements; either that, or result in the extinction of the schools, and hence of private education, by a tyrannical abuse of power. But such matters as these are not in the scope of Dr. Bouquillon's thesis.

There is not a single paragraph, not a line, in this pamphlet which fails to hold the reader's deepest attention. It is a splendid specimen of reasoning assisted by the authority of distinguished philosophers and publicists. The writer goes far—some will think too far—in recognition of the state's functions as an educator. But a calm consideration of his arguments, as well as of his authorities, will leave the reader convinced of his thesis, unless, indeed, the heat of previous controversy has warped his judgment.

Let us trust that Dr. Bouquillon will continue his contributions to the solution of the questions of the day. His great learning, his admirable frankness, his very rare power of summary statement, and his connection with the Catholic University, all fit him to teach us, and to assist our non-Catholic friends and enemies to understand us. The concluding paragraph is so pithy a synopsis of the whole essay that we give it entire, trusting that the reader will secure the pamphlet for use and reference: "Education: to whom does it belong? is the question with which we started out. We now make answer: It belongs to the individual, physical or moral [this last term refers to teaching corporations], to the family, to the state, to the church; to none of these solely and exclusively, but to all four combined in harmonious working, for the reason that man is not an isolated but a social being. Precisely in the harmonious combination of these four factors in education is the difficulty of practical application. Practical application is the work of the men whom God has placed at the head of the church and the state, not ours."

MISS PEARSELY'S CHRISTMAS INFAIR.

WHATEVER defects of character Miss Pearsely might have possessed, want of energy was not one of them. If anything, she was too energetic, at least so thought a number of her neighbors, the greater number of her pupils—she had a little school—and so had thought her only living relative, her nephew, Phil Buckam, when he packed up a bundle of his clothes and ran away from Tambora for parts unknown. In regard to Phil's elopement the neighbors were divided in their opinions. Some, like Joseph Ote, general dealer and postmaster of Tambora, held that Miss Lucy, as Miss Pearsely was invariably called, had been too severe with the boy. "Ef he didn't give stric' account uv all his time, et is for a fac' well beknown to we all that the boy *was* a hahd wukkah," said Mr. Ote to Mrs. Gresham, as he did up a small parcel for that lady.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gresham in her piping voice, that always seemed to be making an effort to conciliate you, "I know it was too hahd in Lucy Pearsely to accuse the boy of loafing; tha's what she called him, Mr. Ote—an idle loafah; but I'm quite of Father Tait's opinion, both were to blame. Now, Milly, she blames Miss Lucy altogether; and positively, that is to say, I'm incline' to believe, my Milly is right."

"I have great respec' for Father Tate, but I hol' to it that in her jedgment Miss Milly is right," declared Mr. Ote, with an air of great politeness. "And, Miss Gresham, don't forget my bes' respec's to youah young lady daughtah."

"It's very kin' of you, Mr. Ote, I'm shuah," answered Mrs. Gresham, adjusting her veil; "and please, Mr. Ote, let me have the half bahl flour as soon as convenient."

"It shall be sent up immejiately," said Mr. Ote, and gathered up Mrs. Gresham's parcels to deposit them in the gig the lady herself drove.

Mr. Ote's and Milly Gresham's opinion as to who was to blame for Phil Buckam's elopement was that of the better class of Tamborians. (Tambora, as every one knows, is a village not far from Natchez, settled in the early part of this century by emigrants from Maryland.) The more conservative opinion of Father Tate was held only by himself. The shiftless and less respectable portion of the community blamed Phil, condoning all

Miss Pearsely's derelictions in the saying that "Miss Lucy done fur him sence he was a spot uv a baby, an' he ought ter stood by her, an' fur her, even ef she 'did flog 'im, which wahn't more'n he did jest deserve."

During the ten years that had elapsed since Phil had been flogged, to the time of the event in Miss Pearsely's life about to be related, no one but Father Tate and Milly Gresham ever learned how she herself felt about it. To Father Tate she repentantly admitted that she had made a mistake; that she had been wrong, and a miserable sinner against holy charity. To Milly she acknowledged the same, but more circumstantially. "You know, Milly dear," she would repeat—Milly never tiring of hearing the same old story—"you know how I was wrapped up in Phil. I wanted to give him all the advantages I could, but somehow he wouldn't study as I thought he ought to. He was always dreaming over a piece of pencil or charcoal, and bits of paper and boards. I know now, he was too young to be kept down to a book as I kept him; and too old—he was sixteen and tall for his age, and I needn't tell *you* how handsome—yes, he was too old to be whipped, and I had never whipped him before. I had set him a task; it was to translate a chapter from the *Historia Sacræ*. Phil always hated Latin above all things, and I gave him the same book to translate out of that my father had used. He had begged hard for a holiday, but—Milly dear, I can't help crying—if I had only granted it! After awhile I came in the room where I had put him, to see how he was getting on, and feeling half-inclined to let him off the rest of the task if I found he had begun well. The first thing I saw was the Latin book on the floor and the bottle of ink on top of it. I couldn't speak; it seemed to me all the blood in my body rushed to my head. I just caught him by the shoulder and shook him. He dropped his pencil—he had been drawing—and looked me in the face; sad and reproachful were those looks of his, and I took it for impertinence. I don't know how I could so demean myself, but I said, 'Phil Buckam, you are an idle loafer!' and I told him how I had cared for him, and how he ought to be a support to me instead of being a burden to me. 'See what you have done,' I said, pointing to the Latin book; 'you did that out of spite because it was your grandfather's book, and you knew I held it in dear remembrance.' 'Why, auntie,' he said, in such a stupid way I might have known he was innocent, 'I didn't do it a-purpose. I didn't know till

just now I did do it.' I was all beside myself. 'How dare you say such words to me?' I said. 'I could forgive you for anything but for a lie, and I'm going to whip you for that; so take off your coat.' Milly, his face got white just like a dead person's. 'I'm not telling a lie," he denied; 'I was drawing, and didn't notice"; and he handed me what he had been drawing. I tore it in two and tossed it out the window. 'No more words,' I said shortly, 'take off your coat'; and I snatched up his ruler that lay on the table. He gave me a look black as thunder, but he took off his coat and folded his arms so, and stood up straight as a church-steeple. I can't bear to tell how I struck his back with that ruler; and when I had finished he said, 'I wouldn't let a man do that, and I'll never give you a chance to do it again.' And he took up his coat and marched out of the room. I've never seen him since, Milly, and now I'm afraid he's dead. From the first year he has been sending me money, once a year about the first of December, till last year and this year. At first he sent a little, and then more, and then more, till I have pretty near a thousand dollars saved in my mother's silver tea-caddy. Father Tate says it's my pride, and shows that I have never really forgiven Phil, because I have never spent any of it. But, Milly, I have saved it for him, for fear he may come to want. I never had any call to spend it, and now I don't know what's happened him. I was always glad to receive the money, though without any word from him, for it was a sign that he was well and prosperous. The best Christmas gift I could get would be a sign from him; but let it come, Christmas or no Christmas, it would be just as welcome."

It was on a Christmas eve, in her class-room, that the above was related to Milly Gresham for the hundredth time. And now Milly said, "I'm glad you found the picture, at any rate."

"Yes, but not half so glad as I am. And to think it was me he drew!" exclaimed Miss Pearsely. "I never was beauteous, but I didn't think even in a picture I could be made to look so pleasant. Would you like to see it again, Milly?"

Milly said that she would, and Miss Pearsely took from a shelf a paper parcel, which she opened, displaying a drawing, that had been torn and then carefully pasted on a card-board, of a sweet-faced woman and a pretty girl in a short frock. "That just looks like you when you were twelve, Milly," said Miss Pearsely.

They talked over the merits of the picture till the gathering

twilight warned the younger woman that she must be on her way home. "I'll see you at Mass to-morrow," she said, "and, dear Miss Lucy, I'll be here to-morrow afternoon with mother for the infair."

"Yes, of course; and I'm sure we're going to have a fine day," said Miss Pearsely, peering at the sky; "and, Milly dear, I'm so glad you call it an infair, and not a reception. Stick to the good old customs," she added staidly.

Saying that she had no idea of departing from honorable and ancient customs, Milly Gresham trotted out into the darkening village street towards her home, which stood at the other end of Tambora in a little plot of field and garden.

Left to herself, Miss Pearsely lit a lamp and set it on a table placed in the middle of the class-room. "It looks very well," she said to herself, as she gazed about her admiringly. "I don't believe the room was ever before so well tricked out for my infair." The class-room was large, and the desks and benches having been removed, it looked very large. The house had been robbed of most of its chairs and its one sofa to provide seats for the guests at the infair. A table covered with white linen stood at the far end, decorated with all manner of garden flowers, and well provided with sweetmeats and cold meats, now under cover. Branches of red cedar laden with their sweet-smelling silver berries hung against the walls, and garlands of that December flower, the white and red camellia, hung in festoons from branch to branch; and at intervals temporary brackets held lamps that would be lit on the morrow. "It really looks like a church," Miss Pearsely's thoughts continued; and this thought gave rise to a thankful ejaculation that she had made sure to go to confession before the work of decoration had been begun. "I would have been all distractions if I had waited till after," she said half-aloud.

Miss Pearsely began to teach school when she was twenty, and had taught for twenty-eight years. And each one of these twenty-eight years had witnessed a Christmas infair, given by her to her pupils and their relatives. As there were very few persons in Tambora who could not in some way claim kinship with the pupils, the infair was not only given on a scale of unparalleled grandeur, but was attended by a number of visitors so great as to overflow from the class-room into the house which adjoined it. Of course during the years of the war this had not been the case. But, as Miss Pearsely herself said, those were

exceptional years. Any increase or decrease in the population only had reference to the infair in Miss Pearsely's mind. If some one died, that was some one not to be expected at the infair. Or if some one was born, that some one, in all probability, would in a few years be present; indeed, as was not unseldom the case, might come as a baby.

Aside from Father Tate, who, because of his orders, was head and shoulders above every one else, Mrs. Gresham in theory was the head of Tamborian society. And never was there head of society so meek and so lowly. But actually Miss Pearsely was the head; not only from the fact that her ancestors had been important landed proprietors, but from the other fact as well, that she had everybody's genealogy at her fingers' ends. Woe betide the Tamborian who made false claims to ancestry! Miss Pearsely would whip out that person's pedigree, give name after name, till the mortified and abashed usurper would remorsefully desire that his or her family had belonged to the lost tribes of Israel. There was this difference between the ancestors of the actual and the theoretical head of the society of Tambora, a difference much expatiated on by Miss Pearsely's enemies, who were, as has been said, of the shiftless and less respectable order of Tamborians. Mrs. Gresham's people had lost their estates through unmerited misfortunes, whereas Miss Pearsely's grandfather had drank his up; not literally, but by a figure of speech. Miss Pearsely always spoke of her grandfather's death as having been caused by gout, and thought so highly of it that it is very doubtful if any Tamborian, unless a Gresham or a Tate, would have dared to have been afflicted with that disease in her presence.

Mrs. Gresham always spoke of herself as a cadet Gresham, an appellation that mystified a number of the Tamborians, who were divided in their opinions as to whether she belonged to the army or was a member of some order of knighthood. If the little old lady had known that her persistent disclaimer of the honor of belonging to the older branch of the Greshams had been misconstrued into a wish to exalt herself, her humble soul would have been much troubled. Mrs. Gresham's only pride was the pride she felt in her daughter Milly. Miss Pearsely might acknowledge that the Greshams, being armigers, were superior to the Pearselys, who were not, and Mrs. Gresham would shake her head in a conciliatory manner and indulge in furtive yawns. But let the school-mistress praise Milly, then her

heart would glow up into her cheeks, her whole self would become animated, and she would find expressions of laudation to cap Miss Pearsely's most exuberant encomiums.

Strictly speaking, there was no such thing as "society" in Tambora. The Tamborians were a community with acknowledged heads, and they did not recognize the definition that would make the word society to mean an exclusive class. Therefore Mr. Ote, who, by the way, was a sort of dignitary, being postmaster; Mr. Tamarask, the blacksmith; Miss Peters, who kept the sweet-shop, and all the others were on as equal visiting terms with the arms-bearing, cadet Greshams as was Father Tate or Miss Pearsely herself.

This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Pearsely counted her chairs for the dozenth time. "I'll ask Mr. Tamarask to bring his big settee with him, and we'll have to use some of the school-benches for the children," she pondered. Then, going to the door of the class-room that led into the house, she called, "Lobelia! O Lobelia!—and bring your sun-bonnet."

"Yes'm, I'se comin'," responded a voice that was immediately followed by a little negress, attired in a short, cherry-colored frock, a green gingham sun-bonnet dangling from her arm, a broad grin on her happy, good-natured face.

"You have had your supper?" demanded Miss Pearsely.

"Yes'm, an' wash er dishes, an' clar' up," answered Lobelia.

"Now, Lobelia, listen to me. What *are* you grinning at?" questioned Miss Pearsely with some sharpness.

"Mighty putty, Miss Lucy," was Lobelia's vague response.

"Yes, the room does look well; but pay attention to *me*," said Miss Pearsely, much mollified. "You are to go to Mr. Tamarask and ask him to bring his settee with him to the infair, and give him my respects. And, Lobelia, this is Christmas eve, and down-the-river darkies may be in town. You are not to mingle with them; remember that you belong to Tambora."

Lobelia declared that she never forgot it; which was the truth, for the frequent reminders she received kept the fact ever before her. She also declared that she "warn't gwine miggle with no un"; which was not the truth, for she was eager to get out to see the "down-the-river darkies" dance on the "square-plot." When informed that Miss Pearsely wished to retire early, she promised to be back "quicker'n pra'ars." And this promise,

so irreverently made, depended largely upon circumstances for its fulfilment.

With all her vagaries the school-mistress was a very lovable woman. She had a quick temper, that ever since the flight of Phil Buckam was wonderfully under control. The love and pride she had for Tambora and the Tamborians was an excusable and amiable foible. Were not the Tamborians, in a way, her children? How few of them had not received instruction, love, advice, and a whipping from her? And did not they love and revere her? And she deserved their love, for she was as generous as the sun, and possessed a heart as big as the world. Father Tate, for one, never found fault with her pet hobby. If the lone woman, who had had a life-long battle against fierce odds, could find an almost rapturous pleasure in believing that Mrs. Gresham had a right to the fabulous animal seated on a horizontal baton that was engraved on her few remaining bits of silver, he was not the man to begrudge her the happiness. Nor was he the man to refuse her all the comfort and hope he could give, out of a heart that matched her own, when she, time and time again, poured forth to him her sorrow for her loss of Phil.

The memory of the boy ever abided with her. Her first prayer in the morning, her last prayer at night, was for his happiness here and hereafter. The thought of him scarcely ever left her, and she thought of him with an intenser sadness and love on the recurrence of every infair. She was thinking of him now, as she sat in her arm-chair beside the down-turned light, her long, thin fingers groping at the beads of the Rosary she held. "If he were only here to see it all," she thought; and then in a muffled voice, as she hid her faded, tearful face in her hands, she cried: "My God, my God! to think it was myself who drove him away!"

The room was very still. The house-cat came to the top of the pair of steps that led down to the class-room, entered softly, and having settled itself comfortably beside its mistress, began to purr loudly. A horseman passed on the village street, and stopped a little beyond the school. And now afar off could be heard the song of the "down-the-river darkies" as they danced on the "square-plot." But none of these things aroused Miss Pearsely from her thoughts of Phil.

Ten long years! He must be a man now, if he was alive; a man with a beard and a moustache. She wondered if he wore

his hair long and brushed back from his forehead without a part, as was the fashion of male Tamborians. And, if he lived—it was always in her thoughts, "if he lived"—had he forgotten the "Tambora Grand Ongtray," that remarkable piece of music composed by herself? No one could play it as Phil Buckam could. When he had the fiddle in his hand, the "Tambora Grand Ongtray" was possessed of all the stateliness its composer had wished to put into it. Had he faithfully attended his duties, as he had been taught? Yes, she was sure he had; Phil had always been a good boy. The Buckams had always been honest, open, God-fearing men.

The village street was lit up only by the myriad stars in the clear sky, and by the lights that gleamed in the windows of the houses that stood wide apart in their several gardens. Those of the villagers who were abroad were out at the "square-plot" witnessing the dance. The man who lingered before Miss Pearsely's class-room door was evidently not a Tamborian. His curly hair, close clipped, his well-trimmed beard, and his soft and perfectly fitting garments of a light color, betrayed him to be a stranger. He appeared to be in doubt as to what to do or where to go. He looked up the street, down the street, at the bright clear sky, and then in at the class-room window. And then he knocked softly on the class-room door.

"Come in!" said Miss Pearsely, hastily wiping her eyes.

The door opened slowly and a man entered, his soft, light hat pushed back on his head, his hands held out in a half-supplicating way.

Miss Pearsely rose to her feet, gave a stately courtesy, and said in a tone of inquiry: "Good evening, sir?"

He dashed his hat to the floor, threw out his hands violently, and cried, "Auntie!" And then his voice broke.

She was not ordinarily a demonstrative woman, but now she fell on her knees, too weak to stand; caught her arms about him, and, kissing the hem of his coat, sobbed out, "Phil! Phil! God is too good to me, too good!"

He raised her in his arms and placed her sitting in the arm-chair, and then, as when he was a boy, knelt by her side, his head resting on her arm, while she stroked his shining hair.

And now it was who should concede the most. But when all was said each felt that their stubborn pride had been to blame.

The school-mistress had little to tell of her life while Phil was away, beside the longing she had had for her boy. Phil's story, however, was a long one—a story of much hardship till he had learned the engraver's art; then a story of steady success, and finally a story of sin. "It was only pride made me send you money, auntie," he said; "as if I could ever repay you for what you have been to me! I loved you, but I would not forgive you. I tried to get along without God. It was easy, that, till temptation came. I got in with bad company, but, thank God! before I fell very low I was taken sick and was at death's door, when I went back to God. I told everything to the priest who came to me, and then and there, on what might have been my death-bed, promised him to come back to you—and, Aunt Lucy, here I am."

Some little while after this, when Miss Pearsely was showing Phil the drawing she had preserved, she said: "You wouldn't know Milly; she is a young woman now, a perfect lady in every way, and so pretty, Phil! I used to hope you and she would grow up together and marry—a Gresham would be such a good match for you. But I suppose there is some one else you are attached to?" she sighed.

No, there was no one else, Phil answered, and said that he remembered what a dear little girl Milly had been.

"Your room has been kept fresh and clean for you, Phil; you will remain with me?" she asked.

For the holidays he would, Phil said, and he would be up from New Orleans very often to see her, and he would go out and bring in his travelling-bag, which was on the step outside.

Later on another rejoiced at Phil's return. That was Lobelia, who rightly conjectured that "Marse Phil" saved her from the scolding she felt she deserved for having been so long on her errand to Mr. Tamarask. All signs of a storm were so far removed from the horizon of Miss Pearsely's countenance that she began to tell in jubulant tones of the wonderful plush gown Mrs. Tamarask had bought expressly for the infair. But she had reason to repent of her loquacity when her mistress took her up suddenly, saying: "You have been naughty, Lobelia; you have been down to the square-plot—don't deny it; I see it in your eyes. I forgive you because—because it is Christmas eve. Go to bed, and don't forget your prayers, and say 'em *repentantly!*"

Miss Pearsely's infair was at its height. The Christmas carol had been sung, the "welcome-snack," which had proved to be a banquet, had been eaten, and everybody, profusely happy and congratulatory, now waited for Mr. Ote to speak.

Never before had a speech been made at the Christmas infair, but the sudden return of Phil Buckam seemed to demand an oration, the Tamborians said. So, when Father Tate declined to be orator, saying that he must keep all his fine things for the pulpit, the assembly was unanimous in their election of Mr. Ote, postmaster and a public officer, as being the one in all Tambora best fitted to speak. Blushing at the honor conferred on him, Mr. Ote smoothed out the folds of his store-clothes; adjusted the huge camellia in his button-hole, coughed behind his gay silk handkerchief, and then mounted the pair of steps that led into the class-room. Being a very polite man, Mr. Ote was obliged to stand sometimes with his back to the class-room, sometimes with it to the house, for his audience was in both these places.

After he had given a delicate cough, and a series of bows that embraced all in the class-room and in the house, Mr. Ote began: "Ladies and gentlemen, *dear* Tamborians:"—it was noticed that at this juncture he looked particularly at Miss Pearsely, who blushed because she couldn't help it—"when I look upon the subjec' uv my oration, my heart an' soul it soar' to imperial heights. (Applause.) When I look upon th' subjec' stood betwix them puffectest flowahs of Tambora, Miss Gresham an' her young lady daughtah, an' Miss Lucy like er lily on a stalk, I am amaze'! (Wild applause.) I nevah knew, you nevah knew, nobody evah knew, er Buckam as wasn't a puffect gentleman an' lady. An' Mr. Phil Buckam, their las' descendator, is the equal of the bes' uv his progenitor'. (Cheers.) But, ladies and gentlemen, *dear* Tamborians, the sunnies' sun may have its cloud, th' brightes' day its sorrow, and man is born to trouble. Th' idol of his fair lady aunt, th' idol of Tambora, departed hence t' seek foah fame an' glory in th' wil' wilderness. (Audible sighs.) To say as he foun' it, es to say but th' plain, unmistak'ble, soul-upraisin' truth. (Great excitement.) Look en th' meggazines, an' en wucks of a liter'ry nacha, an' you will fin' th' picture aht that has made the name uv Buckam a cinamon uv vict'ry from wheah th' wil' Boréas wail ter wheah th' zeypha' woo ouah s'uth'n main."

Here the applause was tremendous, an' lasted several min-

utes. Like a wise orator Mr. Ote saw that he had reached his culminating period. So, when silence had again settled on his auditors, he merely added a few words by way of a neat afterthought:

"An' now, *dear* Tamborians," he said, "I've orated sufficien', an' I make way foah ouah nex' proceedin', which is ter

> "Step th' floah lightly, foah the dawnce et is wax';
> Dawnce on, fai'est ladies, don' stop till you ah ax'."

In a twinkling couples were formed for the "Tambora Grand Ongtray."

Miss Pearsely looked up at Phil to see if he had forgotten. Phil smiled back at her, whispered a word to Milly Gresham to ask for a dance, then stooped with a profound bow and kissed her hand in the good old Tambora fashion; and how they all loved him in that he had not descended from their ways!

Had he forgotten the air? Why, when he had relieved the fiddler of his instrument, and he, Phil, had the fiddle and bow in his hands, and the "Tambora Grand" poured out through the room, you felt that you must step as high as a horse to at all do it justice.

Are you scandalized that after the dance gentle Father Tate, a rare performer, undertook to "play a tune"? Let me tell you that never was there a cleaner, more courteous, more God-fearing people than they who were assembled at Miss Pearsely's infair on last Christmas, just a year ago.

Robert Dashwood.

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THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE most formidable Socialist body in the world, the Socialistic Labor Party of Germany, has been holding its annual congress at Erfurt. The most marked characteristic of the proceedings was the more moderate tone of the large majority of the members, a moderation which was shown by their willingness to adopt for the attainment of their ends peaceful and constitutional methods. This was looked upon by a small number of the delegates as cowardice and treachery to the principles of the party, and a secession took place of the more violent members. The seceders intend to form a new organization. As they only numbered five out of a total of two hundred and thirty, it would not seem that this new party is greatly to be feared. They are, however, said to have numerous adherents in Berlin. It is somewhat startling to see how exacting are the demands made upon even the interior judgment of members of such organizations. While graciously allowing individual members to criticise the action of the Socialist members of Parliament, or the decrees issued by the party organs, the congress demanded that "each Social Democrat should give his implicit adhesion to the resolutions arrived at by the majority of the party in matters affecting its general policy." But, however much we may disapprove of this extreme of presumption, we cannot but rejoice that the congress should declare that "the principle that right, truth, and morality should guide them in all their dealings among each other and towards all men, of whatever race and religion, still holds good."

The revised programme embraces a large number of proposals which have been long realized in this country, such as universal suffrage, secret ballot, "one man, one vote," biennial parliaments, separation of church and state. Many of the objects declared by the Social Democrats to be desirable would be admitted to be so by a numerous class of our readers, such as free education, free books, the payment of compensation to persons unjustly accused, arrested, or condemned. Other proposals, while not perhaps undesirable, would be looked upon as impracticable, such as free medicine, free dinners for school-children, free burial, free administration of justice, and free legal advice. To other demands all Catholics would feel it their duty to offer strenuous

opposition, such as the secularization of the schools, and the declaration that the state should always and everywhere treat religion as mere matter of opinion. Yet it is surprising how few things there are in the programme of this much-dreaded body to which conscientious objection need be offered, however much the wisdom of many of its declared aims may be doubted. What strikes us as most unwise is that so large a number of proposals should be made; if the advocates of these changes would direct their strength to the attainment of some one or two definite points, it seems to us that the likelihood of success would be much greater.

Reference to cooking-schools may perhaps seem beneath our own dignity and that of our readers. Yet they are looked upon as holding so important a place among the practical efforts which are being made to ameliorate the condition of the people of Great Britain that from the throne downwards all classes are active in promoting their advancement and maintenance. On the occasion of the opening of new premises of the Edinburgh School of Cookery the ceremony was performed by the Princess Louise in the presence of lords and ladies too numerous to mention. What is of greater importance, however, are the motives for the interest thus taken, and as they apply in their full force to this country we feel justified in laying them before our readers. So many women are occupied in the trades now open to them that they grow up and get married in ignorance of nearly everything which they ought to know in order to make their homes comfortable. And what is the consequence? Their husbands are tempted to seek other resorts than their own homes, and the well-being of the family is often destroyed. These schools, therefore, supply a want for those who are obliged to work; but their usefulness is not confined to these. Nothing is so frequently heard as complaints about servants. But if the mistress of the house knows nothing about the work which has to be done and about the way in which to do it, how can she expect to properly manage her help, or to gain that respect from them which is essential to efficient service?

These considerations show the importance of a knowledge of cookery and domestic economy for the home-life. But even a national importance may be claimed for this knowledge. The great thing which a good cook can do is to make something out of nothing. If a knowledge of cookery will enable a people to

double the nutritive character of the food in every home in the land, no one will deny that this would be a great contribution to the solving of the questions which arise from over-population. That the French are born cooks is a fact of which all the world is well aware. One of the most surprising events of recent times was the way in which the war indemnity was paid by France. It may not be so well known, but it is the fact, that among the French the savings at the present time are so large that the greatest difficulty is experienced in finding safe investments for them. The French people have every three months five hundred millions of francs to lend, and to a large extent this vast sum is made up of the savings of the people at large, and not of the profits of the capitalist. There is little doubt but that the good management of the household contributes to this result. In the opinion of Lord Reay, one of the speakers at the opening of the Edinburgh Cookery School, much of the prevailing drunkenness was due to bad food. His lordship was inclined to believe that even the national character was influenced by the character of its cooking, and referred to a distinguished general on the Continent, who had persuaded himself that the question of food had perhaps more influence in this respect than education. Without claiming for cooking so great an influence as this, every one who is acquainted with the habits of our people will readily admit that much improvement would result in several ways if they could be persuaded to give greater attention to the subject.

Nor is it for girls alone that a more practical education is found to be necessary. The effect of the elementary instruction in the three R's which has been given since 1870 has been, on the one hand, to instil something like contempt for manual labor, and, on the other, so to multiply the number of applicants for such positions as clerkships that for a single situation of this kind there are hundreds and hundreds of applications; while in the trades which require skilled labor there is an absolute dearth. The folly of all this is beginning to be recognized, and a movement in favor of technical education is making good progress. An attempt also is being made to organize the elementary schools with a view to the preparation of the children for what are now the more profitable occupations. Drawing is already included among the subjects to be taught in these schools, and it is proposed to train the children in the use of some simple tools adapted to the imparting of manual dexterity. It is not proposed, indeed, actually to teach any trade, but to

make the schools do for the working classes what the universities are meant to do for the more wealthy members of the community—impart, that is, a general education which is to fit them for their respective subsequent spheres of labor.

Last month we referred to the efforts which are being made to promote among the children attending the public schools in Great Britain habits of thrift, by encouraging them to deposit in the Penny Banks attached to many schools the pence which were formerly given in payment for their teaching. The Education Department has issued a circular in which it endeavors to press upon parents and others the importance of encouraging habits of thrift and prudence, and giving much information as to the facilities which exist for the practice of those habits, and as to the success which has attended these efforts in other places. For example, in Belgium, with its 600,000 elementary scholars, as many as 170,000 have deposits in savings-banks, such deposits amounting to more than half a million dollars. In France the number of school banks is more than 24,000, and there are nearly 500,000 depositors, with amounts standing to their credit of more than two and a half millions of dollars. To a former head of the department, Mr. Mundella, the system of establishing school banks in Great Britain is due. In a circular issued in 1881 he pointed out the futility of mere abstract teaching of thrift, and the need of the practical lessons of the school bank to cope with the improvidence and wastefulness of the industrial classes. The movement, however, has not been so successful in England as it deserves to be, for out of 19,310 schools under government inspection only 2,498 have school banks attached to them. It is to be expected, however, that the efforts now being made will give a fresh start to the plan. A Catholic lady, Miss Agnes Lambert, has been a zealous promoter of the movement from its beginning, and has written a little work, *A School Bank Manual, for the use of Managers, Masters and Mistresses, and Teachers*, which will give full information to all who may feel an interest in it, or, what would be much better, a desire to extend to this country a similar system.

The new Education Act, while it has proved advantageous to the poorer voluntary schools, inasmuch as the additional grant from the government is in excess of the amount received from the children's pence, bears somewhat hardly upon the

higher class of schools. To meet this and other difficulties a system of grouping of schools has been adopted which enables them to afford one another mutual assistance. A plan adopted in Scotland for the fostering of religious education deserves to be brought to our readers' notice. For secular education result-fees are paid by the government, but for religious education no such rewards are given. Human nature being what it is, the teachers have proved somewhat remiss in a field where success or failure meets with the same result. A voluntary society has therefore been established which sends an inspector to schools willing to receive his visits, and gives fees according to the results of religious teaching, precisely as the government Education Department would do for a secular subject. In this way it is hoped to secure from the teachers equal attention to both religious and secular subjects. It has long been found necessary to have in each diocese all through the kingdom an inspector of religious instruction. The excellence of the Scottish plan consists in the substantial inducements it holds out to the religious instructors of the children.

At the other end of the social scale the question of education has been exciting attention. A contest has recently taken place in the University of Cambridge which, if we may judge by the number of votes polled, has more deeply interested the members of the Senate than any matter which it has ever been called upon to decide. The long-discussed question as to the necessity of classical studies was brought up again by a proposal to appoint a syndicate to inquire whether or not the study of Greek should be compulsory. Some months ago a conference of the head-masters of the principal public schools was held, in which many of the leading and most experienced teachers expressed their decided opinion that it would be better to make the study of Greek optional. The advocates of this view were defeated by so narrow a majority that they were encouraged to raise the question at the universities, for which their schools afford the preparatory studies, and Cambridge was chosen as being more likely to turn a willing ear to the modern spirit than the less sympathetic Oxford. They have, however, experienced a crushing defeat. A majority of 340, out of a total of 710 votes, decided that the university would not even so much as inquire into the question. This expression of opinion is so decisive that it is unlikely that the matter will be opened again for many years.

London has been on the verge of a pitched battle similar to that which took place in 1889 between the riverside workers and the ship and dock owners. On the one hand, the various unions of the men have been amalgamated into a vast federation of trade and labor unions, having a membership of some 450,000. On the other hand, the employers, dissatisfied with the conditions imposed as a result of the epoch-making strike, have been endeavoring to modify those conditions. Fortunately these efforts have resulted in effecting what the men themselves professed to regard as a desirable end: namely, the diminution of the number of casual laborers and the substituting for them of permanent employees. According to the methods of hiring hitherto adopted, men were engaged for the day, or even for the hour, and as there were generally more men seeking employment than there was work for them to do, a fierce contest took place each day, resulting in a certain number being successful and in the rest being sent unemployed away, hoping, however, for better luck next day. Consequently the whole mass was kept in a chronic state of discontent, and with inadequate means of support. The new system, while leaving a certain number without even the hope of employment, and thus necessitating their seeking other fields of labor, will place the rest upon a footing of permanency with definite wages, whether there is work or not, a pension, and sick-pay.

To an outsider this seems a satisfactory proposal. In fact it was accepted by the heads of the union immediately concerned, although not without reluctance. The men, however, on account of the small diminution of wages and increase of hours proposed, but chiefly from distrust of the good faith of their employers, took a different view of the matter. They accordingly went out on strike. The leaders then fell into line with the men. Some of the allied unions struck in support of the union directly affected, and things began to look very serious. The employers, however, stood firm, and in the end proved successful. This doubtless was due to the fact that the cause of the strikers was not so good as to justify extreme measures. The vast federation of the men, which at first sight seems to promise war and conflict, may result in the contrary; for before so large a body can be induced to act, ample cause and full deliberation will be necessary. In France the union of railway workers has taken away from the leaders of the union the power of declaring a strike, and has rendered it necessary to secure a two-

thirds majority for such a step. This would seem to be a good method of preventing the adoption of rash and futile measures. It is time something was done. Both sides agree in the condemnation of strikes, boards of conciliation have been formed, arbitration is constantly recommended; yet, while there has been no strike of great magnitude, their number has of late increased. But while there is cause for anxiety, and for fear that extreme measures will for some time be the remedies most readily adopted, there is still room for hope that more reasonable courses will ultimately prevail. For example, the London carpenters, after a strike of some seven months' duration, have in the end submitted their claims to arbitration; but not before their trade has suffered an injury which persons qualified to judge regard as irremediable.

Australia is said to be the place in which the position of the working-men is all that can be desired. Their wages are high, their hours of work are short, the eight-hour day has been voluntarily adopted for many years, there is no aristocracy and no pauper class, there being work sufficient for all who are willing to work. Moreover, in the Parliament of New South Wales, out of a house of 135 members no fewer than 31 belong to the Labor party, and this enables them to dominate the situation. They have proved their power within the last few weeks by overthrowing the ministry of perhaps the most influential statesman of the whole country, Sir Henry Parkes. But notwithstanding these advantages Australian working-men are not satisfied, as is proved by the struggles of which those colonies have been the scene during the last two years. Their opponents accuse them of not being willing to be placed upon an equality with the capitalist, but of demanding complete and absolute control; and there is no doubt that the members of the trade unions have declared war upon all who are unwilling to join those unions. The destruction of non-unionist labor was the object of the recent strikes; these having failed, the contest has been transferred to Parliament.

The result of the action of the Labor party in New South Wales is left for the future to disclose. In New Zealand, where the party is even more powerful in Parliament, numbering one-third of the members, we have before our eyes some of its achievements. A Land Taxation Bill has recently become law which places two taxes upon land: an ordinary tax fixed an-

nually on all landed property above the value of £500, and a progressive tax on land values where these values exceed £5,000. This additional tax begins with ⅛*d.* per pound on all properties valued at £5,000 up to £10,000, and continues to increase *pro rata* until at the value of £210,000 it reaches 1¾*d.* on the pound. This is for resident land-owners; absentee owners have to pay an increase of twenty per cent., and measures have been devised to prevent absentee investors from escaping. It will be interesting to watch the effect upon the colony's prosperity of this measure, as well as of the graduated income-tax, and the strict protective tariff, which form the rest of the measures adopted by working-men in New Zealand.

The United Kingdom Alliance, which is the most active and influential temperance organization in Great Britain, so far at all events as politics are concerned, at its annual meeting, held in Manchester lately, received the formal ratification of that support which was promised by the Liberal party at the Newcastle meeting. Mr. John. Morley, a member of the last Liberal cabinet, presided, and intimated that his party accepted the principle that the people of each locality should have the unrestricted right by direct vote to determine the numbers or existence of public-houses within the borders of such locality. The report of the Alliance naturally congratulates its supporters on the victories of the temperance movement to which we have already called our readers' attention in previous notes, and mentions in addition that out of 84 contested elections held since 1886, 47 of the successful candidates were pledged to the veto. This movement is deriving support even from its enemies. Dr. Mortimer Granville, the physician to whom we referred in our last as having felt himself called upon to oppose its further progress, and who maintains that every one *ought* to take a certain quantity (not more than two ounces) of absolute alcohol per day, when asked how this recommendation is to be carried into effect, confesses that it is almost impossible to give a definite practical answer. And why? "Because," he says "I do not believe there is one thoroughly outspoken and honest—I mean perfectly candid—dealer in the whole liquor-trade. . . . I am not acquainted with a single member of the trade to whose statement of supposed fact, as regards the real nature of the liquor supplied by him, I would attach real authority. The majority of dealers in liquors know nothing whatsoever about the article in which they deal, and are therefore dependent on the manufacturers whose

products they vend; while the minority who do know something will not make the facts public. . . . There is so much adulteration, so much 'fortifying' and 'liquoring,' and so much poisoning of drinks, that were it not that I hold alcohol to be indispensable, I should say take none of the vile liquors with which the population of this country is systematically drugged until the trade is either self-regenerated or placed under strict control." Many will, if this is a true description of the kind of liquor provided for their consumption, think it a wiser course to have none of it. Moreover Dr. Granville forbids, except in very exceptional cases, every kind of spirits—whisky, gin, brandy, rum, etc. This he does because distilled alcohol is something non-natural, and, however diluted, an irritant. Such declarations as these, coming as they do from an opponent, cannot but contribute to the progress of true temperance.

In general European politics perhaps the most important event is a comparatively inconspicuous one. The little kingdom of Roumania affords a bulwark between Russia and the goal of her ambition, Constantinople. The Roumanian army, it will be remembered, really prevented the rout and defeat of the Russians in the last war with Turkey. Forts have recently been erected along the frontier bordering upon Russia, and should Roumania throw in her lot with the Triple Alliance and garrison these forts with her army, supported by the troops of Austria, an unsurmountable barrier would be offered to Russian aggression. Although we cannot speak with complete certainty, this event seems to have taken place, and if so, one of the greatest safeguards for the peace of Europe has been secured. But notwithstanding the fact that peace is on the lips of all the statesmen of European countries, preparations for war are being continually made. In Germany an experiment is being entered upon to test the feasibility of forming her soldiers in two years instead of three; in France by a system of "mixing" the active regiments with the territorial reserve, a similar advantage is hoped for. The Austrian Parliament is being called upon for increased military credits. Russia is working night and day to arm her troops with a new rifle; and Belgium, ridiculous to say, has built such enormous forts that she will have to double her army to garrison them. On the other hand, an Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress has been held in Rome, but as every specific subject was excluded from its deliberations, it will not result in anything very practical. The incident of the

pilgrimages to Rome showed how strong is the feeling in France against Italy, for even the Radical and Communist papers joined with Catholics in resenting the insults offered to the pilgrims. Things remain *in statu quo* in France, although a recent vote has shown that the present cabinet depends for its maintenance of power upon the votes of those whom it pleases newspaper writers to call "Reactionaries." If the republicans would treat with greater fairness those who give in their adhesion to the Republic it would have, perhaps, fewer of these opponents. In a recent contest in which one of these converts to republicanism sought election, he was opposed by moderate republicans simply on the ground that he had been hitherto an opponent of the Republic. Such action as this and the prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix make the much-to-be-desired adhesion of all parties to one form of government exceedingly difficult.

Both in France and Germany legislative and executive action is being taken against moral and social vices; in France against gambling, obscene pictures, and the social vice under its ordinary forms; in Germany, against the same vice under a form of almost incredible turpitude. Russia is still active in carrying out the deliberate object of Russianizing every nationality existing within her borders; but meanwhile her own people are suffering untold horrors of starvation and want, horrors which show the impotence of a tyrannous and despotic form of government to secure for its subjects even the bare means of subsistence.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

CANON FARRAR disclaims the title of novel for his "Historic Tale,"* on the ground that its outlines were peremptorily decided for him by the exigencies of fact, and not by the rules of art. Nevertheless, the most exacting novel-reader will scarcely find it deficient in sustained action, absorbing interest, abundant incident, and vivid presentation of its characters. In our judgment it takes an easy first among the historic fictions dealing in any wise with Scriptural personages which have appeared within a decade. It is the fourth or fifth tale numbering Nero, Agrippina, Octavia, Acte, Poppæa, Otho, Tigellinus, and Seneca among its *dramatis personæ* which has been laid on our table within as many years. But, familiar as they all are, and certain to follow a prescribed route in order to arrive at a definitely fixed end, they have been clothed with new interest by Canon Farrar, and live in his scholarly and eloquent pages with a distinct life borrowed from the full stream of his own. The time selected, including the end of the reign of Claudius and the whole of that of Nero, coincides very nearly with the beginnings of what the Abbé Le Camus would call the Period of the Church's Conquest. The scenes are laid almost exclusively in Rome. The Christian community is presided over by Linus, and St. Peter's whereabouts is left uncertain until he comes, summoned by the news of the first great persecution, to be crucified head downwards near the obelisk in the Circus on the Mons Vaticanus. It is, however, by no means Canon Farrar's intention to fly in the face of the tradition which assigns to Peter the primacy in the See of Rome as well as the universally admitted primacy in the Apostolate. If other proof of this assertion were lacking, as it is not, sufficient would be found in the following extract from his final chapter, p. 581, where, after speaking of the intermittent persecutions of the first three centuries, he says:

"When Linus died, Cletus succeeded him as the third 'Pope' of Rome—although that title was not given to the humble presbyter-bishops of the struggling community for more than two centuries, and not formally adopted by them until A.D. 400.

* *Darkness and Dawn, or Scenes in the Days of Nero.* By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Cletus was succeeded by Clement. Of the first thirty Popes it is said by Christian tradition that all but two were martyrs. The blood of those martyrs was the seed of the Church. That Church had been consumed to ashes, and, rising from her ashes, soared heavenward, first waveringly, then steadily, at last with supreme dominion, 'reflecting the sunlight from every glancing plume.'"

Canon Farrar's intention seems, rather, to have been like that of Le Camus, whose admirable volume on the *Work of the Apostles* is worthy of the most serious study, when he says: *Il ne faut pas confondre l'apostolat et l'épiscopat.* It would be inexact to suppose, adds the same authority, that St. Peter remained stationary for a long time at Jerusalem, at Antioch, or at Rome. St. Chrysostom had said already, "He was not made Bishop of Jerusalem because Jesus Christ had made him Bishop of the whole world." He founded the Church at Rome, as the consentient testimony of all antiquity proves, but "*la question du très long épiscopat de Pierre à Rome n'interesse en aucun façon le dogme chrétien.*"

Another departure from ancient tradition whose grounds appear less evident is that of separating the martyrdom of St. Paul from that of St. Peter by an interval of a year or more, while bringing together the crucifixion of the Chief of the Apostles and the Confession of St. John, which is more commonly supposed to have taken place under Domitian. As far as the story has a plot, it centres around the figure of Onesimus, the runaway slave, whose conversion and return to his master was the occasion of St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon. And, as a story, its interest never flags, so that we commend it alike to those who seek only entertainment in fiction, and to those whose hearts burn at every fresh vindication of Canon Farrar's thesis, that Christianity conquered the world "with the two sacred and invincible weapons of martyrdom and of innocence," and that

"Intellectually, socially, politically, in national life and in individual life, in art and in literature, Christianity has inspired all that the world has seen of best and noblest, and still offers to the soul of every man the purest hope, the divinest comfort, the loftiest aspirations."

A certain number of the late M. Edmond Scherer's studies * in English literature have been admirably translated by Mr. George Saintsbury, and will be found to contain much suggestive and

* *Essays in English Literature.* By Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

enlightening criticism. M. Scherer was only half a Frenchman, either by birth or training, his mother having been an Englishwoman, and his education, from sixteen to twenty, having been conducted in her native land by a (presumably dissenting) English clergyman. Having gone thither, says Mr. Saintsbury, "as became a school-boy of sixteen in 1831, inclined to Deism, self-destruction, and general despair," this clergyman exerted over him an influence which lasted nearly half his entire life, and made him, up to his forty-fifth year, a preacher of "a sort of orthodox Protestantism not admitting any ecclesiastical tradition, but solely founded on the Bible." The result, adds his biographer, when treating of the causes which made criticism something of a *pis aller* to Scherer,

"was what it was . . . certain to be in the case of a restless and inquiring spirit, impatient of compromise, rejecting *ab initio* the idea of the Church as the supernaturally appointed depository of supernatural truth, and, indeed, insisting generally that the supernatural shall allow itself to be treated as if it were not supernatural."

Scherer's theology, that is to say, became gradually less and less orthodox, and was finally thrown overboard altogether, to make room for a sort of modified Hegelianism. He turned to politics—dying a Life-Senator of the French Republic in 1889—and to literature. He was profoundly versed in the latter only from the seventeenth century onward, but his knowledge of English and German, and his intellectual and moral kinship with what produced the literature of those tongues, gave him an advantage rare among French critics. Truth to tell, he was never over-popular in France, even though his verdict was always considered to carry weight. His habit of judging books, "not with his intelligence but with his character," as M. Edouard Rod has described it, and what another Frenchman of letters has spoken of as his "Protestant gall," stood in the way of a wide diffusion of what Mr. Saintsbury qualifies as

"the most valuable corpus of criticism which France has produced since Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries*, and superior, if bulk, range, and value be taken together, to anything to be found in English literature for many years past."

The essays chosen for translation are twelve in number. Three are devoted to George Eliot. The first of these, written in 1861, is full of what in later days M. Scherer, like the rest of the world, seems to have recognized as too indiscriminate adu-

lation. The precision of M. Rod's just-quoted appreciation becomes evident in the nature of the attraction George Eliot exerted over her French critic. The religious crisis she had passed through was so like his own that it made a sympathetic bond between them. However, his intelligence emancipated itself enough to let him judge *Daniel Deronda* fairly, and to make in his final paper, written after the publication of Mr. Cross's biography, a more deliberate estimate of her work and power. Of the other essays, two relate to Shakspere, and the others respectively to John Stuart Mill, Taine's *History of English Literature*, Milton, Sterne, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion*. Every one of them shows discrimination and exact knowledge.

Colonel Johnston's title-page describes the eight essays which follow it as "Studies";* his preface speaks of them more truly as mere "running observations upon several subjects of literary and social interest." They differ much in quality. The papers on "Pre-American Philosophy" and on "American Philosophy" as embodied in Benjamin Franklin are very instructive and entertaining reading. It is as a story-teller that their author excels, however. The essayist's path, though perhaps not so full of actual difficulties, is yet one far more strait to walk in.

Doubtless it is hardly fair to pass judgment on a "Lover's Year-book of Poetry,"† only one of whose two volumes has yet appeared. Yet one may say at once that it would be a moral impossibility for any person of sensibility and sufficient literary taste to be chosen for such a work, to select one hundred and eighty odd specimens from the vast treasure-house of English verse and not include many excellent and admirable poems. One must add, however, that none but such need have been chosen, so much is there to choose from. For our part, if the present instalment is a specimen of his capabilities, we should not incline to appoint Mr. Chandler as our taster-in-ordinary, if only because his one specimen from the most singularly suggestive and delicate of modern love-poets, Mr. Coventry Patmore, proves so unsuggestive of his best manner and his peculiar thought. One would gladly exchange some of the many anonymities, the author of "My King" and "My Queen" for example, as well as Mr. W. D. Howells and Mrs. Herbert Ward, against a Por-

* *Studies: Literary and Social.* By Richard Malcolm Johnston. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

† *The Lover's Year-book of Poetry.* January to June. By Horace Parker Chandler. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

tuguese sonnet or two from Mrs. Browning, or even one of the thousand fine praises of love to be found in Sir Edwin Arnold's "With Sa'di in the Garden." Perhaps Mr. Chandler means to brighten the year from July to December with these and others more akin to them than many of the selections already given.

It would be far from true to say that there are no fine, strange verses in the second series* of Emily Dickinson's poems. And yet her friends were certainly wise in their generation when they set forth the best wine from her long-closed cellars first, and whetted the reader's palate with its half-bitter sweetness and faint, unique bouquet. In this new volume the shocks of keen pleasure come less often, and lines that cling to the memory, and pictures that seize and pre-empt some hitherto unsettled corner in the brain, are indefinitely fewer. Still, one comes now and again upon a characteristic blending of sentiment and landscape, some rendering of the inner woman in the largest terms of outward nature, which would identify itself, unnamed, in any collection of poems. This, for example, which is called "The Sun's Wooing":

"The sun just touched the morning;
The morning, happy thing,
Supposed that he had come to dwell,
And life would be all spring.

"She felt herself supremer—
A raised, ethereal thing;
Henceforth for her what holiday!
Meantime her wheeling King
Trailed slow along the orchards
His haughty, spangled hems,
Leaving a new necessity—
The want of diadems!

"The morning fluttered, staggered,
Felt feebly for her crown—
Her unanointed forehead
Henceforth her only one."

The last translation† made from Señora Pardo Bazan's novels is not of a kind to deepen admiration for their author. The coarseness that thrust its ugly face through the veneer of an occasional page in "A Christian Woman" and "The Wedding Trip," and apologized for its presence as an indispensable bit of local realism, is here the fund and basis of the whole. The book

* *Poems.* By Emily Dickinson. Second Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† *The Swan of Vilamorta.* By Emilia Pardo Bazan. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

is such a one as no honest and modest woman has any valid excuse for writing.

It would be difficult to praise Miss Katharine Tynan's sketch* of Mother Mary Xaveria Fallon too highly. All that charm of style and poetic feeling which long ago converted all her readers into admiring friends have here been devoted to an altogether attractive subject. It must be a pleasant surprise to those to whom Mary Ward has long been something more than a name, to find this study of one of her latest spiritual daughters prefixed by an outline of that valiant woman. We find the twenty-four pages devoted to Mary Ward a real marvel of condensation, giving a bird's-eye view of a great and long career so clearly and succinctly that none of its salient features fails to make its own impression, while yet the whole suggests a mass of interior detail which provokes to a new study of the original.

Mother Xaveria Fallon, to whom the bulk of the little volume is devoted, was indeed a beautiful and saintly soul; one of those whom we who are on the outside must suppose to be remarkable for a specially attractive kind of holiness even where all are holy. Nature and the supernatural seem to go hand-in-hand with her. One feels sure that had she lived in the world, granting, of course, that she found her vocation there, she would have been equally eminent among her peers. She was wise as well as holy, and it was largely her work that her order, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, more widely known as the Loretto nuns, has not only broken through the old traditions of female education, but in Ireland has shown extraordinary efficiency in teaching, and kept well in line with the lay schools and colleges in carrying off the honors of competitive examinations. Through her an entirely new system of training the nuns for their work as teachers was adopted; she brought in lay teachers for special subjects, and not only had them instructed in such subjects, but instituted written and oral examinations of a very complete kind, and in many ways showed her thorough comprehension of the fact that "with the advance of education among women, the convent schools would be put on their mettle, and that the old-fashioned systems would no longer do." Herein she proved her true filiation from Mary Ward, that most heroic of innovators, not born before her time, indeed, for the time of the pioneer is when the wilderness is yet untraversed, the ways thorny, and the stars the only guides, but yet born

* *A Nun, her Friends and her Order. Being a Sketch of the Life of Mother Mary Xaveria Fallon.* By Katharine Tynan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

too soon to see any wide result from her apparently unwelcome labors. However, it is not on this aspect of Mother Xaveria that Miss Tynan lingers longest, but, as was natural, on those features of her daily life among her community which so endeared her to them all. The story is a charming one in itself, and is most delightfully told.

Mr. Schurz's essay,* reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a most effective tribute to him who, if not the greatest of American public men, is at all events the most beloved. As Mr. Schurz points out, he has already become a half-mythical figure to the rising generation, and grows constantly to more heroic proportions while losing in distinctness of outline. In this little volume he can be studied in sufficient detail, but it is impossible that the heroic outline shall be lost amidst them. If the world goes on long enough, and follows in its ancient track, he will some day be surrounded by a legendary halo like that of a Wallace or a Tell. All that is known about him; his childhood of bitter poverty and ignorance too dense to be broken through except by the keenness of a longing like that of a seed hidden in the earth and seeking instinctively for light; his youth of struggle; his romantic emotional experiences which left him a lonely man for life, though seated by his own hearthstone; the tenderheartedness which made him dismount from his buggy and wade knee-deep in mire to rescue a pig fighting for life in a swamp; the undying hatred of slavery kindled when he first witnessed a slave auction, and culminating in the Emancipation Proclamation which wrote his name in history as the liberator of a race; the unsoldier-like but magnificent bravery which led him, when captain of a volunteer company in the Black Hawk War, to protect an old savage at the risk of his own life and against his own men; the unlawyerlike but adorable honesty and moral courage which, when presenting his very first case in the United States Court, the only question being one of authority, made him declare that on careful examination he found all the authorities on the other side, and none on his; which compelled him to refuse to act as the attorney of even personal friends when he saw the right on the other side and to abandon cases during trial if the testimony convinced him his client was in the wrong; the personal humility which formed the solid base of his unflinching use of official authority; all are full of the very essence and stuff of legend. And then his eloquence, unlike that

* *Abraham Lincoln.* An Essay. By Carl Schurz. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of any other man, the summing up and sublimation of every mark experience had made upon his heart and brain, and which causes the Gettysburgh speech and the second inaugural to read in their most significant passages like the inspiration of a poet or a seer. Mr. Schurz has done his work well. His essay is almost worthy of its subject.

The coming of the Christmas holidays is foreshadowed by the advent of some children's books* for the season—if anything so bright and cheerful as *Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep* can be said to cast a shadow. The verses and the illustrations are alike delightful. Georgina M. Synge tells two very pretty stories,† very nicely matched by Gordon Browne's pictures. Mrs. Chenoweth's stories‡ of Saints George, David, Christopher, and Denis are rather too much like fairy tales to be suitable reading for Catholic children. The latter half of her book, containing sketches of St. Catherine of Alexandria, some of the hermits of the Thebaid, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Patrick, is much more commendable.

The average boy of from twelve to fifteen will probably find *Tad*§ amusing, and possibly edifying. Mr. Ellis gives a very graphic description of a cyclone and its ravages, and seems to be an authority on baseball and spelling-matches. The moral tone of his story is entirely commendable, and it is told in an easy, colloquial style.

The indefatigable author of the "Elsie Books" is out with another.‖ Like its predecessors, it is a mixture of more or less useful and reliable information and kisses. This time the American Revolution supplies the solid groundwork and mainstay which supports the avalanche of embraces, chiefly filial and paternal, and the ocean of "goody-goody" conversation that would otherwise wash the tale away.

Lanoe Falconer's third book¶ revives and intensifies the impression of original power and something uncommonly like genius which was produced by *Mademoiselle Ixe*. Both the plan and the treatment of the new tale are strikingly clever. It is a ghost story, to begin with. The country-house in which the

* *Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep*. By Thomas Hood. Illustrated by Alice Wheaton Adams. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Great Grandmamma, and Elsie*. By Georgina M. Synge. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *Stories of the Saints*. By Mrs. C. Van D. Chenoweth. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

§ *Tad; or, "Getting Even with Him."* By E. S. Ellis. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‖ *Elsie's Vacation and After Events*. By Martha Finley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

¶ *Cecilia de Noël*. By Lanoe Falconer. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

scene is laid is haunted and has been so for centuries. "The ghost," says the kindly atheist who owns the place, and whose materialistic views of all the universe contains forms "Atherley's Gospel," "is older than the family. We found it here when we came into the place about two hundred years ago, and it refused to be dislodged." Atherley has but recently taken up his residence with the ghost; he never sees it, neither does his wife, one of those amiable, dull, virtuous, and deadly commonplace English ladies who for obvious reasons occur more frequently outside of novels than in them. In this case, Lady Atherley makes an admirable foil, and is managed in a way that Miss Austen could not have bettered. Neither does Lyndsay, the crippled guest who tells the story, ever see it. His *rôle* is to hear the tales of those who do, and narrate their experiences and their general views of this life, and any possible other life, in a series of seven chapters denominated "Gospels." Atherley's is the Gospel of materialism. The "Stranger's Gospel" is preached by a young doctor who comes to cure the hysterics of the kitchen-maid after her sight of the uncanny visitant. It is pessimism. All is bad and most things painful, but nevertheless "there is one thing worth living for—to help to make it all a little more bearable for the others." Mrs. Mostyn, who once saw the ghost's face, and describes it as that of a lost soul, was converted by it from worldliness to some sort of narrow Evangelicalism which holds that eternal misery "is what will happen to the greatest number"; to which "Gospel" she tries to convert Lyndsay also. But he recoils before "the spectre that drives men to madness or despair—illimitable, omnipotent Malice." Canon Vernade, a high church dignitary, who comes down to spend Sunday with Atherley, preaches eloquently against the worship of worldly pre-eminence and riches, and then talks unconsciously more eloquently still in their praise when he has laid aside his gown and bands. He also sees, or feels, the ghost, and is reduced to abject terror and the abyss of despairing doubt. Austin the Ritualist sees the "lost soul," and holds it at bay for an hour or more by prayer. To him it preaches "the utter insignificance of what we name existence, . . . and the element of our true being with its eternal possibilities of misery or joy." God, "the Sovereign, Lawgiver, Judge," is the Gospel which that terrible face, with its revelation of "evil and its punishment" confirms to him. The theosophists' Gospel follows after an entertaining account by Mrs. Molyneux of the advantages possessed by her new religion in the great fact "that

it has nothing to do with God." She sees the ghost too, and although she does not retreat before it, she cannot be comforted until Cecilia de Noël comes to spend the night in the haunted chamber with her. Cecilia, the loving, the compassionate, to whom all life appeals for such help and pity as she can give, sees the ghost too, and lays it. What strikes her as sad and strange in the stories told by all to whom it has appeared, is that

"Not one of those who saw it had had one pitying thought for it. And what, I thought, if this poor spirit had come by any chance to ask for something; if it were in pain and longed for relief, or sinful and longed for forgiveness. How dreadful then that other beings should turn from it instead of going to meet and comfort it—so dreadful that I almost wished that I might see it, and have the strength to speak to it! And it came into my head that this might happen, for often and often when I have been very anxious to serve some one, the wish has been granted in a quite wonderful way. So when I said my prayers, I asked especially that if it should appear to me, I might have strength to forget all selfish fear and try only to know what it wanted."

Cecilia's Gospel is a very beautiful one. It is good to have it preached in a form so attractive as is here given it.

I.—THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY.*

What strikes us very favorably in this work is the open-mindedness of the author, as well as his scholarship, and his capability of arousing the sense of devotion. The great facts of the establishment of our religion are narrated in the light of the best modern research and with a vividness due to personal knowledge of the places described. The author's faith, too robust to fear either criticism or investigation, communicates itself to the reader. The style is unusually pleasant, being direct, unconstrained, and flowing. Having read the book carefully through out of curiosity and the attraction of its great topics, we were constrained to re-read it with equal attention for purposes of devotion.

The work, as one of its titles indicates, treats of the disciples of Christ breaking away from the Jews and Judaism—a period of essential importance to Christianity and one not fully enough understood. St. Stephen's pioneer inspiration and mission, St. Philip the Deacon's message to the Gentiles, St. Peter's great

**L'Œuvre des Apôtres.* Par l'Abbé É. Le Camus, Vicaire-Général Honoraire de Chambéry. Fondation de l'Église chrétienne. Période d'Affranchissement. Paris: Letouzey et Ané.

vision at Joppa, and especially the call of Saul of Tarsus and the scope of his apostolate as well as its relation to that of the twelve, are narrated and explained with the utmost simplicity, unity of grouping, and at the same time fulness of detail. The foot-notes plentifully scattered through the book not only assist the learned reader with references, but are full of suggestion and interest to all.

The author's treatment of the pretence of some writers that St. Peter and St. Paul headed opposing factions is luminous and wholly conclusive. But the devotional stimulus in the work is its main characteristic, to us at least; though to puzzled Christians it would seem its noble and beneficial purpose of totally expelling doubt on the historical points raised by adverse criticism.

Fouard has been translated and extensively sold; so should be Le Camus, both in his Life of Christ and in this work, its sequel.

2.—A TERCENTENARY COMMEMORATION.*

No commemoration of a saint could be more fitting and profitable than a faithful picture of his life; and so much the more fitting, profitable, and faithful will it be if drawn by the hand of a contemporary, an ocular witness of most of the facts he delineates.

The author of this biography of St. Aloysius was his fellow-student and lived with him for several years, and was honored with his entire confidence, and what Cepari himself had not seen and heard he learned from the lips of those who had witnessed all that he narrates. Besides, he visited every place, except those in Spain, where the saint had stayed any length of time, and took down on the spot the most exact information.

The style of the writer is singularly simple and clear. He leaves the facts to speak for themselves. Cepari was a man of great spirituality, profoundly acquainted with the unusual paths along which God is pleased to conduct his saints—he was the confessor and director of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi—therefore there is no want of clearness in his treatment of the manner in which Aloysius was led by the interior workings of the Holy Spirit.

It would be difficult to give more praise than is due to the publishers for their part in the getting out of this tercentenary

* *Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga.* By Virgil Cepari, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

volume. The binding is rich, chaste, and durable. The illustrations with which the book teems are exceptionally good, many of them reproductions of the greatest painters of the Italian and Spanish schools. Though not an expensive book, it is all it claims to be, a veritable *edition de luxe*.

3.—THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

This is a new edition of an excellent spiritual book written about two hundred years ago, and probably but little known to modern readers. It is arranged on a much more scientific plan than is usual in works of this kind, being almost in the form of a text-book; and contains a great amount in a small space, each point being very clearly and concisely treated. It is eminently practical, either for the personal use of the reader or for the direction of others; and on account of its arrangement, clear and careful statement, and numerous points capable of great development, would be found, if we are not mistaken, very useful to preachers in sermons and conferences. It is a book very well worth any one's money, though at present, of course, specially useful to the clergy; and it certainly seems to be one which should be translated into the vernacular.

4.—CATHOLIC YEAR-BOOKS.†

Both of these Catholic year-books are, as usual, exceedingly meritorious, not only in the excellence and amount of reading they offer for a very small sum of money, but in the illustrations that occur on almost their every page. Both the *Annual* and the *Home Almanac* give much space to the great Catholic who discovered our country, and to whom honor will be done during the coming year of 1892. The *Annual* appears in a new and handsome cover with the arms of Columbus in colors. It opens with an appreciative but too-meagre sketch—with portrait—of the late George V. Hecker, so long identified with the Catholic Publication Society, and to whose character as a Catholic, a philanthropist, and a business man Rev. Walter Elliott pays high tribute in his *Life of Father Hecker*. A brilliant article on Columbus

**Cursus Vitæ Spiritualis.* Auctore R. P. D. Carolo Joseph Morotio, Congregationis S. Bernardi Ordinis Cisterciensis Monacho, Theologo et Concionatore. Editio Nova a Sacerdote Congr. SS. Redemptoris adornata. Ratisbonæ: Pustet.

† *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual*, 1892. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.—*The Catholic Home Almanac*, 1892. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

from the pen of Mr. John A. Mooney, fittingly illustrated by engravings from original designs made by a well-known sculptor, is followed by a number of interesting articles—notably the sketches of Mrs. Craven and Ludwig Windthorst—and several fine portraits.

5.—SCRIPTURAL RESEARCHES.*

The author of this book appears for the first time on the scene of Scriptural researches. Not only has he aimed high, a feature not uncommon among young authors, but he has carried out pretty successfully his bold enterprise, and for this we may give him credit.

Our readers know that Biblical scholars base all their textual investigations on the Masoretic text, of which the most recent and best edition is due to S. Baer. Now, this text does not always satisfy our modern critics, some of whom deal very freely indeed with the work of the Masorah. Though Dr. Euringer does not side altogether with the latter, he thinks that many a *hypercritical* scholar exceeds all bounds; and it is with a view towards putting an end to such abuses that he has undertaken to investigate what changes in the Masoretic texts are in conformity with the rules of a sound and thorough scientific criticism.

The work of Dr. Euringer consists of two parts, an introductory part and the bulk of the work itself. In the introductory part the young author exposes the method he will follow to check the Masoretic readings. It is very good indeed. All that he says there about the choice of the rabbinical works anterior to the establishment of the text by the Masorites, and of the editions of the Greek, Coptic, Syriac, and Hieronymian versions, before they had begun to be altered, is certainly very clearly and neatly said, and shows a great deal of prudence and tact. The second part, the most important, contains the textual study of every single passage of the Koheleth that looks suspicious. The result of this patient investigation is by no means to be despised; over thirty corrections are proposed as certain. Time and space do not allow us to study here even a few of these cases, yet we think it no rash judgment to say that they must be a very valuable contribution to the textual criticism of the Koheleth; and even, indirectly at least, of the whole Masoretic

* *Der Masorahtext des Koheleth-kritisch untersucht von Sebastian Euringer, priester der Diöcese Augsburg.* Leipzig.

work. For we sincerely hope that other scholars will strike into the path opened by Dr. Euringer, and do for the other books of the Bible what he has done for the Koheleth.

At the close of his book Dr. Euringer gives us a list of the three hundred quotations from the Koheleth he has found in the rabbinical works before the seventh century. This patient and conscientious labor would be, by itself, enough to entitle the author to our admiration.

And now, to conclude, we cannot help making one criticism. The chapter about the so-called Bickell Hypothesis is a mere digression, since the author does not take any account of it in his investigations. The author had best not have inserted it in the course of his work between the introductory part and the chief part. It breaks all the harmony of the book and, above all, gives dissatisfaction to the reader, who feels badly disappointed when all of a sudden Dr. Euringer declares that he does not intend to confute by the facts the theory of the learned professor of Innsprück. And yet this was not unnecessary, for we must say that the arguments by which the author tries to show that his adversary's hypothesis is contrary to dogma, and to probability, do not seem to us sufficient to prove his assertion; and this opinion is supported by the authority of some very competent scholars who have examined carefully the work of Dr. Euringer.

6.—DIDON'S LIFE OF CHRIST.*

If any life of our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ can be satisfactory to the Christian world at large this one certainly ought to be, for it is the latest and greatest effort of the pen of man to portray the life and character of the Incarnate Son of God. But no life of Christ can be altogether satisfactory, for no human pen can possibly portray the divine character of Jesus Christ; the inspired penmen of the Gospels have alone been able to do that. Short of this, Père Didon has, in our opinion, attained the highest measure of success in his great work, and he will immediately take his place in the very front rank of the biographers of the Saviour of Mankind. The sensation created by this work in France, where so many admirable lives of Christ have been

* *Jesus Christ: Our Saviour's Person, Mission, and Spirit.* From the French of the Rev. Father Didon, O.P. Introduction by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. Two volumes, illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

written in recent years, is the best evidence of its conspicuous excellence. And when it becomes generally known in its English dress we look for a like appreciation of the book in this country.

We shall not now attempt any analysis of this voluminous work, as we hope to give it an extended notice in a future issue; but we feel that no time should be lost in bringing it to the notice of the public, and in thanking the publishers for their splendid enterprise and the noble service they have rendered to the cause of Christianity by bringing out such a grand edition of this truly great work.

7.—LADY JANE.*

Louisiana is not so far behind the other Southern States in the quantity and quality of the literature she produces as is sometimes supposed. She has given us, among many others, Gayarré, Lafcadio Hearn, Grace King, Cable, Mrs. Marion Baker, Audubon, and Constant Beauvais; and now she has given to us one of the most charming books ever written for youth, a story that is among the very, very few that are as interesting to readers beyond their teens as to those of fewer years.

Mrs. Jamison has been rather unfortunate in the title she has selected for her story. It is a title apt to bring up thoughts of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, a story vastly inferior to *Lady Jane* in plot, delineation of character, local color, and interest. Fauntleroy is sentimental, theatrical, impossible. In the dramatized story a little girl is found best suited for the part of Fauntleroy. In the story Fauntleroy is a little girl in boy's clothes.

Lady Jane, though not the best-drawn character in the book to which she gives the title, is not sentimental, is quite possible and lovable. She is good, but she does not spout Scripture; nor does she meditate on her own excellence, and lament the depravity of others, albeit she has reason to do the last for a number of persons with whom she is obliged to associate herself.

The scene of the story is laid in New Orleans, that alone of American cities has preserved all the romance of its earlier days in the titles of its streets. Though the story gives no description of places beyond a word and a hint, save in the beautiful and truthful picture of the Teche country, the reader becomes well acquainted with the city. He is made to feel the picturesqueness

* *Lady Jane.* By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. New York: The Century Co.

of the French quarter; the oddly-shaped roofs and tiles of the houses; the quaint gardens, and the fruits and flowers that grow therein—fruits and flowers strange to Northern senses, but not stranger than are their names. He is taken to the street called "Good Children" (*Rue des Bons Enfants*); the home of Pepsie, the Bon Praline, and Mr. Gex; and to where come the villains of the story, Mme. Jozain and her son Adraste, with poor Lady Jane caught in their toils. He is shown the Esplanade, the street of gardens, and the only less beautiful St. Charles Avenue, where the good Mme. Lanier has her first glimpse of Lady Jane, who is fleeing from the wicked Mme. Jozain. To the Rue Royale, that has echoed the tramp of the royal troops of Louis the well-beloved, afterwards the "well-detested"; and of those of strife in the years of bayonet rule. From the balconies of its houses noble creole maids looked on the passing of the "Grand Marquis," the chevaliers and counts of the French and Spanish *régimes;* and from them their daughters applauded the creole troops as they marched by in 1861, and not two years after looked in discontent and scorn at the soldiers of the Union occupation. It is to this Rue Royale, Mlle. d'Hautreve, who has an ancestry with names and titles of a rolling sound that keep her poor, comes in ill days to sell her pitiable woolly ducks and birds at one of the many shops of curios. And it is here, in this street, that Mme. Jozain squanders stolen money to make a show before the honest Paichoux, whom she meets at the *Bon Marché*, the shop that contains something of everything under the sun.

The great French Opera House, dear to Mr. Gex, ex-professor of dancing to the noblesse and the rich, and teacher of that fine art to Lady Jane, who is neither of the noblesse nor rich, is on the Rue Bourbon. And it is there Madelon (Bon Praline) sells her sugared pecans and pralines close by, perhaps, the house where dwelt the "lady of the silver veil," whose often-told story has yet to be written. And after he has been shown the Christmas' and New Year's festivities, the reader is taken to Canal Street for the gorgeous carnival, the Mardi Gras, that carries you back to centuries that are dead and forgotten except in New Orleans. And here it is that Tite Souris and Tiburce Paichoux lose Lady Jane, and here she has battle with the little ruffian who would unmask her. She would have fared badly had it not been for the gallant rescue by Mr. Gex, who smoothed her ruffled plumage and carried her off to "one very fine little

dinner"; and it was at the carnival that Lady Jane almost attracted the attention of the boy Arthur Maynard, who had given to her the blue heron, her constant friend and companion till it was sold by the wicked Mme. Jozain.

These scenes and places and events are presented by the author in a manner to satisfy her younger readers with her brevity of description, but at the same time with so much clearness that the experienced unconsciously enlarge her pictures with their imaginations.

The writer of this notice does not purpose to spoil the interest of those who intend to read *Lady Jane* by narrating its plot. He will but permit himself to say that it has one, a good one, and unusually well wrought out. The manner and means by which the punishment of Mme. Jozain is brought about are terribly just and perfectly natural, though entirely unexpected. And it is in strokes like this, and in her strong delineation of character and places, that Mrs. Jamison shows capabilities of powerful work in the higher fiction.

The only character in the book who is open to legitimate criticism is Mr. Chetwynd, of whom this much may be said with justice: that, fortunately, he comes in only at the tail end of the story. He is essentially wooden, and nothing the author might have written about him could have made him interesting. Pepsie, whom all will love who come to know her, the writer feels sure, makes a big joke of her finding out things by her cards. She is too good a Catholic to be superstitious. And that is another charm of the story of *Lady Jane*. It is Catholic without our holy religion, which beautifies all persons, places, and things that it touches, being anywhere obtruded. There is one character in the story that all will be glad to find there—"Margaret of New Orleans," "Saint Margaret," "The Mother of the motherless," "The Lover of God's little ones," to mention a portion of the litany of sweet titles given the humble, unlettered woman who built up fortunes that she might lavish them on the homeless orphan.

The book is elegantly gotten up, and illustrated as only the Century Company illustrates. The incorrectness of the representation of what is a truly noble monument to "Margaret" is, however, open to serious objection. It is needless, after what has been written, to say that the story of *Lady Jane* is warmly recommended to parents and others in search of a book for their young people.

8.—THE BEING OF GOD.*

All believers in God and the Trinity will find much to approve and admire in these Lectures. Their doctrine is for the most part in accordance with Catholic faith and theology, and the teaching of the best and most orthodox divines of the Church of England. The author does not belong to any one of the principal divisions of Protestant writers on theological subjects, as these have existed in the past. He appears to follow a certain new direction in which Maurice and Mulford are leaders, and having in some respects the same trend with the progressive orthodoxy of Andover. The lectures show, consequently, certain peculiarities which distinguish them from the ordinary treatises of Anglican divines on the primary articles of the Creed; and they give hints of other differences in philosophy and fundamental theology which are not clearly expressed. There is a good share of originality in the author's presentation of his views and arguments, and a certain quality of style which adds liveliness and charm to the treatment of abstruse topics. That part of Lecture III. which treats of the ontological argument for the existence of God is, in our opinion, an admirable re-statement and vindication of the famous thesis *à priori* of St. Anselm. A criticism of those views and arguments of the author which are peculiar to his specific theory or individual view of the nature and method of revelation, and of other topics contained in the lectures, would require much time and space. Naturally, the chief interest and principal circulation of the lectures will be confined to the religious circle in which the author belongs. Leaving to his own *confrères* the task of appreciating and criticising more thoroughly his able and well-written work, we conclude with the expression of our belief that it will prove to be extremely useful to those who have any tendencies toward agnosticism or pantheism, and to earnest-minded, devout Unitarians who are dissatisfied with their cold, abstract Theism.

9.—CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY PAMPHLETS.†

Matters of doctrine which are in heated controversy can

* *The Being of God as Unity and Trinity.* By P. H. Steenstra, D.D., Professor in the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *Miracles.* By the Rev. John Gmeiner. St. Paul: The Catholic Truth Society of America.

scarcely be treated exhaustively in a pamphlet of a few pages, but they may be treated in an original manner and in a pleasing style, calculated to draw the attention of those outside the fold. And it is but simple justice to remark of the pamphlets we have seen of the Catholic Truth Society of America, that they exhibit much originality of expression, and that they are most pleasant and instructive reading. No one of them more so, perhaps not as much so, as that of Father Gmeiner on miracles. He shows very clearly what miracles are, what is their use, and what a Catholic is bound to believe in their regard, and what one is at liberty to consider as at least doubtful. A short essay on this exceedingly important topic, such as Father Gmeiner has given us, has long been needed, and we hope for its wide circulation, not alone among Protestants but Catholics as well. There is no one so fully instructed as not to be benefited by its perusal.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

By special arrangement with Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons a liberal discount will be allowed to orders coming through the Columbian Reading Union. Lists of books selected from the Scribners' catalogue will be sent to all our members. We urge upon them to take advantage of this offer promptly, and to bear in mind that the money for books must be sent with the order. By conducting business on a strictly cash basis, we can secure for our patrons very satisfactory arrangements in the purchase of books. To our well-wishers among intelligent readers we are prepared to give the advantages of long experience in the selection of books; we cannot, however, assume responsibility for the payment of their bills.

* * *

For some time the Columbian Reading Union has been gathering information from reliable sources concerning the writings of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand on the famous women of the French court. He is a Catholic author, and has won high honors for his excellent work in portraying the chief actors of a most memorable epoch of modern history. The events associated with the French Revolution are especially interesting to American readers, inasmuch as they led to the discussion of problems relating to the welfare of our own Republic. Each book of M. Imbert de Saint-Amand has for its nucleus some portion of the life of one of the eminent women prominent at the French court. Four volumes of the series have been translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. Her well-known ability will render them very acceptable to Catholic readers.

The following list of titles shows the general scope of the thirteen volumes by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand:

Three Volumes on Marie Antoinette: Marie Antoinette and the End of the Old Régime; Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries; Marie Antoinette and the Downfall of Royalty.——*Three Volumes on the Empress Josephine:* Citizeness Bonaparte; The Wife of the First Consul; The Court of the Empress Josephine.——

Four Volumes on the Empress Marie Louise: The Happy Days of Marie Louise; Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire; Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814; Marie Louise, the Return from Elba, and the Hundred Days.——*The Period of the Restoration:* The Youth of the Duchess of Angoulême (in press); The Duchess of Angoulême and the Two Restorations (in preparation); The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII. (in preparation).

* * *

From Cleveland, Ohio, we received the following report, written by one deeply interested in the work of Reading Circles:

"When we organized last fall we found that, though our numbers were few, we would need two circles, as some could not attend in the day-time and others could not spare the evening. Each circle has its own officers, but there is also a general board, and we have union meetings once in three months to report upon the work done in the two circles. The president of each circle is, by virtue of office, a vice-president of the general board. Our day-circle commenced with the story of *Fabiola*, because that was most easily procured. We spent about three months studying the topics that came up in connection with the early history of the church. Then, as topics nearer to our time possessed more vital interest for us, we voted to take up *Matilda of Canossa*. Our programme for this week is as follows: the first five chapters of the book are to be read by each member at home; then articles are to be brought in by the different members on the following topics (all of which are alluded to in the book): investitures; celibacy of the clergy; alchemy and astrology; the domestic life of the Middle Ages; the education of girls at that period; Henry II. of Germany; the Creed of St. Athanasius; St. Benedict, Avicenna, Alexander II., and Hugh Capet.

"Of course, we are new in the work and the articles are not long; still, every one seems much interested and cheerfully takes up the work appointed for her. The programme is prepared by a committee, but the president assigns the work. It was decided that we should respond to roll-call by quotations from some selected author, and though I was at first opposed to this plan, I must confess that it works well, as we read very carefully in order to find something appropriate. The quotations for our last meeting were from 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and we were astonished ourselves at the aptness of most of the lines that were given. We meet once every two weeks promptly at half-past four and adjourn at six. We have made many mistakes and stumble often, but we really think that the interest grows at each meeting; and with God's help we believe our work will be crowned with success. For years have I wished for something of this kind, and most earnestly do I pray God that the efforts of the Columbian Reading Union for us all may be blessed.

"J. C. J."

St. Monica's Reading Circle, of Cleveland, Ohio, has planned a very comprehensive outline of study, limited to the thirteenth century. It is an evidence of great industry on the part of the members, and indicates that they are seriously working for their own self-improvement. They have prepared an excellent summary of historical topics, which is here given for the benefit of all the Reading Circles, to assist their programme committees:

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Popes.

1198–1216—Innocent III.
1216–1227—Honorius III.
1227–1241—Gregory IX.
1241 —— Celestine IV.
1243–1254—Innocent IV.
1254–1261—Alexander IV.
1261–1264—Urban IV.
1265–1268—Clement IV.
1271–1276—Gregory X.
1276 —— Innocent V.
1276 —— Adrian V.
1276–1277—John XX. or XXI.
1277–1280—Nicholas III.
1281–1285—Martin IV.
1285–1287—Honorius IV.
1288–1292—Nicholas IV.
1294 —— St. Peter Celestine V.
1294–1303—Boniface VIII.

Sovereigns.

England:
1199–1216—John.
1216–1272—Henry III.
1272–1307—Edward I.

France:
1180–1223—Philip Augustus.
1223–1226—Louis VIII., the Lion.
1226–1270—Louis IX., St. Louis.
1270–1285—Philip III., the Bold.
1285–1314—Philip IV., the Fair.

Germany:
1198–1208—Philip of Suabia and Otho IV.
1208–1215—Otho IV., Alone.
1215–1250—Frederick II.
1250–1254—Conrad IV.
1254–1273—Interregnum.
1273–1291—Rudolph of Hapsburg.
1292–1298—Adolph of Nassau.
1298–1308—Albert I.

Saints.

1170–1221—St. Dominic.
1189–1258—St. Peter Nolasco.
1182–1226—St. Francis of Assisi.
1195–1231—St. Anthony of Padua.
1207–1231—St. Elizabeth of Hungary.
1193–1253—St. Clara, founder of the "Poor Clares."
1221–1274—St. Bonaventura, the "Seraphic Doctor."
1227–1274—St. Thomas Aquinas, the "Angelic Doctor."
1221–1292—St. Gertrude, author of "Divine Insinuations."
—— 1287—St. Mechtilde, author of the "Book of Spiritual Graces."

Noted Men.

1184–1296—Saadi, Persian poet.
1214–1294—Roger Bacon, "Doctor Mirabilis."
1240–1302—Cimabue, painter.
1213–1294—Andreas Taffi, introduced mosaic painting in Italy.
—— 1221 (?) Guido of Siena, painter.

1180–1236—Giunta Pisano, painter.
1276–1336—Giotto, painter, sculptor, and architect.
—— 1248—Master Gerhard, architect of Cologne Cathedral.
—— 1318—Erwin de Steinbach, architect of Strasburg Cathedral.
1265–1321—Dante.
—— —— Bernard de Morlaix, sacred poet.
—— —— Thomas of Celano, author of the "Dies Iræ."
1308—Jacopone, or Jacobus di Benedictus, author of the "Stabat Mater."
—— —— Adam of St. Victor, sacred poet.
—— 1245—Alexander of Hales, the "Irrefragable Doctor."
1205–1280—Albertus Magnus, the "Universal Doctor."
1266–1308—Duns Scotus, the "Subtile Doctor."
—— 1254—Matthew Paris, English historian.
—— 1291—Michael Scott, philosopher; supposed magician.
1236–1315—Raymond Lully, Spanish scientist and missionary to the Saracens.
1201–1274—Nassir-Eddin, Persian astronomer.
1254–1324—Marco Polo, Venetian traveller.
1201–1274—Robert de Sorbonne, founder of Sorbonne College at Paris.
1150–1228—Stephen Langton, Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury.
1206–1265—Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester.
1220–1285—Charles of Anjou.
1231–1266—Manfred, King of Sicily.
1216–1294—Kublai-Khan, grandson of Genghis-Khan.
1210–1295—Robert Bruce I.; Robert Bruce II., d. 1304.
1259–1314—John Baliol.
1276–1305—Sir William Wallace.
1240–1287—Adam de la Halle, composer.

MEMORABLE EVENTS.

1202—Fifth (sometimes called the Fourth) Crusade—French and Venetians under Baldwin, Count of Flanders.
1217—Crusade of Andrew of Hungary.
1215-16—Magna Charta.
1212—Children's Crusade.
1268—Pragmatic Sanction.
1222—The Golden Bull, the basis of Hungarian Liberty.
1228—Sixth Crusade, under Frederick II. of Germany.
1239—The Kingdom of Granada founded.
1248—Seventh Crusade, under St. Louis, King of France.
1250—The Mamelukes masters of Egypt.
1250—The invention of gunpowder.
1261—The end of the Latin Empire of the East,
1270—Eighth Crusade; Death of St. Louis.
1282—The Conquest of Wales.
Swiss Confederation.
1215–29—French Inquisitions.
Minstrels, Minnesingers, and Troubadours.
The Romances of "King Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Guy of Warwick," "Tristan and Iseulte," "Merlin," etc.
The "Golden Legend" of Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa.

1210—Nibelungenlied, the German Iliad.
Mysteries and Miracle Plays.
The Feast of Fools and Asses.
1231—Translation of the Almagest.
1252—The Alphonsine Tables.
Foundation of Universities—Paris (1206), Toulouse (1228), Bologna (1200), Padua (1222), Salamanca (1240), Lisbon (1290), Cambridge (1257), Oxford (1249).
1243—Hanseatic League.
1265—First regular Parliament in England.
Persecutions of the Jews.
1282—Sicilian Vespers, Massacre of the French in Sicily.
Flagellants in Italy.
Beguines and Beghards.
1223—Indulgence of the Portiuncula (August 2).
1291—House of Loretto.
1246—The Festival of Corpus Christi instituted by Robert, Bishop of Liège.
The introduction of the Rosary by the Dominican Friars.
1228, 1292—Mission in China by John of Monte-Corvino.

* * *

After reading the above list of historical topics some of our learned Catholic brethren, who have had leisure to read all that has been written on the thirteenth century, could do a most useful service to our movement by jotting down some of the best books in English on that much-maligned period of history. For obvious reasons the list of books to be recommended should not be in a foreign language, but be chosen to meet the wants of the general reader. Will any one arrange and send to the Columbian Reading Union such a list for the thirteenth century, or for other epochs of history?

* * *

In the supplementary notes furnished to members of the National Home Reading Union of Great Britain we find these statements from a non-Catholic source on the same period: "By one high authority the thirteenth century is regarded as the greatest age which the world has ever seen. Strange as this view may seem to many, there are not wanting many evidences in its favor. The Papacy, that great institution whose influence over men has been second only to that of the Roman Empire—if indeed it be second—was in the thirteenth century at the very summit of its power. Wielded by the man who was at once the most far-sighted statesman, the most skilful diplomatist, and the most unyielding combatant of his time, the authority of Rome was bounded by little but the conscience and foresight of Pope Innocent III. Not only was the Papacy in so advanta-

geous a position; the church as a spiritual agency was reformed and revivified by two of the most single-hearted and devoted of all the world's heroes. The Friar Preachers and the Friar Minorites were glorious, and the debt of society to them is nearly as great as that of religion. Of their two founders, perhaps St. Dominic is the stronger man and St. Francis of Assisi the more fascinating character."

"But great as was the work of the church in the province of morals, it was still greater in that of thought; for to this age are due the gigantic labors of the great schoolmen. St. Thomas of Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Bonaventura, were probably among the greatest intellects who ever devoted themselves to the study of truth—far superior in clearness of head and power of cogent reasoning to many of the modern writers who sneer at their works without having read them. By them Catholic theology was moulded in the forms of the Aristotelian philosophy, and given an argumentative basis which is not even yet regarded as obsolete (witness the new edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas carried out at the bidding and under the auspices of the present Pope). Not only does the Catholic Church owe so much to these men; the universities of Europe, and especially Paris, were perhaps never before or since in so flourishing a condition. Founded they were not by the doctors of the schools, illustrated by them they most assuredly were, their influence multiplied a thousandfold, and their hold on society and all who aimed at being educated vastly strengthened; in that age, too, the universities were the haunts of *bonâ-fide* students, and not the happy hunting grounds of the indolent."

* * *

Reading Circles will do profitable work for their members by gathering choice quotations from Catholic writers of the thirteenth century. They will bear comparison with the best productions of modern authors. On many important subjects they have brought to bear all the knowledge that could be gathered from the ancient world. As they never saw the wonders of nature revealed by the microscope and the telescope, they could not give final decisions on many problems of science.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

WITH the hearty greeting that the Publisher sends to the thousands of his readers—and he feels towards them all as a brother, and feels it most at Christmas-tide—he wishes to suggest that there could be few more appropriate presents for a friend than a year's subscription to the magazine. He won't speak of the cost as an element in favor of such a choice, for the price never yet made a *present* valuable. The value of a present to a friend is in the proportion it bears of yourself; it reflects your own taste and judgment, and at the same time is, in a refined way, your measure of his taste and appreciation. The ideal present has then, apart from anything so sordid as price, a double value, and it is in no unworthy spirit of boastfulness that the Publisher suggests THE CATHOLIC WORLD as possessing those qualities which render a present valuable. You could not easily find a more becoming medium to express yourself, and you would pay a delicate compliment to your friend's intelligence and good taste. You do not require proof of this, for each number of the magazine witnesses its truth.

And for your friend you could not open the pages of the magazine to him at a more opportune time than with the coming issue. We have already announced for the year 1892 a series of articles of interest touching the fourth centenary of the discovery of America, and it gives us much pleasure to announce that the January issue will contain a generous instalment of these articles from Aubrey de Vere, Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson, and Father Louis Dutto, who will furnish for the first time, we believe, an accurate key to the chronology of Columbus.

But there is still another reason that urges THE CATHOLIC WORLD on your consideration as an appropriate present. It will give you an opportunity of doing some missionary work for the Apostolate of the Press; it gives you an opportunity, and with those who have the courage of conviction this means much. You know as well as the Publisher—for he has never allowed

an opportunity to pass in which he has not insisted strongly on this feature of the magazine—you know that the cause of Truth through the printed word is the cause that made THE CATHOLIC WORLD; you know that you are doing more than deriving mere personal benefit from the magazine; you are one of the many—and they should be many more—who are serving this cause, are partakers of its spirit, reflectors of its zeal and sharers in its rewards, its consolations, and it may even be that your support of it makes you a sharer in its trials and brings some self-denial. It is your work, you are very materially identified with it, for without your support it could not in the ordinary course of things exist.

But it exists and has existed for twenty-eight years. It has served the cause of Truth throughout this period without a bit of financial backing, and for twenty-three years did not even solicit the patronage of advertisers as a help to its support. From a commercial point of view, especially when one considers the great expense involved in publication, it was an impossibility. So it would be, were it a commercial enterprise. But it was founded in another spirit and for other ends, and under God it has achieved and will achieve the purposes of its founder. It rests with our readers—and the Publisher has said this times without number—it rests with our readers to propagate that spirit, and to widen the knowledge of its purpose to serve the Truth through Printer's Ink.

And the Publisher would refer to your serious attention the article in this issue which tells of the proposed Convention in behalf of the Apostolate of the Press. He would ask a careful reading of the article, especially as it points the way to so many avenues of endeavor and opportunity in that work which must enlist our loyalty and every sentiment of charity and zeal in behalf of those who still look for the light. More than this, the Publisher trusts that a very large percentage of his readers will see their way to a participation in the work of the Convention, even though it demand some sacrifice—the Truth is worth that and more.

The Publisher begs in conclusion to remind his readers that *The Life of Father Hecker*, which was published in serial form in the pages of the magazine, is now issued in bound form by the Columbus Press for $1.50 net, postage free.

Some of our readers have not learned the welcome news that a short time before his death William Gifford Palgrave was reconciled to the church. He was a brilliant scholar, a profound Orientalist, and, as his unfinished *Vision of Life* bears testimony, a poet of high rank. He resigned his commission in the British army to become a Jesuit. He studied at Rome, labored as a missionary in India, Syria, and Palestine, preaching and writing in Arabic, and had a perfect knowledge of the Mohammedan East. Because of the Druse persecution his mission was abandoned, and he then began his great travels through hitherto unexplored parts of Arabia. He apostatized and entered the British diplomatic service, and as consul was the representative of his government at various places in both hemispheres. His varied and adventurous life came to a close in Uruguay, where, as has been said above, by the great mercy of God he received the grace that led him to a reconciliation with the church. His experience of life was such that, viewed especially in the light of the event that preceded its close, it must ever be a cause for regret that his *Vision* was left unfinished at his death. In the opinion of a recent writer in *The Academy*, "English literature has seldom suffered a loss so painful and pathetic as by the incompletion of this wonderful book. Palgrave summing up in one great poem the experiences of a unique and various life, and dying before he could accomplish it, commands our truest compassion."

Miss Eliza Allen Starr has issued from St. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron Street, Chicago, two new books: *Christmas-tide*, dedicated to the memory of the late James McMasters; and an illustrated juvenile on birds and flowers entitled *What We See*.

Mr. John Hodges, of London, will soon publish an English translation of Dr. Pastor's *History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages*. It is to be prefaced by a short introduction from the pen of Cardinal Manning.

A Dictionary of Irish Poets is in preparation by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. It will include biographical as well as bibliographical particulars and the first of its three parts will be issued about December 15.

Mr. W. S. Lilly is preparing for early publication a work on *Shibboleths*. It will deal with the catchwords of the day, representing the most conspicuous phases of current opinion on sub-

jects of social and political interest. Its seven chapters will treat of Progress, Liberty, Public Opinion, The People, Education, Supply and Demand, and Woman's Rights.

Something of an eccentricity in periodical literature will be the projected magazine entitled *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*. It will be entirely written in shorthand, and if designed with a view to give one facility in reading his "notes" can have of itself but little value with the already abundant examples furnished for such exercise in the standard text-books. But "of books there is no end."

A beautiful Christmas book for children is published by Macmillan & Co., and is called *Tennyson for the Young*. It has an introduction and is annotated by Canon Ainger. It is surprising to find how much of Tennyson's finest and most thoughtful verse is suitable to those whose acquaintance with literature is as yet of the slightest. The selection includes lyrics, Arthurian poems, cantos from *In Memoriam*, narrative poems, and ballads.

A novel feature that obtains in three of the public libraries of London is the issue of music for home use. The music embraces the principal operas, oratorios, and cantatas, as well as collections of songs and classical piano-forte playing.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce an "American History Series" in epochs. Prof. G. P. Fisher, of Yale, is to treat of discovery and colonization; Prof. W. M. Sloane, of Princeton, of the French Wars and the Revolution; President F. A. Walker, Boston Institute of Technology, of the Constitution and national consolidation; and Prof. J. W. Burgess, of Columbia, of the period from the peace of 1815 to the end of Reconstruction.

Art and Criticism, a collection of studies and monographs by Theodore Child, is the title of a fine volume just published by Harper & Brothers. It is enriched with numerous illustrations, many of these being reproductions of famous paintings by European artists. The same firm has published a new and elaborately illustrated edition of *Ben-Hur*. They also announce *Studies in Chaucer* by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, a work which discusses almost every problem of the poet's life and writings; and *English Words* by Prof. Charles J. Johnson, Trinity College, Hartford. This book embraces an elementary study of derivations and includes a discussion of the literary value of words, so that, besides the value it will have as a text-book, it will be of interest to all who seek to acquire correctness of diction.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published:

Life of St. Francis di Geronimo, S.J. By A. M. Clarke. (New volume Quarterly Series.)

The Chasuble. By Father Lockhart, B.A. Oxon.

The Gospel History. Abridged from the New Testament Narrative. By Provost Wenham. Illustrated.

A Visit to the Catacombs. By Provost Northcote, D.D. New and cheaper edition.

The Maid of Orleans. Her Life and Mission, from original documents. By F. M. Wyndham, M.A. With Preface by Cardinal Manning.

The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne. With selections from his letters. By Augusta Theodosia Drane.

The same firm announces:

Text-books on Mental Philosophy and Logic. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. (To be ready on January 1.)

The Wisdom and Wit of Blessed Thomas More. Edited, with introduction, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

Peter; or, The Power of a Good Education. By Dom Bosco. Translated by Lady Martin.

Benziger Brothers' new publications are:

The Good Christian. Vols. vii.–viii. of Hunolt's Sermons. Two volumes. Eight volumes have now been published of Father Hunolt's Sermons; vols. ix.–x., *The Christian's Last End*, are in press, and vols. xi.–xii., *The Christian's Model*, which completes the work, are being translated.

Catholic Home Almanac, 1892.

They have in preparation:

On Christian Art. By Edith Healy. With an Introduction by Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE GOOD CHRISTIAN; or, Sermons on the Chief Christian Virtues. By the Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ILIOS ET ILIADE. Par Gaston Sortair, S.J. Paris: Émile Bouillon.

MEXICO. Washington: Bureau of the American Republics.

JESUS, THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH. By a Layman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Springfield: Farm and Fireside Library.

ACROSS RUSSIA. By Charles Augustus Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

INFORMATION READER, No. 2. By H. Warren Clifford, S.D. Boston: School Supply Co.

ON A TASTE FOR GOOD READING. By Frederick William Faber, D.D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL, AND OF THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES. By the Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS DI GERONIMO, OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. By A. M. Clarke. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

WHAT IS REALITY? By Francis Howe Johnson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ST. BENEDICT'S CATECHISM. Approved by L. M., O.S.B., Bishop of Leavenworth. Leavenworth: Ketcheson & Reeves.

BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS FOR CHRISTIAN MOTHERS. New York, Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

THE STORY OF THE CHILDHOOD AND PASSION OF THE LORD JESUS THE SAVIOUR. Printed with an Alfabet of 45 Letters. By John M. Klüh. Chicago: J. M. Klüh.

HELP FOR THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY. By Joseph Ackermann. Edited by F. B. Luebbermann. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

NATURE AND MAN IN AMERICA. By N. S. Shaler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE CENTENARY OF ST. MARY'S SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE, BALTIMORE, Md. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CARROLL INSTITUTE. Washington: Church News Publishing Co.

THE CONSERVATIVE POWER OF CATHOLICITY. By Condé B. Pallen. St. Paul: Catholic Truth Society.

TRAP-SIPHONAGE AND TRAP-SEAL PROTECTION. By Prof. J. B. Denton. Concord: Republican Press.

ADDRESS OF RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D., BISHOP OF PEORIA. Delivered at the Dedication of St. Bede's College, Peru, Ill., Oct. 12, 1891. St. Vincent's Abbey Print.

THE

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COLUMBUS, AND THE SEA-PORTENT.

[This record, however the legendary may have colored it in part, is admitted to be historical; and it has a great significance as illustrating a side of Columbus's character often ignored. That character can be but half understood while he is contemplated only in his connection with our modern era of discovery. He belonged no less to the days of Chivalry and Religion. Zealous as he was to enrich the world with new knowledge, his heart turned with a yet deeper affection to the East than to the West; and to the hope of a new Crusade. Copernicus and Columbus stood at the gates of two worlds, those of ancient Faith and of modern Science.]

FIERCELIER eight days the tempest roared and raved:
Feebler each day that God-protected bark
Shuddering in every plank, and panting, clomb
The mountain waves, or sank to vales betwixt them:
Meantime the great Sea-Wanderer lay nigh death
In agonies unnamed: old wounds once more
Bled fast at every joint. At times his head
He raised to learn if stood the masts, or fell;
Then on his pallet sank with hands hard clasped,
Silent. Full oft the mariners o'erspent
Approached him, clamoring "Master, give it o'er!
Drift we before the storm to loved Castile!"
Such suppliants still Columbus answered thus
In words unchanged: "Good news were that for powers
Accursed, who clutch dominion long usurped,
Lording God's Western world! They hate the Cross,
And know that when it lands their realm dissolves.
Theirs is this tempest; and therein they ride!"

The eighth eve had come. While hard the sunset strove
To pierce the on-racing clouds, a cry rang out
Re-echoed from those caravels three hard by,—
The cry of men death-doomed. Columbus rose:
Saint Francis' habit and Saint Francis' cord

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Girt him, for on the seas—at times on land—
His great heart joyed to wear that Patriarch's garb
Within whose sacred convent-homes full oft
When sick with wrongs or earthly hope deferred,
Hope heavenly rose renewed. The Kings had mocked,
The Monks sustained him. Hail, Rabida, hail!
Thy cloisters he had paced; thy pathways hard
Yet sweet with lavender and thyme; had gazed
On the azure waves from Palos' promontory;
Listened its meek Superior's words: "Fear naught!
Beyond that beaming ocean lies *thy* world!
Thou seek'st that world for God's sake, not for man's;
Therefore God grants it thee." Next morn he sailed:
That holy monk his great Viaticum
Gave him while yet 'twas dark.
He heard that cry:—
Like warrior-Pontiff or like Prophet old
Treading the leanest of gray Carmel's crags
Such seemed he, steadying with drawn sword his steps.
The sailors round him crouched. Whence came their terror?
That Spectre Demon of "The gloomy sea"
Till then by Europe's mariners never kenned
Was circling t'ward them. Evermore in gyres
Nearer it reeled, departing to return.
They who in later years beheld that shape
Gave it this name, "The Typhon of the waves,"
The sole that yet it bears on eastern seas.
Tower-like its columned stem ascends up-drawing
To heaven huge ocean wastes, a tree of death
Whose crest, far-spread, blackens the waves like night:
The spell dissolves; it breaks; it falls. The ship
Beneath, whole navies, were they linked in one,
Thenceforth is seen no more.
Columbus stood:
Alone of those who gazed he felt no fear:
Like Lucifer, ere fallen, that Portent flashed;
Like Lucifer, a rebel judged, it gloomed:
Calmly the Man of God gazed on. He knew
That Spirits of bale and Nature's Powers alike
Bow to God's Will. The man but late had read
The Gospel of St. John. He raised the tome:
His sword pressed down the page. He read, not loud—
And yet with voice that pierced that raging storm:

"In the beginning was the Word; with God
For evermore He dwelt: He made the worlds.
And lo! the Word of God assumed Man's Flesh."
He ceased; then spake once more: "Whate'er thou art,
Or Spirit, or Body, or both, hear and obey!
My Christ is God: He wears Man's Flesh in heaven.
We sail to plant Christ's Cross on Pagan shores.
By this, His Sign, I bid hence to depart!"
Then with his sword the Christian Sign he signed
High in the air; and on the deck beneath
Slowly a circle traced. Again he spake:
"As stand the Hills around Jerusalem
So round His People stands the Lord their God;
The kingdom of the Impure is cut in twain!"
And straight the advancing Portent, thus adjured,
Swerved from his course, and curving t'ward the North,
Vanished in cloud.

Once more a cry was heard—
Cry of those Spirits dethroned—a keener note
Than wail of human woe. In distance lost
It died. Then slowly from the North on rolled
The gathered bulk of ocean in one wave,
An onward-moving mountain smooth as huge,
And lifted by that wave, lifted not whelmed,
Those worn-out mariners saw again that sun
But lately set. Sobbing the tempest ceased:
Prone lay the ocean like that sea of glass
Mingled with fire that spreads before God's throne:
And the glory of the Lord was on that wave.
Painless that night the Apostolic Man
Slumbered; upon his breast the scroll of him
Whose head had rested on the Master's breast.
In sleep fair visions soothed him; western Isles
Innumerable, thick-set with temples vast
That hurled their worship to the God Triune;
And, eastward far, his boyhood's hopes fulfilled,
Christ's Sepulchre redeemed from Moslem thrall;
Pale Christians from their dungeons issuing free;
And Christian standards crowning Salem's towers.

AUBREY DE VERE.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES ON COLUMBUS.

I.—BIRTHPLACE.

THREE writers of the present century acquired a world-wide reputation as biographers of Christopher Columbus: Washington Irving, Roselly de Lorgues, and H. Harrisse. Irving dismissed the subject of his birthplace by saying that "of the early days of Christopher Columbus nothing certain is known. The time of his birth, his birthplace, his parentage, are all involved in obscurity, and such has been the perplexing ingenuity of commentators that it is difficult to extricate the truth from the web of conjectures with which it is interwoven." Roselly de Lorgues, on the contrary, is positive that "Columbus was born in Genoa." Henry Harrisse, who published his work in two large octavo volumes as late as 1884, inclines to the opinion that the discoverer of America first saw the light of day at Quinto, a village a few miles east of Genoa, or at Terrarossa, near by it. Besides those mentioned above, each of the following towns and cities of Italy have claimed to be the birthplace of the immortal mariner: Savona, Cuccaro, Cogoleto, Nervi, Albisola, Bogliasco, Cosseria, Finale, Oneglia, Chiavari, Milano, and Modena. Charles Molloy, in his work *De jure Maritimo*, published in London in 1682, maintains that Columbus was born in England, while a French writer commanded the attention of his government when in 1883 he advanced the opinion that Calvi (in the Island of Corsica) alone had a right to be called the birthplace of Christopher Columbus.

In the midst of so much uncertainty it will no doubt appear presumptuous on my part to pretend to unravel the tangled historical web and ascertain the truth. But I set small claim to original research, and only intend in the main to place before the American reader in a succinct form the fruits of other minds' labors. It must not be forgotten that it was only of very late years that some of the most important documents which, it seems now clear, are destined to for ever set at rest the question of Columbus's birthplace, were discovered.

What good shall I accomplish if I succeed in pointing out the exact spot on which the discoverer was born? I might answer that the subject has interest enough in itself, and historical importance, to have prompted the New York lawyer and distinguished critic H. Harrisse to give it years of study and to

write on it 186 octavo pages. But the following bit of history will show the question to be not entirely without its practical side. In October, 1847, a United States fleet of five ships, under command of Commodore Reed, was anchored in the port of Genoa. On the eleventh of that month Captain R. Engle left the port on board the steamer *Princeton* and sailed to Cogoleto, some twenty miles west, and, having fired as many guns as the solemnity of the occasion required, went on shore with his officers "to salute the birthplace of him who had given him a country." Having then humbly petitioned for it, he obtained from the town council a relic: *the door* of the old house in which, it was claimed, Columbus was born.*

The villagers of Cogoleto could not allow the memory of so great an event to perish, and A.D. 1888 caused an inscription, graven in marble, to be placed in the venerable structure. It reads as follows:

ON THE 11TH OF OCTOBER, A.D. 1847,
LAID ANCHORS IN THESE WATERS
THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMER PRINCETON,
COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN R. ENGLE,
WHO CAME WITH HIS COMPANIONS
TO SALUTE THE COUNTRY
OF THE GREAT MARINER.

Scores of American tourists are every year enticed into visiting Cogoleto and carrying away with them little mementoes of the birthplace of Columbus. It is nevertheless certain that he was not a native of that village. All historical critics are now agreed that he was a Genoese in the sense that he was born somewhere in the territory of the ancient Republic of Genova. In the light of documents lately found there remains no doubt that the discoverer of America first saw the light in the city of Genoa itself.

It is strange that the repeated assurance of Columbus should not have always been thought sufficient proof of this fact. In an important legal document drawn by a notary, and by which he instituted a *majorat*, or entailed estate, he orders his son Diego and his heirs to provide in perpetuity for one man of their lineage, married, and living in the city of Genoa, "because," he says, "I hail from there and there I was born."

Antonio Gallo, the chancellor of the famous bank of St. George (which is known to have had transactions with Columbus

*I wonder if that door is not even now carefully kept in a glass case in some American museum?

and with his son Diego), writing about A.D. 1499, expressly says that he and his brother Bartholomew were "Ligurians, born in Genova of plebeian parents: *Natione Ligures ac Genuæ plebeis orti parentibus.*" Senarega, the official historian of the Genoese Republic and a contemporary of Columbus, says the same thing. Alessandro Geraldini, a personal friend of Columbus, says that he was *Italus, et Genuæ Liguriæ urbe fuit—i.e.*, that he was Italian, born in Genoa, a city of Liguria. In the light of this evidence there should never have arisen any doubt about the place of his nativity. But Columbus laid claims to a noble ancestry by retaining in his coat-of-arms, which was granted him immediately after his first voyage, certain armorial devices which, he insisted, belonged to his forefathers. It would have been a crime at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella for Columbus, who had just been raised to the high dignity of First Admiral of Spain and Viceroy of India, to have been born of untitled parents. Hence the necessity of keeping silence in regard to his origin. I do not wish to discuss here the question if Columbus was or not of noble lineage.

Ferdinand, his youngest son, wrote the first biography of his father. He having become a grandee of Spain, under Charles V., and a travelling companion of the great monarch, could not afford to have it known in the courts of Europe that his father's father had been a simple weaver of cloth. Hence he made in his book a bold attempt to manufacture history so far, at least, as the origin of his parents was concerned, and succeeded in puzzling the future historians of three centuries by representing that, after careful researches, he had not succeeded in establishing his father's birthplace or the line of his ancestors. According to his book it would, however, appear probable that his father was of noble blood and a descendant of the illustrious family of Columbus in the city of Piacenza, and perhaps of the famous Roman patrician Colonus!

That Ferdinand wrote in bad faith, perhaps aided and abetted by Christopher's two brothers Bartholomew and James, there can be no doubt. For in January, 1515, when his uncle James was yet living, and before he could have learned that his elder uncle Bartholomew had died a few weeks before in San Domingo, Ferdinand, then at least twenty-six years of age and a literary man of some repute, was in Genoa busily engaged in collecting books for what became the finest private library in Spain. Can it be believed that there (or from his uncles Bartholomew and James) he could not, had he tried, have learned who his grand-

father was, what profession he exercised, and where his father Christopher was born? The discoverer of America had scarcely breathed his last when, outside of Spain, he was so far forgotten as to make it possible for an obscure German geographer to rob him of the honor of bequeathing his name to the Western Continent. Spanish historians could do no better than to draw their information about the birthplace of Columbus and his early life from the members of his own family, who deceived them.

Hence of the earliest historians of Spain who wrote about Columbus all agreed that he was Genoese, in the sense that he was born in what would now be called the Province of Genoa, but Oviedo, who was official chronicler of Charles V. and salaried historian of the Indies, and who was personally acquainted with Columbus, says: "The place of origin of his ancestors is the city of Piacenza, in Lombardy." But he adds elsewhere: "As I heard from men of his nationality, he was born in the province of Liguria, in Italy, where is found the city and Señoria of Genova: some say in Savona, and others at Nervi, a little city or village on the sea-coast two leagues east of the same city of Genova; and it is believed to be more likely that he was born at a place called Cugureo," now called Cogoleto. Lorenzo Galindez de Carbajal, who knew Columbus and lived at the court of Spain at the time of the discovery of America, says that he was born in Savona. Las Casas, a friend of Columbus, seems to think that he was from a little town called Terrarossa, from the fact that before his discoveries he used to sign his name as "*Columbus de terra rubea.*" Pedro Martyr d'Anghierra and Bernaldez, both friends of Columbus, speak of him, the former as "Christophorus quidam Colonus vir Ligur"—that is, Christopher Columbus a Genoese—and the latter as "un hombre de tierra de Genova"—a man from Genoese territory. It must be remembered that all of these authors wrote within forty years from the discovery of America. It is evident, then, that in Spain they knew nothing of the origin, parentage, and birthplace of Columbus. Later biographers either copied the older ones or formed theories of their own, which only made it more difficult to extricate the truth from the web of conjecture with which it is interwoven.

During the interminable law-suits undertaken in 1578 (when the direct line of male descendants of Columbus was extinguished) to decide to whom the titles, revenues, etc., should go, it was ascertained beyond cavil that the name of Christopher

Columbus's father was Dominic. This, and our knowledge that he had two brothers named Bartholomew and James, afford us clues which, in connection with documents now in our possession, will enable us to ascertain the place of his nativity, his grandfather's name, and that he had another brother named Giovanni Pellegrino (who died young) and a sister called Bianchineta. It is here well to note that as early as 1666 one Gianbattista Pavesi had attempted to prove, from documents then extant in Genoa and Savona, that Columbus was born in the former city, but had been an inhabitant of the latter. His work was never published, and is lost, except a few sheets lately found by a Genoese priest in the Galliera library. Pavesi's researches into these documents had been prompted by a publication in which Campi, of Piacenza, claimed that Columbus was born near that city.

At the beginning of this century Tommaso Belloro, Gianbattista Belloro, and Father Spotorno made new researches in the civic archives of Genoa and Savona, and unearthed documents abundantly sufficient to prove that the discoverer of America had lived at different times in both cities. But it was only four or five years ago that the indefatigable and learned paleographer and antiquarian, the Marquis Marcello Staglieno, of Genoa, was able to show the world, with documents of unimpeachable authenticity by him discovered, the missing link in the chain of evidence demonstrating that Columbus was a native of Genoa. Indeed he succeeded not only in pointing out the exact spot on which the great mariner was born and reared, but in reconstructing the plan of the city as it was in the fifteenth century, with its squares, churches, and public buildings, and the streets and their names. It is necessary to give some quotations from these documents lest the strength of the argument should seem exaggerated.

In Italy, during the fifteenth century, and to a great extent to-day, almost every business transaction, to be legal, had to pass through the hands of a notary. The transfer of real estate, trust deeds, promissory notes, quittances and receipts, sureties, the hiring of a servant or apprentice, the renting of a house, etc., were thus recorded by these public officers, who kept and regularly deposited in the public archives files (*filze*) of copies of all such transactions. To give an idea of the gigantic accumulation of such documents it will be enough to say that those of the city of Genoa alone, which have escaped the ravages of time, now fill seventeen large rooms or halls. There are of these

15,000 files, the work of some 600 notaries. Some of them are 700 years old. The subject of the birthplace of Columbus must have, we will all agree, historical interest and importance if venerable antiquarians, historians, paleographers (among them our American H. Harrisse, from whom I borrowed these details) spent days, months, and years among these dusty papers, written in characters illegible to the uninitiated, with the primary object in view of revealing to the world of to-day the particulars of Columbus's life during his infancy and boyhood. Let us now see what these documents tell us of his birthplace.

On the 26th of January, 1501, the following document, drawn by Thomas de Moneglia, notary, was presented in court at Savona for the purpose of enabling one Titius, through what we would now call a vender's lien given to his father by Dominic Columbus, to secure possession of a certain piece of real estate sold by said Titius's deceased father to Dominic Columbus, whose three sons were named Christopher, Bartholomew, and James. I translate from the Latin: "To-day in the afternoon Titius, who is juridically known by that name, in the presence of his honor the Vicar and Magistrate of Savona, holding court according to law in the court-house of the corporation of Savona, at his own customary judge's seat, says and propounds that he had caused to be cited to-day and at this hour Moneto Rodazio and Emanuele Rubato, here present, inasmuch as they are neighbors, and are acquainted with the place of dwelling of Christopher, Bartholomew, and James Columbus, sons and heirs of Dominic Columbus, deceased, in order to gather and have information about them according to the statutes concerning those who fail to appear in court when legally summoned. Said Moneto and Emanuele, as above commanded and summoned in their capacity of neighbors, having been sworn and interrogated about them, together and separately, affirmed and affirm under oath, and as solemnly as possible, that Christopher, Bartholomew, and James Columbus, sons and heirs of said Dominic Columbus, their deceased father, have long ago left the city of Savona, and the territory over which it has jurisdiction, and gone beyond Pisa and Nice of Provence, and are now living on Spanish territory, as it is notorious, etc., etc." It is not necessary to translate further. This legal document speaks assuredly of the father of the discoverer of America and of his three sons, the truth of which becomes more apparent if we examine another paper pertaining to the same lawsuit, wherein James Columbus is described as Jacobum dictum Diegum—*i.e.*, James called Diego—

for we know that in Spain he went by that name. The same paper tells us also that 250 lire (local money) were due by Dominic Columbus on account of two plots of land bought by him of complainant's father, and which complainant sought to recover.

Let us now look for the deed of sale of the land, and it may tell us at what precise date Columbus's father was living in Savona. The document given above is dated the 26th of January, 1501. We look through all the files of the Savona archives from year to year backward, and we find not a line speaking of the family of Columbus in the papers belonging to the years 1500, 1499, 1498, 1497, 1496, 1495, 1494, 1493, and 1492. But when we reach 1491 we meet with a receipt for fifty lire given by Dominic Columbus, a citizen of Genoa, weaver of cloth and the son of John, deceased, to one Nicolo Rusca, with the consent of his son James. From which document we learn—first, that Christopher Columbus's father was a weaver by trade; second, that Christopher's grandfather was named John; third, that his brother James had not yet left Italy in 1491; fourth, that Christopher himself and his brother Bartholomew were no longer at home, because otherwise they too would have been required to give their consent; fifth, that the father Dominic was, when he gave the receipt, a citizen of Genoa.

Nothing more is found about the four Columbuses until, going backward, we reach the year 1484. Among the documents of this year there is one, dated September 10, which begins thus: "James Columbus, the son of Dominic, a citizen of Genoa, of his own accord gives and hires himself out as a servant and as a pupil to learn the art of weaving cloth, etc." Thus, while the first document tells us that the family had at some period lived in Savona, the second and the fifth show that it was not living there in 1491 or in 1484. Otherwise Dominic would not have been denominated simply a citizen of Genoa. But on the 17th of August, 1481, the family had its domicile in that city, for in a document of that date it is said that Dominic Columbus, *a citizen of Genoa and an inhabitant of Savona*, rents out a country house to Giovanni, etc. Christopher Columbus's father had then emigrated from Genoa to Savona. Continuing our researches we meet with an important document which will make us acquainted with the mother of the discoverer of America, and tell us about their old home in Genoa. It is dated "In the year from our Saviour's birth one thousand four hundred and seventy-seven, on Thursday, the tenth *inditio*, and the twenty-third day of Jan-

uary." It begins "Suzana, daughter of a certain James Fontanarossa, and the wife of Dominic Columbus, a weaver of woollen cloth, knowing and considering that said Dominic Columbus, her husband, intends to sell or alienate to Anthony Garesio a house, with a garden in the rear, located in the quarter of St. Stephen, in the noble city of Genoa, in St. Andrew's Street, adjacent to which house is, on one side, that of Nicholas Paravania, and on the other that of the heirs of a certain Anthony Bondi, having in front the public street, and behind the city walls, etc., etc." This document is nothing more than the legal authorization given by the wife to her husband to sell the house on which she had a mortgage to secure the dowry she had brought him at the time of their marriage. Old Dominic did not carry out, as we shall see, his intention of selling the house. When we reach the year 1474 we find the deed of sale given by that Sejus who is mentioned in the document dated 1501, quoted above, to "Dominic Columbus, a weaver of cloth, living in Savona." Another document, dated Savona, August 26, 1472, begins: "Dominic Columbus, a weaver, *living in Savona*, and his son Christopher Columbus, etc., etc." They had bought wool on credit, and this is a promissory note by which father and son bind themselves to pay for it the sum of 140 lire. The importance of the document consists mainly in this, that it tells us that Christopher on the date mentioned was in Savona, though he was not actually living there. For another document, dated the 20th of March, 1472, expressly tells us that he was from Genoa.

Besides the house in St. Andrew's Street Dominic Columbus owned another located elsewhere in Genoa. The document by which Dominic's wife ratifies the sale of it is dated Savona, the 7th of August, 1473, and begins as follows: "Suzana, daughter of James Fontanarossa, deceased, and wife of Dominic Columbus, of Genoa, and Christopher and John Pellegrino, sons of said Dominic and Suzana, etc., etc.," which teaches us that at one time Christopher Columbus had three living brothers. John Pellegrino's name not appearing in any of the foregoing documents, or anywhere else, naturally leads us to the conclusion that he must have died young. Another document, dated September 10, 1471, by which he goes security for one Pasquale Fontanabuona, shows that "*Dominic Columbus, an inhabitant of Savona*," was living in this city already at that date. His name appears in two other papers, one dated the second of March, and the other the twenty-fifth of October, 1470. In the first he

is designated as "Dominic Columbus, from Genoa," in the second as "Dominic Columbus, *a citizen of Genoa*."

It may be therefore laid down as certain that the family had removed from Genoa to Savona some time between the twenty-eighth of November, 1470, and the tenth of September, 1471. For while we see Dominic called an *inhabitant of Savona* on the latter date—*i.e.*, on September 10, 1471—in a registry of *weavers of woollen cloth* of Genoa, found in the archives of that city and dated the twentieth of November, 1470, figures the name of Dominic Columbus. In 1466 he lived in his own dwelling-house in St. Andrew's Street, the same which his wife authorized him to sell in 1477. This is proved by a deed of sale given by John Columbus (probably a relative of Dominic) to Francis Boverio, and warranted by "*Dominic Columbus, son of John, deceased, who is a weaver of cloth, and an inhabitant of Genoa, in the street just beyond the gate of St. Andrew.*" The deed is dated on the 17th day of January, 1466. On the 27th of March, 1451, he was already a citizen of Genoa; for in a deed drawn on that date "Dominic Columbus, a *citizen of Genoa*," figures as a witness.

Most of the foregoing documents were already known at the beginning of the present century. But as it is certain that Christopher Columbus was born earlier than 1451, the place of his nativity was yet in doubt inasmuch as it was not known with any degree of certainty where was the home of his parents previous to 1451. In 1884 the Marquis Marcello Staglieno was hard at work among the ancient notarial manuscripts of Genoa endeavoring to unearth unknown documents which would throw new light on the interesting subject. The heart of the devoted paleographer must have throbbed with pleasurable excitement during the few minutes necessary for his practised eye to decipher the peculiar characters and the quaint forensic Latin of the following document:

"In the name of the Lord. Amen. Peter Verzio, of Fontanabuona, son of William, deceased, an inhabitant of the aforementioned place, has promised and solemnly agrees with *Dominic Columbus*, son of John, *weaver of woollen cloth*, who is a contracting party, that Anthony, son of deceased Ludovico de Loverone, from Ponte Cicanie, who is about twelve years old, will for the next five years remain and persevere with said Dominic as his servant and pupil in learning and exercising the art of weaving woollen cloth; that he will not leave him during all that time, that he will care for and mind his goods, and that he will not

commit any theft against said Dominic his master. Vice-versa: the said Dominic, accepting the above-mentioned stipulations, promises to said Peter, here present, to bind himself to feed and clothe, in his own house, said Anthony during all that time, be he sick or well, as it is the custom to do with similar apprentices, and to teach him, to the best of his ability, the said art of weaving cloth. It is, however, really and distinctly understood between the contracting parties that if during the time of said five years the plague should break out in Genoa, then and in such a case it shall be lawful for said Anthony to quit his master and run whithersoever it shall please him; that the plague over, he shall be bound and obliged to come back and serve his master during said five years, or what may remain of them, in such a way that the time of his absence shall not be counted in the computation of the five years. Given in Genoa, on the public square of the ducal palace, by its portals, in the year from our Lord's nativity one thousand four hundred and thirty-nine, on the first inditio, according to the Genoese reckoning, on Wednesday, the first day of April, in presence of James Mazurro, son of Stephen, deceased, notary, and of Peter Anthony Narisse, son of John, deceased, both citizens of Genoa and lawful witnesses."

From this important document we learn—first, that Christopher Columbus's grandfather was yet living on the first of April, 1439, for otherwise the word *deceased* would have been added, according to law, to his name; second, that Christopher's father was already in 1439 a full-fledged weaver of woollen cloth, having a manufacturing establishment of his own and doing business for himself, though his father John was yet living; third, that he must have been married, because otherwise he would not have bound himself to lodge, feed, and clothe a boy of twelve years of age in his own house; fourth, that he had already acquired, very likely with his own industry, the house and garden in St. Andrew's Street which he had hypothecated at the time of his marriage.

Inasmuch as Christopher Columbus was born not earlier than 1435 or 1436, it follows that he must have been born on St. Andrew's Street, in Genoa, at the residence of his parents. This home of Columbus's childhood, after his mother's death, was hypothecated in favor of James Bavarello—a cheese-dealer who married Bianchineta, the daughter of Dominic and the sister of Christopher Columbus—to secure the dowry promised by the father to the daughter on the occasion of her marriage. Only

one son was born of this marriage, named Pantalino, who in 1517, being then twenty-seven years of age, sold the house which he inherited from his mother to his own father, who had married a second time. All of these particulars are gleaned from the deed of sale, dated the 26th of October, 1517, lately discovered by the Marquis Marcello Staglieno. Although Dominic Columbus owned two houses in Genoa, we know that the one in St. Andrew's Street was his home, from the fact that there he had his workshop as given in the description of the property in two of the foregoing documents, and from the fact also that his address is given in what we should nowadays call the assessment books of the city.

Let us now go to the Carroggio dritto di Ponticello, the name by which the ancient street of St. Andrew is at present called, and examine with the aid of history the premises on which Christopher Columbus spent his boyhood. We enter from the narrow street a vaulted workshop, with low ceiling and massive walls of stone taken from the neighboring quarries. It is of comparatively spacious dimensions, and contains three or four hand-looms for the weaving of fine woollen cloth. Alongside of it is a smaller apartment for the carding of the wool, and another for cleaning and assorting it, and still another for the storing of the raw material. Men sit at the looms, boy apprentices card the wool or prepare the warp, and robust, black-eyed maidens preside at the wooden spinning-wheels. We scarcely hear the shuffling sound of the shuttles or the buzzing of the wheels, for the merry toilers sing a trio—*The Crusader's Exploits;* bassi the weavers, tenori the carders, soprani the spinners, while the hired laborers in the back room join in the chorus, keeping time with their flails falling rythmically on the wool which they prepare for the carders. We are in a factory of the fifteenth century. A broad, open stairway leads us to the upper floor, where, in the living rooms, the mother is found busy with her household affairs, and the son Christopher, who has just returned from the school which the wool-workers' guild have established and support in the neighboring abbey of St. Stephen. The fragrance of ripening fruits wafted over by the breezes of the Mediterranean invites us to look out of the window upon the arbor of grape-vines which extends to the end of the garden, where walls six feet thick answer the double purpose of a fence to the Columbian home and of a bulwark to the proud city. Right and left oranges, almonds, apricots, lemons, stunted date-palms, and flowering shrubs fill every nook and corner of the

small *rus in urbe*. A well of cyclopean dimensions supplies the water for the shop, the house, and the garden. This description is drawn partly from imagination, but is true to history. Many such houses, as old as that of Columbus, are yet to be seen in that part of Genoa known to this day as Borgo de Lanaiuoli—*i.e.*, wool-workers' quarter.

It remains to dispose of the claims of Cogoleto as the birthplace of Columbus, which have again been put forward in a work published in 1887 at the expense of that town. They are based principally on a document purporting to be the last will and testament of Dominic Columbus, dated Cogoleto, the 23d of August, 1449. The original has never been produced. But there are two copies of it, in one of which the testator is described as Dominic Columbus, of Cogoleto, *the son of Bartholomew*, which would prove conclusively that the said testator was not the father of the discoverer of America, as it is certain that the latter's grandfather was named John and not Bartholomew. But the Cogoletans insist that the other copy, which is carefully preserved in their public archives, is the only genuine one, as it has annexed to it the following:

"A.D. 1586, it being the *eighteenth inditio*, on the 24th of October, I, undersigned Anthony Clavo de Voragine, in the presence of the two noblemen, John Baptist Spinola and Gregory Torre, of Genova, and of Bernard Colombo, of Cogoleto, do hereby declare the foregoing to be a statement which, whole, uncorrupted, and in no way vitiated, is now in my possession; of which I made a faithful copy, adding and suppressing nothing which could change the sense or meaning; that I have with diligence and attention listened to the reading of the original written and signed by Notary Augustine Clavo; and that, having found them to agree, I signed my name and placed my notarial seal to all the foregoing.

[SEAL.] "ANTHONY CLAVO."

The will itself begins thus: "In the name of Christ. Amen. In the year from his birth 1449, it being the *eighth inditio*, on the 23d of August," etc. It is not necessary to quote further to prove that the will is a forgery, or at least is interpolated.

Harrisse had already pointed out that, of the three witnesses to the certificate of Anthony Clavo, the first and the second, *i.e.*, John Baptist Spinola and Gregory Torre, were employed by the third, Bernard Colombo, to help him prosecute a lawsuit by which he was endeavoring to get possession of the estate and titles of Christopher Columbus. This is proved by a promissory

note given by Bernard Colombo the 3d of June, 1587, to John Baptist Spinola and Gregory Torre as an attorney's fee. Had the certificate been an honest transaction, some other citizen of Cogoleto would have been called to witness it beside John Baptist Spinola, Gregory Torre, and Bernard Colombo, all three interested parties, in whose interest the copy of the will itself was made. A glaring anomaly was also noticed by another critic, namely, in the words "*it being the eighteenth inditio.*" The inditio was a period of fifteen years, the first year of which was called the 1st inditio (inditio prima), the second year the 2d inditio, etc., up to the 15th year, which was called the 15th inditio, after which recurred again the 1st inditio, 2d inditio, etc. But there never was an *eighteenth inditio.* Important legal documents always gave the year from our Lord's nativity and the corresponding inditio in their date. A notary would not have been caught giving an absurd inditio. Neither could the expression "eighteenth inditio" have been a *lapsus calami*, as it is written in letters and *in extenso*, and not in numbers. This anomaly led me to look into the date of the will itself, which is: "In the year from his (Christ's) birth 1449, it being the *eighth inditio.*" Now, the year 1449 corresponded, not to the 8th inditio but to the 12th, according to the general way of reckoning, or to the 11th, according to the Genoese reckoning, which lagged one year behind the general. In fact, we know from the Roman Breviary and from numberless documents of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the year 1582 corresponded to the 10th inditio. If we count backward to A.D. 1449, we shall see that it corresponded to the 12th or 11th inditio. It is easy to imagine how Bernard Colombo (who, pretending to be the descendant of a near relative of the discoverer of America, had advanced his claim in the courts of Spain to be declared his lawful heir, and had been rejected in 1584), on returning to Cogoleto, aided and abetted by two unscrupulous and influential noblemen, invented spurious documents upon which to base a plea for a rehearing of his case.

The partisans of Cogoleto have produced a second document in the shape of what we would call a general power-of-attorney, given in 1482 by one Bartholomew Colombo, son of Dominic, deceased, in his name and in the name of his brother Christopher (who, the document says, was then in Spain), to a certain Bartholomew Mirone. As it is well known that Christopher Columbus, the discoverer, in 1482 was in Portugal and not in Spain, the document proves nothing except the strange coinci-

dence that at that time there was a man in Cogoleto named Dominic Colombo, the father of two sons named Bartholomew and Christopher, while in the city of Genoa there was another bearing the same family and baptismal name, the father also of two sons called Christopher and Bartholomew. But if we reflect that in the fifteenth century there were not less than two hundred families in northern Italy, within a radius of one hundred miles from Genoa, of the name of Colombo, the coincidence will not appear startling. That one of them, at least (possibly distantly connected with that of Christopher Columbus), was domiciled in Cogoleto during the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, there is no doubt. Ferdinand Columbus, the son of Christopher, while travelling through Italy in 1520 stopped in Cogoleto on his way from Genoa to Savona, and there found two centenarians of the name of Colombo, who, however, knew nothing of their relationship to his father.

When Bernard Colombo, of Cogoleto, was about to start for Spain a second time, to present his claims once more to the estate and titles of the great discoverer, he was given in 1586, by order of the Genoese authorities, the following curious letter of introduction to the Republic's ambassador at the court of Spain, Gianbattista Doria, which, it is claimed by the Cogoletans, proves that Christopher Columbus was a native of their town:

"*Columbus of Cogoleto, who is so great in Spain*, as you know, has ordered, we have heard, among other things, that, to perpetuate the memory of his name, a family bearing that name be maintained in Genoa, and that he assigned a good income for that purpose; furthermore, it seems that he designated (the said family) as his heirs, his relatives and the nearest of kin bearing his own name. It is said that in Madrid a litigation is going on about this inheritance between certain Spaniards of the same name and some of our subjects who pretend to be the true relatives of the testator. Because this affair is of great importance, and also because it is right to protect our subjects, it is our will that you procure a copy of said testament, which it will be easy to get from Doctor Scipione Caneva, who is a member of the court, and that the foregoing being true, you endeavor, not only to obtain execution of the legacy mentioned above but also that you help, as much as you can, our said Genoese subjects, as we know you will do, better than we could indicate to you. Send us, then, a report of the turn affairs will take." From the expressions "we have heard," "it is said," "it seems,"

"the foregoing being true," it is evident that the writer of this letter knew nothing of Christopher Columbus, his testament or his relatives, and that therefore he desired to be non-committal. But, as a true diplomatist, he begins by taking for granted an important point in question, and to help his protégé uses the expression "Columbus of Cogoleto," etc. As this letter is dated October the 7th, 1586, just fourteen days after the fraudulent certificate of the fraudulent will was drawn in the presence of the two noblemen and Bernard Colombo, it is easy to imagine these three worthies, armed with the forged will and certificate, closeted together with the Genoese minister of foreign affairs, and dictating or suggesting the remarkable letter which begins "Columbus of Cogoleto, who is so great in Spain," etc.

Bernard Colombo's character, as established historically, fits in with the criticism here made of the foregoing documents. During the first stage of the *cause célèbre* he modestly claimed to be a descendant of a grand-uncle of Christopher Columbus. But having ascertained that this degree of consanguinity with his namesake gave him no right to his inheritance, he thereafter declared himself the grand or great-grandson of Bartholomew, the brother of the discoverer. I need not say that he lost his suit.

In 1850 a priest of Cogoleto, who thought himself a descendant of Columbus's family, caused to be placed on what he believed to be the ancient home of the famous mariner the following pompous inscription:

"Hospes siste gradum: fuit hic lux prima Columbo
Orbe viro maiori: Heu! nimis arcta domus.
Unus erat Mundus; duo sunt, ait Iste: fuere."

The inscription should be taken down.

L. A. DUTTO.

Jackson, Miss.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CENTENARY OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.*

THE life of St. John of the Cross exemplifies the truth that the spirit of Christianity is the spirit of the Cross. There are few who have reached so perfect a union with God as he. From earliest childhood till he laid down his life in the unhospitable convent at Ubeda this union never ceased, continuing through sterility of soul as well as in the wonderful consolations vouchsafed him. But never did he desire, never was he permitted, to be without crosses: from the world, from his brethren, and, heaviest of all, from his superiors.

He was the youngest child of one Gonzales Yepes, a pious man who dwelt in poverty in the town of Fontibere, in old Castile. Here St. John was born in 1542. He was still a child when his father died, leaving himself and two other children as a sole legacy to their devoted mother. Entirely destitute, the widow went to Medina with her children, there hoping to find means of support for herself and her family. It was here in Medina, at the college of the Jesuits, that the young John Yepes, already remarkable for his youthful sanctity, made the first steps on the road to the higher education. The attention of the administrator of the city hospital was attracted by the extraordinary piety and active charity of the youth, and he employed him in serving the sick. This was most pleasing work to St. John, and not only was the care and attention he gave to the sick remarked, but people wondered at the facility with which one so young gained souls to God. His labors in the hospital did not cause him to discontinue his studies at the college, where he had endeared himself to his professors, who were drawn to him by his burning love of God, his charity to those in need, and for his talent and industry as a student.

His fervent desire to consecrate himself to God took shape when, in his twenty-second year, he left the college of the Jesuits to assume the religious habit of a Carmelite friar at Medina. Novice never gave greater proof of obedience, humility, fervor, and love of the cross than did John during his probation. And there was no abatement of his fervor after the termination of his novitiate. On the contrary his zeal for his own and his neigh-

* *A Thought for Every Day of the Year, from St. John of the Cross.* Compiled by Miss Susan L. Emery. Boston: Flynn & Mahony.

bor's salvation increased not only with but in excess of his years.

From the Carmelite Convent at Medina he went to Salamanca to pursue the higher course of studies. At the University of Salamanca we see this remarkable man, already possessing spiritual gifts of the highest order, as well as a brilliant intellect, choosing to appear lower than the lowest; housing himself in a miserable hole beneath the convent dormitory, contentedly sleeping on a bare board, accustoming himself to the sparest and meanest diet. And it was here, at Salamanca, that repeated meditation on the sufferings of our dear Lord, together with the plentiful graces he received at the Holy Sacrifice, made him conceive the desire of a still greater seclusion from the world than he already possessed.

He first thought of entering the order of the Carthusians. While deliberating upon this step, St. Teresa, having heard of him, expressed a desire to see him. She fully understood his motives, admired the spirit that prompted his purpose, and told him that it was in the order of Mount Carmel that God had called him to sanctify himself. "I have received authority from the general of the order," she further told him, "to found two reformed houses of men, and you yourself should be the first instrument of so great a work."

The two saints found that there was perfect agreement between them, and John of the Cross, as he was now called, was one of the two first barefooted Carmelites of St. Teresa's Reform. The first monastery was in a mean house in the village of Durvelle. Here he was soon joined by a number of his brethren of the mitigated observance, who renewed their profession on the first Sunday of Advent, 1568. In this manner began the Discalced Carmelite Friars, whose institute was approved by Pope St. Pius V., and confirmed by Gregory XIII. in 1580. It was not long before the sanctity of the monastery presided over by St. John came to be known all over Spain, and other houses of Discalced Carmelite Friars arose in rapid succession, and the reform flourished in various parts of the kingdom.

St. John now passed through the first of a long series of spiritual deprivations. Afflicted by interior trouble of mind, and for a time by scruples and a disrelish of spiritual exercises, which yet he was careful never to forsake, he failed not by example and exhortation to inspire the religious under his charge with that perfect spirit of solitude suited to their state, humility and love of mortification. In his great mystical work, entitled

The Obscure Night, he describes with deep feeling what a soul passes through in the state of interior aridity, when it is apparently forsaken by God. How well he could appreciate the affliction of a soul deprived of all consolation we may learn from this, that "so violent was his sorrow in the state of privation that it seemed he must have died of grief if God had not supported him by his grace." These severe trials of St. John always preceded hours of much interior comfort, when his soul would be as it were transported, the divine sweetness dispelling the bitter desolation from which he had suffered.

Interior troubles were not the only ones that gave him the royal right to be called of "the Cross." From the first the Carmelite Friars of the mitigated rule looked upon the reforms of St. Teresa with distrust, even though made with the approbation of the general of the order, as well as with that of the bishops. Their opposition became loud and open on the occasion of the reforms introduced by St. John in the convent of nuns at Avila, where he went to be confessor in 1576. A chapter of the Carmelites met at Placentia and condemned St. John as an apostate from the order. They finally got possession of him and imprisoned him in a dark cell of the Carmelite convent at Toledo, where he was kept for nine months, subjected to the cruelest treatment, the only nourishment allowed him during this time being a very scant allowance of bread, fish, and water. But in his imprisonment his consolations from Heaven were so great as to cause him afterwards to say: "Be not surprised if I show so great a love for sufferings; God gave me a high idea of their merit and value when I was in the prison at Toledo." His escape from the prison, if not miraculous, was at least very romantic.

A revulsion in his favor, resulting from the influence of St. Teresa, and the evident delusion of his persecutors, soon took place, and after his escape he was made superior of the convent of Calvary in Andalusia. After this he founded still other convents of his order, and finally, in 1588, was made the order's first provincial in Spain. During all these years he never ceased at any time his contemplation of divine things, especially the Passion of our holy Redeemer, oftentimes becoming so absorbed in God as to be obliged to offer violence to himself to treat of temporal affairs. And there were occasions on which his very countenance, beaming with the love of God, struck awe into the hearts of beholders, turning them from the pursuit of evil to a consecration of themselves to God. It is said of him that "his

heart seemed an immense fire of love which could not contain itself within his breast, but showed itself in these exterior marks."

Not less wonderful was his love for his neighbor, especially for the poor, the sick, and sinners, whom, in imitation of our Lord, he made in fact as well as in word his dearest brothers. When expostulated with on what seemed to be his excessive charity to a man who had brought poverty upon himself by his bad habits, he replied that our Lord had opened heaven to man by the shedding of his precious blood on the cross, although man had been utterly undeserving. And when reproached with the ungratefulness of one whom he had assisted, he reminded the fault-finder that our Lord knew that but one of the ten lepers would be grateful, yet he healed them all. As St. John loved God without stint or measure, so loved he his neighbor.

Only those who know God's more unusual ways with select souls can even faintly comprehend St. John's sufferings during his periods of spiritual desolation; and to this suffering was added the ill-will of many who should have been his warmest friends, so that very much of his life was made one long martyrdom, which God was pleased to finish by a second persecution from his brethren just before his death.

There were two fathers of the Reform who declared themselves his enemies, pursuing him with envy and malice under the pretence of being animated by holy zeal. Proud of their learning and puffed up by the applause given their oratory, they neglected the austerities of their rule. St. John, while provincial of Andalusia, admonished them for their irregularity as having a tendency to the destruction of religious discipline, and paving the way to moral disorder. Finding his admonitions unheeded, St. John forbade the unhappy twain to preach, bidding them remain within their convents. So far from submitting, they excited themselves to greater hatred of the saint, and declared publicly that they were unreasonably impeded in their work for the salvation of souls. One of them ran over the whole province to beg for and trump up accusations against the servant of God, and boasted that he had sufficient proofs to have him expelled the order.

In the meanwhile St. John had rendered himself offensive to the chapter of the order at Madrid because of his opposition to the severe measures taken against Father Gratian, who had greatly assisted St. Teresa in her reforms. Envy and jealousy, now greatly aroused, deprived St. John of all his employments,

and banished him to the destitute convent of Pegnuela, in the Morena mountains.

St. John welcomed his banishment as but another means of uniting himself closer to God. Forsaken by everybody, his letters burned as soon as received—the receivers afraid of being involved in his disgrace—the sweetness of the divine love and peace overflowed his soul and filled him with interior joy, which increased in proportion as he was abandoned by creatures. "The soul of one who serves God," he says, "always swims in joy, always keeps holiday, is always in her palace of jubilation, ever singing with fresh ardor and fresh pleasure a new song of joy and love."

The charges against St. John fell to the ground as soon as the matter was laid before the proper tribunals; for even if they had been true, they amounted to nothing that deserved censure. The storm had ceased, friends again came to his side, but John of the Cross was weary and sick. He was but forty-nine years old. Twenty-eight years of his life had been spent in affliction, in distresses of the mind, and of the body, and of the soul. He was now ready to render account of his painful stewardship, for he saw that God was about to take him down from that cross to which he had so generously nailed himself. Tardy sympathy directed that he be removed from Pegnuela to a convent where he could be cared for. Two convents were proposed him, Baëza and Ubeda: the former presided over by a holy man, his friend; the latter by the man who had denounced him as an apostate from his order and a "companion of devils." And this unparalleled lover of the suffering Christ chose Ubeda!

It is difficult to tell with patience what now befell John of the Cross. He was thrust by the enemy into a noisome cell; his body, long in a state of pitiable feebleness, soon became a mass of ulcerated sores, forced to find its resting-place on a rude straw bed. Almost deprived of food, subjected to harsh reproaches, he lingered on in heroic love and patience. A few days before his death the provincial of the Reformed Carmelites happened to come to Ubeda. Horrified at the barbarous usage John had received, he instantly caused his release and declared that such an example of invincible patience and virtue ought to be public, not only for the edification of his brethren but for that of the whole world.

Miracles were not infrequent in John's life, and it is small wonder that great ones attended the death of such a man; no one of them greater, perhaps, than the true repentance of his

last and bitterest persecutor. On the evening of the 14th of December, 1591, three hundred years ago, having cried out in a glad voice, "Glory be to God!" and then softly said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my soul," St. John of the Cross went joyfully to God.

Many who know our saint through the *Life of St. Teresa* have, no doubt, thought in their hearts what we have heard a devout person say: "Oh, how much I should like to know something of the works of St. John of the Cross!" The incident which excited such a desire was the sight of his mystical works, translated into English and published not very many years ago. We may imagine that the mere sight of books filled with matters of high contemplation would not of itself move a casual observer to the desire of reading and understanding their contents; rather the life of a saint would appeal to the mere taste for reading more directly than a volume or two of collected works. But the fact is that, besides the taste for feeding the heart with the instruction of a saint's life, there is in many souls an abiding recollection of the sweetnesses tasted in the practice of a devotion; and it is this recollection which draws them on to desire more of a higher understanding, and that intelligence of the better gifts which St. Paul encourages all Christians to emulate.

The book just published by Miss Susan L. Emery is a bouquet of flowers which she has culled for devout persons from the works of St. John; and she presents them at present, in view of the tercentenary of St. John of the Cross, which was celebrated in all Carmelite churches and convents, from the 22d day of November till the 14th of December, 1891.

The maxims have been selected and arranged so as to offer a thought for every day of the year. They all derive a character from the saint's own mind and heart, inasmuch as they bear not only the fragrance of high spiritual devotion and detachment, of sublime confidence and the sweetness proper to mystical love, but, in particular, that reminiscence of Calvary, that sublime Christian patience and self-crucifixion, which it was the lot of St. John to show forth in his own person, as few saints have been called upon to experience or to exhibit in their lives.

This is a special recommendation of this little book to devout souls. Are there any, among those aspiring to the gift of devotion, whom God does not prepare and dispose for it by this probation of suffering? Indeed, in the world at large, there is enough of suffering and trial to prepare the ground for a count-

less generation of saints, who are verily the kingdom of Christ upon earth. Nor would a truly devout soul be without this share in the Cross of Christ. It is especially to this inner sentiment and sympathy of devoted hearts that the maxims of St. John appeal, in a vein altogether his own.

"True love," he says (page 49), "accepts with perfect resignation, and in the same spirit, and even with joy, whatever comes to it from the hands of the Beloved, whether prosperity or adversity—yea, and even chastisements, such as he shall be pleased to send, for, as the apostle saith, 'Perfect charity casteth out fear.'" And again (page 45), "Exterior trials and tribulations destroy and purge away the imperfect and evil habits of the soul."

High contemplative as he is, he touches, in a way which comes home to every one, whether in the domestic sphere or in the religious life, the truest principles of self-abnegation and mortification, on which, of course, all devotion and religious spirit is grounded. "God would rather have from you the lowest degree of obedience and subjection than all those services you would render him" (page 34). "To restrain the tongue and the thoughts, and to set the affections regularly on God, quickly sets the soul on fire in a divine way" (page 53).

And what is the blissful result of all this, even here below? None know better than those who have sunk deepest in the lowliness of self-crucifixion and annihilation. The result is the most unbounded confidence in the good Father, who loves us as the apple of his eye; and, by this door of confidence in him, everything that belongs to him comes to us. "The heavens are mine, the earth is mine, and the nations are mine; mine are the just, and the sinners are mine; mine are the angels; the Mother of God and all things are mine. God himself is mine and for me, because Christ is mine and all for me. What, then, dost thou ask for? what dost thou seek for, O my soul? All is thine, all is for thee; do not take less, nor rest with the crumbs which fall from the table of thy Father. Go forth and exult in thy glory, hide thyself in it and rejoice, and thou shalt obtain all the desires of thy heart" (page 29).

This elegant little work, replete with spiritual food, comes at a moment specially opportune. Besides the centenary of St. John, now being celebrated in the Carmelite churches and monasteries, the occasion, it appears, has arrived for a well-grounded expectation of seeing the saint declared a doctor of the universal church. He would become the doctor of mystical theology.

By that term we mean the divine science which has for its subject the more elevated operations of the spiritual life, and those manifestations which God vouchsafes to a very small class of souls, singularly devoted to him. We call it a small class for two reasons: first, because, however numerous, it will always be extremely limited compared with the general flock of Christian souls; secondly, because among those who by their desires and opportunities are not far removed from it, there are always fewer than there should be, since there are always some who will not fulfil the last requirements of perfect mortification. Yet to all Christians the mere knowledge of these manifestations, without any actual experience, is of no slight advantage. The church intimates as much, quite significantly, when, on the feast of St. Teresa, she says that the hearts of the faithful have been wonderfully stimulated, by the knowledge of that saint's mystical favors, to conceive the most ardent desire of celestial things.

Miss Emery's book contains some prayers for the use of the faithful, particularly appropriate for St. John's tercentenary. The Holy Father has granted indulgences for attendance at those divine services, upon the observance of the usual conditions. This book itself is, on the part of its compiler, a work of devotion in more senses than one. She has undertaken the translation for the benefit of the Carmelites, without receiving anything herself save the spiritual benefits to accrue from her own piety and self-sacrifice. We trust the book will be used and recommended in all academies and convents, so as to reach the hands of the devout Catholic laity and become a vade mecum of spiritual fervor.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

THE crimson curtains opened in the East,
And from his chamber strode the awakened Day.
He ne'er before had smiled on richer feast
As fed his sight: for stretched before him lay
Green valleys jewelled rich with dewy spray,
And while his lustrous beams were gilding bright
The distant mountain summits and the gray
Old turrets on the Birbach Castle height.

Far off, the monastery's chime
Was telling sweet the hour of Prime;
The world was waking from its sleep,
And Walther from his castle-keep
Was riding forth in armor clad,
His charger prancing, as if glad
To tell the world, with snorting breath:
We go to honor or to death.

But from the visor shone a face
More fitted for a softer case
Than plumèd casque of icy steel;
A face whose liquid eyes reveal
The yearnings of a soul within
Serene and free from taint of sin.

It was the first time that as knight
He rode to list in tourney-fight.
He feared, but rode as dreading nought:
He feared (not strength, for he had fought
The wild boar in its thicket-lair)
But old and dextrous knights to dare.

On, on he rode to Darmstadt; while his steed
Had roused his pulse, and while the morning gust
Was breathing cheer of which his heart had need,
He rode unto a tournament unjust.

"I have no duty but to pray, and trust
In heaven's Queen to set the wrong aright.
Away with fear and doubt!" said he. "If die I must,
I'll die no coward in my lady's sight."

But soldier's prayers are ever short, they say.
They pray not as the monks on bended knee,
But with their eyes aglow, as for the fray:
With sudden cross, with Benedicite,
With "Ave" brief, and briefer litany.
Not so with him; he doffed his drooping crest,
Then loosed the rein and bade his horse go free;
Then prayed the thoughts that fill a soldier's breast:

"O Blessed Virgin! let me hear no sound
Except of war until my task be done;
Let slaughter guide, and everything be drowned
In streams of blood, till victory well-won
Shall win my lady-love; or let the sun
Of death shine bright upon my lifeless heart.
Then let my faithful charger fret and run
Himself to death, his dying master's part."

It was beside the Virgin's Grotto where
Young Walther prayed that strange, that soldier's prayer:
A spot miraculous, and fair to see,
Where richest flowers and vines were growing free;
Where weeping penitents were slow to leave,
But stayed and prayed for darkest sins to grieve.

'Twas here—for so the legends say—
That while continuing to pray
To her, enthralled he fell asleep
Into a slumber strange and deep.
And while he slept she loosed his casque
And mail, and donned them as a mask
To shroud herself from worldly eyes
And for the Knight to gain the prize.

. . . . . .

Thus *Victor*, rode he home where cavalier
With shield and lance was richly decked;

Where vassal, page, and peasant all appear
To hail him as their lord, and pay respect
Unto his bride, and with the trumpet-blast
To cheer her to his castle as she passed.

On, on, with joy and welcome calls,
Unto his father's marble halls
He leads his love, his life.
While march the mounted troops behind,
With troops the castle heights are lined,
While standards flutter in the wind,
He leads his bride, his wife.

Dismounting, then into her home she glides,
As some proud swan when o'er the lake it sails.
The gate is oped, the oaken door divides,
And through the arch the silver cornet hails
Her coming, and without the rattling scales
Of mailed retainers and of mounting squires
Are ringing through the court, and choirs
Of maidens sing her praise, while she admires.

And so the wondrous Rhenish legend goes;
I know not whence its wondrous story flows.
I know that prayers to Mary have availed
When weakly youths in war have been assailed;
But offer her an "Ave" as the plight,
She'll give thee love—she'll crown thee Knight.

Henry Edward O'Keeffe.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

I.

FAR in the heart of the great Sierras that in wild and austere majesty stretch their length of tossed and broken heights along the western coast of Mexico lies the Espiritu Santo Mine. It is a mine with a wonderful history—the history of a bonanza running through more than a century, of powerful families created and enriched by its wealth, and of a flourishing town, which built upon its prosperity, fell into decay with its failure. For there came a day when even the Espiritu Santo failed. The great bonanza, which had lasted for a length of time almost unexampled even in Mexican mines, disappeared at length. Whether it was finally worked out, or whether it had only been lost, as lodes are often lost, no one could say. It was in the terrible period which the people call "the times of the revolution" that the ore ceased to pay; and in this era of confusion and bloodshed, of suffering and distress, financial collapse in all forms was too common to excite surprise or comment. It seemed altogether a thing to be expected that the great silver lode of the Espiritu Santo should have failed at this time. Had it not failed, there was then neither money nor men to work it. The money was taken by forced levies, for the support of armies and revolutionary leaders, the men died by thousands on obscure battle-fields where the land was drenched in the blood of its sons.

And so, for many years, the great and once famous mine was left deserted, water rose unchecked in its dark tunnels, from whence the value of a kingdom's ransom had been drawn; and no one was bold enough to attempt to touch it. Even after the long throes of revolution were over and something like peace descended upon the exhausted land, men were too impoverished and too afraid of risking what yet remained to them, to think of the Espiritu Santo Mine. For in this case the Mexican proverb, "*Una mina quiere otra mina*" ("One mine wants another mine"—to furnish means to work it), was especially true. To drain the mine and to explore its deep workings for the lost lode of fabulous richness, would require a large capital—a capital so large, in fact, that no single man was likely to furnish it,

and the only hope for renewed working was in the organization of a company.

This being well known, every one was astonished when Fernando Sandoval "denounced" the mine; for nothing was a more indisputable fact than that Fernando neither had nor could command means to work it. He belonged to a family that in former times had owned a large interest and grown rich from its profits. But those riches had now taken wings, for in Mexico as in other countries, the case of the bottom rail finding itself on the top, and *vice versa*, was a frequent practical result of the wars. The family Sandoval were now very poor. They, who had once counted their territory by leagues rather than by acres, were now reduced to one small estate in the beautiful valley over which frowned the rugged heights and passes of the mountains within whose great purple clefts lay the opening of the mine from which they had once derived so much wealth.

It was perhaps because it lay there, dominating the poverty in which he spent his life with the suggestion of untold riches, that Fernando, the eldest son of the family, felt his heart burning with a discontent very unusual in one of his people, who, as a rule, accept the alternations of fortune with oriental stoicism. Or perhaps the fact that he wished very much to marry and could not afford to do so caused him to think by day and night of the lost lode, and to speculate upon the chances of finding it. For he knew well that unless he could reach fortune by some short-cut the soft, dark eyes of his cousin Guadalupe would never be allowed to smile for him. She was an orphan, dwelling beneath his father's roof and subject entirely to the control of his parents, who, although they had given her a home and love and kindness, when the cruel chances of war had in early childhood left her orphaned and penniless, would certainly never consent to his marrying her unless he could prove his right to do so by making money enough to enable him to do as he pleased.

But how was this to be accomplished? It is not an easy task, even in a country where opportunities for money-making abound, but in a country impoverished by revolutions, with few industries, few avenues to wealth, it becomes an almost insoluble problem. So Fernando found it, and so his thoughts turned more and more towards the romantic stories which abound in Mexico of sudden wealth yielded by the mines that from the days of Cortez to our own have surpassed in richness all others in the world. If he could but find again the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo! He began to haunt the deserted mine, to de-

scend as far as he could into it, to gaze with passionate longing at the depths of still water that covered the old workings. Somewhere, somewhere there—down there—must lie the lost lode! He felt it with an intensity and a certainty that was like a consuming passion. For money to drain those dark waters and search untiringly until the lode was found, what would he not give or do! But money for such investment he neither had nor could possibly obtain. And this being so, it was necessary to put his wits to work and endeavor to accomplish by other means the end on which he had set his heart.

About this time he began to correspond with a friend in the City of Mexico, a lawyer known to have business dealings with certain English companies. The result of the correspondence was that one day Fernando went to the Mining Deputation and denounced the Espiritu Santo Mine, thus becoming its owner after the formalities of the law were complied with, but bound by law to do a certain amount of work within a certain limit of time, or to forfeit his title, in which case the mine would again revert to the state and be again open to denouncement, as the process of acquiring title is called.

It was then that his friends and acquaintances began to wonder what Fernando meant to do. They were not long left in doubt. Soon two foreigners appeared on the scene, who inspected the mine as far as inspection was possible, and then took a bond upon it. Men were at once placed at work, although no work of any real importance was possible until the mine was drained; for which purpose a powerful modern pump was necessary. In the course of a few months this arrived, the engine was put up, and soon the water of the mine was pouring in a flood through the mouth of the tunnel which was the chief entrance into it, and flowing tumultuously down the steep *arroyo* of the mountain-side.

Following upon this, a new person arrived on the scene—a young Englishman who, it was understood, was to take charge of the work now that there would be something of importance to be done. He did not seem very much like one who would stimulate or hasten work, this dark, languid young man, who, except in manner and speech, had no appearance of an Englishman; but since he carried half the alphabet after his name, in token that he belonged to half a dozen scientific societies, it is to be supposed that the new owners of the Espiritu Santo knew what they were about in sending him to look after their interests. That he was the son of one of them had perhaps as much bearing

upon the case as the scientific initials; but neither fact impressed Fernando Sandoval with much belief in his practical ability. Although he did not smile when he saw him, for a Mexican has the impassive calm of an Indian together with the stately dignity of a Spaniard, he certainly thought that this bored-looking fine gentleman, with his sleepy eyes, his English drawl, and admirably-cut London clothes, would not be likely either to find the lost lode himself, or to interfere seriously with certain plans already matured in his (Sandoval's) mind regarding it.

II.

The house of La Providencia, the small estate of the Sandoval family, stands on a gentle eminence hardly large enough to be called a hill, behind which, at the distance of about half a mile, rises abruptly the steep, serrated mountain range, and before which extends the level lands of the beautiful valley, in the midst of which is the once flourishing but now decayed town that dates its era of prosperity according to the length of time when the Espiritu Santo Mine was "in bonanza."

The *casa* of La Providencia looks naturally toward the town, and from the corridor, or arcade, that extends along the front of the house, any one with an appreciation for the beautiful in nature has a charming picture spread before the gaze. The lovely valley, smiling in fertility, stretches away for at least twenty miles, so that the mountains at the farther end are like the azure battlements of heaven. On each side the great encircling sierras extend—vast purple masses in the distance, rugged, dominating heights close at hand, with forests still standing in their deep clefts and gorges, but the slopes of their immense shoulders bare and brown, save in the rainy season, when a beautiful mantle of green spreads over them. In the middle distance lies the town, apparently embowered in tropical foliage, above which rises the noble tower of the church, a perfect picturesque object, as all Mexican churches are, outlined against a sky that burns ever with the blue intensity of a jewel. Broad, white roads lead from the town in various directions, and along one of these roads about four o'clock one afternoon the young English superintendent of the Espiritu Santo Mine was riding.

He did not look amiable as he walked his horse along a foot-path at the side of the road, to avoid the suffocating clouds of white dust which every step on the highway raised. He was a

very foreign figure, despite the broad Mexican hat he wore to shield himself from the sun; and as he let the reins fall carelessly on his horse's neck and gazed with sombre eyes across the valley, over which, on the western side, broad, deep shadows were already lying, an observer could hardly have failed to see that he was a very dissatisfied man indeed.

And certainly, in Mr. Cecil Vyner's opinion, he had every reason for dissatisfaction. To be summarily exiled from the only life worth living—that of London in its season of gaiety and fashion—and sent, not to some foreign city where there would at least be a few social distractions, but a remote Mexican village where he was thrown literally and completely upon his own resources, and where, possessing very few of these resources, he was almost ready to cut his throat from *ennui*, was surely enough to account for the gloom of his face and the depression of his spirits. He was inwardly cursing his fate, his father, and last, but certainly not least, the Espiritu Santo Mine, as he rode along the sunlit valley, which to other eyes might have borne the aspect of a paradise, but to him was more repugnant than a desert. There was but one ray of hope before him. If he could find the lost lode his father would be so much pleased that he might condone the financial extravagance which had outraged him; and he (Vyner) might be recalled from exile and restored to the life he loved and the woman he fancied he adored. But the realization of this hope seemed to him vague and distant. He looked with lowering brows at the great deep gash in the mountain where the opening to the mine lay, and was possessed with a sense of impotent rage as he thought of the baffling secret which it held. So another man had often looked and longed, feeling as Vyner felt now, that if he could not soon wrest that secret from nature's dark depths, the woman whom he loved might be placed for ever beyond his reach.

But, though he might look at it with rage in his heart, it was not to the mine that the young Englishman was bound this afternoon. When he reached the gates through which a road passed from the highway into the lands of La Providencia, he turned and entered them. Riding through wide fields, just now bare from the garnered harvest, he presently reached the gentle hill on which the house stood, and passing through another gate, surrounded by the small, dark huts of the laborers employed on the estate, rode up a sloping road to the corridor that, with its picturesque arches, overlooked the valley.

A girl seated in the shade of this corridor, with some fine

needlework in her hands, had observed him ever since he turned from the highway into the fields. There was not much interest in her observation, for she knew very well who he was, and that he had a right of way across the lands of the hacienda to the mine in the heights beyond. She supposed that he was bound to the latter place until his horse's hoofs striking on the stony hillside told her that he was, instead, coming to the house. A minute later he reined up before her and uncovered.

"Good-day, señorita," he said in sufficiently fluent Spanish. "Will you do me the favor to tell me where I can find Señor Don Fernando Sandoval?" Then to himself he added, "What a beautiful girl!"

And indeed it could only have been a blind man who did not perceive the beauty of the face looking up into his—a face with purely-outlined features of almost classic delicacy, large dark eyes of singular sweetness, set under the midnight shadow of sweeping lashes and perfect brows, a complexion like ivory in its softness and smoothness, a mouth of noble beauty, and rich hair waving in curling tendrils around a forehead that in proportion and form was one of the most charming features of the countenance. And with this lovely countenance were united a clear directness of gaze untinged by coquetry, and a simplicity and grace of bearing without the faintest trace of self-consciousness. All over the Mexican land, in lowest as in highest, one finds this simplicity and grace; but Vyner had never before been so struck with it as in this girl, who, seated under the shadow of what was little more than a farm-house, answered him with the quiet courtesy of a young princess:

"I am sorry, señor, but Don Fernando is not at home. When he rose from his siesta he went out into the fields and has not returned. Pancho"—she turned to a small boy who emerged from some inner region—"do you know when Fernando will return?"

Pancho shook his head, which was covered with a mop-like growth of thick black hair. "No," he answered, "Fernando went out to the *vaqueros*, who are branding the calves. I wished much to go," he added in a tone of personal injury, "but I had no horse and Fernando would not take me behind him. He took Manuel instead."

The girl looked at the stranger. "It is very far, señor," she said, "to the place where the *vaqueros* have the cattle. If my cousin has gone there, he will not return until late, and it is

not likely that you can see him to-day; but his father, Don Ignacio, is at home, if you would like to see him."

"I will go and tell him," said Pancho without waiting for a reply, and he darted into the house.

Vyner had no desire to see Don Ignacio, but the matter seemed taken out of his hands by the prompt action of the boy, and after all, when a man has nothing better to do, why should he not pause in grateful shade on a warm afternoon, and please his eyes by the sight of the most beautiful face he has seen for many days? Certainly the eyes in question remained fastened upon the face with a persistence which might have unsettled the composure of an older woman, but that had apparently no effect upon this Mexican girl.

"You will descend from your horse, señor, and sit down until my uncle comes?" she said; and then, with the graceful, oriental gesture common in the country, she clapped her hands.

A *mozo*, who looked like a bronze statue dressed in white cotton cloth and girded with a red sash, appeared, took the horse and led him away, while Vyner, entering the brick-paved corridor, the floor of which was on a level with the ground, sat down in one of the chairs of bamboo and leather placed there. Now for the first time he looked away from the girl over the wide, beautiful picture which the arches framed, and for the first time he saw and felt the loveliness of the natural scenes around him.

"You have a charming situation here, señorita," he said. "This view of the valley and mountains is superb. Do you not admire it?"

She hesitated a moment before replying. It had never occurred to her to think whether she admired it or not. It was part of her life—almost of herself—this picture which since her earliest youth had been spread before her eyes in unchanging beauty. "Yes, it is fine—one can see all the valley from here," she said after a moment. "The señor likes our valley?"

The señor shrugged his shoulders. "It is very beautiful," he said, "but one cannot live on natural beauty—at least *I* can't. One wants a little society—a few friends. I am a stranger here, you know, and I find it very lonely." Had he been speaking in his own language, he would have added in words, as in his thoughts, "and beastly dull"; but the stately Spanish tongue does not lend itself readily to English slang, so his statement remained incomplete so far as his own sentiments were concerned—though more likely to appeal to the sympathy of his companion.

And the liquid eyes were full of this sympathy as they regarded him. He looked so oppressed by the loneliness of which he spoke, as he sat gazing out over the Arcadian valley, with its magical mountain walls; and, like all women, this girl was easily touched by the sight of unhappiness. "But is it necessary for you to be lonely?" she said. "You speak our language very well, and our people are glad to welcome strangers who come with friendly feelings toward us."

Vyner might have answered very truly that the friendly feelings were non-existent in his case, for with true Anglo-Saxon arrogance he regarded the people as belonging to an inferior race, and up to the present moment had not been troubled with the faintest desire to know any of those who inhabited this remote spot. But now things began to wear a slightly different aspect. It might be worth while to know the Sandovals, if only for the privilege of looking now and then at the lovely face before him. "You are very kind, señorita," he answered. "No doubt your people would be friendly enough—although we really have not much in common, you know—but I have not up to this time cared to make acquaintances. Now, however—"

He paused abruptly, for at this moment Don Ignacio stepped out of the house. A tall, stalwart figure, with a deeply bronzed face, clearly-cut features and piercing dark eyes, he looked what he was—a man born to wealth and command, consigned by adverse fate to poverty and obscurity, and grown somewhat morose under a discipline which, as a general rule, only benefits sweet and noble natures. A mass of iron-gray hair stood up straight from the square, olive forehead, and a short moustache, also partially gray, covered the upper lip. His dress was somewhat shabby—the short Mexican jacket of black cloth which he wore, somewhat frayed and worn—but there was no mistaking that the man was a gentleman, and even Vyner, though he had no very keen perceptions to pierce below the outward aspect of things, had not the least doubt of it as he rose to meet him.

"It is the English señor from the mine, uncle," said the girl's soft voice. "He wishes to see Fernando."

"My name is Vyner," said the young man. "Your son, Don Fernando, knows me very well, señor. I have taken the liberty of calling to see him on a matter of business; and since he is not at home, the señorita suggested that I might see yourself."

"You are very welcome, señor," answered the grave Mexican

with an air of stately courtesy. "My son has often spoken of you, and I am happy to know you. My house is yours. Will you not enter?"

He waved his hand toward the great open door of the house, but Vyner had no intention of leaving the attraction which had detained him; and he made a decided negative gesture.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I shall only detain you for a few minutes—and it is very delightful here, if you will allow me to remain—"

"Pray be seated, then," said Don Ignacio with another wave of the hand; and when the visitor had resumed his seat, he sat down himself. The usual interchange of courtesies then followed between the two men, while the girl relapsed into silence and devoted herself to the stitching in her hands, her dark lashes throwing a shadow on the soft ivory of her cheeks as she looked downward. Vyner's eyes wandered persistently toward her while he answered his host's remarks rather absently, and it was with a sense of pulling himself up that he presently observed abruptly:

"As I have said, señor, I called to see your son on business, and I shall be much obliged if you will do me the favor to deliver a message to him."

Don Ignacio bowed. "I am at your service, señor," he replied. "I will deliver to my son any message with which you do me the honor to entrust me."

"I wish," said Vyner, "to ask Don Fernando if it would be possible for him to take a position at the Espiritu Santo Mine. My English foreman is leaving. He does not understand the men nor they him, and a continual conflict has been the result. I therefore think it is better to supply his place with a Mexican who knows his people; and it occurred to me that perhaps Don Fernando might accept the position. He will be in control of everything—though subject, of course, to my direction—and the salary is a hundred dollars a month."

He paused, and he judged rightly enough the character of the man before him not to be surprised that the dark brows knitted slightly over the deep-set eyes. Evidently it was not pleasant to Don Ignacio that his son should be asked to serve as a servant where he himself had once commanded as a master; but the courtesy of his manner did not change as he answered:

"I will deliver your message to my son, señor; but you will

permit me to remind you that practically he knows little of mining. Let me suggest that in Guanajuato or some other mining town you could easily find some one trained to the business, who would serve your purpose much better."

"Not at all," answered Vyner with positiveness. "I do not need a man of very special training, because I shall direct the work myself. All that I want is some one who will see that my orders are carefully executed, and who will understand the men and manage them without difficulty. Your son will certainly be able to do these things; and I shall be much obliged if you will ask him to take my offer into consideration, and let me know his decision as soon as possible."

The Mexican bent his head. "I will tell him all you have said," he answered briefly.

"He knows where to find me in the town down there," said Vyner, nodding toward the embowered church-tower, "and I should be very happy, señor, if you would do me the favor of considering my house there as your own."

The reply was what would naturally follow in such a case, elaborate acknowledgment and an assurance of unlimited hospitality on the part of La Providencia. Vyner answered suitably, and then rose: there was no longer an excuse for lingering. Don Ignacio offered chocolate, and when it was declined, clapped his hands, at which signal *mozo* and horse promptly reappeared. Vyner walked over and offered his hand to the girl, who again lifted her dark, sweet eyes to his.

"Adios, señorita, and many thanks," he said.

As he rode away the smile with which she answered simply, "Adios, señor," seemed to linger with him like the perfume of a flower.

III.

It was on the same corridor several hours later, when the violet sky overhead was thickset with myriads of shining stars, and the wide outspread landscape was no more than a shadowy suggestion of mountains and plain, that Fernando said to his cousin:

"My opportunity has come at last, Guadalupe. I thought that it would if I had patience enough to wait."

Guadalupe did not answer for a moment. In the soft obscurity he could not see more than the outlines of her face; but her voice was a little thoughtful when she spoke:

"What do you mean by your opportunity, Fernando? Is it so much to you to have this position in the mine?"

He laughed shortly, a laugh which jarred as it struck on the girl's ear. "Yes," he answered, "it is much to me to have this position; but not for the sake of its paltry remuneration. My father is right about that. It would ill become a Sandoval to take a servant's place for a little money. But when a great amount of money—millions it may be—is at stake, then it is worth while to humiliate one's self for a time in order to triumph later. This is what he does not know. But you, Guadalupe, *you* must understand why I take the opportunity which this foreigner has put into my hand, and accept the place he offers."

The girl seemed to shrink a little in the depths of the chair in which she sat. Again there was a moment's pause before she spoke, and when she did her voice had a curious ring of hesitation in it. "No," she said, "I do not understand why this position should mean so much to you, or how—how, Fernando *mio*, you can serve both your own interest and that of the man who will employ and trust you."

"You are dull, then, Guadalupe, or is it that you do not wish to understand?" said Fernando a little harshly. "You know that I live but for one object, to find the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo Mine, because to find that means to win *you*. For a year past I have thought by day and dreamed by night of nothing else; and I have laid my plans well. This foreigner will never find the lode. He is not only a fool where mining is concerned, with all his assumption of science, but—well, there are other reasons, which I need not tell you, why he will never find it. At last he and the men who have sent him here will grow weary, they will abandon the mine, their costly machinery will be sold for anything it will bring. I will buy it, denounce the mine afresh, open the lode, and we are rich once more, and you are mine—mine for ever, Guadalupe!"

He put out his hand under cover of the darkness and seized hers in a strong, close clasp. What was there in the touch that seemed to suddenly fill her soul with a rush of pity and of the love which the moment before his words had chilled and shocked? The hand which touched hers was like the hand of a man in burning fever—hot and dry, with a pulse that throbbed passionately. It seemed to tell her to what a pitch of hardly accountable excitement the man was strung. She laid her other cool, soft hand upon it, and spoke with a tenderness that an instant earlier would have been impossible to her.

"I am yours for ever, whether poverty or riches lie before us, Fernando. But I had far rather it were poverty than riches bought at the price of treachery. No, do not take your hand away! Listen to me—to me who love you—for one moment! You have thought of this lost lode until you are not yourself. You are like a man possessed by an evil spirit that will lead you to deeds that must stain your soul, if you do not pause. O Fernando! think of it no more. Keep faith with those to whom you have sold this mine. Let them find the lode if they can. It is enough if we have the price you have asked for the mine. You can gain no more with a clear conscience and an undefiled soul. Do not go near that mine where temptation lies in wait for you. O my love, my love! listen to me. Do not take the position this man offers, I beg, I pray you, Fernando—"

Her voice failed under the influence of the feeling which her own pleading seemed to intensify. Her tones were very low, but they thrilled with a passion of entreaty, and her small hands clasped his with a compelling force, as if she would constrain him to hear and to heed. Love has sometimes a wonderful illuminating power, and one old in the knowledge of life and sin could have felt no more strongly than this girl, in her youth and ignorance, that the man beside her stood in deadly temptation. Was it possible that her voice—the voice he loved so well—could fail to draw him from it?

Alas! in all ages is not the story told that angels, in one form or another, have pleaded in vain with men when their hearts and minds were set toward the glamour of evil? For an instant Fernando's purpose wavered, but the next moment it was like steel again. Much as he loved Guadalupe, what was she but a woman, a girl, full of foolish scruples and unfit to counsel a man in the serious affairs of life? He had made a mistake in speaking to her of matters beyond her comprehension. It was for a man to fight the world and win fortune with whatever weapons should seem to him best, and for a woman to accept the results without inquiry, submissive to his higher wisdom. So when he spoke there was a certain hardness in his tone that struck on her passionate mood like ice-water on heated metal.

"I see that you do not understand me, Guadalupe, and it is best that we should talk of this no farther. Every man has a right to do the best that he can for his own interest. I am doing no more. If these blundering foreigners serve me with-

out intending to do so, I am not to blame for that. Nor yet am I to blame if I take advantage of their ignorance and stupidity."

"You are deceiving yourself, Fernando," said Guadalupe sadly. "You are to blame if you should bind yourself to serve their interest, and instead you should betray it and serve your own. What would you say of another man who acted in that manner? And even now, I fear—oh! forgive me that I must say it—I fear that you are trying to gain your end by means that neither your honor nor your conscience can approve."

"That is enough," said Fernando angrily, drawing his hand from her soft detaining clasp. "You insult me, you do not trust me, you can have no love for me. When a woman loves a man all that he does is right in her eyes, she thinks only of his interest, not of that of any other man; but *you*, what do you know of love?"

"So much that I would die for you, Fernando, willingly, gladly," she said, clasping her hands and bending toward him. "But to see you do what is dishonorable in the eyes of men, and a sin in the eyes of God, how could I love you and not try with all my strength to hold you back from that?"

"If you loved me you would believe that I know best what is right," he said with passionate arrogance.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Should I?" she asked with a quivering intonation. "I think not, Fernando; for how can any human love alter the laws of God, the laws that bind us to justice and truth? They do not depend on what you or I may think or feel toward each other, those laws. They are fixed for ever, like the stars yonder, to guide us both."

Her voice dropped with the last word, and it was now Fernando's turn to be silent for a moment. Like many another man, he was angered by the opposition of the one being on whom he felt he had a right to count for support in any event. The truths which Guadalupe uttered he did not wish to hear from any one; but they were especially offensive coming from her; for he desired to deceive himself as far as practicable, and he desired her aid in doing so. He had not reckoned on the strength of integrity in the girl's nature, nor the living force which certain commandments, that he had trained himself to regard lightly enough, had for her. She was the only confidante whom he could allow himself, and he had followed an irresistible impulse in speaking to her freely; but he saw now

that he must deny himself this solace, and wear a mask for her as for all the rest of the world.

"You do me great injustice," he said at length, and, despite his efforts, he could not keep a tone of sullenness out of his voice. "I am not so treacherous and dishonorable as you think. If I take the position offered me in the mine, I shall not betray any interests confided to me. My father tells me that Señor Vyner simply wishes some one to execute his orders. That I can do with a clear conscience, for I wish I were as sure of Paradise as I am that *he* will never find the lost lode. Now we will speak of this no more."

And indeed Guadalupe's name was at this moment called by a voice—that of her aunt—which she had no alternative but to obey promptly. "I come," she answered, and then rising, bent for an instant over Fernando as he remained seated, put both hands on his shoulders so that the sweetness of her presence seemed to envelop him, kissed him lightly on the forehead, and was gone.

She did not see him again that night, and when she asked for him the next morning one of the younger boys said that he had ridden away at daylight, without telling any one where he was going. Guadalupe sighed. Was he angry with her, or did he only mean to avoid her, fearing farther words concerning their difference? She said to herself that he need have no such fear. She had wisdom enough to perceive clearly that no words of hers had power to move him; and there was a great and unusual capability of reticence in the girl. Some day, perhaps, the opportunity would come to speak again with more effect—until then, with the deep, simple piety of her race, she could only pray.

IV.

Meanwhile Fernando had indeed ridden away early, before the sun appeared above the eastern mountains. The cool freshness of the dawn—never in this high region without an accompanying chill—was grateful to his fevered senses; for all night long he had tossed and turned, beset by troubled visions, and with the pulsating excitement which Guadalupe had perceived in him thrilling through all his veins—an excitement that had been increased rather than lessened by her words. Again and again he waked from dreams in which he stood in the dark chambers of the mine beside the shining metal of the lost lode, but with Guadalupe's face and hand, like a forbidding angel's, warning

him back. It was a relief to shake off such visions, to rise from his couch, mount his horse in the sharp, clear freshness of the morning, and ride away. The indescribable coolness and purity of the air seemed to quiet the fever of his brain, and lay a calming touch upon his nerves. His thoughts took more definite shape, and his face set itself in resolute lines, as he turned his horse's head toward the town.

The marvellous glow of color which heralded the sunrise had faded by the time he entered the long, oriental-like streets, lined by close-barred, flat-roofed houses, and saw the beautiful church-tower gilded by the first rays of sunlight. Birds were wheeling in and out of its open arches, and bells with clashing peal were calling men to worship God; but Fernando paid as little heed to the last as to the first. With averted face he rode quickly by the church, and took his way down the straight street toward a part of the town which, having been the site of the original Aztec village, was still altogether inhabited by Indians. It was called the Cienega (or swampy place) from the fact that it lay somewhat lower than the town, and was therefore in less need of irrigation, from which resulted a luxurious growth of vegetation—so that the low adobe houses were embowered in tropical shade, and the gardens and fields stretching behind them were covered with a rich, deep green that was to be seen nowhere else during the dry season.

Before one of the small, dark habitations which bordered the road, Fernando drew up his horse, just as a woman appeared in the low doorway. The level rays of sunshine fell over her tall, straight figure, and made her bare neck and arms—for she wore only the cotton skirt and white *camiseta* common among the lower orders—gleam like polished bronze, while no more purely Aztec face ever met the gaze of the first conquerors of Mexico.

"Good day, Caterina," said the young man. "I want to see the *viejocito*, Rosalio. Is he at home?"

"Yes, señor," the woman answered, "he is in the house. I will call him to you—unless you will do us the honor to enter." And no great lady could have invited a guest within by a more graceful gesture.

"Thanks," said Fernando. "I prefer to see him within, if you can send some one to my horse—"

"At once, señor." She turned, and a moment later a boy appeared, to whom, with a word of caution, Fernando tossed his bridle-rein, and entered the dwelling. It was a single apartment, with a floor of hard and clean-swept earth, and, passing through,

the young man emerged into an enclosure behind, surrounded by one or two shed-like rooms and an adobe wall, along which cacti were creeping, and over which drooped heavy masses of plume-like foliage. Here he found an old man, spare and wiry of frame, as the elders of his race almost invariably are, with a skin like dried leather, but an eye full of brightness and intelligence, who was seated in a corner, under the shade of the projecting roof of bamboo-sticks and tiles, plaiting straw to be fashioned into the large, coarse sombreros worn by laborers.

"Ah, Rosalio, how goes it with you?" cried the young man cheerily, as soon as he perceived this figure.

"Very well, señor, that I may serve you," answered the *viejocito*, rising and evidently in no doubt who his visitor might be. "Sit down, señor, sit down"—offering his chair. "You are early on the road."

"It is necessary, for I have much to do," Fernando answered as he sat down in the offered chair. "I have come to see you again about the Espiritu Santo Mine," he went on quickly, looking up at the dark old face. "No one knows as much of it as you do, Rosalio, for I think you are the last of those who worked it in the time of the great bonanza."

"There is no other here of whom I know, señor," the old man answered. "Yes, I worked there in the days when silver was pouring out like a river; but that was long ago, before the times of fighting."

"So long ago," said Fernando, "that I know not where to find another man who has seen with his own eyes the great *veta madre*. And now I want you, Rosalio, to tell me exactly where it lay when you saw it last."

He was not looking up now, so he did not see how keen the light in the dark eyes suddenly became; but Rosalio paused for a moment, as if for consideration, before he answered. Then, "How can I tell you that, señor, when you do not know the mine?" he asked slowly.

"I know it quite well already, and I shall soon know it better," Fernando replied. "I am going to take charge of the work, and I wish to know where to seek for the lost lode."

"You!—you are going to work the mine!" the old man said with astonishment. "And you wish to find the *veta madre* for the strangers who possess it now?"

"Perhaps," said Fernando drily. "At least I wish to know where lies the best prospect of finding it; and I will pay well for the information, if you can give it to me."

There was a farther pause, and then the old man squatted down on the ground beside the chair, and looked into his visitor's face with an expression which made the heart of the latter for a moment almost cease beating, so full of meaning was it.

"Señor," said the old miner gravely, "it will be well if you speak plainly to me. It has not been long since you came and paid me to give no hint of what I knew to those who are now working the mine. If they found the great lode of themselves, you said, it was well; but there was no reason why we should give information to help them to it. I could guess your reasons for this very well; and, even had I not been able to do so, your money was good, and I have held my tongue—although, indeed, I have not been without thought that the señor *gringo* might pay me even better for what I know."

"You old traitor!" muttered Fernando, not without a rising fear lest that thought might have been acted upon, "I have no doubt of it."

"But," Rosalio went on, without heeding these half-inaudible words, "now you come to tell me that you wish to learn all that I know, in order to find the vein for these foreigners. It is hard to understand, señor."

"What concern of yours is it to attempt to understand it?" Fernando demanded haughtily. "If I pay you, is not that enough?"

The old man shook his head. "No, it is not enough, señor," he replied. "For I must not only be paid for what I can tell now, but I must have a share in that vein when it is found; and therefore I must deal with the man who will find *and own it*."

The young eyes and the old ones met for a minute, and the latter did not quail before the angry light which shone in the former. The steady gaze of those keen bright orbs was indeed the thing which told Fernando that the old Indian held him in his power. Whatever his terms, they must be acceded to, or else he might carry to Vyner a tale that would sweep away all hope of his (Fernando's) ever finding the great lost lode. So, his resolve was quickly taken—Rosalio must know all, and be so closely bound by chains of interest that treachery would become impossible. Therefore it was with a strong effort to control himself that he spoke:

"Whether you understand me or not, at least I understand *you*, Rosalio—and that very well. And if what you can tell proves to be of real value, you shall have your terms; for when that vein is found, I, and no other man, will be its owner. I

wish to know where to look for it, in order that it may *not* be found at present. Now tell me all that you know, and I will give you a hundred dollars for the information."

"Five hundred, señor, no less," the other answered calmly, "because I do not boast, but speak the truth, when I say that I know where the *veta madre* may be found. There are tales that it came to an end, that the ore no longer paid. That is not true. Those tales were spread to save the mine in times of danger; and I was one of the three men who covered up the lode and blockaded the passages that led to it. We were sworn never to betray the secret; but all are dead now save me, both of those who ordered and those who did the work; so there is no further reason why I should keep the oath. And I have only waited to find who will be likely to pay most for what I can tell."

"If this be true," said Fernando, who had grown very pale, "there is no need of your information. We have only to clear out all the old passages and workings until we find the vein where you left it."

The old man made an indifferent gesture with his hands and shoulders. "Try," he said laconically, "and when you have failed you will be glad to come to Rosalio. We did not do our work by halves."

"And if I believe you, and, to save time and labor, pay even the price you ask for what you can tell, are you sure enough of yourself to be certain that in all these years you have forgotten nothing?"

"Nothing!" was the firm answer. "It is clearer here"—he touched his head—"than things which happened yesterday. I have asked the men now working in the mine where they are seeking the lode, and I smiled when they told me. For they will never find it there."

"I am sure of that," said Fernando, "and it is because I wish to remain sure of it that I go into the mine. Now, understand that this is but the beginning of things between us. I will come again, and then we will arrange everything. Meanwhile take this"—there was the click of silver—"and be as silent as if thou, too, were dead like the rest."

"I have been silent for thirty years," the old Indian answered with dignity, "and it is not likely I shall speak now without good reason."

This was so true that Fernando felt he had nothing to fear as he rode away from the door of the humble dwelling that

sheltered so great a secret. And now to see Vyner! But, knowing that gentleman was not likely to be astir so early, he went to the home of a friend, breakfasted, and two hours later presented himself at the door of the house where the young Englishman had his quarters.

These were as luxurious as they could be made in such a place, and with the limited means of transportation at command. Vyner had rented one of the best houses in the town, and brought, in ox-carts and on mule-back, the furniture which filled his rooms, from a city more than a hundred miles distant. From a flowery *patio*, surrounded by brick-paved, tile-roofed corridors, Fernando was shown into a *sala* the floor of which was covered with rugs, while easy-chairs and couches were placed about carelessly in a manner strange to Mexican eyes, tables were covered with books and papers, and extended in a long, cane chair by one of these, smoking and reading, was Vyner himself.

He looked up, threw down his paper, and rose with a cordial air when he saw who was his visitor. It struck Fernando that never had the usually languid and supercilious man met him so graciously before.

"Ah, Señor Sandoval," he said, "I am very glad to see you. Pray be seated, and let me offer you some refreshment after your ride."

"Many thanks, señor," Fernando replied, with the courteous gesture of the hand which signifies a negative; "I have just breakfasted. I was unfortunate in being absent from home when you called to see me yesterday, but my father delivered your message to me, and so—I am here."

"To tell me, I hope, that you will accept my proposal," said Vyner. "Pray take a cigar. I can recommend them as good. I am well aware," he went on, after the cigar had been accepted, "that I may have seemed a little presumptuous in making such a proposal. But you have an interest in the mine almost as great as ours; for unless we can find the value promised, we shall not, of course, purchase it; and so it occurred to me that you might be willing to do anything that you could to insure success."

Fernando's throat seemed a little husky, so that he could not reply at once; but after a moment he answered that it was certainly very much to his interest that the present owners should succeed in working the mine, and that his best efforts were at their service to assist in securing that success.

"I had no doubt of it," said Vyner, "and therefore I offered you a position which under other circumstances I am aware that

it would hardly be worth your while to accept. But, since our interest lies in the same direction, we must work together to win success as soon as possible. My people in London are urging me to find the *veta madre*, and I am sparing no effort to do so; but I need a Mexican to superintend the work, one who will understand and can manage the men, and whose interest, like my own, is to discover the lost lode as speedily as possible. Therefore I have applied to you."

Perhaps Fernando had never felt until now how difficult was the part he had undertaken to play; for it is one thing to plot treachery, and another to execute it in the face of trust. Blinded by passionate, overmastering desire, he had not thought of all the dissimulation and double-dealing involved in the course upon which he had entered. For one moment he hesitated. Even yet it was not too late; he might still decline to enter into this man's service, though keeping his own counsel regarding what he knew. Guadalupe's imploring eyes rose before him; but so strangely are human hearts constituted, that it was her image which steeled his wavering resolve. No, the road upon which he had entered was the road that led to her; and he would take it, no matter through what dark ways of deception it led, even though the foul fiend stood at the end! But in order to excuse his hesitation he said:

"There is one obstacle to my accepting the position you offer, señor—I have no practical knowledge of mining."

"That is not necessary," Vyner replied, as he had already replied to the same objection from Don Ignacio. "I shall direct the work; you will only be required to see that my orders are faithfully executed."

A gleam came into Fernando's eyes. "You are sure that I shall have no responsibility, that no direction of the work will be thrown upon me?" he inquired.

"Not the least," Vyner answered. "Set your mind at rest on that point. I allow no one else to direct the work in a mine of which I am in charge. I shall indicate where the work is to be done, and you will see that it is done—that is all."

"Then I accept the position," said the young man in a clear, resolute tone. "If I am to have no responsibility, if no direction rests with me, there is no reason why I should hesitate longer. Señor Vyner, consider me in your service."

V.

And so it came to pass that, much to the surprise of his friends and acquaintances—who, in Mexico as in other parts of the world, are prone to interest themselves in what does not concern them—Fernando Sandoval went into the Espiritu Santo Mine as its manager, subject to Mr. Vyner. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the comments that passed freely from lip to lip, or upon the taciturn but unmistakable disapproval of his father; for the young man paid absolutely no heed to these things. A change had come over him as every one felt and not a few remarked. Once full of frank friendliness to all the world, a good comrade and pleasant companion, he was now become what the people characterize as "*corto*"—short in speech, reserved in manner, and with an air of almost moody preoccupation on his handsome face. "He is like a man under a spell," some of them said, and indeed it was the most potent spell known to earth, that had been laid upon him—the spell of an overwhelming desire for the gold which brings all things, and the possession of which, in this as in many another case, could only be compassed by the loss of honor and peace of conscience.

In these days even Guadalupe's sweet dark eyes appealed to him in vain. Ever since the night on which she had spoken so freely to him a cloud had lain between them which the girl strove in vain to lift. If not his heart, at least his mind and his purposes were locked away from her. Save for what he had in a measure revealed that night, his intentions were as much a mystery to her as to any one else—a mystery at least as far as the means by which he proposed to meet his end were concerned; but of the nature of that end she had not a moment's doubt. Many women would have deceived themselves on this point, many more would have acted on the opinion that a man's business did not concern them, and that it was more convenient not to know of methods which conscience might possibly be forced to condemn, and which would perhaps interfere with the enjoyment of results when obtained. But such convenient sophistry and blindness were not possible to this girl. She not only loved the man with a simplicity and directness of passion unknown to more complicated natures, but the very greatness of her love enabled her to see where he was weakest, and to lend an agonized strength to her desire to save him. She knew, and she alone, in what temptation he stood, what peril to his honor and his soul. She could not approach him again with words

unless he gave her the opportunity to do so; but her eyes pleaded with him ceaselessly; and he, reading their meaning well, turned impatiently from glances which he did not intend to heed.

But one person, at least, was very well satisfied with the state of affairs, and that was Vyner. He had no more trouble with his miners. Fernando managed them admirably, and there were no more frictions, no more complaints, threatened insubordination and loss of valuable men to irritate him. All things went smoothly now, his orders were executed with fidelity and despatch, and if, after the lapse of a month, they were no nearer finding the lost lode than they had been at first, it was not for want of diligent work, money lavishly spent, and science applied in the most praiseworthy manner. The last, however, did not meet with the approval which no doubt it deserved, from the Mexicans. They, who knew but one mode to work a mine, and that is to get at the metal in the shortest way possible, regarded with a wonder not unmixed with contempt the vast amount of what they considered useless work undertaken by the young Englishman on scientific principles. "The mine has never been worked at all," he remarked more than once to Sandoval. "It has been burrowed into, and a great deal of metal extracted, no doubt; but it has never been opened so as to be really worked to any advantage."

"It has only yielded about a hundred millions," said the Mexican calmly, "which looks as if it had been worked to very great advantage. But it is not our habit to put a fortune into a mine in extensive works before we take anything out."

"Unless a mine is well opened at the first, you can never tell where you are or what you have got. It is all a matter of chance, and you are liable to lose your lode at any time as it has been lost here," Vyner replied. "Now, when I strike the vein there will be no more danger of loss. The lode will be found once and for all."

"Yes," said Fernando. There was no sign of amusement on his impassive face. "And when do you think that you will find it?"

"Within the next fortnight," Vyner answered confidently. "I am certain that the vein lies exactly in the direction in which we are advancing, and when we reach it we shall find a large body of metal. Put as many men as possible on the work and press forward. I am growing very impatient to be able to re-

port that I have found this lode, for the money expended in the work has been very considerable."

Fernando permitted himself a slight, sardonic smile as the other mounted his horse—they had been standing at the entrance of the mine—and rode away. "No doubt," he said to himself, "it has been considerable; and you may spend ten, twenty, a hundred times as much, and bore through the mountain, without finding what you seek. So much for your science!"

Comfortably unconscious of this contemptuous opinion, Vyner rode down the steep mountain-path and, when he reached the valley, took the short-cut across the lands of La Providencia. It had become his habit to stop now and then at the hacienda, where a courteous welcome always awaited him. He did not pretend to disguise to himself from what source his gratification in these visits was derived. Certainly it was not from his conversations with Don Ignacio—interesting as these might have proved to a different man—nor yet from the cup of chocolate Señora Sandoval was always ready to offer him. These things would not have tempted him even once to turn aside from his road and mount the hill on which the *casa* stood; but the chance of seeing Guadalupe did tempt him again and again. Had any one suggested that he was in love with her, he would only have smiled, for he thought that all possibilities of such passion had long since been exhausted in his nature, if indeed they had ever existed there. It was a sentiment very different from anything so primitive (he would have said) which bound him in the chains of a fascination not easily characterized to a woman in distant England; but this entanglement did not interfere in the least with the fancy which filled his vacant hours for the beautiful Mexican girl, and made his visits to La Providencia so frequent.

Not that it followed by any means that he always saw her on these visits. Indeed he could not flatter himself that he ever did see her except by accident, and an accident which was evidently a matter of absolute indifference to her. The tranquillity of her manner had never varied from that of the first day he had seen her; yet if there was any one for whom Guadalupe felt a sentiment closely approaching to repugnance, it was to this Englishman, who seemed to her to stand somewhat in the guise of Fernando's tempter—an unconscious tempter, it was true; but nevertheless one who had offered him an opportunity which else he might have lacked. Therefore his visits were anything but a pleasure to her, and she shrank out of sight when-

ever he entered the house, if such a thing were at all possible.

But on this afternoon it was not possible. Vyner was met by one of the young men—Don Ignacio's many sons were of all ages—and introduced at once into the house, although both the heads of the family chanced to be absent. It devolved upon Guadalupe therefore, who in the default of a daughter always took the place of one, to come and offer the *mariendo*, or afternoon chocolate, to the guest. He accepted it, more for the pleasure of being served by her than for any other reason, and on a table in one corner of the corridor a frothy cup of the mild, sweet beverage was soon placed, together with a tray of bread and cakes. As Vyner dawdled over the collation, at which courtesy required that Guadalupe should bear him company, although Felipe, growing tired, soon found an excuse to vanish, he felt very well repaid for his ride, of which this had really been the objective point. The corridor, or gallery, on which he sat extended on three sides of the open court around which the house was built, the fourth side being formed by a wall, through which a door led to the corrals beyond. Over this wall a vine, bearing great clusters of purple flowers, flung itself in wild luxuriance, forming a splendid mass of color; in the midst of the *patio* a tall palm-tree lifted its royal crown of plumy foliage far above the house; golden roses climbed against the white pillars that supported the roof of the corridors, and as the afternoon breeze entered the court and stirred the leaves and blossoms, a waft of almost overpowering fragrance came to Vyner from a great straggling bush of heliotrope just before him. Never after did the odor of heliotrope reach him without conjuring up the foreign, picturesque scene—the sky of burning turquoise looking down into the court so full of tropical forms and colors; the wide, shaded galleries with large, cool rooms opening upon them; the sound of women's voices talking voluble Spanish in the kitchen, and the beautiful, delicate face of the girl who sat opposite him, with a *rebosa* of some silky material thrown lightly over her graceful head and flung in lines of perfect drapery across her shoulders. "What a picture she would make!" thought the young man, although there was little of the artist in his soul; and then he found himself wondering what was the meaning of the intent, almost wistful gaze which he met more than once in her eyes.

"You will allow me?" he said, taking out his cigar-case after having finally finished the cup of chocolate. "It is a charming

characteristic of Mexican ladies that they never object to tobacco—and I cannot resist the pleasure of resting here a little longer. The ride to the mine is a fatiguing one."

"You found everything going well at the mine, I hope," she said with the wistfulness of glance he had already noted, and a hesitation of manner new to her. "And my cousin—he executes your orders according to your wishes?"

"Admirably," answered Vyner, who felt for once disposed to make himself amiable. "He is the most capable subordinate that I have ever had; understands at once what I wish done, and sees that my orders are executed promptly and faithfully. I shall always be grateful to Don Fernando for the relief from annoyance which he has secured to me," he added, turning his face aside to let out a delicate cloud of blue, fragrant smoke from between his lips.

Because his face was turned he did not see the swift expression that crossed Guadalupe's. In truth his words of praise for Fernando smote her with a hot sense of shame and reproach, as if herself had been a traitor; and these feelings were mirrored for an instant in her sensitive countenance. But she clasped her hands together tightly in her lap, under cover of the table, and spoke with her usual quietness:

"And the lost lode—is there a prospect that you will find it?"

He smiled. "It is only a question of time, finding that," he said lightly. "It was lost because there was no scientific knowledge in the method of working the mine. We are approaching the spot where I expect to strike it; and in a few day I shall be able to report how much of the old, fabulous bonanza is left."

A flash of hope came into her eyes, giving them a sudden radiance that was not lost upon Vyner, though he wondered a little what he had said to account for it. Ah, if this were but true!—if the lost lode could be found! "*Madre de Dios*, grant that it may be so!" the girl whispered to herself. Whether Fernando had failed in his plans, or whether he had abandoned them, did not matter very much so long as the mercy of Heaven saved him from actual treachery and dishonor. A wonderful sweetness was in her face as she looked at Vyner.

"I hope that it may be so, señor," she said earnestly. "I trust that you may find the lode very soon. For you must be in much suspense until it is reached, not knowing if it has been exhausted or not. My cousin does not spare himself in your

service," she added, glad not to shrink from mentioning Fernando's connection with the mine. "We hardly see him at all. Night as well as day he is at the mine."

"Don Fernando is very vigilant," said Vyner, "but I am not responsible for monopolizing so much of his time, señorita. Of late we have not been working in the mine at night."

He did not think of the significance his words might bear until he was startled by their effect upon her. The light died out of her eyes as suddenly as the flame of a candle is extinguished, and she turned pale to the lips. Vyner could not doubt that his information had dealt a blow—how deep he could only guess by the expression of her face. He saw at once that Fernando had cloaked absences from home by a pretext of work in the mine that did not exist; but why Guadalupe should be so much concerned thereat he did not know. He was only sorry that he had so abruptly enlightened her.

"It is possible," he added, hesitating a little, in his doubt what to say, "that he may have been working some of the men at night without consulting me. He, too, is very anxious to find the lode."

"Yes," said Guadalupe. Her lips felt dry and stiff, as she uttered the word that seemed to her to contain a terrible irony of assent. Anxious to find the lode! *That*, then, was what Fernando was doing in the long nights when she had lain awake, listening vainly for his coming and praying for him. Her heart turned sick with the revulsion from the hope of a moment before, and she dropped her eyes that Vyner might not read in them the fear that filled her soul.

He read enough, however, to see that she was much disturbed, and that his pleasant hour was over. With a very sincere inward malediction upon Fernando, he rose to go. "There is some mystery," he thought, as he rode away. "That cousin of hers is after some mischief, which she suspects. But what is it to her?"

VI.

In the strange chances of human affairs it is sometimes difficult to say what is due to accident, and what to that powerful yet seemingly blind influence which the ancients called Fate, and for which the moderns have found no better name; but it was apparently an accident, pure and simple, that turned Vyner's conjectures regarding Guadalupe, and her concern over her cou-

sin's absence, into the channel of suspicion regarding the mine.

It was about an hour after he had left the hacienda, as he was nearing the town, riding slowly in the short but exquisite interval between sunset and nightfall, that he overtook a man walking with long, elastic steps by the side of the road, who turned and saluted him. Vyner knew him at once as one of the miners, whose stalwart frame and intelligent face he had often remarked, and in this idle moment there seemed nothing better to do than to draw rein by his side and exchange a few words, while observing the effective picture he made as he kept step easily with the horse—a tall, straight, finely-formed figure, with head superbly poised and features of striking regularity, the clear bronze of his skin contrasting with his white cotton garments and the red blanket he carried flung over his shoulder.

"And so, Antonio," said Vyner, "you are on your way in to town. It is a long walk after a day's work; do you take it every night?"

"Yes, señor," the man answered, looking up with dark, liquid eyes under the shade of his wide sombrero. "Since we no longer work in the mine at night, I prefer to go to the town. The walk is little to me—I am strong. And Don Fernando does not wish the men to remain at the mine," he added, after a pause long enough to give a shade of significance to the words.

Vyner was conscious of a sense of surprise, but he did not answer for a moment. Then he said quietly, "Why does he object to their remaining?"

The man lifted his shoulders with the gesture which signifies many different things. "*Quien sabe?*" he replied in the invariable formula of his people. "We only know that it is his wish that no one but the watchman should remain near the mine at night; so most of the men sleep in the village at the foot of the mountain, but I prefer to go to the town."

There was a moment's pause, while the man's feet and the horse's feet beat time together on the dusty road and the last fires of sunset burned above the blue mountain crests. Vyner was looking straight before him, but he did not see either the light, flame-tinted clouds, or the broad, white highway that stretched to the yellow walls and masses of green foliage which marked the town. Instead, he saw, without a conscious effort of memory, Guadalupe's pale face with its startled expression; and an instinct was borne in upon him that there was some

connection between that expression and the information he had just received. Why did she look so strangely, so like one who had received a blow, when she heard that the mine was not worked at night? And why should Fernando object to the men remaining there at night? Vyner's mind was acute enough when once roused, and although he did not leap to a conclusion sufficiently to say to himself that some treachery was on foot, he felt a defined suspicion of his accomplished subordinate which he determined to lose no time in putting to a test. He would not condescend to question the miner farther, or to allow him to suppose that matters were going on in the mine of which he (Vyner) was ignorant, although there was something in the man's glance which seemed to convey a hint of warning. But this sign of intelligence only made the young Englishman more resolved to give no opportunity for additional disclosures. Whatever was to be learned, he would learn for himself, not from servants or spies. When he spoke again, therefore, it was to ask some indifferent question connected with the progress of the work, and a few minutes later, as they were close upon the town, he touched his horse with the spur and rode on.

But it was impossible to ride away from the thoughts which had been suggested, and indeed he had no desire to do so. His languid indifference fell from him like a garment; the mere suspicion of being fooled and betrayed roused all the fire that was in his nature, and he did not look like a man who would be very pleasant to deal with as, with bent brows and set lips, he rode through the streets of the town to his own house.

There, three hours later, he sat on the corridor before the *sala*, through the open door of which a reading-lamp and table covered with books and papers showed invitingly. But these things had no attraction for him to-night. He preferred the semi-obscurity of the wide corridor, where he sat smoking and looking at the flower-filled *patio* flooded with lustrous moonlight, for, like a great silver balloon, the moon was riding high in the violet heaven. Of the beauty of lunar radiance in these regions, elevated so far above the surface of the earth into the tropical sky, language can give no idea. But just as the sunlight possesses here a glory which lower and colder lands never know, often weighing down the eyelids by dazzling excess of light, so moonlight becomes an almost unearthly splendor, a divine white lustre which renders the old familiar earth a veritable land of enchantment, and turns night into a fairer, sublimated day. Nothing could have been better than this brilliant light for the

purpose which Vyner was meditating, and when about half-past ten o'clock a servant came to inquire if he should close the house, he was astonished to receive an order to saddle a horse.

"Two horses, señor?" the man asked, hesitating an instant.

"No," Vyner answered. "What should I want with two horses?"

"I thought that since he is going out in the night, the señor would wish me to accompany him," the *mozo* replied, with a surprise that was evidently for the question.

But Vyner, like most of his race, was physically fearless; and the thought of taking the man as a matter of precaution did not occur to him. He was going on an errand which he had no idea of confiding to any one, and he replied peremptorily that he wanted only one horse and would go alone. Alone, therefore, half an hour later, he rode away, bidding the servant be on guard to admit him without delay when he returned.

The lustre of the moonlight made everything as clearly perceptible as at high noonday, when he rode along the silent streets, between lines of close-barred, flat-roofed houses with sharply accentuated shadows, around the plaza with its empty stone benches, its motionless trees and plants, and the basin of its fountain lying like a mirror in which the sailing queen of night might see her fairness reflected, down the streets where occasional groups of people were gathered about a still open doorway, or a picturesquely draped man stood talking through the window-bars to an invisible girl within. Once a party of young men passed, singing softly with low, full-throated sounds, and touching lightly now and then the strings of a guitar which one of them held. But for the most part the streets were deserted, with only the bark of a dog or the ring of his horse's hoofs to break their stillness, as he passed on out into the open country, where the white glory lay spread over the wide plain and encircling heights, revealing every feature of the scene with magical clearness, while not a leaf stirred or animal moved.

The air was deliciously cool and fresh, the moisture of the night sufficient to keep the light dust from rising, and the expedition began to commend itself to Vyner as a rather enjoyable experience. For reflection had almost convinced him that the suspicion which had suggested itself was absurd, that nothing could be going on at the mine of which he was ignorant. But it was as well to satisfy himself. Guadalupe's face still rose before him in disagreeable connection with the words of the miner; and if the Señor Don Fernando Sandoval was indeed

playing any tricks, he should speedily discover that he (Vyner) was not a safe man to play them upon. So he rode on, along the broad, white road, through the silent valley, while the night seemed to grow more brilliant with every passing hour, so wonderful was the radiance that rested like a mantle of silver over the far-reaching landscape.

He entered as usual the gates of La Providencia, skirting the hill on which the *casa* stood, but rising to a level with it as he reached the rear of its large enclosure. Everything here was wrapped in a stillness as profound as that which rested elsewhere; and with its closed doors and high-encircling wall, the house presented the appearance of a fort. Through an air so motionless and so clear sound is carried far with wonderful distinctness, and it was not surprising that the clatter of the horse's feet on the stony hillside, which struck loud on Vyner's own ear, should have penetrated with almost as much clearness to another ear, strung tense with painful listening in the apparently sleeping house.

For Guadalupe, lying wide awake, heard the first distant hoof-stroke and sprang at once erect, saying to herself, "Fernando!" An instant carried her to the open window, and there, as the sound came nearer, she recognized that the horseman was not approaching the house but passing by. She leaned out, listening eagerly, all her senses quickened by apprehension, and in a few moments was convinced that the rider, whoever he might be, was going to the mine, since he rode toward the mountain, and where else in those solitudes could any one be bound? Was he Fernando? No one else (except Vyner, of whom she did not think) was likely to be on horseback. If it were Fernando, where had he been, and where was he going now? Might she not intercept him and stop him, induce him to listen to her prayers and abandon the dark work he had in hand? She knew the road; it passed around the hill and after a wide curve passed near the corrals at the back of the house. Could she not speak to him there? It was at least worth while to make the effort, far better than to remain passive in powerlessness and misery. She paused only to thrust her feet into slippers and throw a shawl around her, then quickly and noiselessly sped out into the moonlight-flooded *patio*, where the air was heavy with the languorous perfume of flowers, through the back courts, past the stable where the mules and horses stood, through a corral where the great oxen lay sleeping heavily near their yokes and carts, into another where the cows, brought up

for the evening's milking, lifted their heads and glanced at her, and so came to the wall which was the outward boundary of the premises. Here she listened for a moment. Yes, she was in time. The horseman was drawing near. Sharp and clear the horse's hoofs rang now on the stillness of the night as the rider leisurely mounted the acclivity and followed the road which would bring him within a few feet of the wall.

But how should she communicate with him through the wall, which was at least ten feet high, and in which there was no gate? This she had already settled in her mind. The wall was built of rough, unplastered adobes, very thick, but worn and broken in many places with the action of time and weather, thus offering a rough surface on the inner side which it was possible for any one with great agility, and indifference to abrasions of skin, to climb. Guadalupe felt certain that, nerved by her present purpose, she could climb it. She swept one glance over the surface to ascertain the best place for her venture, and then began to climb, clutching the points offered by the rough bricks with her delicate hands, and setting her small feet with desperate energy into the cavities from which they too often slipped. At another moment she must have failed, for the effort was indeed a desperate one; but the sound of those nearing hoof-strokes filled her with the strength and courage of despair. Another instant and Fernando must be gone beyond her reach. What did anything else matter in comparison to saying one word to him, one word which might have the power to move him! Clasping afresh the sharp and brittle points of brick, she raised herself with convulsive energy and looked over the wall. The rider was just abreast with the spot where she stood, and in the white radiance of the moonlight she saw him clearly. For a moment she hung, motionless as if suddenly carved in stone, with the words she had been about to utter frozen, as it were, on her lips. Her dark eyes distended as she looked at him; but he rode by, unconscious of their gaze, and when she saw him turn up the mountain toward the mine she dropped, heedless of her torn and bleeding hands, to the foot of the wall and lay there for an instant as if she had fainted.

But it was only for an instant. Terror roused her quickly to action and life. She grasped the situation almost without thought. Vyner had heard or suspected something, and was on his way to the mine to verify the report or suspicion. *And Fernando was there!* Of that she was sure. What he was

doing she did not know; only an instinct assured her that it was something which would make a meeting with Vyner of terrible danger to both men. What could she do? Ah! pitying God, what could she do? Go and warn Fernando? Was that possible? Yes, she said to herself, with Heaven helping her, it was possible. Vyner, it is true, was on horseback; but the road was circuitous and very steep that wound up the mountain, and he must ride slowly, while she knew the path which the miners always followed in ascending and descending; a straight and terrible climb up the mountain's side, but counting barely two miles, while the road covered five. If she could make those two miles before Vyner accomplished his five, she might even yet save Fernando from—God alone knew what! Detection and dishonor certainly, and crime perhaps, for if the two men met who could say what result might follow?

"I can but try," she thought; and gathering herself up, she fled swiftly as she had come, passing like a spirit through the sleeping animals, through the odorous *patio* where the arches and pillars of the corridor lay in sharp, black outlines of shadow on the pavement, and the household slumbered peacefully behind their closed doors, and on the great front door, the massive portals of which were closely barred, while a *mozo* lay sleeping on his mat in the arched passage that led to it. This man was the only difficulty. If he waked—well, she must run the risk of that, and hope in such case to induce him to be silent, but he slept heavily, and murmuring prayers, that slipped from her lips like the beads of a rosary through the fingers, she undid the bolts and bars that at another time would have defied her strength, swung open the heavy door and darted away like a greyhound into the white, silent night, taking the lonely and difficult path that led up the mountain's steep ascent.

VII.

Little suspecting whose eyes had been bent upon him as he passed the corrals of the hacienda, Vyner rode up the mountain, pausing now and again at the turns of the winding way to cast a glance over the wide prospect that lay below him flooded with silver mist. The marvellous beauty of the scene, bathed in this unearthly radiance, touched even his sluggish faculty of admiration; and as he mounted higher and the wonderful panorama unrolled to its farthest mountain barriers, while the air

grew fresher and the violet heaven seemed bending nearer, he admitted to himself that he was well repaid for this midnight ride even if he discovered nothing.

And when he reached the mine it did not appear as if he were likely to discover anything, or indeed as if there was anything to be discovered. All was wrapped in the deep repose of silence and absolute desertion. In the brilliant moonlight the roughly-arched entrance of the tunnel which led into the mine, with its massive door closed and locked, had something weird in its appearance; and unimaginative as he was, Vyner thought of Old World legends of gnomes and elves and their treasures buried in the deep hearts of the mountains. He dismounted from his horse and, fastening the animal, looked around for the watchman, but no sign of this functionary was visible. "Asleep, I suppose," the young man said to himself, feeling more and more convinced that there was no foundation for the suspicion which had been excited in his mind. But in order to satisfy himself that the watchman was on the ground, he walked toward a hut near the mouth of the tunnel, where the man had his quarters. The moonlight poured in at the open door and showed his recumbent form wrapped in his blanket and stretched on the mat which makes the sole bed of the laboring class of Mexico. His deep breathing was sufficient evidence that he slept heavily, and Vyner's quick sense of odor assured him that there was a special reason for this heaviness of slumber. The peculiar pungent fumes of the *vino de mescal* filled the small apartment, and testified that it might be easier to waken a log than the man who lay sleeping under its influence. Vyner stood for a moment looking down upon him. He was evidently intoxicated, oblivious and unconscious of everything; and on perceiving this suspicion again wakened in the young man's mind. With such a guardian anything was possible. He felt now that he could not leave the mine without assuring himself farther that no treachery was going on. But how could he enter? The great fortress-like door was locked, and the key was of course in the possession of Fernando Sandoval. He felt so sure of this, that it was with no intention of searching for, or hope of finding it, that his glance swept over the inside of the hut and was attracted by a gleam of metal, as the moonbeams fell upon a rude bench opposite the door. Revealed by their touch, something lay shining there that bore the appearance of one of the great keys that are fashioned in Mexico for

the most ordinary locks, and that might serve for the gates of a mediæval city. He made a step forward and took it up. Yes, it was the key; but why it should be lying there beside the sleeping watchman raised another question in his mind. It was as if some one, entering hastily, had laid the key carelessly down and forgotten it. But who? Vyner did not pause to consider the question. With the key in his possession entrance to the mine was assured, and turning quickly he left the hut and walked toward the massive door set in the frowning rock.

As he emerged from the hut into the broad moonlight which poured full upon the spot, a breathless, hurrying figure that had just gained the edge of the forest paused with what barely escaped being a cry and shrank trembling back into the shadow of the trees. Poor Guadalupe! Not for one instant had she spared herself on the steep and terrible ascent. She who had never before been outside the walls of her home without protection had not heeded the loneliness of the midnight and of the forest, had not thought of possible danger to herself, had not faltered over the exertion which would have taxed the energies of the strongest man, in hurrying without rest or pause up the almost precipitous mountain-side; yet despite all, Heaven had not heard her prayers—she came too late! The perception of this, when she saw Vyner emerge from the watchman's hut, seemed for a moment almost to annihilate her. The passionate desire to attain her end which until now had upheld her was in that instant extinguished in bitter disappointment, and her physical frame simply collapsed. She sank down on the ground, and so remained in the shadow, a dark, motionless heap.

But not for long. She had indeed failed in that for which she had come; she was too late to warn Fernando, but her anxiety for him was none the less like a consuming fire. Was he here? was the meeting, the conflict she feared about to take place? She could not lie down and die from sheer exhaustion while these questions were yet unanswered. She lifted her head, dragged herself to her knees, and, sheltered behind the trunk of a large tree, watched with eyes full of burning eagerness the movements of Vyner. She saw him unlock the great door, light a candle which he had brought from the watchman's hut, and enter the mine. She followed with agonized gaze the last flicker of his light as he disappeared in the tunnel. What would he find? She forgot to take comfort from the thought that the door having been locked, he was therefore not likely to

find anything where he had gone. She only longed to follow him, and knowing this was impossible, knelt trembling and praying in the shadow of the trees.

Vyner meanwhile had entered the tunnel, with his candle held before him, but he had not taken many steps when he was surprised by a peculiar noise somewhat like the beating of distant drums, or the sound of machinery in motion, which, coming so unexpectedly to his ears in a place where the quiet of the grave usually reigned, startled even his steady nerves that were already perhaps a little tried by the loneliness of the situation and the possible danger of the errand on which he was bound. He stood still, listening intently and conscious that his heart was beating more quickly than its wont. But in a few seconds the whirring noise came nearer and nearer, until he was encompassed by a cloud of flying objects that surrounded the light in his hand and flew in his face, nearly smothering him. He struck at them right and left, and succeeded in clearing them away sufficiently to see that they were myriads of bats which had been roused from their slumbers in the roof of the tunnel, and attracted by the light of the candle, rushed toward it. He recovered himself, smiled at his momentary dismay, and, passing on, descended the shaft which led into the mine and entered its lower levels. Here stillness reigned, broken only by the musical sound of trickling water as it percolated through the crevices of the rock, and fell into the deep pool at the bottom of the shaft which formed its receptacle, from whence the gigantic pump forced it to the surface and thus drained the mine. In these dark galleries Vyner's solitary candle made but a faint illumination, yet even its rays, striking on the sides of the rocky walls, showed now and then brilliant effects from the masses of metal, shining with moisture, in which, like jewels gleaming out of the obscurity, the glistening fragments of pyrites gave back the light. It might have been the treasure-house of the gnomes indeed, to all appearance at these moments; but Vyner paid no heed to this delusive brightness. What he sought were evidences of more real value. He was determined to discover if anything was being concealed from him with regard to the vein—if perhaps the long-lost lode had been discovered and the discovery not reported to him—for such was the definite form which his suspicion had taken. With this end in view he made his way to the farthest point where the work had penetrated, and there, holding his candle close to the wall of rock, examined it with closest attention, foot by foot.

It was while he was thus engaged that a sound came to his ear which startled him far more than the onset of the bats had done, which, in fact, astonished him beyond measure, and almost caused him to drop the candle from his hand.

It was the echo of a dull, distant thud, regularly recurring, which only a practised ear could have distinguished in the first place or understood in the second; but Vyner had been enough in mines to recognize at once the stroke of a miner's pick, the sound of which came faint but distinctly audible through the rock, as if from men at work far in the bowels of the earth. Lost in amazement, he stood for several minutes listening, with his sense of hearing strained to its utmost tension. Of the nature and meaning of the sound he had not an instant's doubt—but where was it? He had been through all the workings of the mine and found them absolutely deserted. If there were any other workings he was ignorant of their existence; yet such workings there must be, for he soon satisfied himself that the sound proceeded from a point in advance of where he stood, though not in the line of his drift. "By Heaven!" he said aloud, and his voice sounded strangely in his own ears, as it rang hollow from the surrounding rocks, "there *is* dastardly treachery here! They are working on the vein, and they have some secret entrance to the mine of which I know nothing; but I will find it!"

He turned, fierce determination in every line of his face, all thought of prudence forgotten, all recollection of the peril he would incur if, alone and unarmed, he should come upon men who might be rendered desperate by discovery. The idea of going away, and returning sensibly and safely on the morrow to search, did not for an instant occur to him. Fury possessed him—the fury of a passionate man who feels himself tricked and deceived. And one thought only filled his soul—to find those who were deceiving him.

With candle uplifted, ominously shining eyes under knitted brows, and grimly compressed lips, he went again through all the workings of this part of the mine, carefully examining if there were any means of access to the point beyond, from whence the sounds proceeded. But the closest scrutiny revealed no way of approach, and he was finally constrained to the decision that entrance must be sought from the surface. Pausing, therefore, only long enough to locate the sound as well as possible and fix the necessary bearings in his mind, he took his way

back to the upper world, and presently came out from the tunnel to the white glory of moonlight and the fresh, cool air beyond.

The contrast of the dark depths he had left to the divine beauty of earth and heaven, would at another moment have struck him deeply; but now he was too much absorbed in the one thought which possessed him to heed it at all. He did not pause a moment, but, to Guadalupe's surprise, turned sharply and strode up the mountain, which towered several hundred feet above the small plateau before the entrance of the tunnel. He remembered that higher up were the deserted mouths of many old shafts which had been used in the ancient working of the mine, but were now entirely abandoned, and he said to himself that of necessity it was by some of these that the mine had been entered. He had fixed the bearings of the betraying sounds below so well in his mind that he had no difficulty in deciding where such a shaft would probably be found; and truly enough, when he reached the spot there was the shaft; the *débris*, which in daytime served to conceal it, laid to one side, and its open mouth revealing the notched pole which, set on end, serves for a ladder in all but the greatest Mexican mines.

Of Vyner's prudence it is impossible to say anything, but of his courage there can be no question, for recognizing at once that this shaft was used for the purpose he suspected, he again lighted his candle and without an instant's hesitation descended into it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ROYAL PATRONESS OF COLUMBUS.

THE approach of the great Exposition to be held in Chicago leads our thoughts to recall with more than habitual interest the names of those illustrious personages upon whom, by divine appointment, fell the mission to bring to the western continent the boons of civilization and Christianity. It was always entertaining to contemplate the career of Isabella of Castile. Among the women who became great in empire, fame has raised her name and memory the highest of all; nor among kings and emperors has ever been one who, considered all in all, was more than, if indeed fully, her equal. Many particular gifts a prince must have in order to be fit for the rule of a nation already great and established in peace. But to take one in smallness, weakness, and obscurity, and, by the discipline of laws and other instrumentalities of domestic polity and through long, exhausting wars, raise it to greatness, requires so many more that it is not to be wondered upon how few they have been bestowed. Rare is the combination of the qualities of ever acquiring and ever holding; of guiding in peace and in war; the rigorousness of a conquering monarch over enemies, domestic and foreign, with purest patriotism and with tenderest compassion for suffering of every kind and degree; the courage of persistent, absolute, annihilating conquest with the love of peace and liberty undiminished and untempted; and all these inspired and regulated by reliance upon celestial support, the same in all phases of fortune from the beginning to the end. In all these gifts this earth, in our opinion, has never produced a prince who was quite the equal of Isabella.

Misfortune, even bare neglect, during the periods of childhood and youth, are benign things to spirits exalted enough to comprehend their value, and so in after-times to look back to them, not only without bitterness but with gratitude. The aversion of her brother, sprung mainly from the consciousness of his inferiority by every scale of comparison, suffered her, like the English Elizabeth at Hatfield, to live in the seclusion of Arevalo, where she got such education as was possible, learning and practising the duties becoming a gentlewoman—no more, no less. Against her will as much as her sense of duty to the country and her family, malcontents, among them the best men

in the kingdom, noting the general suffering from that brother's misrule, would have made her head of a party in opposition to him. Her persistent refusal to give countenance to the movement did not subdue the apprehensions of the profligate weakling. These were exasperated more intensely when his scheme to marry her to one of his favorites was thwarted by a resolution as strong in resistance as it was destined to be in advance. Rather than be made to wed a suitor who was not of her choice, she escaped to Valladolid, and, after a tryst with Ferdinand of Aragon, first gave him her heart and then became his wife. When this brother died and the way was rightfully opened, with the womanly modesty which had marked her behavior in the seclusion of girlhood, and of a young wife thitherto poor in every sort of dowry save youth, health, beauty, virtue, affection, and an understanding whose compass was far beyond what she or her husband believed to exist, she ascended the throne.

The student of history knows well the conditions of Castile and Aragon at the union of these two young princes, so fit for each other in gifts and opportunities. In both countries society had more immunity from oppression by the crown than that in any other European monarchy; that is, society among the upper classes. These might but they did not oppress the lower, because, outside of the claims of feudal affection, sprung from protection and loyal following, their interest prompted to clemency and indulgence, and the wearer of the crown was warned against rash interference with control that was claimed for their own.

It was an auspicious union of beauty most excellent with manhood the knightliest. Yet the bride, however shining in loyalty to conjugal affection and obligation, must not forget what was due to the memory of her forefathers and to her people of Castile. A short speech was attributed to Ferdinand not long before the marriage—one of those brief utterances which, being easy to remember when spoken by men in high place, prove often far more consequential than studied, elaborate harangues. It was as to what he would do and would not do when become husband of the queen of that proud people. It was not unnatural for a young prince, strong and gallant, to feel and even give expression to a prophecy of how he would use such splendid opportunities. Yet, young as she was, thitherto obedient to maternal and marital control, with all womanly modesty in spirit, simple in manners, tastes, and ideas, devoted as any wife in all Spain to him who was to be father of her

children, she remembered then and she never did forget that it was she, and not her husband, who was sovereign of Castile. He covered, as a man with extraordinary grace of personal manners may cover, outward expression to chagrin at the disappointment of a confident hope. He let her cling to him as a wife whose dependence, despite some known infidelities of his own, was as true-hearted as that of any other woman in the whole world; and in time, when he found that he could not do otherwise, he bowed before her as a sovereign who was as much a sovereign in her own hereditary kingdom of Castile as was Louis XI. in France or Henry VII. in England.

It was well for Spain and for civilization that it was so. Castile had become chiefest among the kingdoms of Spain, having absorbed Leon, Estramadura, and Andalusia. Above was Aragon, the independent spirit of whose many chiefs made of it rather a weak republic than a vigorous monarchy, and below was the kingdom of the Moors, whose conquests in arts and in arms for many centuries had been threatening the destruction of Christian institutions and ideas in all western Europe. Need was to all Spain of a prince competent for all the exigencies of statesmanship and warfare. Conquest of this people to the last stronghold was as necessary as the extinguishing of a devouring fire. This young woman, simple, chaste, devout, recognized this necessity as clearly as the great rulers in all times have comprehended the difficulties and dangers upon whose resistance and overcoming have depended empire and peace. Giving to her husband all of herself except what belonged to God and her country, she understood too well the highway of her own destiny to devolve upon him its conduct. Therefore the ministers whom she placed in the lead of public affairs were chosen by herself, sometimes adopting suggestions of Ferdinand, more often acting against what were known to be his desires in behalf of his own family or his favorite followers. Deviating from the habits of predecessors, who were wont to select among the great lords, her penetrating eyes were ever searching for fitness, whether among grandees or hidalgoes, clergy or lawyers; and when found, she brought it into her service and afterwards trusted, supported, and rewarded it. Mendoza and Gonsalvo, each of whom was to become among the most famous of all time, were of her making. Courage and virtue must triumph when moving hand-in-hand. The high exaltation of some individuals among the clergy for a time led to apprehension that religious zeal might lead to the slighting of some part of

what was due to the civil liberties of the people. Yet it was shown that she was as patriotic as devout; that instead of subtracting from those liberties, she felt it to be her mission to protect, enlarge, and extend them. A signal instance in evidence of the truth of this occurred in 1486, after a riot at Truxillo, which had been incited by certain priests, at which, in defiance of the civil authorities, a person was rescued along with his companions in prison. When news of the outrage reached the queen orders, destined to receive prompt obedience, were despatched for the arrest and punishment of the leading rioters, and banishment from the realm of every ecclesiastic among them. This, with several similar occurrences, served to fix in all minds the assurance that the powers of the royal prerogative were lodged where they would be exerted for the conservation and the exaltation of every constitutional privilege appertaining to every subject.

When a sovereign can thus conquer the hearts of his people, he has put out of his way the most important difficulty before the advancement of his policy. The ultimate aim of that policy with Isabella was to unite the separated states of Spain under a government great, just, benignant, Christian. Ineffably sweet to her heart, both as queen and as mother, was the birth of her first-born son to rule in his single person the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. The beauty of his childhood and youth gave a promise so felicitous that none could entertain a fear that Heaven would disappoint it. At all events, she to whom it was fondest and dearest would trust it with Heaven while going on with her own appointed preparatory work. In her mind was fixed an idea as assured as the consciousness of her own being: it was that conquest and expulsion of the Moors were inevitable contingencies in the affairs, not only of Castile and Aragon but of all Spain and all Europe. As for the existence of amity between the two peoples, it would have been as vain to expect that as the peaceful coalescence of any two elements in the physical world between which from the very beginning nature had put perennial hostility. The Moors, more acquainted with arts, had conquered—and had they been able would have enslaved or extinguished—and they had actually cast out the original inhabitants, their advance having been stopped only by the mountains of Asturias. In time the conquered became learned in the arts by which they had been overcome, and then they turned upon their conquerors and recovered what had been lost, except the territory whose chief head was at Granada.

Vast debts from governments to peoples, unpaid and growing larger through wars of generations, bore with sorest pressure. Nothing in the inheritance devolved upon her gave so much concern as these debts. Yet the duty to continue the prosecution of a war which six centuries had not brought to an end was felt like the obligation to hold on to the worship of the God of her ancestors and commend to his protection her children and her people.

Interesting as it is to read histories of the big wars of all periods, perhaps more so than any other is this last of the struggles of Spaniards and Moors. Romance along with historic narration imparted to it a charm that belongs not to the others. The softness of melancholy is upon the recital, whether in verse or in prose, of the last heroic endeavors of a brave people to hold possessions which, so long had been the period of their occupation, seemed to them a rightful inheritance which Heaven had decreed to be theirs and the country of their posterity for ever. Joined to love of country was a devoutness as ardent and undoubting as that of the Christian. The Moor referred his cause and his quarrel to the God of battles with the same sanguine hope and the same confidence in their righteousness. It was the bravest of all wars, because it was fought both for existence and religion, equally dear to both the combatants. Poets were there among, and beauty, not too far aloof to be out of sight, waved her lover from battlement and from hill-top behind the vega red with blood. When all was over the conquerors lifted high the *Te Deum* in temples now made Christian out of mosques wherein the Holy Name, when mentioned at all, had been postponed to that of the prophet of Mecca; while the vanquished, sighing "Such was the will of Allah!" bade uncomplaining farewell and, turning, took the path leading to the home of their forefathers far away. These wars that are waged for exterminations and banishments, and that are followed by them, are the mournfulest to think upon among the sufferings and the sorrowings of mankind. The Creator, to whom mistakes of every sort are impossible, has permitted them both to the Hebrew and the Christian. In this conflict each belligerent recognized that victory was necessary to existence, and foreknew that defeat would be followed by destruction.

In all this while the greatness of Isabella was exhibited upon a scale of pre-eminent glory. If the prosecution of the war had depended upon Ferdinand and the Spanish commanders, it would have been abandoned during the siege of Baza. The

king and the Marquis of Cadiz had lost heart before what seemed insurmountable to successful assault. The queen, apprised of this condition at Jaen, where, with her children, she was sojourning, sent despatches which speedily cast out despondency from the leaders and the army. It was a time for despondency in all hearts except hers. Five months had passed in fruitless beleaguerment. The besieged were jubilant with confidence that the autumnal storm, which never had failed to come, must demoralize the besiegers when they should find themselves cut off from supplies across the streams and over the mountain ways, which were sure to be rendered impassable. The storm did come, and with unwonted fury. In the midst of its very first ravagings words came from the queen telling of what she was doing and what the army must do. Six thousand men were set to repairing the ways, constructing others by which goers-in and comers-out might evade obstruction, and abundant corn, bought up in Andalusia, was transported on the backs of fourteen thousand mules across the Sierra. The money supplies, which had been exhausted, were reinforced by loans from individuals and from corporations upon her personal stipulation, and from the merchants of Valencia, Barcelona, and other cities by pledges of her own and the jewels of the crown. Such behavior filled with spirit amounting to enthusiasm the whole nation, and won an amount of admiration and affection such as no other monarch ever received. Added to all these, she provided hospital arrangements for wounded and sick, the first of their kind in the annals of warfare. Among these and upon the field she went in person, comforting and encouraging to the degree that it would have been impossible to ask of any what they would not have undertaken at her bidding. From the battlements of Baza the sight of her, as she moved like a tutelar divinity among her soldiers, smote the besieged with dismay, and the alcaide in command was forced to surrender. Then the monarch, who was at Gandix, recalling the prophecy of Abdallah, thitherto uncredited, that even Granada in time must fall, waited not the approach to this stronghold, but resigned it with Almeria and all their dependencies, moving away with these pathetic words: "What Allah wills he brings to pass in his own way. Had he not decreed the fall of Granada, this good sword might have saved it; but his will be done!"

The siege and fall of Granada, the queen city of all, read like the most thrilling of romances. Around the last struggles of the Moors gathered glory equal to the most heroic of all

time. No courage is like that of men who, feeling that they are the doomed of destiny, wish to die in no other way than in the anguish of resistance made reckless from despair. The height of its manfulness and the extreme of its pathos are attained when, for the sake of the weak and the defenceless among its following, it declines to combat to the very last breath. There was weeping and mourning, as there was gladness and triumph, when Moslem rule went back beyond the sea over which it had come. Witness to all was the great queen, who was almost continually with her army, often exposed to its dangers, and watching with eager eyes the knightly deeds of Christian and infidel. No conquering hero ever felt warmer compassion for the griefs of the vanquished. In all Granada no wife, widow, or maid had higher admiration and respect for Boabdil and Abdallah, in whose hands the last of the Moslem swords were broken.

Female sovereigns whose reigns were exercised much in wars have been, for the most part, bloody-minded. "Dè aimatos koreso!" cried Tomyris, of the Massagetæ, as into a skin filled with blood she plunged the head of Cyrus. Much like her were Semiramis and Boadicea and the Russian Catherine. But this queen was clement. Her best praise is that, in a period when wars were incessant and necessary, her whole being shuddered at the shedding of blood, and at the sufferings inevitable to victors and vanquished. It was thus with the Moors, treatment to whom her wishes as her commands were to be dealt with whatever sparing was consistent with conditions which Heaven had imposed. So it was in the Italian war, in the history of whose early operations is recorded an instance wherein it seemed for a time that her orders to her general not to seize upon an opportunity favorable to advance had endangered his whole army, but wherein her horror of blood, whose shedding she believed might be avoided, was rewarded by the solution which she had hoped and prophesied. As for the religious wars, foreign and domestic, during that age, and those before and after, to us now they seem perhaps the most inexplicable of all, whether mandatory or permitted of Heaven. There is something outside of the natural appetency of the human mind to enforce when it cannot peaceably impart its opinions. There is none who can entirely comprehend the castings out and the annihilations of the heathen in Hebrew story. The Son of Man, so lowly born, so obedient and humble, so patient of sorrows undeserved, so submitting without complaint to poverty, hunger, buffetings with hands, smitings with rods, crowning with thorns, and anguishing upon

the cross, so counselling like endurance—yet came into the world, as he said, to bring not peace but a sword, and by that sword millions on millions have perished, from Ananias the guilty, and from Stephen the guiltless. Along the way of that fearful prophecy, cruelty, mere cruelty cold or impassioned, is to be charged to the account of many a prince, man or woman; but it cannot be said with truth that it soiled the escutcheon of Isabella of Castile. What in the apparent necessities of religious reform she was driven to permit, she could not have hindered any more than she could have diverted the great rivers whose destined inevitable home is the sea. In the comparison of her with Elizabeth Tudor, men with minds thoughtful and just, with whatever religious opinions, are beginning to recognize at last how far above has risen, how farther above is rising, the fame of the Spaniard. Elizabeth, with little dread for her own security, with less concern for any religious faith, but mainly because she was envious, revengeful, and powerful, inflicted imprisonment, spoliation, banishment, and death even in the times of peace, and when she was listening to adulations more extravagant than ever were poured into a despot's ear. While she would be holding high festival with her favorites and parasites, with thought of no life but the present, and the weal of none like that of herself, her *High Commission* Court was hunting and entrapping, and condemning by means more atrociously wicked than before her time it had ever entered into the mind of the wariest and hard-heartedest inquisitor to conceive. Among these means were those celebrated "interrogatories," which even Lord Burleigh, in a season of temporary disgust and horror, declared to be "so curiously penned, so full of branches and circumstances, as he thought the inquisitors of Spain used not so many questions to comprehend and to trap their preys." Isabella, humble, devout, simple in the discipline of her household, pitied distresses which she could not do other than pity and strive to mitigate. In the exercise of her prerogative she commuted the punishment adjudged to the man who nearly assassinated the husband whose life was dearer to her than her own, and times were many, very many, when her clemency was interposed between offenders and sentences when these seemed too rigorous, or when she believed or hoped that pardon or commutation would be more salutary than execution. Persecution in any form and for any cause is sorely to be deplored. We are considering here simply the claim of a great and good queen for her name and memory to be measured by the standards of fairness and historic truth,

particularly in the matter of an infirmity which of all is the one most unseemly in the life of a woman high or low. Thus measured, her reign of thirty-five years constituted a period among the most benignant as well as greatest in the world's history.

Less in degree than in the Moorish wars, yet there was romance in the affairs with Columbus from his first advent when, at the gate of a religious house, he knocked and asked bread for the motherless son by his side. He must wait and be another witness to the prowess of those times; petition and be postponed for emergencies that pressed and must have their way; he must petition again and, at moments when his great suit seemed about to prevail, be put aside again by men with swords and couriers bringing news from the south frontier. Then, when sick of delays and disappointments, turn away, depart, and afterwards be followed, brought back, trusted, and supported. Grandees and great merchants had listened to the words which made pictures of the reputed riches in Cathay and other realms of the far East, whither he expected to attain; but the interest of the queen was mainly in those eloquent predictions when the religion of the Cross should be carried there. That was the whitest of days whereon, convinced at last of the importance of the brave mariner's appeal, she cried with enthusiasm: "I will assume this undertaking for my crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate."

More wondrous than all other stories is that of the great discoverer; wondrous in the triumphs which he won, and in the sufferings which he endured from wrongs more wicked than have ever been inflicted upon innocence and merit since this world began. But he was a man who could say with truth:

> "My spirit walked not with the souls of men;
> The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
> The aim of their existence was not mine;
> My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers
> Made me a stranger."

It is touching to read, among other things in his great career, of his gratitude to the queen and his grief at the news of her death. Jointly they had done for mankind the grandest thing in all time. When one was taken the other knew that for him was nothing left but misfortune.

The excellent greatness of this queen was conspicuous elsewhere besides during the conduct of wars. In the seclusion of

Arevalo she learned to love what good literature was to be had, and, after coming to the throne, did what may be considered almost prodigious with what facilities then existed for the diffusion of letters among her people. It was quite before the art of printing. Yet she became earnestly concerned in the collecting and copying of manuscripts, and at the founding of the *Convent de los Reys*, at Toledo, in 1477, such as she had gathered were bestowed upon its library. Others gotten afterwards were deposited among the archives of Simancas and elsewhere, destined after a time for places in the great library of the Escurial. Learned scholars were invited from abroad, and rules were made for the protection of copyright, for the recognition of which in the new world which under her patronage was discovered four centuries were required. Most conspicuous among these foreigners were the Italians, Peter Martyr and the brothers Geraldino. The former, captivated at his first coming by witnessing the achievements and rewards of chivalry, believed that he had been born for Mars instead of the Muses; but his too-sensitive spirit, after some essays upon the field, led him to lay aside the sword and become a recorder of knightly deeds instead of an enactor. What things were done by him and Antonio and Alessandro Geraldino went far beyond what was done in any other country. The queen's daughters were instructed by them in such learning as she believed that a woman ought to know. Yet her extremest care was the education of her son John, in whom all the brightest promises that ever came to the heir apparent of a great monarchy seemed to have met. Rich and rare were the opportunities put before him, and his docile spirit employed them with eager assiduity. The advantages of private tuition were blended with those that come from academic rivalries. With much care training was imparted to the young sons of the nobility, among whom, in the turbulent times of her predecessor as during the Moorish wars, tastes for all themes and exercises, save warfare, had disappeared. Of a spirit by nature serious, the queen encouraged gay reunions among the young under salutary restraints in order to win them from harmful frivolities. Most solicitous for the education of men among her subjects for the sake of the great offices which they were to hold, yet she neglected not that of women. Among the accomplished scholars in her time were the Marchioness Monteagudo, Maria Pacheco, Beatriz de Gulindo, Lucia de Medrano, and Francisca de Lebrija. Persons of these times who are used to much discourse on the oppression and neglect of women in former periods might

be reminded sometimes that of the last two mentioned, the former was a lecturer on the Latin classics in the University of Salamanca, and the latter on rhetoric in that of Alcalà. Erasmus, delighted with the results of these benign influences, wrote about them in these words: "In the course of a few years liberal studies were brought in Spain to so flourishing a condition as might excite not only the admiration, but serve as a model to the most cultivated nations of Europe." Under her patronage university education, of little note theretofore, went to great height. Salamanca, with its seven thousand students, was fondly named *The New Athens.* Even with it, if not beyond, came Alcalà, where, chiefest of all literary achievements, was executed and put forth the Polyglot version of the Holy Scriptures. Like Alfred the Saxon, the queen made learning an indispensable condition to ecclesiastical preferments, while mathematics, astronomy, and kindred sciences were put upon a basis of merited respectability, and jurisprudence rose high under the lead of Montalvo. Already history had been studied in Castile more extensively than anywhere else; but under this reign it assumed for the first time the dignity of scientific research and narration. After the invention of printing, the country was opened to books of every sort. German printers who came in were exempted from taxes, and more assuring laws were enacted for copyright protection.

Yet it was in polite letters that the best advance was made. The Provençal in Catalonia and Aragon had yielded to the national literature of Castile, which in time was to become continental. The *Amadis de Gaula,* originating in Portugal, became naturalized in Spain, and upon it Montalvo built *Las Sergas de Esplandian,* when romantic chivalry attained to its highest height. Unexpectedly to all, higher yet rose the *Spanish* (oftener styled *Moorish*) *Ballad,* of its kind the best in the whole world, certainly the most varied and national. Every condition of Spain made it impossible for her to become other than romantic. The classicism of the other Latin tongues was kept away by the Moors, the Pyrenees, and the sea, and it never could supplant what grew continually out of minds kept ever warm with the glow of patriotism and religion. The Cid, that great exemplar of knighthood, became the ideal of every manful endeavor, and hardly passed a day in which occurred not something to be commemorated in song. The Moor was a noble enemy, and fair alike were the maids of Granada and Andalusia. On many a night,

"When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,"

a lover, indulging, like Troilus, a forbidden love, mounted his guard,

"And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressid lay."

On the vega deeds of bravery between pairs of two, between squadrons and armies, were enacted in more oft recurrence than before Ilium and all the beleaguered cities of the world. The stir and the pathos in the lyrics rehearsing these must keep them alive as long as human ears can listen. They, even more than chronicle and narrative, have made the siege of Granada the most interesting chapter in history. We listen almost with tears to the last sigh of the great captain of the vanquished, and join in the respect to his request that the gate through which he emerged for the last time when shut might so remain forever.*

The family life of Isabella was marked by every virtue of home and fireside. Singular was that union of independent sovereignties with conjugal affection which, on the wife's part, never had a blot nor a suspicion. Ferdinand indulged (though not too offensively) other loves; his wife, never. Her very last thoughts were of the lover of her youth and married life, whose dust, unless he should will otherwise, she prayed might be laid beside

*We quote one of the most pathetic of these lyrics, with the translation, taken from Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*:

"Yo mera mora Morayma,
Merilla d'un bel catar;
Christiano vino a mi puerta,
Cuytada, por me enganar,
Hablome en algaravia,
Como aquel que la bien sabe:
"Abras me las puertas, Mora,
Si Ala te guarde de mal!"
"Como te abrire, mesquina,
Que no se quien tu seras?"
"Yo soy el Moro Macote,
Hermano de la tu madre,
Que un Christiano de jo muerto;
Tras mé venia el alcalde,
Sino me abres tu, mi vida
Agui me veras matar."
Quando esto oy, cuytada,
Commenceme a avantar;
Viotievame va almexia,
No h'allando mi brial;
Fuerame para in puerta,
Y abrila de par en par."

"I was the Moorish maid, Morayma,
I was that maiden dark and fair—
A Christian came, he seemed in sorrow,
Full of falsehood came he there.
Moorish he spoke—he spoke it well—"
"Open the door, thou Moorish maid,
So shalt thou be by Allah blessed,
So shall I save my forfeit head."
"But how can I, alone and weak,
Unbar, and know not who is there?"
"But I'm the Moor, the Moor Mazote,
The brother of thy mother dear.
A Christian fell beneath my hand,
The alcalde comes, he comes apace,
And if thou open not thy door,
I perish here before thy face."
I rose in haste, I rose in fear,
I seized my cloak, I missed my rest,
And, rushing to the fatal door,
I threw it wide at his behest."

her own. She was too great to be made permanently unhappy by personal disappointment and sorrow. She had to endure that bitterest of pains to a virtuous wife who has not and could not have but one love; yet, unlike the daughter who was run frantic by such things, she suffered in silence, and the only punishment which she inflicted upon those who had come between her and her husband was removal from her presence. The careers of her children were unhappy. Isabella, her first-born, Queen of Portugal, died with her first-born child; Juana became insane from the neglect of her husband, Philip of Flanders, and Catalina went to England to become the repudiated wife of Henry VIII. But the grief sorest of all was from the death of her only son, John, Prince of Asturias, who, in his twentieth year, had just been united to Margaret, daughter of Maximilian the Emperor. He was endowed with beauty, grace, culture, valor, and virtue evenly with the high blood in his veins. Of all in both kingdoms he was the most well-beloved. Not more fond were the hopes which had clung around the boy Marcellus, the elect heir of Augustus. It was said that Octavia, his mother, fainted away when Virgil, reciting in her hearing his verses on the untimely death, whispered to bring

"Canisters of lilies and purple flowers'

to strew the bier. As great a grief was here; but along with it was a trust whose certitude forefended prostration, and dying was as peaceful as living had been glorious.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

COLUMBUS THE WORLD-GIVER.

WHO doubts has met defeat ere blows can fall,
Who doubts must die with no palm in his hand,
Who doubts shall never be of that high band
Which clearly answers Present! to Death's call;
For Faith is life, and, though a funeral pall
Veil our fair Hope, and on our promised land
A mist malignant hang, if Faith but stand
Among our ruins, we shall conquer all.

O faithful soul! that knew no doubting low,
O Faith incarnate, lit by Hope's strong flame,
And led by Faith's own cross to dare all ill
And find our world!—but more than this we owe
To thy true heart; thy pure and glorious name
Is one clear trumpet-call to Faith and Will.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE LATE ENCYCLICAL.*

"THE momentous seriousness of the present state of things (in the social order) just now fills every mind with painful apprehension; wise men discuss it; practical men propose schemes; popular meetings, legislatures, and sovereign princes, all are occupied with it, and there is nothing which has a deeper hold on public attention." With these words from the opening paragraph of the late Encyclical serious men of all opinions agree. But besides expressing an acknowledged fact, the Holy Father gives at the same time a reason why so many and such contradictory solutions of the problem have been presented. It cannot but be, when "wise men," and "practical men," and "popular meetings," and "legislatures," and "sovereign princes" set about solving so complex a question as a universal social disorder, that the results will vary between the widest possible limits; for men will be impressed by different and more or less local aspects of the question, and their general solutions will therefore be likely to take the hue of their special circumstances and the character of the foundations they severally build upon. That the problem, then, may be rightly solved, one thing is clearly and absolutely necessary; and that is, sound first principles; otherwise they who labor at the solution, who must needs be many, will be like the builders of Babel, not understanding one another's speech. It is this fact, this need of primary principles, which moved the Holy Father to write his Encyclical: "The responsibility of the Apostolic office urges Us to treat the question expressly and at length, in order that there may be no mistake as to the principles which truth and justice dictate for its settlement" (2).† Now, in the words of the Encyclical: "Our first and most fundamental principle, when we undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property" (18). Therefore it is that His Holiness devotes the first part of his letter to establish the right of private property in general, and, incidentally, of private property in land. This he does while refuting Socialism, which, in its solution of the labor problem, starts with the doctrine of the

* *The Condition of Labor: An Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.* By Henry George. New York: United States Book Company, October, 1891.

† Numbers in parentheses refer to the paragraphs of the Encyclical.

community of goods, and so directly denies the right of private property. With Socialism in general I shall not be directly concerned, but I shall take up only that phase of it which is prominently known to us in this country at the present time as the system of Henry George. I shall first give a brief sketch of this system, and secondly, examine some of his objections to the doctrine of the Encyclical, as they are set forth in his recent letter, the title of which is placed at the head of this article.

I.

"As to the right of ownership," Mr. George holds that from the law of nature man has "a right of private ownership in things produced by labor—a right that the possessor may transfer, but of which to deprive him without his will is theft."* "This right of property, originating in the right of the individual to himself, is the only full and complete right of property. It attaches to things produced by labor, but cannot attach to things created by God."† And he illustrates the difference between the produce of labor and what is created by God by these examples: a man may own a fish which he has taken from the ocean, but not the ocean itself; he may own a windmill and what it enables him to produce, but not the wind; he may own grain, but not the sun that ripened it nor the soil on which it grew. As a matter of fact, nearly all things which are to-day objects of private ownership fall within his category of "things produced by labor." Land is his notable exception.

As to land, he holds that man can have only the right of possession to it and not the right of ownership. "While the right of ownership that justly attaches to things produced by labor cannot attach to land, there may attach to land a right of possession."‡ His reason for this is summed up in the following equivocal sentence, which contains the fundamental principle of his whole system: "Being the equal creatures of the Creator, equally entitled under his providence to live their lives and satisfy their needs, men are equally entitled to the use of land, and any adjustment that denies this equal use of land is morally wrong."§ In a word, God gave the earth for the use of *all* men: therefore exclusive ownership of it or any part of it by *some* men is against God's ordinance, and therefore wrong. This right of possession the possessor of the land has the free disposal of. "We propose leaving land in the private possession

* Letter, p. 5. † Ibid. ‡ Ib. p. 6. § Ib. p. 4.

of individuals, with full liberty on their part to give, sell, or bequeath it; . . . "* that is to say, the possession of it. Land, therefore, according to Mr. George, is the property of the community, in the sense that each member of it owns an undivided share in it by the fact that he is one of the community. I say "undivided share," because he does not want a division of land made among the individuals of society. "We do not propose the task," he says, "impossible in the present state of society, of dividing land in equal shares; still less the yet more impossible task of keeping it so divided."†

Now, since the land belongs to the community, those who actually possess and use it ought to pay the community for the privilege of that possession and use. The individuals who use land will thus become tenants of the state, to which they will owe an annual rent. This rent will increase with the value of the nude land; the nude land, *i.e.*, the land, simply, excluding all improvements on it, which are the strict private property of the user, itself "increases by reason of increasing population and social progress."‡ A vacant lot in a growing city, *v.g.*, will increase in value though no improvement is made on it. This increase in value attaches to the lot "by the growth of the community," and "therefore belongs to the community as a whole."§ And now, "since," in the words of Mr. George, "this [tax or rent just mentioned, which 'shall equal the annual value of the land itself, irrespective of the use made of it, or the improvements on it'‖] would provide amply for the need of public revenues; we would accompany this tax on land values with the repeal of all taxes now levied on the products and processes of industry."¶ Hence there would remain one tax only for revenue. And here you have the political principle of the "single tax" party. With this article of Mr. George's creed I have here nothing to do; I have only given it to complete this sketch of his system. I shall speak only about his doctrine of ownership. From what has been said, we see that he agrees with the Encyclical in maintaining private ownership in general, and differs from it, practically, only in denying private ownership in land. I proceed, therefore, to my second point, namely, an examination of some of his objections to the arguments whereby the Holy Father establishes the right of private property in land.

* Letter, p. 9. † Ibid. p. 9. ‡ Ib. p. 14. § Ib. p. 15.
‖ Ib. p. 9. ¶ Ib.

II.

I quote from the Encyclical: "It is surely undeniable that, when a man engages in remunerative labor, the very reason and motive of his work is to obtain property, and to hold it as his own private possession. If one man hires out to another his strength or his industry, he does this for the purpose of receiving in return what is necessary for food and living; he thereby expressly proposes to acquire a full and real right, not only to the remuneration, but also to the disposal of that remuneration as he pleases. Thus, if he lives sparingly, saves money, and invests his savings, for greater security, in land, the land in such a case is only his wages in another form; and, consequently, a working-man's little estate thus purchased should be as completely at his disposal as the wages he receives for his labor"(5). Then the Holy Father draws the conclusion he is directly aiming at, namely, that Socialists by denying private property "strike at the interests of every wage-earner"—the very men whom they profess to help. I have quoted the argument in full to illustrate a form of reply which Mr. George seems to have a special affection for. How does he meet the argument? Simply by writing a parody on the reasoning, which makes it appear that it leads to an absurd conclusion. By substituting the word *slave* for *land* he makes the last sentence read: "Thus, if he lives sparingly, saves money, and invests his savings for greater security in a *slave*, the *slave* in such a case is only his wages in another form; and, consequently, a working-man's *slave* thus purchased should be as completely at his own disposal as the wages he receives for his labor."* And you see how the Pope sanctions slavery by argument, while by other means he is trying to repress it! Cannot the dullest mind see the fallacy in this? Clearly it is in placing land and slaves on exactly the same plane as objects of property. Let us make a few distinctions and see what becomes of the objection. The labor of a man may, under proper conditions, belong to another; his person cannot; for all men are by nature equal; they are metaphysically independent one of another; they have the same Creator and are destined to the same end. How, then, can they be chattels one of another? Can as much be said for land? does it stand in the same relation to men as man does to man? as one immortal soul does to another? Certainly not. It is, there-

* Letter, p. 27.

fore, absurd to argue, as Mr. George does, that because *man* cannot belong to man, therefore neither can *land* belong to man. He puts the two on exactly the same plane. Private property in land and private property in slaves, in his judgment, "are different forms of the same robbery."

Mr. George must first show that land and men are in the same category as regards ownership before he can logically test the value of the Pope's argument by the substitution of the one for the other. He abuses the same argument by making the Arab slave-hunters, in defending their right to the poor creatures they have forcibly abducted, say, in the words of the Encyclical, that these slaves are "only their wages in another form"; as though anything whatever, even the fruits of labor, to say nothing of human beings, could be legitimate property if seized by violence or under cover of muskets!

I pass now to the argument of the Encyclical which is specially directed against Mr. George's doctrine, namely, "that it is right for private persons to have the use of the soil and the fruits of their land, but that it is unjust for any one to possess as owner either the land on which he has built or the estate which he has cultivated" (10). The Encyclical continues: "But those who assert this do not perceive that they are robbing man of what his own labor has produced. For the soil which is tilled and cultivated with toil and skill utterly changes its condition; it was wild before, it is now fruitful; it was barren, and it now brings forth in abundance. That which has thus altered and improved it becomes so truly part of itself as to be in great measure indistinguishable and inseparable from it" (10). And what is Mr. George's reply to this rejoinder? "This contention, if valid, could only justify the ownership of land by those who expend industry on it. It would not justify private property in land as it exists. On the contrary, it would justify a gigantic no-rent declaration that would take land from those who now legally own it, the landlords, and turn it over to the tenants and laborers."* All this is very poor logic. The Holy Father says: Industry expended on land gives ownership in land. Therefore, says Mr. George, *only* those who expend industry on land can have ownership in land! Money buys food; therefore *only* money buys food! The Pope does not say that *only* labor expended on land can give a right of ownership. Did not Mr. George just try to show that when a laborer invests his savings in land he

* Letter, p. 39.

acquires no title to it? But, he continues, this contention of your Holiness, if valid, "would not justify private property in land as it exists." "Land *as it exists*" is not what the argument is concerned with directly; the Pope is clearly talking about the first laborer on unclaimed land, for he says distinctly of the land that its condition is "utterly changed": "it was wild before, it is now fruitful; it was barren, and it now brings forth in abundance." Therefore, even supposing that the labor expended on it "would not justify private property in land *as it exists*," if it justified it in the case of the *first laborer* who applied his industry to it, Mr. George's theory falls. What he has to prove in order to be even with his theory is, that nobody could ever acquire ownership in land by expending labor on it. It is clear that once grant ownership to a *first* cultivator of the land, his title, being by its nature perpetual, could be transmitted to his heirs; so that his land, *as it exists* to-day, may indeed be in the possession of those who never ran a ploughshare through it or hoed potatoes on it, but who nevertheless hold a valid title because they validly derived it from a valid initial title.

Evidently there is no force in Mr. George's inferences—nor logic either; and it is for the latter reason only that I have dwelt on his deductions from the passage of the Encyclical. He continues: "What you really mean, I take it, is that the original justification and title of land-ownership is in the expenditure of labor on it." This has an appearance of truth, yet it is only half correct. It is again equivalent to saying that labor *alone* can give the original title to land; which is not at all contained in the Holy Father's argument, nor indeed in the whole Encyclical. Labor is one means of acquiring a title, but not the only means; for occupation, as well, can give a title, though Mr. George calls it "the most absurd ground on which land-ownership can be defended." *

But even supposing labor to justify an original title to land, this would not yet be enough for Mr. George; for he says that even this cannot "justify property in land as it exists. For is it not all but universally true that existing land titles do not come from use, but from force or fraud?" † "Still harping on my daughter," said old Polonius. "Land *as it exists!*" As though to grant original titles were not amply sufficient to write a *Hic jacet* over the doctrine of no property in land. The objection that existing titles came from "force or fraud" has an

* *Progress and Poverty* (Appleton, 1882), p. 309.

† Letter, p. 40.

ancient flavor; certainly himself and Mr. Spencer have by this time acquired a prescriptive right to it. Suppose the assertion to be true (a question I shall not examine), what follows that is fatal to private property in land? Nothing at all. If the land was stolen from somebody, why it is as clear as the noonday that then that "somebody" had a title to it; otherwise it could not have been stolen from him. Therefore you still have private property in land, and the opposite theory goes by the board. Or will Mr. George tell us that it was stolen from the state? But the state never owned it (in his sense) and never pretended to own it. It was always the property of individuals. Or again, suppose that the present title to a piece of land did originate a century or more ago in force or fraud. Time in that case will not indeed make the original wrong right, but immemorial possession will make it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to prove a better title against the existing one. Possession is nine points of the law, and the man who questions a long-standing title, therefore, assumes the burden of proof. Both civil law and equity recognize that while the original wrong will always remain a wrong, yet immemorial possession can, under proper conditions, supply the defects in the title which grew out of it.

Let us turn now to another argument. Note what the Encyclical says, and see how it is misused by Mr. George. We have already seen that the whole of the first part of the Encyclical is devoted to proving against Socialists as a body, who hold the doctrine of community of goods, the right of private property in general, and incidentally of private property in land. Now, one of the arguments the Holy Father urges against the principle of exclusive ownership by the state is, that man being older than the state, his sacred duties as head of a family gave him the right of private property anterior to the formation of the state. The Encyclical says: "For it is a most sacred law of nature that a father must provide food and all necessaries for those whom he has begotten; and, similarly, nature dictates that a man's children, who carry on, as it were, and continue his own personality, should be provided by him with all that is needful to enable them honorably to keep themselves from want and misery in the uncertainties of this mortal life. Now, in no other way can a father effect this except by the ownership of profitable property, which he can transmit to his children by inheritance. A family, no less than a state, is, as we have said, a true society, governed by a power within itself—that is to say,

by the father. Wherefore, provided the limits are not transgressed which are prescribed by the purposes for which it exists, the family has at least equal rights with the state in the choice and pursuit of those things which are needful to its preservation and its just liberty" (14). What does Mr. George say to this? "With all that your Holiness has to say of the sacredness of the family relation we are in full accord. But how the obligation of the father to the child can justify private property in land, we cannot see. You reason that private property in land is necessary to the discharge of the duty of the father, and is, therefore, requisite and just, because—" and he gives the very words just quoted from the Encyclical. Now, does the word "land" occur even once in this paragraph, or in any of those to which Mr. George refers (14–17) as containing the argument he is objecting to? Does the Holy Father restrict himself to land alone even by implication? is he trying to show that all fathers of families ought to leave property in land to their children? Not at all. What he proves is, as we have already said, that according to "a most sacred law of nature" it is a duty for a father "to provide food and all necessaries for those whom he has begotten," and that he cannot "effect this except by the ownership of profitable property." Is "profitable property" necessarily land, and land only? Will not any kind of profitable property meet the requirements of the argument? The Pope would hardly argue that *every* father ought to own a small farm. He is proving, as already said, against the Socialists as a body, who maintain state ownership, the rights of private property; he had already shown those rights to exist for the individual, and now he reinforces his conclusion by showing how they "are seen in a much stronger light if they are considered in relation to man's social and domestic obligations" (12). That this is the drift of the argument is clear, again, from the Holy Father's conclusion: "The Socialists, therefore, in setting aside the parent and introducing the providence of the state, act against natural justice, and threaten the very existence of family life" (16). Yet Mr. George must have it that "profitable property" here means only land. "The profitable property your Holiness refers to, is private property *in land*. . . . It is . . . possible only for some fathers to leave their children profitable *land*. What your Holiness practically declares is, that it is the duty of *all* fathers to struggle to leave their children what only the few peculiarly strong, lucky, or unscrupulous can

leave and that a something [land, of course, since he admits that the product of labor is just property] that involves the robbery of others—their deprivation of the material gifts of God." * Is not this doing violence to an argument? How does he prove that "profitable property" means land and nothing else? He continues in the same key: "What your Holiness is actually, though of course inadvertently, urging is, that earthly fathers should assume the functions of the Heavenly Father. It is not the business of one generation to provide the succeeding generation with 'all that is needful to enable them honorably to keep themselves from want and misery.' That is God's business." † And yet Mr. George is in "full accord" with all that his Holiness has to say of the "sacredness of the family relation." That it is "God's business" to provide for "the succeeding generation" is indeed true in the sense that his providence mediately and remotely supplies the means of that provision; but it is untrue to say that he must immediately and directly provide each generation with what it needs to sustain life. God operates in this world mainly through secondary causes and agents. His providence, indeed, governs and cares for all his creatures, but this is not saying that he lays no duties for the execution of this providence on his creatures. He does not cease to be the Heavenly Father because there are earthly fathers who have obligations to their children. Therefore, when the Pope says that a "most sacred law of nature" (which is nothing but God's will manifested) obliges the parent to "provide food and necessaries for those whom he has begotten," he does not supplant the Heavenly Father by the earthly: on the contrary, he simply declares the order which that Heavenly Father has himself established. Mr. George himself says, speaking of the duty of father to child: "Is it not so to conduct himself, so to nurture and teach it [the child], that it shall come to manhood with a sound body, well-developed mind, habits of virtue, piety, and industry? . . ." ‡ Now, can the father meet this duty, lasting for years and involving much expense, without a store of property to draw from? Has he not, then, a right to *some kind* of private property *because* of his obligations to his child? And is not this the Pope's argument?

In neither of these two arguments of the Holy Father is it implied that this private property which the father owes his children must be land. Any profitable property, as already said,

* Letter, p. 51. † Ibid. p. 52. ‡ Ib. p. 53.

will suffice. Physicians, lawyers, or teachers may fulfil all the requirements of the Pope's argument, even though they may not possess a square foot of land. Mr. George is wrong both in his assumption and his principle. Yet he attempts to support the latter (and therefore his deduction as well) by quoting the Pope's own words: "Nature [God] therefore owes to man a storehouse that shall never fail, the daily supply of his daily wants. And this he finds only in the inexhaustible fertility of the *earth*" (7). These words are taken from an earlier part of the Encyclical, where His Holiness is proving man's right to possess not only the "fruits of the earth but also the earth itself," from the fact of his reason and natural foresight. I say this lest it might be supposed that there is after all explicit mention of land in the argument under consideration.

The Encyclical itself explains the meaning of the passage just quoted. Let me go back to what Mr. George says about it where he first meets it in the order of his criticisms. This instance of his manner of dealing with an argument shall be the last I shall examine. After italicizing all the words of the passage as conceding him a first-rate premise, he deduces his conclusion: "By man you mean all men. Can what nature owes to all men be made the private property of some men, from which they may debar all other men?"* The difficulty was foreseen by the Holy Father, who thus replies to it in the paragraph immediately following the one from which the quotation is taken: "To say that God has given the earth to the use and enjoyment of the universal human race is not to deny that there can be private property. For God has granted the earth to mankind in general; not in the sense that all without distinction can deal with it as they please, but rather that no part of it has been assigned to any one in particular, and that the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and the laws of individual peoples. Moreover the earth, though divided among private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all; for there is no one who does not live on what the land brings forth. Those who do not possess the soil contribute their labor; so that it may be truly said that all human subsistence is derived either from labor on one's own land, or from some laborious industry which is paid for either in the produce of the land itself or in that which is exchanged for what the land brings forth" (8). This is so clear as to need no comment, and it disposes of the objection entirely.

* Letter, p. 35.

Yet Mr. George, who does not see the distinction pointed out, that God gave the earth to all men *in communitate negativa*, but not *in communitate positiva*, or at least does not see its force, must have it that it is false; and so, to show its falsity, he reproduces the latter portion of the argument in the following hypothetical transaction: "Suppose that as a temporal prince your Holiness were ruler of a rainless land, such as Egypt, where there were no springs or brooks, their want being supplied by a bountiful river like the Nile. Supposing that having sent a number of your subjects to make fruitful this land, bidding them do justly and prosper [note the vagueness of the commands], you were told that some of them had set up a claim of ownership in the river, refusing the others a drop of water, except as they bought it of them. . . . Suppose that then the river-owners should send to you and thus excuse their action: 'The river, though divided among private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all, for there is no one who drinks who does not drink of the water of the river. Those who do not possess the water of the river contribute their labor to get it; so that it may be truly said that all water is supplied either from one's own river, or from some laborious industry which is paid for either in the water, or in that which is exchanged for the water.'" *

And this is meant to be an exact parallel to the way in which the owners of private property in land have dealt with their fellow-men in regard to the earth, which God has given to "mankind in general"! To begin with, we are not told that this river and arid land were given to the subjects: they were simply to make it "fruitful"; on what conditions? They are commanded to "do justly and prosper"—whatever may be the precise meaning of this in the present concrete case, where evidently what is "just" must largely depend upon positive orders. But let us take it for granted, as seems to be implied, that the river was given to the subjects. This might be done in two ways, at least. Suppose, first, that the river was given to them as a body, so that all should have equal undivided rights to it. Evidently in this supposition the monopolists were unjust, notwithstanding their defence, in appropriating to themselves what was, by positive gift, intended for the use of all. Now, this is the way Mr. George says God gave the earth to men; it is community property, and hence no individual can acquire private

* Letter, p. 37.

ownership in any part of it. But that God so gave the earth to mankind in general is precisely what we deny, and what Mr. George must prove. He has no right to suppose it proved, as the example apparently does, and thence deduce the absurdity of our doctrine.

Now, let us assume that the river was given in the second manner; namely, with the understanding that it should belong exclusively to him who should first set up a claim to and occupy it (supposing the river capable of ownership and occupation). In this case the abstract rights of all before occupation were perfectly equal; but when these rights are made concrete by actual occupation, they cease any longer to be equal. Had this been the manner of the gift the defence would not have been quite so lame.

Now, while we hold that God gave the earth to men in this second manner, still the example is a very misleading illustration. In the first place, it is absurd to consider a river like the Nile as an object of private property. It lacks at least two of the requisites of private property: it is not capable of occupation by an individual, and is, besides, practically inexhaustible for the purposes for which it may be used. According to the example, it seems to have served for drinking purposes only. Think of the absurdity of a squad of men trying to levy a toll on the inhabitants of Egypt who came to drink of the waters of the Nile! Certainly any one could get all the water he wanted, even though the river-bank were lined with notices from those who "had set up a claim of ownership" in it. It is his disregard for the conditions which are essential to private property which makes Mr. George constantly place the wind, sun, and ocean on the same plane as land respecting ownership. The three former are entirely incapable of occupation, and can therefore never become private property. How would he fence in the sun, or cultivate the wind, or improve the ocean?

Besides, the Nile in the example cannot be considered a parallel to the earth for another reason. Under the circumstances of the location, its use is immediately necessary for the very existence of every individual in the land. Therefore it could never come into the exclusive possession of individuals. This is not true of the earth. There are thousands upon thousands of men who own no land whatever, yet who "live on what the land brings forth." They have other property the profits of which they exchange for the necessaries of life.

I have now examined enough of Mr. George's objections to show what is in them. The remainder in his Letter are like these both in manner and matter; and one who reads them will not feel that their author has made any headway against the brief but very comprehensive and solid reasons for private property in land contained in the great Encyclical of Leo XIII.

The truth is, that Mr. George's theories, besides being ethically unsound, sin against the highest form of human evidence, the common consent of civilized humanity. Allowing the state the uttermost extreme of the right of eminent domain, the universal practice of civilized nations has ever been to develop human individuality from the trammels of tribal community of goods into the personal and family independence of real-estate ownership. This has been nowhere better shown than in the United States, where the instinct of human nature, given fair play, has placed upon our statute books those homestead and exemption laws, those laws against primogeniture and entail, which have assisted the intelligence and thrift of our citizens in the two-fold end so strongly urged by the recent Encyclical: the rooting of the family in the soil of the mother country by personal ownership, and the preventing of that monopoly of land which is one of the evils of the old world.

CHARLES A. RAMM.

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MR. CAHENSLY AND THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR. PETER PAUL CAHENSLY, although a very worthy gentleman and a good Christian, was never heard of in America till he began to misrepresent to the Holy See the condition of the Catholic Church in the United States. He is a member of the Prussian Parliament, and the general secretary of the Society of St. Raphael "for the protection of German Catholic emigrants."

Some years ago he came to this country and travelled through it for a few weeks. While here he generally visited with men of his own way of thinking and judging, who helped to mislead him both in his statement of facts and of their causes.

Naturally all such gentlemen as these surrounded Mr. Cahensly when he came to this country, and together they sat in judgment upon the American priests and bishops, and their attitude towards the poor immigrants from Europe. Nor were the bishops of pure American stock, or of Irish extraction, the exclusive object of blame. Those faithful German priests who knew the real state and wants of the country, who had adapted themselves to their surroundings and who had toiled among all classes, but would not join the pessimists, were blamed without stint. Mr. Cahensly and his friends acted as if these priests were renegades to Fatherland, because they had doubled their power and influence by learning and using the language of the country in which they lived, without forgetting the language of the country in which they were born. These priests were denounced because they had committed the crime of becoming "Americanized."

The church in the United States, if Mr. Cahensly should prevail in his mission, was to be revolutionized. Instead of being what it is now, a unit, it was to be divided and subdivided into sections and factions of foreign colonies representing the different nationalities of the immigrants to suit the racial or political aims of the Cahensly statesmen. I say statesmen, for he does not sign his document alone. Attached to it are the signatures of thirty-four others representing the German, the Austrian, the Belgian, the Swiss, and the Italian St. Raphael Societies. But strange to say, not one of these thirty-four signers had ever

put his foot on our soil. Not one of them has any personal knowledge of what he signs. All take their facts on the authority of Mr. Cahensly, who in turn has gleaned his information from unreliable newspaper talk, from the windows of an express train, or from the melancholy croaking of a few Clerical Ravens, whom he met in his travels.

A short examination will show how false are the statements upon which is based this attempt to perpetuate foreign nationalities in the United States, and thus Austrianize the church in America. Mr. Cahensly starts out with the assertion in his letter of April, 1891, that the Catholic Church in the United States has lost sixteen millions since the formation of our Republic. In his letter to Leo XIII. of the preceding February the learned statistician is not so sure of the number lost, for he says it is only something over ten millions. A jump from an indefinite "something over ten millions" to a definite sixteen millions in less than two months speaks well for the fertility of his resources. But what proof does he give for this assertion?

"Calculation made on the most authentic statistics" is his answer. But what are these "authentic statistics," and where are their sources?

In a speech at the Catholic Congress of Liège, in 1887, Mr. Cahensly mentions one of these "authentic" sources, a Redemptorist father, who told him that out of the 600,000 Catholics then in New York only 150,000 made their Easter duty. The following letter, written by one of the most learned, eloquent, and experienced of the Redemptorist missionaries, who knows this country and who is known in it from Maine to Texas, shows the utter unreliability of this particular statement of Mr. Cahensly:

"ST. ALPHONSUS' RECTORY, 234 SOUTH FIFTH AVENUE,
"NEW YORK, November 23, 1891.

"REV. DEAR DR. BRANN: Yours of the 19th inst. was duly received. As to Dr. Cahensly's assertion, made in his speech at Liège, it is both absurd and untrue. He probably thought it would add force to his words if he cited a Redemptorist as his authority. The Redemptorist is probably only a myth, but in Belgium the authority of a Redemptorist bears great weight. But even if a Redemptorist had made such a statement, for pessimists may be found in all religious bodies of men, I would characterize it as absurd and untrue.

"In our own Church of St. Alphonsus, N. Y., we have annu-

ally about 70,000 confessions (we keep an account of this part of our ministry). Now, as there are in the City of New York over seventy-nine other parish churches, many of which are served by religious priests who are constantly hearing confessions, and the parishes served by the secular clergy are also well supplied with confessors, who are always kept busy hearing confessions, the number of confessions heard annually in the city of New York must amount to many hundred thousands. To make a statement such as Cahensly made at Liège about the Catholics of New York, is to speak at random and for effect; for how can a layman claim to have sufficient information on such a subject unless he examines the records of the diocese of which he makes it? To say a Redemptorist gave him the information will not excuse him. A sweeping assertion like Cahensly's, made in public, has to be sustained by trustworthy records or statistics, and not by the superficial and exaggerated statements of an over-zealous and irresponsible person. But I am of opinion that Mr. Cahensly may have heard some remarks made by German priests generally about the indifference of many Germans in our country; and forgetting that these same people, after years of religious indifference in Germany, are not willing to practise in our free country what they neglected at home, he jumped to the conclusion that all the indifference in religious matters among our foreign population is due to the fact that in our country we do not feel inclined to worship foreign nationalities. Yours sincerely,

"F. W. Wayrich, C.SS.R."

This clear statement of the Rev. Father Wayrich shows that Mr. Cahensly, as a historian, rivals in veracity his illustrious countryman the Baron Munchausen.

Another "authentic" source quoted by Mr. Cahensly is the Very Rev. Bonaventure Frey, an ex-provincial of the Capuchin Fathers, lately rector of the Capuchin church in West Thirty-first Street, and now rector of the Capuchin church at Yonkers. This good father is quoted as saying that 20,000 Italians yearly become Protestants in the City of New York.

But here is the venerable Capuchin's reply to Mr. Cahensly's assertion:

"New York, November 23, 1891.

"Dear Doctor Brann: I only received your letter last Saturday. I must deplore very much that Cahensly uses my name in connection with the Italian affair, of which nation, as

now represented in New York City, I do not know more than about the Chinese. Allow me, therefore, to protest against his quotations. Yours faithfully,

"P. Bonaventure Frey, O.M.C."

So much, then, for Mr. Cahensly's reliability. Has he any more witnesses? Not one.

However, we Americans are willing frankly to admit that we have had some losses, though they are exceedingly small compared to those in other countries, and are not at all due to the causes alleged by the Cahensly party. Our own Catholic writers are the best authorities as to the number lost and the causes of the loss. Now, what do these writers establish?

One of them in the *Tablet*, a Catholic journal of Baltimore (October, 1891), noticing Mr. Cahensly's exaggerations, admits a loss of three millions and three-quarters, mainly in "isolated Catholic families not reached by priests, in the neglected waifs of our large cities, and in those whom the State and Protestant institutions have so steadily and obstinately labored to draw from the influence of the Catholic Church." There is a great difference between the loss here stated and that of sixteen millions; between the causes assigned by the American writer, who knows his subject, and the causes assigned by a prejudiced and misinformed foreigner. "One cause of our losses," says the American writer, "is the identification of Catholicity with some foreign nationality." Mr. Cahensly should meditate on this observation. If his plan to make the church in the United States a collection of foreign colonies could be realized, we should indeed in the next century lose the sixteen millions which he falsely asserts that we have already lost. If our church is to be turned into a conglomeration of discordant and anti-American communities, to be made a wasp's nest of Poles, Bohemians, Germans, Italians, and Irish, each having its separate bishops and priests, and privileges; each nationality and race preserving for ever its own language and prejudices; each faction to be manipulated by the statesmen of Europe for their particular ends, then, humanly speaking, few Americans would become Catholics. Besides, in such an event our government, instead of treating the Catholic Church as at present, with consideration and friendliness, might be tempted to imitate the example of the so-called Catholic governments of Europe, or of that German government whose interests are so near to Mr. Cahensly's heart.

Physical as well as moral causes explain whatever losses we

have suffered. Bishop Hughes so long ago as 1856 felt called on to answer charges similar to those of the Prussian delegate, and to show that the laws of ordinary statistics do not hold good in the case of Catholic immigrants from Ireland, Germany, and Italy. A large discount for great physical losses must be made before attempting to compute the losses due to moral causes. Epidemics of cholera have more than once decimated the foreign immigrants since they began to pour in on our shores, and domicile in crowded and unhealthful districts of our cities has largely increased our death-rate. "According to the laws," he wrote, "recognized in statistics, the common laws of mortality, immigrants to this country are dying at the rate of *one in three*, and this is because they are exposed to the accidents of life—to sickness, hardship of every kind, and toilsome poverty. They are especially exposed to epidemics, . . . and therefore the common allowance of mortality is not sufficient to express the proportion of the deaths in their case." * The distinguished Catholic historian, John Gilmary Shea, in a series of articles recently published in the *Catholic News* † also shows in detail the absurdity and impossibility of Cahensly's statistics. Here are the statistics of loss published in the *Catholic News* of November 22, by our best Catholic expert on this subject:

In 1850 the foreign-born population was	2,240,535
Between 1850 and 1860 there arrived immigrants	2,598,214
	4,838,749
Census return of foreign-born in 1860	4,138,697
Loss	700,052
In 1860 foreign-born	4,138,697
Immigration 1860-70	2,491,451
	6,630,148
Census return of foreign-born in 1870	5,566,546
Loss	1,063,602
In 1870 foreign-born	5,566,546
Immigration 1871-80	2,812,176
	8,378,720
Census return of foreign-born in 1880	6,679,943
Loss	1,698,777

Therefore between 1850 and 1860, 700,052; between 1860 and 1870, 1,063,602; between 1870 and 1880, 1,698,777 immigrants who arrived in the decade either died or left the country. Total number, 3,462,431.

* *Works of Archbishop Hughes*, vol. ii. p. 128.

† September, October, and November numbers, 1891.

These figures are taken from the official United States Census Reports. They not only show the absurdity of Mr. Cahensly's statement, that we have lost sixteen millions, but they show the equal absurdity of one of his disciples, the Abbé Villeneuve, who, in the Catholic Congress at Liège in September, 1890, made the following extraordinary statement: "It has been calculated that eighteen millions of Irish, sixteen millions of Germans, and fifteen millions of French, Belgians, Italians, and Hungarians have emigrated to the United States. Out of eighteen millions from Ireland or children of Irish parents, there are sixteen millions of Catholics. Out of sixteen millions of Germans or children of Germans, there are three millions of Catholics. Out of the emigrants from other nations there are five millions of Catholics. The statistics of the Propaganda give to the United States a Catholic population of five millions and some hundreds of thousands, when it should be twenty-five millions. What, then, has become of the other twenty millions? They have turned Protestant or have become indifferent." Thus out of a foreign-born population of 6,679,943 in 1880, only half of which was Catholic; and out of a total Catholic population in 1890 of 7,067,000, an increase of twenty millions in ten years is expected and demanded by the exacting Abbé Villeneuve!

But the total immigration to the United States from 1783 to 1891 was 15,185,258, according to the official statement made on January 15, 1891, by our government. Now, suppose all these immigrants to be still alive, and all to be Catholics, how could you get eighteen millions of Irish and sixteen millions of Germans out of them? The abbé also forgets that it is only in recent years that Hungarians, Poles, and Italians began to come to this country in large numbers; and the Irish and German emigration only became large after 1848. No one but a person with the fancy of a Gascon could, upon such data as we have quoted, make a Catholic loss of four millions more than the whole number of emigrants to the country.

As a matter of fact the Catholic loss in the United States is not as great as the writer in the Baltimore *Tablet* asserts. In many localities there is no loss, but much gain from conversions. And now gains are common because priests, especially American priests, are numerous enough to supply all the wants even of the immigrants who come to our hospitable shores.

But we can partially understand how Mr. Cahensly gets his sixteen millions of loss by examining the statistics of Catholic immigration for 1889, which he appends to his letter of last

April to Cardinal Rampolla, the Pontifical Secretary of State. According to him, all are Catholics who come from so-called Catholic countries. Thus, he says that in 1889 35,500 came from Germany, and 27,000 from Austria-Hungary, making a total of 62,500 for one year. And if these good Catholics do not go to church or to the sacraments, the fault, according to Mr. Cahensly, lies at the door of American priests and American bishops. Now, what are the facts? At least one-half of these immigrants when they left home had little or no religion. Thousands of them have never received any sacrament but baptism. There are over a dozen German Catholic churches, and there are probably two score of German secular priests, or who speak German, in New York City alone, not to mention the German priests who belong to the religious orders. They are more than adequate to all the wants of their countrymen in this city. The proportion of German priests to the German Catholic population in many parts of the country is greater than it is here. Not one of these priests but could tell Mr. Cahensly that every opportunity for the reception of the sacraments is given to these immigrants. Our American German priests are as zealous as any in the world. They are not to blame if half-infidels from Baden, or from Munich, or from Vienna, or from Buda-Pesth do not go to church in the United States. If these immigrants did not go to the sacraments in their own country, the reason is to be looked for there, not here.

But besides Mr. Cahensly, who signs for the Germans and Austrians, there is the Marchese Volpi Landi, "President of the work of St. Raphael for the protection of Italian emigrants," who signs for the Italians, and formally endorses Mr. Cahensly's statements. In 1889, according to these gentlemen, 25,000 Italian Catholics came to the United States. Now, low as is the spiritual condition of many of the immigrants from the Austrian Empire, and from parts of Germany, the Italians, we regret to say, are worse. They are the scandal of the church in the nineteenth century.

The Marchese Volpi Landi must know that there is very little faith or zeal in some parts of Italy; else, why should a population of over thirty millions of so-called Catholics stand patiently under the laws which oppress religion, and make a victim of their illustrious countryman, the Head of the church? If thousands of Italians come here annually devoid of religious training, many of them having a greater familiarity with the assassin's knife than with the catechism, is that the fault of the American

bishops or of the American priests? It is absurd and malicious to hold American priests and bishops responsible for losing people who were lost before they came here.

To explain this imaginary loss of sixteen millions, Mr. Cahensly and the Marchese Landi allege six causes. Let us briefly examine them. The first is "the want of sufficient protection for the emigrants at the time of their departure, during the voyage, and when they arrive in America." But surely Mr. Cahensly does not blame the American bishops for not sending priests to Europe to protect the emigrants before they start, and to accompany them across the sea? That is the business of people on the other side. Has he ever known the case of an American bishop refusing the services of a good priest, duly authorized by his bishop in Europe, to look after the interest of emigrants and to accompany them on their voyage? If there has been any negligence in this respect why does not Mr. Cahensly scold the priests of Europe for failure to do their duty, instead of emptying the vials of his wrath on the Americans?

The second alleged cause is "the insufficiency of priests and of parishes specially set apart for the different nationalities of the emigrants." This cause exists only in Mr. Cahensly's brain. All our great cities, like New York, have churches representing the different nationalities; and in the larger English-speaking churches there are generally one or two priests who speak Italian, French, or German. Many of our large English congregations are governed by Italian or by German clergymen. Even when the Italian, French, or German immigrants were fewer than they are now, their priests were recognized on a footing of entire equality, and were often appointed pastors of large English parishes over the heads of native Americans or of Irish. In some of our dioceses twenty-five years ago there was hardly a large English-speaking parish but was governed by a German, or by an Italian, or by a Frenchman.

The third cause is "the pecuniary sacrifices, often excessive, *exacted* from the faithful." It is not true that money is exacted from the faithful. A priest who would dare to exact money from any parishioner for any purpose would violate the laws of all our ecclesiastical councils and synods, and be severely punished by his bishop. If something is charged for seats in church, it is only what is done in the churches of Europe, even in Paris and in Brussels. No one is compelled to pay to hear Mass or receive the sacraments in any part of the United States. But we are living in a country in which the church is separated from

the state. Our clergy, our church, our charitable institutions are supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful. The state gives us nothing. We have to build everything. We have done in a few years what Europe has failed to do in a thousand years. We have built churches and schools, orphan asylums and reformatories, for European immigrants, who are generally very poor. Some of them came to us from countries in which kings and princes built churches centuries ago; from countries in which the people are not accustomed to give directly, because the state subsidizes religion and pays the salaries of the clergy. But here the people pay, and those who pay the most make the fewest complaints. Our American Catholics give most generously, and the proof is in our fine churches, flourishing parochial schools, and charitable institutions, an equal provision of which is hardly to be found in any part of Europe. In this last particular, perhaps, there is no city in the world that can compare with New York. The orphan asylums, foundling asylum, and Catholic Protectory of this diocese are second to none in the world. Our Catholics of Irish or German origin are generous. The Irish are celebrated for their faith and generosity. There is hardly a German parish in the country which has not a parochial school. The Poles and Bohemians also have shown great generosity in many places.

But the countrymen of the Marchese Volpi Landi are at the very bottom of the ladder in the matter of supporting religion. We have yet to learn of a single Italian church in the country built by Italians alone. The Irish and Americans build churches for them, and for the most part support their clergy. The average immigrant from Italy, especially from Naples and Sicily, acts as if he had no religious belief. He neglects the sacraments, has no respect for priest, bishop, or pope, and is ignorant and stingy. Some one is to blame for this condition of Italian immigrants, but it is not the American bishops, who practically tax the generosity of the faithful of other nationalities for the benefit of the countrymen of the Marchese Landi. Out of two hundred Italians in a certain parish, the rector of which visited them frequently and spoke their tongue, only three could be induced to go to Mass, and then only on the grand festivals. Yet, badly off religiously as are the Italians, few of them become Protestants. Let it also be said that many of these Italians, by contact with American Catholics, learn to do better, practise their religion and become comparatively generous. The rest remain in the condition in which so many of them are found in their native land. Our

bishops, most of whom know the tongue of Tasso and of Dante, give to them special assistance and special care.

The fourth reason of Mr. Cahensly and his party is "the public schools." Certainly we do not admire the public schools. Their influence is unreligious. Our priests and our bishops are consequently everywhere erecting parochial schools. Nearly all our large parishes have them, and soon all will have them. But although the public schools are full of danger, this danger is not so great as it is in Europe from the same cause. Our public schools did not originate in hatred of Christianity, as did those in Europe; and their secularization in many cases is simply an attempt to keep at peace with Catholics. We have now organized a system of parochial schools, supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful, superior to any similar system that exists in France, Italy, or Germany. Catholic Belgium alone can rival, but does not excel, us in this respect.

The fifth reason of Mr. Cahensly is "the insufficiency of Catholic societies and associations of a mutual benevolent character for the working classes." But such societies abound among us, and he could have easily learned this fact. There is the Catholic Benevolent Legion, each of whose councils has a priest for chaplain;* there are the Catholic Knights of America, and countless local and parochial organizations, which have been founded especially to help laboring men in time of sickness or, in case of their death, to aid their widows and orphans. Nearly every German parish has a benevolent society attached to it.

The sixth reason for our loss of sixteen millions of Catholics, according to Mr. Cahensly, is the lack of representatives of every nationality in the episcopate. This reason is the milk in the cocoa-nut of what has been termed a foreign plot to denationalize American Catholicity. Upon this point Mr. Cahensly insists with suspicious earnestness. We cannot well understand, however, what he means. Does he mean that wherever there is a foreign colony it should be exempt from the jurisdiction of the Ordinary and put under a special bishop? If so, why not petition the Holy See to put a German bishop over the two hundred thou-

* There are 366 councils of this Catholic organization in the United States and Canada. Of these councils 178 are in the State of New York, of which 35 are in this city. There are 15,000 members of the society in the State of New York. The Legion has paid to Catholic widows and orphans, since 1881, over $2,700,000. The total amount paid by all American Catholic beneficial societies must be many times more than that. It is true that we have not some of the societies which Catholics have organized in Europe; but we do not need them so much, and it is doubtful if what works well in Europe would work as well here. The American Catholic has very strong individuality, always likes to depend on his own resources, and never uses a crutch so long as he has a leg to stand on.

sand German-speaking Catholics, or a Belgian bishop over the fifty thousand Flemings, in Paris, and exempt them from the jurisdiction of its archbishop? Would the Archbishop of Paris consent, would the French people or the French government consent to any such manœuvre as this? Or, considering the thousands of Frenchmen living in Berlin, and in the large cities of the Rhineland, why not petition the Holy See to make the eloquent Abbé Villeneuve, who is so strong in statistics, a French bishop in Cologne or Mayence, and give him exclusive jurisdiction over his countrymen in Germany? Judging by the way in which he has found eighteen millions of Irish in the United States, he would soon find enough Frenchmen to justify the appointment of several French bishops in the German fatherland. How would the German bishops like this? How would Kaiser Wilhelm like it? Does Mr. Cahensly mean to import Italian bishops into Buenos Ayres and Brazil, to take charge of the numerous Italian immigrants in those countries; and does he think that the South American bishops or the South American governments would make no protest against this interference with local law and local jurisdiction? Has Mr. Cahensly ever forecast the practical working of these divided jurisdictions which he would establish in the United States, or the scandalous schisms to which they might give rise? Might there not arise among us, as in the East Indies, some Joseph Sylva y Torrès, who on account of these divided allegiances would make a worse schism than ever existed in Goa? Does Mr. Cahensly mean that in San Francisco, for instance, the jurisdiction of the archbishop shall be restricted, and a special bishop sent from the Flowery Kingdom to look after the interests of the very large Chinese colony in California? Or that in Milwaukee, along-side of Archbishop Katzer, who is a German, an Irish bishop shall be imported from Cork to have exclusive jurisdiction over the thousands of Irish in Wisconsin? Or that in New York our archbishop, who is an American, shall have his jurisdiction restricted to those who are natives of the soil, by a German bishop for the Germans, by an Italian for the Italians, a Pole for the Poles, a Frenchman for the French?

And when these *imperia* in *imperio* are established must the principle of nationality descend from the episcopate to the priesthood, from the dioceses to the parishes? Must all the Italian, German, and French priests who now govern English-speaking parishes resign? Must no German, French, or Italian priest give the sacraments except to his own countrymen? Must preaching in English be forbidden in German, French, or Italian churches?

Must every priest have his jurisdiction restricted to the nationality of his bishop? How would this plan work? Would the foreign clergy among us be satisfied with it? How would the rectors of Italian churches, for instance, like it if they were obliged, on the arrival of their own national bishop, to depend for their support on their own countrymen, to be suddenly deprived of the help which is generously given to them now by American Catholics?

Or does Mr. Cahensly mean that the foreign element is not sufficiently represented in the actual American hierarchy? If so, he is mistaken. Let him look at the names of our bishops. Courtesy, prudence, and the interest of the church suggest that, if possible, the bishops of a nation should be identified with it either by birth or by naturalization. They should know the people, the language, the institutions, and the laws of the country in which they govern. They will thus have more influence over their flocks and with the civil government, with which the church always desires to hold amicable relations. Besides, our civil laws in some States render aliens incapable of owning real estate. No foreigner can own real property in New York State unless he becomes an American citizen. How then could these imported or foreign bishops acquire title to ecclesiastical property? Would it not be well for the Cahensly party to study the laws of our country before trying a dangerous and ruinous experiment? Nothing is so distasteful to the people of any nation as a foreign colony claiming privileges and exemptions from the ordinary laws and customs of the land.

National prejudices are strong, and they are as strong in America as elsewhere. The people of the United States do not like a foreign church. There is a fundamental principle of our policy, known as the "Monroe doctrine," that no foreign power shall be allowed to interfere in American affairs. As the Baltimore writer already quoted justly said, the chief moral cause of our losses "has been the identification of Catholicity with some foreign nationality." In the beginning of the church in our Republic we had to depend on foreign priests and foreign bishops. The "Know-nothing" or Native-American movement against the church in our Republic, in 1844 and in 1854, was a consequence of the fact that nearly all Catholics and priests in the United States were foreigners or their immediate descendants. Even at this day the most odious charge against us is that we are foreigners in spirit as well as in blood. Protestant and infidel newspapers, preachers, and politicians are continually charging Catholics with disloyalty and hostility to American institutions,

and this charge is believed by many native-born Americans. Now, while American Catholics are endeavoring to disprove these charges, and to show that the American Republic and its institutions have nothing to fear but much to gain from the Catholic religion and its adherents, there come to the front Herr Cahensly, the Marchese Volpi Landi, the Abbé Villeneuve and the others, distinctly demanding that our episcopate shall be denationalized and *foreignized.* It is a glorious episcopate, ever true to Holy Church and to the Holy See. Every race that helped to form the church here has been or is represented in it: Katzer, Wigger, Richter, Heiss, Fink, Flasch, Luers, Toebbe, Baltes, Krautbauer, Seidenbush, and others of German birth or of German ancestry, stand for Catholic Germany; Chapelle, Chatard, Machebeuf, Dubois, Flaget, Bruté, Cheverus, Maréchal, David, Portier, Blanc, Loras, Odin, Bazin, Crétin, Rappe, St. Palais, Perché, Leray, Martin, Laney, De Goesbriand, and others, French or of French descent, stand for Catholic France; Baraga, Neumann, and Melcher, for Austria; Henni, Zardetti, and Marty, for Switzerland; Domenec, Allemany, Amat, Verdaguer, and Mora, for Spain; Janssens for Holland; Van de Vyver, Seghers, and Maes, for Catholic Belgium; Rosati for Italy; Gilmour for Scotland; Whitfield for England; Connolly, Egan, England, Kelly, Hughes, Loughlin, Ryan, Kenrick, Purcell, Whelan, O'Gorman, O'Connor, and O'Farrell, for faithful Ireland; and Carroll, Neale, Fenwick, Eccleston, Bayley, Spalding, Tyler, McCloskey, Rosecrans, Wood, McQuaid, and Shanahan, for native or converted America. Even Canada gave us Blanchet. All nationalities have been and are still represented in our episcopate, whose mitres never bore the stamp of Bourbon or Bonaparte Gallicanism, of Austrian Josephism, or of Neapolitan *Giannoneism.* Of what, then, does Mr. Cahensly complain? Does he envy us our native freedom of episcopal elections? or does he want some infidel and foreign prime minister to use pressure on our free clerical voters or on the Holy See, which finds in the United States fewer intrigues to impede its choice, and less objection to it, than in any other country in the world? Is he jealous because San Francisco in the far West, New York in the East and Baltimore, are governed by Americans? Does any one believe that an imported bishop from Baden or Palermo would be better than they? Or does Mr. Cahensly want all the sees for the foreigners? Then which nationality will get them? The German immigration is very great now; but the Hungarian, the Polish, and the Italian are increasing. If we give all the mitres to the Germans now, will

they have to resign their claim when the Poles become more numerous; and they in their turn make way for the Italians, to be succeeded by the Chinese, when all restrictions are taken away from our immigration laws? And the American government and American Catholics are expected to bear all this, although no other government or people in the world would do so! The American Republic is expected to abolish the "Monroe doctrine" to please the foreigners Cahensly, Landi, and Villeneuve!

No! Leo XIII. loves the church of the United States too well, and is too well informed of its condition by our own faithful bishops, to permit himself to be deceived by foreign intriguers. We want no foreign bishops here, with the stamp of Kaiser Wilhelm or of Franz Joseph or of the Carbonaro Crispi on their mitres. We take European immigrants and we improve their condition, physically, mentally, and morally. Heaven knows many of them are poor specimens of European civilization and of European Christianity! We put into them ideas of American manliness, generosity, self-reliance, and independence. We transform them from hot-house plants, whose faith is unable to stand the open air, into hardy plants that defy the wind and the frost. Some of them we have lost, but the reasons why exonerate the church of the United States from blame. There is no such excuse for the enormous losses in the old Catholic countries from which these immigrants come. Many of them are an injury instead of a benefit to our American Catholics.

We say to fault-finders from Austria, purify the corrupt capital of your half-infidel empire; you French Gascons, look to the beams in your own eyes; you Macchiavellian intriguers at Rome, go preach the Gospel to the *Camorra* of Naples and to the *Mafia* of Sicily. We say to the Marchese Landi that until he and his countrymen free Leo XIII. from the chains which they have permitted to be fastened around the feet of his authority, they are in no position to criticise the Catholicity of other nations.

We are willing to stand comparison with the Catholicity of the Continent of Europe. Nay, as we have sent over our hardy vines to replace those destroyed by the phylloxera, so it may happen that the "Americanized" children of our European Catholic immigrants, clergy and laity, may yet have a similar mission in restoring health to the decadent religious vineyards of some parts of Europe.

HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

St. Agnes' Rectory, New York.

THE AMENITIES OF THE SCHOOL ADJUSTMENT.

I.—Experimental Plans in Operation.

A DISTINCT advance has been made all along the lines of the discussion of the theory and the experimental reduction to practice of the school adjustment. Judging the temper of our whole people from the plain indications of the public pulse, it can be regarded as a foregone conclusion that the party of concentration shall have their trouble for their pains in trying to foist upon us a national system of education. The States will retain their local control, and devise and maintain their own system, without delegation of powers to the federal government—tolerating only the national Bureau of Education at Washington for purposes of census and general educational information. Next, each State leaves, practically, a large margin of liberty of action to its local school boards and county commissioners. This is making easy the fair interpretations of the school law, resulting in compromises between public and private or church schools.

When a few dozens of square and honest working examples have been displayed to the timorous, to show how, by conceding little points, great advantages may be gained for the peace and harmony of communities, scores of imitators will be found—indeed, they are being found in all parts of the country. The good leaven is working. The instances of the favorable decision of the trustees of New York University in admitting the schools of a parish in Troy and another in Cohoes; the impartial interpretation of the school law by the superintendent in Texas, regarding religious women as candidates for teachers in public schools; the local adjustments at Faribault and Stillwater, Minn., seemingly imitating the eighteen-year-old experiment at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; and this followed by the conciliatory public utterance of the chief educational authority of the State of Minnesota; the cases of Binghamton and Ogdensburg, N. Y., besides many less prominent examples which could be culled from the running chronicles of town and country—all go to prove that the solvent of amicable agreement is slowly eating away the walls of separation. The specific and authoritative account of the land-stirring incident at Faribault is as follows:

"An arrangement has recently been entered into between the

parochial school of the Immaculate Conception and the public-school board of Faribault, which, we are told, 'is satisfactory to every one concerned in it.' The building is leased to the board for one dollar per year. The Catholic children in attendance last year are there at present; the board has abolished ward divisions so that the children may attend from any part of the city. The Dominican sisters are retained as teachers, after passing the State examination; the religious emblems in the school-rooms still remain there; 'full provision is made by the pastor for the religious instruction of the pupils'; yet the system is 'thoroughly observant of the letter and spirit of the civil law regarding schools' . . ."

"Superintendent Kiehle deserves great credit for the clearness in which he has brought out the purpose of the State in reference to the schools. He shows that it is not the business of the State to teach religion. He says, however, that this must not be taken as implying opposition or even indifference to religious teaching. His position is in entire conformity with the ordinance of 1787, passed when the Northwest Territory was organized. That ordinance says: 'Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall for ever be encouraged."

At this day and hour of the sacred year of America's four hundredth anniversary, we find that of the five or six distinct plans of operation in dove-tailing the free public with the free Catholic schools, higher, grammar or primary, in at least thirty-two or thirty-three widely separated localities, in no one instance has the State authority, or the incidental tenant of school office, repudiated the agreement or refused fair terms compatible with law. The exceptions noted in the article "American Christian State Schools" (CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1891), of failures to continue arrangements, were occasioned by the parochial representatives withdrawing their schools on their own motion.

It can, therefore, be fairly asserted and roundly maintained that the respective practically working plans, descending in scale from those based on perfect liberty of curriculum, in the New York University affiliations, to the as perfectly dependent compromises—as regards secular teaching alone—in the New York State provincial cities and the beautiful prairie towns of Minnesota, are *bonâ fide* school concordats, agreeable to civil and religious holders of authority. Our communities are scattered over such wide expanses, so often radically diverse in their modes of thought and action; some in our keen, business-like marts of provincial trade; other some the denizens of open-hearted towns

in the valley of the Mohawk, or the perfection of that Horatian mingling of country and city, beautifying, as they are adorned by, the sweet prairies hugging the shores of the limpid upper Mississippi; or, again, nestling in the wooded banks of the lower Ohio. But such as these have agreed to give the glorious country of our love and devotion the shining example of harmonious action in all that heterogeneous fellow-citizens can do in common to show the unity of minds and hearts in training our young in high truth and dear liberty.

Signs of the times and of the gradual formation of a truly American national character are the participation of Catholics in the philanthropic congresses and great temperance organizations heretofore manned and womaned almost exclusively by non-Catholics.

There is, unhappily, one little source of discord: the acts and firebrand speeches and writings of the few but blatant anti-Catholic cliques in our three largest cities, who are damming with their open-secret societies the flow of level-headed and large-hearted sympathy of a great people for the soul convictions of more than Catholics. It boots little to be bitter with hide-bound bigots. No doubt there are intellectual but narrowly educated patriots who are conscientious in their opposition to Catholic advance; but let not the greatest Republic on earth be insulted by attributing to her representatives the doings of such men as Edwin Mead and John Jay, Joseph Cook and Elliott Shepherd.

The following words of Rev. J. F. McDonough, at the dedication of the first parish school in Taunton, Mass., are of value:

"Catholics do not wish to destroy the free public-school system. They wish to improve it. They would make it more satisfactory than it is. Why, in this commonwealth of Massachusetts to-day the money yearly spent by Catholics for schools and their maintenance reaches into hundreds of thousands of dollars; in numbers we are more than one-third of the population of the State, and in the ratio of our numbers we pay to support the present State school system. It is certain that we Catholics pay more for education than any other citizens of the common wealth! Why shouldn't we be anxious to have a free public-school system that we can use, when it will save our pocket-books?"

It is healthful for New-Englanders to hear these truths, closely argued, and following hard upon the finely poised plea for our common Christianity before the Areopagus of Harvard, by the Rector of the Catholic University.

II.—Education: to whom does it belong?

To approach the other division of our subject, Father Hecker's large heart and philosophical mind argued the divine church had in modern days given over, after the definition of papal infallibility, insisting so severely on the side of authority and allowed more freedom to individual genius and endeavor enlivened by the Holy Ghost. So now the foremost theologians and prelates of our time have, in free and just governments, been willing to acknowledge the state's right to co-operation in education. The diligent student of episcopal and conciliar pronouncements will find scarcely one prelate among 380 dignitaries who, in writings and decrees on the school question, has officially denied the state's right and duty to assist in educating. The bishops of Belgium, under Cardinal Deschamps, who in the seventies had such hard-fought pitched battles with the "Liberals" under Frère Orban and his fellow-Masons, after citing the authority of every provincial and plenary council in every nation, including especially the United States since 1851, only require of parents, " . . . when they relinquish a portion of their duty to public or private schools, that religion be taught there, under the direction of legitimate authority, but also that all the instruction and all secular influences contribute to transform their children into virtuous and docile sons, subject to the authority of the church and of the state." The Belgian hierarchy therefore demand, " . . . in the name of conscience, in the name of the rights and duties of baptized children and Catholic families, the continuance of the law of 1842, which *while giving the state a very large share in the direction and superintendence of schools*, at least leaves the church, wherever it is honestly carried out, a degree of freedom and authority sufficient to fulfil her sublime mission. . . ."

When now we use the word state we mean, with Dr. Thomas Bouquillon, of the Catholic University of America, "the social authority . . . also in its lower degrees, such as the authority in provinces, counties, towns, and districts." For, above all things, we wish to stamp deep upon the inmost minds of all readers of the signs of the times, that the solution of this practical question will and shall come, not from the general government, nor for many a year even from the official action of the States in severalty, but from the peaceable adjustments of communities and neighborhoods.

The already famous university professor of moral theology has done incalculable good to the cause of educational adjustments, in all the countries affected by the burning question, by the publication of his authoritative pamphlet, *Education: to whom does it belong?*

It is peculiarly unbiased, and purports to be a clear exposition from a Catholic stand-point of theoretical principles underlying the school question, whose practical solution has become a national concern. The treatise is only an expansion of the author's teaching in his *Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, as the reverend editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle* intimates. This latter gentleman, the Rev. John Conway, no mediocre theologian of the school of Maynooth, probably the highest-graded seminary in the English-speaking world, thus introduces the essay:

"Dr. Bouquillon's object is to show that the doctrine of Catholic theologians on education is not opposed to liberty as properly understood, nor to the just prerogatives of the state. To establish this he proceeds with the care and the precision of a scientist. He goes into four aspects of the education question, namely, the right to educate, the mission to educate, the authority over education, the liberty of education. And he examines these four aspects from the stand-point of the individual, the family, the state, and the church. He has not much difficulty in showing the natural right of the individual to teach, should that person know anything worth teaching." . . . "The learned professor does not deem it necessary to dwell at length upon the right of the family to educate. For it is universally admitted that such a right belongs, by nature, to parents in reference to their children. But what is not generally admitted is that the right of the parent does not infringe upon the right of the state as properly understood. Those who oppose the right of the state to educate do so on the ground that parents have such a right, and therefore the state has not. Such is the line of thought followed by Mr. Montgomery, Judge Dunn, and men of that class who have studied one educational source and know nothing of the other three."

Without proposing to rifle all the precious contents of this imposing treasure of facts and reasonings, the interest and vital need of just such essays, to which all will listen and perhaps a goodly number of elementary theologians learn something of weight, demand at least the table of contents, with a few quotations. The list of authorities is fourfold. They are all modern, and for the obvious reason that the question is modern—Taparelli, Zigliara, Costa-Rosetti, Cavagnis, Coppola, Robiano, Italians; Hammerstein, Riess, Germans; Sauvé and his fellow-French

authors of *L'Ecole neutre;* and a Dutch and Irish representative, as to principles. Besides the ordinary authorities on laws, the collection of Maria Laach and of Monsignor Roskovany and the pontifical theologians of the Vatican Council of many different nationalities. As to fact and history, it is but waste of space to say more than that the authors cited are all out of the common round of histories as most amateur students know them. The very first division of the right to educate, the right of every competent individual to give forth what is in his mental possession, strikes at the root of the discussion by laying the foundation for all the respective rights. The pregnant examples of the spontaneous formation of the great schools of Padua and Verceil from the overflow of Bologna are the specific proof of what Dr. Denifle affirms of many mediæval universities. There is something gravely humorous in the conciliar decree and Alexander III. allowing every capable body to teach.

But, of course, the most salient points in the compact scientific treatise are the right and mission and authority of the state to educate.* The doctor insists upon proving the *special* and *proper* right and the *special duty* of the state to provide education in the letters, sciences, and arts. Civil powers have the right and duty to protect their interests by requiring intelligent agents for all the needs of the commonwealth. Ignorant people are inferior; if you would have them instructed, you must let the "powers that be" see to their instruction. As to proofs by documents, numerous instances of the foundation of schools, such as four universities in Italy, five in Spain, before 1400, and the modern citation of an educational system in the dominion of the pope under Leo XII., 1824, to be carried out by the communal magistrates, guarantee the author's conclusion that "no pope ever declared the state went beyond its right in founding schools, provided the instruction be organized in the spirit of Christianity" (pp. 11–14; Cfr. Caterini and *Analecta Jur. Pont.*) All the brilliant authors named, the "larger number of theologians" (this is a blessed mark! for many of us thought we were claiming all we could in calling ourselves a hopeful minority), the "best and most serious publicists," unite with the Pope's own canon law professor, Monsignor Cavagnis, in asserting: "No one has ever denied to the state the right of

* If one so humble might call the attention of a "master in Israel" to so fine a distinction, which, if anywhere, should be observed in a strictly logical and theological paper, we would beg to insinuate that the headings should be modified so as to read, *e.g.*, "Right of the State *to help* educate," as *education* is properly the product of many distinct *instructors*.

establishing schools." The testimony of the Vatican Council theologians must be respected:

"The right to educate in literature and the sciences for its own legitimate end and for the common good is not denied to the civil power, and therefore, also, the right to direct these schools in as far as its legitimate end demands is not denied as belonging to the same civil power" (*Schema de Ecclesia*).

The commentary upon this—that rightly ordered states have actually intervened in instruction and aided education from the time of at least the formation of the Frankish and Teutonic kingdoms until the dawn of 1892—is, we should think, somewhat superfluous. But the summing up of Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., will be accepted as the key let down into the arch of testimony:

"It certainly is within the province of the state to prevent any parent from launching upon the world a brood of young barbarians, ready to disturb the peace of civil society" (*Ethics and Natural Law*, p. 358).

There may be, after all, something in the American publicist's prophecy that, if the church modify the state, the state here will modify the views of the church—at least in individuals. To quote my words, which I cannot now improve upon, I conclude: "A fairly good home and church training is naturally supposed to accompany, interpenetrate, and direct the transformation of the ignorant, plastic child into the gradually better and better enlightened mind and personality, until the form of body and soul is perfect as we can make it by the closing in of the mould formed by these great factors of environment, home, church, school. The sentiment of this community is Christian; the air of America does not contain the germs of moral and intellectual consumption so prevalent and deadly in parts of Europe. There has not been on our soil the wilful apostasy from the main Christian truths, nor certainly the public and official declarations or manifestations of denial and blasphemy one sees and hears in France and Italy. All earnest Christians admit to the full the reserved rights of God and parents; but probably in our zeal we have overlooked or minimized the rights and duties of Christian society united under the name of secular government. We say blankly: Confound the schemes of infidel or religion-hating governments wherever they usurp authority to trample down the units of society and assume the haughty *rôle*

of domineering over both body and soul. But we Americans have shaken off allegiance to all such, and we scorn to be classed with the persecutors of faith and morality or the tyrants over the body or rights of individuals. We want no kaisers or autocrats: we govern ourselves, responsible to none but the living God for 'reasonable service.' If we, individuals and Christians, have rights and duties regarding every one of our offspring at every period of their nonage, it must be logical to conclude that we can delegate authority over schools to our representatives in organized society in certain limits, as we delegate authority to teachers and instructors in branches of learning. In every advance step of Christian civilization we know the best representatives of secular authority have been welcomed by the church in aiding all her plans and their realization to help in changing the state of society for the better. Need we do more than cite the examples of Constantine and Theodosius in the East and Charlemagne and Alfred in the West?

"We in America are the valid heirs of these labored centuries of amelioration of man and his social environments on earth. Our laws and polity are in essentials the cream of the best European codes adapted by our own God-given genius to the conditions of our free republic."

Let us but baptize our schools, and all is well.

THOS. JEFFERSON JENKINS.

St. Lawrence, Ky.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE impossibility of confining the mind and life of man within the narrow bounds of materialism has lately received a remarkable exemplification. All errors, of course, are pernicious, and in many cases it is hard to say that any particular error is more pernicious than another. But in our own times sheer materialism is perhaps the most enthralling and captivating, a materialism which denies, at all events ignores, any higher life than the present. It is therefore right to feel some satisfaction at the news that converts are coming in by the hundred to the Theosophical Society, and to hear a woman who has made herself notorious by her shameless advocacy of the most practical developments of materialism publicly renounce her former beliefs and declare that humanity cannot tolerate the idea that man was created for no final purpose; that the agnostics' unknowable is not unknown; that the existence of an immortal, imperishable, eternal, and uncreate principle can be demonstrated. We will not stop to give an opinion as to the new errors Mrs. Besant has adopted. We wish, however, to call our readers' attention to the utterances of a man much more worthy of attention, which go to show that the impatience at the restraint of the materialistic bonds is widespread, and felt even in scientific circles.

At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held last autumn at Cardiff, Professor Lodge, whose speculations on the nature of electricity have excited so much attention, made an assault upon the restrictions placed by our modern scientific leaders upon the sphere of research and investigation. The ordinary processes of observation and experiment, he maintained, are establishing the existence of a region outside of, although adjacent to, that dealt with by physics. Phenomena not at present contemplated by science are proved to exist, to which the orthodox man (in the scientific sense) shuts his eyes, papers about which not one of the recognized scientific societies would receive, which they treat in the same way that their predecessors, the Ptolemaic astronomers, treated the Copernican system on its first promulgation. This region includes such subjects as the relations of life to energy, the nature

of force, the means by which it influences the physical order, how ideas are transmitted from mind to mind. The whole address deserves careful study, and is noteworthy both as the protest of a scientific man against the narrow spirit of so many of his brethren, and as a testimony to the strength of the evidence which is bringing home to unwilling minds facts which do not square with preconceived theories.

No great conflicts between workmen and their employers have taken place in Great Britain since our last notes were made; on the contrary, although there have been minor disputes, a contest which would have involved many thousands in a long struggle has happily been averted; and as prevention is better than cure it may be of interest to indicate the course of procedure which led to this result. The dispute was between the engineers in the Tyne district and their employers, among whom was the great Armstrong Company. The question in dispute was whether or not a workman could be required to work overtime. The dispute began with the strike of the men employed by one of the associated firms of employers, whereupon the rest of the employers proceeded to discharge their employees. Then the general strike was ordered and even began. How was it averted? In the first place, the intervention of outsiders took place. The Mayor of Newcastle undertook the part of mediator, as also did Mr. Knight, a leading official of another branch of the trade. These efforts, however, proved abortive. Then the employers and the representatives of the workmen met together in conference without any intervention, and by this means misunderstandings were removed and the modified terms proposed by the masters were accepted by the men. This seems thoroughly in accordance with the methods which have proved so successful in the mining industry in the same district, as has been made clear by the evidence brought out by the Royal Commission. When masters and men can be brought together to talk over the questions in dispute, a means of reconciling differences is almost invariably discovered.

One of the noteworthy points brought out before the Royal Commission is the satisfaction felt by many employers at the fact that their men were organized in unions. This satisfaction is based on the greater facility such organization affords for negotiation and the definite settlement of difficulties. This, how-

ever, rests upon the existence and maintenance of cohesion and of a certain subordination to their leaders upon the men's part. The late disastrous strike of the riverside workers in London was due to the refusal of the men to recognize the agreement made by their leaders with the employers. In this case the leaders fell into line with the men, and were led to disaster. A general lockout of the London shoemakers has been averted by the men being compelled by their leaders to keep the terms agreed upon by them. A certain question had been referred to arbitration; but the men grew impatient at a long delay in the settlement of the matter, and went on strike. The leaders, however, required their submission under penalty of being cut off from the unions, and the men yielded. A somewhat similar mode of action has led to the termination of the carpenters' strike in London which has been going on for seven months. In the end the question was by mutual consent referred to the president of the Royal Institute of British Architects. This decision when rendered was in the main in favor of the employers. Although dissatisfaction was felt by the men they have, under the influence of their leaders, loyally agreed to accept the decision.

It is satisfactory to be able to record the gradual advance of the co-operative and the profit-sharing movements. The largest pig-iron manufacturer in South Staffordshire has announced that from the beginning of this year he will grant a substantial bonus out of the profits to each workman. Certain manufacturers having works in England and Ireland have given notice that they will themselves take a smaller percentage of the profits and appropriate the balance for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a fund for division among their employees, such fund to increase according to the increase of profits. In these schemes the masters have taken the initiative, and retain the control. At Leicester, however, the men have inaugurated the largest boot and shoe factory in the world conducted on co-operative principles. The factory stands on six acres of land, and a capital of a million dollars is required to work the concern. About fifteen hundred people will be employed at the start, and the factory will produce fifty thousand pairs of boots a week. Certain omnibus men of London propose also to work in co-operation. Since the recent strike many have been discharged, and they propose now to work for their own benefit. A company is to be formed of which the members are to be principally the men who work themselves, associated with known friends of labor.

How far success has attended this latter scheme we have not heard. In fact, it is too soon for it to have been tested.

The agitation for the legal eight-hours day is being continued. Large bodies of workmen are strongly in favor of it, but by no means all. Even the miners are not unanimous in seeking such legislation for themselves. Leading politicians, too, of both parties, anxious though they are to gain workmen's votes, have felt unable to advocate the measure. Efforts made to get it included in the Newcastle programme proved unsuccessful. Mr. John Morley, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and Sir Lyon Playfair on the Liberal side, and Sir John Gorst on the Conservative, have pointed out the many difficulties which stand in the way of its adoption. The chief of these is the keen competition to which British trade is now exposed in all parts of the world, and the fear that this trade will be so handicapped by such a law that it will depart to other countries. This is so far recognized by many advocates of the measure that they are willing to postpone it until an international agreement is secured. But a large number are resolute in pushing the matter on at all hazards. The question is a very interesting one, as it is one of the first results of the spread of education among the working classes and of a desire for an increase of leisure for the further cultivation of the instruction received in the elementary schools. It is also to be borne in mind that there is an almost universal feeling that an eight-hours day is desirable. The point in controversy is whether it should be made obligatory by law, or left to be secured by the action of the unions and private arrangement.

The scheme of Mr. Chamberlain, for pensions for old age, is making steady progress. The details have been elaborated by a committee and have been submitted to an actuary for the settlement of the financial details. It is in these, of course, that the crux of the whole matter lies. It is easy for benevolent persons to form schemes for the alleviation of the wants of their poorer brethren, but to devise practicable means for finding the money is far more difficult. As Mr. Chamberlain said in a recent speech, schemes arrived for his consideration every day offering to all appearances the most satisfactory solutions. As a specimen he quoted one which looked particularly promising; but on a calculation being made of its cost, it appeared that it would take a thousand millions of dollars to set it going and two hundred

millions per year for all subsequent time. Large numbers of the poor-law authorities have declared themselves supporters of the general principles of old-age pensions; but it is being opposed by the friendly societies, who fear that their own work will be superseded. To conciliate them and in opposition to his own judgment, Mr. Chamberlain proposes that the measure shall be, not compulsory but voluntary in its character. There is but little doubt that it will be brought before the next session of Parliament; and, although the government has given no pledges to support it, it is in the highest degree improbable that that support will be withheld.

During the month of November a large number of School Board elections took place, the most important of which was that in London. In this contest there were three points at issue. One set of candidates were friends of the voluntary and religious schools. These sought to become members of the School Board in order, while loyally and honestly administering the Education Acts, to prevent such an administration of them as should bring the Board schools into unfair competition with the religious schools. A second set were advocates of economy. The education-rate, as estimated some twenty years ago by Mr. Forster, has been quadrupled. Mr. Forster thought it could not possibly exceed three pence in the pound. For the present year in many parishes it is one shilling in the pound, in the rest eleven pence half-penny. So the advocates of economy had a strong case. And, quite naturally, with them the friends of the Voluntary schools made common cause; for the larger the amount of the money spent on the Board schools the less able are the Voluntary schools to hold their own. The third set of candidates were the out-and-out defenders and promoters of the Board school system, opponents too of voluntary schools. These they wish to supplant and destroy. Great apathy has hitherto existed among London rate-payers as to these elections. In many cases not more than a quarter have gone to the polls. A feeling of despair seems to have taken possession of their minds, the many promises made having been broken so often. This year, however, greater interest has been manifested, and as a consequence a victory has been won by the candidates who are in favor of economy and of the voluntary schools. One drawback to this victory is that the Catholic candidates have fared badly. The last board had three Catholic members, the present only one, and one of the defeated was Colonel Prender-

gast, who was looked upon by all parties as a most useful member of the former board.

A few facts with reference to the educational work of the London School Board, a board which controls the education of a population which is almost as large as the whole population of Belgium, may not be without interest. There are under its management 421 schools. In addition to these board schools, there are about 250 voluntary schools, over which the board has no authority. The board has to deal with about 400,000 children, and of these 360,000 are in average attendance. With all its systems and organizations, truant officers, truant schools, and police courts, the board does not get more than eighty-two per cent. of the children into the schools. The expenditure of the board is £2,000,000 per annum; half of this amount goes in payment of the 7,000 teachers. Expenses of management and wages of the thousand officials of the board cost £550,000. The cost per child is £5 per year, one-half for maintenance, one-half for education. The obligatory subjects of education are reading, writing, and arithmetic, and for girls needlework. English, geography, and elementary science form what are called class subjects. The specific subjects, which can only be taught to advanced pupils, and in more than two of which no child can be examined, are algebra, Euclid and mensuration, mechanics, chemistry, physics (sound, light and heat, magnetism and electricity), animal physiology, botany, principles of agriculture, Latin, French, German, domestic economy (for girls), book-keeping and short-hand. Instruction in cookery is given to those girls who have passed a certain standard, the food cooked is sold, and during the past year the receipts exceeded the cost of materials. Laundry work is also a recognized branch of instruction for girls. Drawing is a compulsory subject of instruction in all senior departments. Provision is made for instruction in physical exercises, and the playgrounds of nearly all the schools are provided with simple gymnastic apparatus. One of the last acts of the late board was to sanction the provision of four central swimming-baths, and to secure for the children instruction in and admission to existing swimming-baths. In a few chosen schools manual training in paper-work, cardboard-work, color-work, and clay-work is given, and girls' classes in housewifery have been inaugurated. The elements of technical instruction have thus been brought into the elementary education of the children. Moreover there are sixteen centres for the special instruction of

the deaf and dumb, and twenty-six for blind children, and special schools are to be provided for physically and mentally defective children. Special schools exist also for truant children. In view of these facts it can scarcely be said that the children of the London working-class are likely to grow up in ignorance.

The next session of Parliament, besides the Irish Local Government Bill to which the government are pledged, will have under consideration the question of Irish elementary education. The Free Education Act of last session did not embrace Ireland within its scope. The money, however, was voted, and consequently it is incumbent upon Parliament to pass the measure to which the money was devoted. This will also raise the question of compulsory education for Ireland, for hitherto compulsion has been restricted to Great Britain. Nor is it elementary education alone that will be under discussion. There is reason to hope that the long-standing injustice under which Catholics have been subjected as regards university education may be removed. Archbishop Walsh has recently declared that this question has come to occupy a position of advantage which he ventured to declare was without parallel in all its previous history. This is due to the recognition accorded to the rights of Catholics at a recent meeting of the Historical Society in Trinity College, Dublin—especially to the address of the auditor of that society, and to the speeches of such representatives of Irish Protestant educated opinion as Lord Justice Fitzgibbon and Judge Webb. The archbishop did not hesitate to say that an advantage of a most important character had been secured, and the result was that the Catholic line of advance had been carried over regions of debatable territory. It will be remembered that about two years ago Mr. Balfour uttered some expressions in the House of Commons which seemed to pledge the government to action upon this question. The opposition of his supporters, however, forced him to let the matter drop. Possibly the manifestation of a juster feeling on this subject by leading Irish Protestants will embolden the government to proceed on the lines then indicated.

The Newcastle meeting of the National Liberal Federation will, in all probability, be memorable as well for the proposals adopted by the party as objects of legislation, as also, and chiefly, on account of the manner in which the party leaders became

the advocates of those proposals. In addition to Home Rule, the disestablishment of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and of the Episcopal in Wales, shorter Parliaments, reform of registration, the "mending or ending" of the House of Lords in certain eventualities, land-law reform, payment of members of the House of Commons, and the direct popular veto of the liquor-traffic were formally adopted as "planks" of the platform. The manner of this adoption is, however, more remarkable than the proposals themselves, and marks in a more striking way than ever before the gradual change of English political methods. The proper function of a statesman has been considered that of guiding the less experienced and comparatively uneducated to the adoption of measures which these leaders from their loftier stand-point judge to be for the general good of the country. In the main English statesmen have endeavored to fulfil this duty. Now it seems that they are contented with acting as advocates of measures that will secure them the greatest number of votes. A large proportion of those mentioned in the Newcastle programme had never up to that meeting been accepted by the leaders; in some conspicuous instances explicit opposition had been offered. It is satisfactory to note that the "popular." control of voluntary schools does not appear in the programme, although almost all of the Liberal leaders have committed themselves to it. This omission may be due to the influence of the Marquis of Ripon, who, as a Catholic, must, notwithstanding his somewhat ambiguous speech in the House of Lords, find it hard to adopt the principles of his party in this respect. Another notable omission is the legal eight-hours day. Large numbers of working-men are said to be greatly aggrieved by this, and labor candidates in opposition to the regular nominations of the Liberal party may be brought forward.

The proceedings of the organizing body of the Conservative party, the National Union of Conservative Associations—although this association has not so much authority as is possessed by its rival, the National Liberal Federation—are not without interest as showing the development of political and social thought. In some points it is surprising to find that this body of Conservative delegates adopted what are generally looked upon as advanced ideas. A resolution in favor of the admission of women to the franchise was proposed by a Catholic delegate and candidate for Parliament, and carried by an overwhelming majority. After a very long discussion a resolution in favor of the estab-

lishment of a labor department, to be presided over by a labor minister, was carried, there being only two dissentients. The attitude of the Conservative party towards labor candidates for Parliament, provided they are Unionists in the political sense of the term, was declared to be one of sympathy and encouragement.

The greatest and most striking advance, however, was found in the proposals with reference to land. One of the greatest problems pressing upon the minds of English statesmen arises from the gradual decrease of the rural population, and the consequent agglomeration of large numbers of the unemployed in the cities. How to keep the agricultural laborer on the farm and at the same time to maintain the policy of free trade, is a question demanding solution. Not a few think it insoluble, and are beginning to ask for a modification of the free-trade policy. In fact, this conference, after a long and warm discussion, passed a resolution in favor of free trade between the mother country and the colonies, with a discrimination against outside countries. Every attack on free trade, however, is resented as warmly by Conservative as by Liberal leaders, by the Marquis of Salisbury as by Mr. Gladstone, and if the agricultural laborer is to wait for prosperity until free trade is modified his fate is indeed dreary. The conference doubtless felt this, for it passed with virtual unanimity a resolution proposed by a Conservative member of Parliament in favor of a modified form of the Irish Land Purchase Acts. The government is to lend to the local authorities money at the current rate of interest. With this money the local authority is to buy land, and to sell it to any person for so much down and a gradual repayment of part of the purchase money during succeeding years. It is proposed that there should be two kinds of holdings: the one to be called a "spade" holding, not exceeding a *maximum* size of ten acres, and the other a "plough" holding, with a *minimum* size of thirty and a *maximum* of one hundred acres. That the Conservatives should in this way invoke the intervention of the state in such matters will doubtless be a surprise to their opponents.

The extent to which old opinions and ideas survive is well known. One of the oldest of heresies—the Nazarean—has adherents still living who have descended in unbroken succession from the first heretics. There is a shop in London which sells the old tinder-box, and is supported by persons who will not

use the lucifer match. But we were not prepared to learn that an organized Jacobite party still exists. Such is, however, the fact. A few weeks ago a public meeting was held at St. Ives, Hants, which its promoters declare to have been a great success. It was presided over by a clergyman of the Established Church, and on its breaking up the audience departed singing Jacobite songs with great ardor. This meeting has revealed the fact that there is a Legitimist League, and its secretary writes to the papers to inform the public that "applications for membership are being forwarded to the offices of the League as fast as her Majesty's mails can deliver them." We have not heard that any steps have been taken to suppress the movement; this shows that British subjects in England are not unduly fettered in the expression of their political opinions. If the movement were likely to become strong, however, the course of proceeding might be different. Its safety may be due to its weakness.

Although, with the experience of the past and the examples of the present before our eyes, constitutionally governed countries are not likely to return to the autocracy of former times, nevertheless the representative system of government as at present organized does not appear to give complete satisfaction. Of late various expedients have been adopted in order to control the will of the majority of the representatives—a majority which having been elected for one purpose may proceed to use its power for quite another. In Switzerland the Referendum has been devised in order to ascertain, whenever it seems desirable, the will of the people with reference to the decision of the Parliament, and as a matter of fact acts passed by the Parliament have been again and again rejected by the popular vote. In Belgium there is a movement for the same end. A method which leaves to parliaments the fulness of their powers has been adopted by two cantons of Switzerland for the management of their local affairs, and finds in England not numerous, indeed, but weighty and influential supporters. This is what is called proportional representation. Its aim is to secure for minorities the opportunity of obtaining a hearing, while leaving to the majority the power of deciding. This method has been adopted in the voting for the election of English School Boards. The arguments for its adoption in parliamentary elections are not without strength. For example, while it is generally admitted that Wales is liberal in politics, yet no one would maintain that it is so strongly Liberal that the Conservatives should have only three

representatives out of thirty. Yet such is the case. We expect, however, that the present system, being simpler and more effective, more consonant, too, to the desire to have its own way which is characteristic of majorities, will hold its own for a long time to come.

With reference to the maintenance of peace in Europe the prospects remain unchanged. The visits paid by M. de Giers, first to Monza, then to Paris, and finally to Berlin, have had for their object, according to what seems the best information, the giving of assurances on the part of Russia that it is not the aim of the recent understanding with France to provoke, for the present at all events, the "inevitable" war. In fact, were it possible to apply to Russia the principles of reasoning which are applicable to other countries, it might be inferred with a high degree of certainty that the famine which is desolating whole provinces and which is putting the government to enormous expense, of which too the full effects will not be felt until next year, would place Europe at ease so far as her dread of Russia is concerned. But by the confession, or rather the boast, of one of her own imperial family, Russia is a semi-barbarous country when judged by the standards of Western so-called civilization, and rules of action which guide the latter have no influence over the former. And so the fear of war still exists—how great it is may be judged by the recent panic in Vienna. An evening paper stated that the Emperor had, in conversation with a Polish delegate, said that the famine in Russia had greatly increased the chances of war. No sooner did the report spread than a panic took place. The telephones rang up distracted brokers with orders to sell at any price, telegrams poured into the Bourse as fast as messengers could bring them, frantic people leaped out of cabs, panting with impatience to throw valuable securities on the market at any sacrifice. For a time no business could be done; the brokers, overwhelmed with orders, became desperate. The whole story proved in the course of two or three hours to be a hoax, and the newspaper is to be prosecuted; but that it should have been believed shows how slight is the confidence felt in Vienna that peace is secure.

The prosecution by the government of the Archbishop of Aix, and his condemnation to the payment of a fine, have imperilled the prospects of the union of parties in France. This prosecution, gratuitous and insulting as it was, shows the animus of the

leaders of the Republican party, and should make it clear to the world that if France is divided, and consequently weakened, the blame and discredit do not attach to the men who have hitherto belonged to the older parties; the advances made by them have been repelled almost with insult. It may be that this course has been adopted from the selfish fear of the persons in power that should there be a general adhesion to the Republic, they themselves would have to make way for better men. Many think that a conflict between church and state is imminent; we trust, however, to there being sufficient good sense among men of all parties to prevent such a calamity.——Although French Socialists have made a great noise in the world, and have been a source of anxiety to the police in their own country, their influence in the parliament has been very little—so little that there are no more than half-a-dozen Socialistic members of the Assembly. However, a notorious Socialist and Anarchist has secured a seat for a large manufacturing town—elected, too, while he was in prison. This election may be regarded as a protest against the action of the authorities in the Fourmies affair; it scarcely indicates a serious accession of strength to the movement.

The enthusiastic welcome given to Prince Bismarck when he passed through Berlin a few weeks ago seems to indicate a certain uneasiness and disquietude at the actions and utterances of the German emperor. And not without reason. To his subjects it seems impossible to predict what action may be taken by a ruler who, with the best of intentions doubtless, encourages judges to harshness and even unfairness, deliberately writes when on a visit to the capital of Bavaria *Suprema lex regis voluntas* in the Strangers' Book of the Municipality, and tells the recruits to his army that they have given themselves to him body and soul, and consequently so belong to him that if he should order them to fire upon their own parents they would be bound to obey him without a murmur. In fact, the self-will and self-conceit of the German emperor are a source of uneasiness not only to his subjects but to his allies, and consequently to the whole of Europe. And this notwithstanding the fact that he reads sermons on board ship on Sundays, has had them published, and exhorts others to do the same. Perhaps this may even add to the disquietude of Germans.

Very different is the effect of the action of the Emperor of Austria. The various nationalities which make up Austria-Hun

gary find in him their one bond of union. The authority which he wields is due to his personal qualities, as well as to the interest which he takes in affairs of state, even the smallest, and his thorough acquaintance with them and with his people. Anybody who has serious business with him may see him and speak with him quite alone, without even a secretary being present. Twice a week the emperor is accessible to all classes of his subjects, and each one is sure of being heard with patience and attention. His kindness and knowledge and wisdom have rendered him the one monarch of Europe of whom it can be said that although he is a constitutional sovereign he both reigns and governs. That there will be trouble in the empire when he is removed and a young and inexperienced man takes his place, it requires no prophet to foretell.——Italy is mainly concerned with the financial difficulties of the country; the government promise a remedy, but whether there is patriotism enough to adopt it is doubtful.——The cabinet of Spain has been upset on the same ground—the bad state of the finances. A new cabinet has been formed, having the same head and belonging to the same party. ——In Portugal the monarchical cause seems to be growing in popularity, the republicans having been defeated in municipal elections, and the king and queen having been received with enthusiasm on the occasion of their recent visit to the north of the kingdom.——Servia has by a further payment of money delivered herself from the last link which attached her to her worthy ex-King Milan, so that he is no longer the heir to his son in the event of the latter's death.——So far as regards internal affairs, Bulgaria remains in *statu quo*, although the murmurs at the arbitrary conduct of M. Stambouloff are becoming ominously loud. Perhaps the trouble with France, the result, doubtless, of the understanding between France and Russia, will stifle all opposition and lead Bulgarians to rally round her ablest guide.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE scene of *Judith Trachtenberg** is laid in East Galicia, a region which those who have recently been amused by the "Girl in the Karpathians" will recur to with all the more readiness on her account. It is a powerful and painful tale. Judith is a beautiful and stainless Jewish girl, who is betrayed into false baptism and false marriage by a Christian who loves her only a little less than he loves himself, and who will sacrifice everything to her pride and sense of honor except what he esteems to be his own. He has been bred to consider Jews so utterly beyond his social pale, that even love cannot undo the effects of training. As he cannot win Judith without marriage, and as in Poland, at the date of this tale and possibly even now, no intermarriages between Jews and Christians are legal unless the former abandon their hereditary belief, Judith braves the displeasure of her family, and does not learn until after her child is born that she has been brutally betrayed. She is neither a Christian nor a wife, because the pretended minister of both sacraments was, like the pretended husband, only in jest. The situations are strange and painful, and are worked out with great power. In the end, Judith's will so dominates that of Count Agenor that she induces him to marry her according to a newly promulgated law in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, by whose provision these mixed marriages are legal without any renunciation of faith on the part of the Jew. Then, her pride appeased and her honor restored, she kills herself "to reward him" for the sacrifice he has tardily offered them. There is nothing healthy and nothing pleasant in the tale, but it is intended as a picture from life, and probably does not lack verisimilitude.

Sir Edwin Arnold's three delightful magazine articles on Japan and its people make a volume† of which the *ensemble* is as charming as the letter-press. One hardly cares to decide whether the text or Mr. Blum's illustrations tell their story most effectively. If the author writes the prose of a poet, the artist, unlike love in the sonnet, looks both with his eyes and with his

* *Judith Trachtenberg.* By Karl Emil Franzos. Translated by L. P. and C. T. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† *Japonica.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. With illustrations by Robert Blum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

mind. Perhaps the book has but little that is new to tell the readers of Mr. Lafarge's recent articles on the same subject, particularly if he should have supplemented those lucid sketches by Miss Bacon's prosaic but instructive book on *Japanese Girls and Women.* But to read of Japan and the Japanese is getting to be like reading poetry—for one's pleasure one prefers endless variations of one or two old but eternally fresh themes than attempts at something new and striking. The present volume, with its handsome binding, wide margins, thick, smooth, uneven pages, and its flood of pictures for the inner and outer vision, makes an exquisite holiday gift, although one not specially germane to the season.

The final volume* of the Scribner series devoted to Marie Antoinette brings its heroine to within a year's distance from the scaffold, and leaves her there, in the gloomy prison of the Temple. The original series, it should be said, does not terminate where the translations do, Saint-Amand, with his usual diffuseness, devoting another entire volume to this final year. Those who read the books in English for the sake of the story as well as for the history—for the sake of detail and picture, for such imaginative material, in a word, as dates and facts alone do not supply, will doubtless be sorry to part company so soon with the majestic figure of the unhappy queen. Fully persuaded as one may be of the final good results of the French Revolution, it is impossible to follow this story of unmerited suffering, endured with heroic courage and Christian magnanimity of soul, without feeling pity and admiration for the victims, and execration for their ruthless tormentors. One terrible chapter is devoted to the September massacres, a butchery committed, like its counterpart in 1871, by a mere handful of paid scoundrels—there were just two hundred and thirty-five of them in all—while all Paris stood by and trembled but dared not interfere. Another describes in horrid detail the murder of the Princess de Lamballe. In fact, there is hardly any relief to the gloom of this volume as a whole—unless one excepts the keen, sarcastic study of Mme. Roland's early years.

The subject of Mrs. Catherwood's historical romance† is painful enough, but it is very agreeably written. It narrates in a quaint, persuasive style the defence of Fort St. John, New Brunswick, by Marie de la Tour and a score or so of brave men

* *Marie Antoinette and the Downfall of Royalty.* By Imbert de Saint-Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *The Lady of Fort St. John.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in 1645, against D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and the cowardly butchery of its defenders by the latter after he had received their conditional surrender. Among the figures introduced is a sympathetic sketch of the Jesuit martyr, Father Isaac Jogues, beloved alike by the Huguenot heroine and his Indian converts. The Capuchin Father Vincent is also portrayed with kindly fidelity, and Marie de la Tour is both heroic and charming. We fancy, though, that Mrs. Catherwood is not at her best except when her imagination is left unfettered by an historical setting. At all events, a short story she published some half-dozen years ago in one of the magazines—it was called "Adam and Eve," if our memory serves us—gave promise which the present more elaborate work does not wholly fulfil.

Max O'Rell* is as amusing as ever in his "recollections of men and things" as he saw them in a recent lecturing tour in this country and Canada. His stories are often old, but never dull; when they relate, as they mostly do, to his personal experiences, they have a familiar perfume suggestive of "headlines" and the stuffy atmosphere of a newspaper office in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," which is significant of the career cut short by the author's French nativity and his avocation as a lecturer. No wonder he admires the New York Sunday papers, and sees in them "the most wonderful achievement of American activity." Could a mere visit to Mr. Talmage's tabernacle have inspired him as it did, had he not had the instincts of a Sunday *World* or *Herald* reporter, or gone thither primed by well-known variations on the same theme? His book, like another from the same publishing house, *Thirty Years of Wit*, should be useful to professional diners-out in search of some more or less innocuous matter fit to cause a laugh between the courses. But they have no more intrinsic value than the average Sunday paper after the foreign telegrams have been cut out.

We have taken too much pleasure in reading about Tom Playfair† not to find an especial pleasure in commending the story of his school-days to other readers. Though hardly to be called a model boy—unless one is entitled to a liberal choice in models—we suspect that most mothers would be better satisfied to have their youngsters constructed on Tom's plan than to have them rival the Alec Joneses and Jemmy Aldines of the story. That is because mothers, even the most pious of them,

* *A Frenchman in America.* By Max O'Rell. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Tom Playfair; or, Making a Start.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

have an almost ineradicable preference for earth over heaven for their boys; or, to say it more truly, they have a natural and excusable tendency to defer the time of their transplanting. Tom is, at all events, a thorough boy, and his history is narrated in a taking and lively style. Its author has plainly not forgotten what it is to be a boy in a Christian school. He knows how it feels to be full of life, health, and high spirits, and at the same time of devout and adoring faith in the supernatural verities on which a well-trained Catholic boy is fed. The mingling of natural and supernatural motives, and their mutual reaction, is here indicated with a free hand which makes not a stroke too much or too little. It is commending a book for boys highly to say that while its incidents and its fun will be sure to attract them, its piety may be trusted not to repel them.

The publisher's preface and imprint once excepted, and there remains nothing in the pretty little volume of religious verses called *The Palace of Shushan* which would indicate a non-Catholic origin for them. But as that preface dwells on the alleged fact that "Church people" are dependent on English sources "for poetical writings of a devout character" unless they "use what are called 'Religious' poems other than from Church sources"; and as such* locutions have an unmistakably acrid tang not discoverable in the verses themselves, we say a hearty Amen to the following petition, which ends the poem called "What wouldst Thou have me do?"

> "Show me the way which Thou wouldst choose,
> To keep before my view,
> Lest in my eager, strong self-will
> I bend my purpose to fulfil
> Some quest self-chosen, and refuse
> What Thou wouldst have me do."

The tone of all the poems in the present collection is unexceptionable, they are devout in feeling and expression, and, when written in rhyme, their execution is almost uniformly so good that an occasional dreadful assonance like that of "abhor" with "straw," or "dross" with "source" is even more surprising than shocking. The poem which gives its title to the volume recalls Dr. John Mason Neale's "Celestial Country" too strongly both in matter and style of versification. Those more ambitious efforts in which blank verse is attempted, while meriting every

* *The Palace of Skushan, and other Poems.* By the author of "Christmas Eve in a Hospital." Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.

praise for their thought and feeling, are astonishingly bad in workmanship. Entirely devoid of rhythm as well as rhyme, they compel one to wonder why an ear so true as the other poems testify to should here have been struck with deafness. There are some lovely devotional verses in the collection, among them: "Behold I come quickly"; "Good Friday Night"; "At the Eucharist"; "Before receiving the Blessed Sacrament"; and the pair entitled "Self-Consecration" and "Unfaithfulness."

Her subjects must be in a very bad way indeed if "Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania" is not a better sovereign than she is a novelist. It would not be easy for any royal or semi-royal author of either sex to produce a more improbable or tiresome tale, nor one couched in more objectionable English than *Edleen Vaughan.** And yet it is interspersed with some rather pretty ballads. It is a story of fond and foolish mother-love, the scenes of which seem to be laid in England or Wales, and the characters chosen from middle and lower class life. "Kathleen" and "Tom" and "Edleen" herself are bad characters enough, in all conscience, but even their badness stands out in high relief against the impenetrable denseness of their own stupidity and that of those who surround them. The book is almost unreadably poor.

A really excellent work for intelligent children, which should be instructive as well as entertaining, and form a fairly complete text-book of English literature for the last three centuries, has long been a desideratum. The want is measurably supplied by Mrs. Wright in her *Stories in English Literature.*† Her method is simple and satisfactory. She gives first a brief but suggestive description of the early surroundings of the author she has in hand, the manner and scope of his education, and the development of his literary bent. Then, enumerating the list of his works, she tells the story of some of them at considerable length. She devotes twelve pages, for example, to an analysis of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; almost as many more to "The Tempest" and "King Lear," and more briefly outlines several others. Long chapters are devoted to Bacon, Milton, and John Bunyan. Then come interesting and simply written sketches of the essayists and poets of the eighteenth century, and one of Defoe and the immortal tale which marked the birth of the English novel. On the whole, while no reader of

* *Edleen Vaughan, or Paths of Peril.* By Carmen Sylva (Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania). New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Children's Stories in English Literature, from Shakspeare to Tennyson.* By Henrietta Christian Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

this volume will be able to gain from it any personal knowledge of the quality of an author, since Mrs. Wright's scheme does not include quotations, yet not even a child could read it attentively without acquiring an important fund of information concerning the material substratum, so to say, of most of the great masterpieces of English literature. As an introduction to the study of them it is wholly commendable.

Three new issues of the "Unknown Library" are called respectively *European Relations*,* *Shall Girls Propose?*† and *John Sherman, and Dhoya.*‡ The first belongs to the guide-book order of novels, and deals chiefly with landscape and architecture in the Tyrol, as they appeared to a German-American girl on her travels. It is not engrossing in its interest, and has among its characters a fat monk busily engaged in the direful machinations supposed by some to be the chief object of a monk's existence. The second has nothing startling about it except its title, being a flippant and unimportant series of short papers on a subject not unimportant. The two stories bound up together in the remaining member of the triplet are well told, and have a distinct literary value. The leisurely sketch of John Sherman's scanty knowledge of himself and his true needs is very well done.

The names confronting one on the title-page of E. P. Robins's excellent translations§ of nine short stories from as many famous French authors, are associated with very objectionable work in the minds of many readers. The selections have been made, however, with unimpeachable judgment. Domestic fowls know how to pick good grain even from a muck-heap, and Mr. Robins, when choosing from Bourget, Gautier, and Zola, has worked upon a similar plan. One of the best tales in the collection is Zola's "Attack on the Mill." Excellent too, and characteristic likewise, are Alfred de Musset's "Story of a White Blackbird" and Gautier's "Thousand and Second Night." But all are good, well told, and particularly well translated.

The German and Swedish fairy tales‖ selected and adapted by Carrie Norris Horwitz are not all new, and of course they do not wholly escape the suspicion of sameness in means and expe-

* *European Relations.* New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

† *Shall Girls Propose?* By a speculative Bachelor. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *John Sherman, and Dhoya.* By Ganconagh. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

§ *Tales of To-day and other Days.* Translated from the French by E. P. Robins. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‖ *Fairy-Lore.* Collected and adapted from the German by Carrie Norris Horwitz. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

dients which belongs to their class. Nevertheless, a few of them, like "The Truthless Princess," "Said's Fate," and "The Sheik of Alexandria," are fresh as well as pretty. This is the first time we have met the "Little Corporal" in a position analogous to that of Haroun al Raschid; it must be owned he fits into it admirably, being of the stuff around which myth and legend cling as naturally as moss around trees in moist climates. The story here called "The Beautiful Castle" is that put into verse by William Morris in "The Earthly Paradise" as "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." In the prose of Miss Horwitz the locality is "east from the sun and north from the earth," and the Swan Maidens become doves. Needless to say that the Morris version is far and away the better reading. But, comparisons aside, these are all good specimens of the fairy tale, and as such will be welcomed by all children and childlike people.

Enough of Mr. Page's recent work for periodicals has been collected to form two handsome volumes,* brought out simultaneously by the same publishers. To our notion the four children's stories which make up *Among the Camps* are quite the pleasantest things we have seen from their author's pen. Civil war, as modified by little girls, little kittens, and enormous dolls, takes a less lurid aspect than usual; and the gray lion and the blue lamb lie down together, and rise up to let blue and gray children lead them in an amicable way which shows how thorough has been the work of reconstruction in Mr. Page's heart and imagination.

The most important tale among the five composing the other volume is not that which gives the book its title. *Elsket* is a somewhat fantastic variation of the old theme that there is no way of shutting the tempter out of Eden. In this case Eden is in Norway, and the Norwegian Eve is separated from all the world but her grandfather and her betrothed by a torrent and a precipice and a narrow ledge of rock across which two may not walk abreast. And yet the noble English betrayer comes according to his custom, and although he does not do his very deadliest work, yet he unhinges Elsket's brain, and causes a murder and a suicide. A much better story, pathetic and touching in a high degree, is "Run to Seed." Mr. Page never fails to write agreeably, however. As one of his young admirers remarked the other day, with these two volumes lying before her: "I did not

* *Among the Camps. Elsket.* By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

know Mr. Page was such a good writer, but I find all the stories I have liked best were his."

Miss Edith Healy, the daughter of one of our foremost American portrait painters, has written a little volume* on Christian art, intended as a text-book for the use of schools. It seems accurate, and is as comprehensive as could be expected within the limits of space to which she has confined herself. All the great painters and sculptors who have found their inspiration in Christianity are enumerated, their history briefly told, and their chief works named and located. The chapters are brief, and a set of questions for the class-room is appended to each. The book, although exceedingly cheap, retailing for fifty cents, is not only handsomely bound but carefully printed. It is prefaced by an eloquent essay on the use and value of art by the Bishop of Peoria, Dr. Spalding.

There is not overmuch body to Mr. J. M. Barrie's clever extravaganza, *Better Dead*;† in fact, its delicate, dry, pungent satire, which after all excoriates nobody and nothing, rather reminds one of the young Laurence Oliphant's description of the unsatisfactory dinners to which he was invited by some Eastern plenipotentiary, as consisting of little more than a succession of more or less agreeable smells. The characteristic Barrie strokes begin early in it with Clarrie's departure from the room where her father, the minister, has just suggested to her lover, over his tumbler of toddy, that the pair had better come to an understanding before Andrew departs for London to seek his fortune as private secretary to a prime minister, or, failing that, as a journalist. Clarrie retreats "with the love-light in her eye" on hearing her name mentioned in this delicate connection, but Andrew does not open the door for her, "being a Scotch graduate. Besides she might some day be his wife." Foiled in both ambitions and reduced almost to the point of starvation, Andrew finally makes his scanty living as a member of the Society for Doing Without Some People, an association which, except that its ends must be described as purely objective, is strongly reminiscent of Mr. Stevenson's Suicide Club. The points made consist chiefly in the sort of personalities known as "little digs"; as, for instance, when Andrew, pursuing Lord Randolph Churchill with the benevolent idea of putting him beyond the reach of moral deterioration, follows him for days from one tobacconist's shop to another, only to find out in the

* *On Christian Art.* By Edith Healy. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Better Dead.* By J. M. Barrie. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

end that the mysterious jottings made by the Tory Radical in front of their windows signify only that he has been "calculating fame from vesta boxes," comparing the number of his own photographs on their covers with those of Gladstone, Langtry, Mary Anderson, and Joseph Chamberlain. Or again, when Mrs. Fawcett, making a speech before the society, and complaining of that contempt for women shown in their never placing any of the sex among those who would be "better dead," asks why Mrs. Kendal's paper on the moral aspect of the drama in England has not pointed her out as one who can but deteriorate thenceforward, or if "Mrs. Lynn Linton has not another article in the new *Nineteenth Century* that makes her worthy your attention?" Andrew's interview with Labouchere, pleading with him to die, is as good a specimen of the peculiar humor of the book as anything it contains. "Why?" the statesman not unnaturally asks.

"His visitor sank back in his chair relieved. He had put all his hopes in the other's common-sense. It had never failed Mr. Labouchere, and now it promised not to fail Andrew.

"'I am anxious to explain that,' the young man said glibly. 'If you can look at yourself with the same eyes with which you see other people, it won't take long. Make a looking-glass of me and it is done.

"'You have now reached a high position in the world of politics and literature, to which you have cut your way unaided. You are a great satirist, combining instruction with amusement—a sort of comic Carlyle. You hate shams so much that if man had been constructed for it I dare say you would kick at yourself. You have your enemies, but the very persons who blunt their weapons on you, do you the honor of sharpening them on *Truth*. In short, you have reached the summit of your fame, and you are too keen a man of the world not to know that fame is a touch-and-go thing. . . . Wits are like theatres: they may have a glorious youth and prime, but their old age is dismal. To the outsider, like myself, signs are not wanting—to continue the figure of speech—that you have put on your last successful piece. Can you say candidly that your last Christmas number was more than a reflection of its predecessors, or that your remarks this year on the Derby day took as they did the year before? Surely the most incisive of our satirists will not let himself degenerate into an illustration of Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory that man repeats himself, like history. Mr. Labouchere, sir, to those of us who have grown up in your inspiration, it would indeed be pitiful if this were so.'

"Andrew's host turned nervously in his chair. Probably he wished that he had gone to church now. 'You need not be alarmed,' he said with a forced smile.

"'You will die,' cried Andrew, 'before they send you to the House of Lords?'"

Mr Barrie's work is, as the reader sees, a mere skit this time, and what is more to its detriment, a local one. It has quality, however, and salt enough to keep it from spoiling on a sea voyage.

Mr. McMahon's novel* deals with the Mollie Maguires and the coal regions of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. It has some very good descriptions of the mine interiors; good, too, for its truth to Meehan's peculiar variety of human nature, is the sketch of that pedagogue. More of us have met that individual in real life, in the various disguises under which he tries to conceal his tiresome identity than care to meet him again too often even in fiction. The tone and intention of the story are excellent, and if greater restraint had been exercised over the dogmatizing, homiletic and moralizing tendencies of some few of the characters, it would have been a better novel. As it is, it is far from a bad one.

The most entertaining novel we have read in many a day is Paul Cushing's *Cut with His Own Diamond.*† Mr. Cushing's name is unfamiliar. This may be his first novel, as the absence of any indication that he has produced others from the title-page would seem to signify, but he is plainly no tyro. He has served his apprenticeship somewhere—in the school of which Mr. George Meredith is head-master, doubtless, but which pays a becoming attention also to the methods of Mr. Walter Besant and the late Charles Reade. Mr. Cushing is no plagiarist, however. If studies like that of Priscilla Oldcastle, and such epigrams as that adopted in serious earnest by her from the lips of Digby Roy, "This world is nothing but a great struggle against conscience and prejudices," remind one vividly of Meredith, it is kinship they suggest, not discipleship. His style is less crowded. It is like a vessel that has traded at some of the ports most frequented by the *Meredith*, and loaded itself with coin instead of the ore bedded in worthless stone often trafficked in by the latter. Mr. Cushing's novel is good all round; in its plot, which holds attention although its secret lies intentionally open to the reader; in its incidents, which are many, not improbable, and always up to their work of helping along the pro-

* *Philip; or, The Mollie's Secret.* By Patrick Justin McMahon. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

† *Cut with His Own Diamond.* By Paul Cushing. New York: Harper & Brothers.

gress of a tale that although long is never dull or involved; in its characters, and, as we think, in its lesson of the saving power of love, and what has been called "the soul of goodness in things evil." The conversations, however, and notably those occurring between the elder Oldcastles, seem now and then a trifle out of keeping. They are too bookish, perhaps too stagy would be the better word. In fact, one often gets a suggestion that the novel must have been written with an eye to the stage. It should be easy to make a play out of it. But, considered merely as a novel, this occasional lack of keeping, this artificiality rather, is almost its sole defect.

I.—CHRISTIANITY AND INFALLIBILITY.*

The doctrine of infallibility is the great question in controversy between Catholics and a large class of Protestants, and has probably been discussed more than any other one. The divine gift of doctrinal inerrancy is the stronghold where we are securest, and is the secret of that mighty influence by which the Catholic Church holds her sway over the minds and consciences of the majority of Christians. Every convert to our faith is forced by its absence in schismatical and sectarian bodies of Christians to come where it alone can be found—in the Catholic Church. The reason is plain. Men wish to know beyond reasonable doubt or danger of deception the way of salvation. Without it they see no security from error and no assurance of stability of faith.

Sincere souls there are, without doubt, who do not believe in it, because they misconceive its meaning or fancy that there are well-grounded objections against it. The way of truth, however, can be made plain to such, if they will seek it. Catholics as a rule find less difficulties in believing in infallibility than in some other doctrines which orthodox Protestants hold in common with them. The doctrine of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Sanctifying Grace are not, we steadfastly maintain, more clearly taught in sacred Scripture and tradition than that of the infallibility of the teaching church and of the successors of St. Peter. Rationalists can and do put forward objections against these doctrines as strong and forcible as any that Protestants can urge against the Catholic doctrine of infallibility. Now, it is proverbial that

* *Christianity and Infallibility: Both or Neither.* By Rev. Daniel Lyons. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Catholics hold the former doctrines much more firmly than Protestants do, and the reason is found in the dogmatic infallibility of the church. We have only to look at Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and the other orthodox Protestant bodies in this country and compare them with Catholics to see this. If infallibility were an error, is it conceivable that it could cause the difference which exists between Catholics and Protestants in this respect? Not at all; but if infallibility be a true doctrine it is easy to see that belief in it would strengthen belief in other doctrines of which it forms a part. It is more reasonable to believe in the whole Christian teaching than in only a part of it. Hence we say, logically one ought to believe in Christianity and infallibility: both or neither—using the term *believe* as synonymous with divine faith.

Father Lyons has written one of the clearest and best expositions of the Catholic teaching on this subject that has yet appeared in English. His method is excellent. In the first place he explains carefully what is meant by infallibility, and patiently corrects the misconceptions which non-Catholics have concerning it. Then he proceeds to show why Catholics believe in the doctrine, and he does this more fundamentally than most other writers. How do Catholics meet the objections against infallibility? Here he sets forth the plain and candid answers which Catholics have for those who urge and make the most of the difficulties. These objections are stated as fairly as their authors could present them, and are satisfactorily met and refuted in every case. At the conclusion he shows the happiness which converts find after their acceptance of the Catholic faith; and for the information of those who do not see their way to a full assent to the church's teaching he brings out the facts relating to the Vatican Council which have been so often distorted by the enemies of the church, and explains the nature of Pontifical decrees and the obedience which is due to them.

The book is published in neat form, is not large, and is offered at a low price.

2.—ON THE BORDER.*

This is the most graphic and realistic account we have yet come across of the life and work of our soldiers on the border. It is the sober reality of that army life on the frontier around

* *On the Border with Crook.* By John G. Bourke, Capt. Third U. S. Cavalry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

which Captain King has thrown the glamour of romance. It is genuine history, and it is very often stronger than fiction, even than dime-novel fiction.

Captain Bourke seems to have one leading idea in his mind, and that is to paint a true picture of scenes and events that can never recur again in the development of our country; and few who know anything about the far West will be disposed to question his success.

General Crook is, of course, the central figure in the narrative, and no nobler figure could have been chosen. We recommend all who want to form a correct idea of border life and warfare or who love adventure to read this book.

3.—CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY.*

Under this title are contained eight lectures delivered in Princeton Theological Seminary. Their topic is Christian Sociology. The author says—we agree with him, and all earnest believers in God and Christianity must be of the same mind: "There is no peace for us but in becoming a more Christian nation, and discovering anew the pertinence of the Ten Words of Sinai and the Sermon of the Foundations to our social condition" (p. 4). In reference to religion as taking hold of mankind not merely as individuals, but in their solidarity as social beings, having a common life, the author goes on to say: "The Baptist and our Lord both begin their mission by proclaiming, not a way of salvation for individuals, but a kingdom of heaven —a new order of society, a holy and universal brotherhood transcending all national limitations, and embracing, or aiming to embrace, the whole family of man" (p. 7). To this general statement he adds that eminent political economists "join in the declaration that their own studies in the field of economic research have satisfied them that the spiritual lies deeper than the economic, that the first need of modern society is the diffusion of Christian principle, and that a right relation of man to God is the greatest fact of human environment" (p. 11).

Proceeding to the consideration of the three normal forms of society, the family, the state, and the church, the author lays down certain principles and makes certain observations in regard to the natural and the Christian idea of the conjugal and parental relations, which, *exceptis excipiendis*, are sound, and so generally

* *The Divine Order of Human Society.* By Professor Robert Ellis Thompson, S.T.D. University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles.

received by all respectable moralists that we pass them over without special remark.

On the origin and nature of the state and nation, rejecting the baseless hypothesis of the social compact and purely human contrivance, the author proclaims the divine institution and sanction of the state and of legitimate political institutions, authority, and government. The state, as well as the family, is a part of the kingdom of God on the earth, and the nation which is founded upon and governed by right Christian principles "acknowledges God as its supreme ruler, regards his will as the highest standard of national conscience, and sees in him a king as real as any of any earthly dynasty. It recognizes all national authority as delegated by him. It holds his law, as revealed in the written Word and in the human conscience, to be a higher law to which the wronged and oppressed may always appeal" (p. 105). The phrase "in the written Word" is an interpolation of the author's sectarian doctrine which could easily be shown to vitiate his entire thesis and make it impracticable, as is proved historically by Calvin's *régime* in Geneva, the events which took place in Scotland, and the issue of the Puritan theocracy in New England. Taking away this patch of foreign and incongruous material sewed on to the fair and substantial texture of his argument, it is well woven. There are many excellent remarks on the mischief of secularism, agnosticism, socialism, and communism in the sphere of social ethics.

In a chapter devoted to the subject of schools the author makes some excellent remarks in opposition to the thesis that our American republic is wholly un-Christian, and ought, therefore, to have a national system of education on a purely secular and unreligious basis.

"Secular education is a cramped, maimed, palsied education. . . . The secularization of instruction in the public schools is to cut off the children of the nation from contact with the deepest springs of its moral and intellectual life. It is to isolate all sciences from that fundamental science which gives them unity and perennial interest—the knowledge of God. It is to rob history of its significance as the divine education of the race, and to reduce it perilously near to Schopenhauer's estimate, that it had no more meaning than the wrangling and strife of the wild beasts of the forest. It is to deprive ethical teaching of the only basis which can make its precepts powerful for the control of conduct. It is to deprive national order of the supreme sanction which invests it with the dignity of divine authority" (pp. 180–181).

Finally the author speaks of the church, and we would gladly quote largely from him if we had space enough at command. As it is, a few citations must suffice:

"The church is not an afterthought. It is no accidental or superficial feature of the Christian dispensation. It is at once God's answer to men's highest aspirations, and the crowning result of his whole work for the redemption of men. Nor is the church a mere instrument for the perfecting of individual saints, as some have considered it" [as it is in the genuine Protestant conception, logically derived from the two notions of justification by faith alone, and the Bible interpreted by private judgment as the sole rule of belief]; "a kind of school to which we must go until we have learned its lessons, or a crutch we need until we are strong enough to walk alone. It is an end in itself, because it has a moral personality of its own. It is a spiritual finality, begun here and to be continued through endless ages, as the holy order in which the redeemed and sanctified shall abide for ever. The church is not a mere aggregation of regenerate spirits, whose inward life contains no more than these bring to it of their own. It is a spiritual organism which has a life antecedent to that of its members, and which contains more than is found in the totality of its separate members. Its members live by entering its life, and renouncing that selfish and self-centred life which made them mere spiritual atoms" (p. 200).

"There was a time when I thought I could attach a meaning to this distinction between the visible and the invisible church, but I am no longer able to do so. My studies in sociology have made that distinction unreal to me. It is true that, in one sense, the Church of Christ is an invisible body, and that, in another, it is a body which makes itself visible to us by various signs, sacraments, and assemblies, but this is just as true of every other form of society" (p. 203).

As we should expect from one who makes such a declaration of his belief, Dr. Thompson deplores and condemns in emphatic terms the sectarian divisions among Protestants:

"Let us not shut our eyes to the grave evil of the sundering of the Church of Christ—the visible church, if you please—into the manifold divisions which exist in this land and throughout most parts of Protestant Christendom. . . . When we speak of the church as a witness to men that God is gathering all things under one head in Christ, is not the world justified in asking what serious sense we can attach to such words in our age, even if they did mean something in the times when the Apostle wrote them?" (p. 205).

The author enlarges at considerable length upon this thesis,

with several particular applications to religious, moral, and social needs, demanding the agency of the church as their remedy, and requiring as a condition of her ability to exert it, the cessation of divisions by union among all the separated sects which, in his view, are the church.

The Catholic Church he notices only by occasionally pausing to shoot at her some blank cartridges of vituperation. The doctor has a Roman bee buzzing loudly in his bonnet, which annoys him excessively. Is it that he has an uneasy consciousness that his premises lead to a Catholic conclusion? Does he fear that his Presbyterian orthodoxy may be suspected by his Princeton auditors? Or does he suspect that some of those who are still in the candid, generous period of youth, untrammeled by the bonds which tie so many older men to a position in which they are discontented, might have their eyes opened to the essential nullity of Protestantism?

Be this as it may, it is matter for surprise that any intelligent mind can adopt the principles of Dr. Thompson, and fail to see that Jesus Christ must have given to the apostolic church an organization capable of preserving Catholic unity through all the ages. It is strange, also, that any one can expect that the scattered dry bones of Protestantism can ever unite into a whole and living body. The views of these Lectures, with all their disjointed truths, taken as a whole, make up something which is purely theoretical, an *ens rationis* which has not and cannot have real being. It furnishes material for eloquent talk, but no plan of action. We trust that those who heard and those who will read the many excellent passages contained in these Lectures, will ponder over them, to their own good, and will help to diffuse some good seed which in time may germinate and fructify, in a way not intended by their author.

4.—SIMPLICITY.*

Simplicity is the title of a new Faber booklet issued by Pott & Co. with their usual good taste. It consists of four of Faber's Conferences: Simplicity, Wounded Feelings, Weariness in Well-doing, A Taste for Reading Considered as a Help in the Spiritual Life. The Conferences have been judiciously chosen; they contain the best and most universally applicable teaching of

* *Simplicity.* New York: James Pott & Co.

Faber, and are full of that devout spirit and straightforward practical sense which Faber so happily combines. For example, in the chapter on Simplicity: "If we wish to be truthful with others we must avoid explaining and commenting our actions in conversation. For either we must make our conversation like a regular confession, or we must convey an untrue idea of ourselves. Let us take one instance. What is more common for us to say than, 'I assure you I did such and such a thing entirely because so and so'? Now, we know very well that never, since we were born, have we ever done one single action entirely for any one single motive." Again, in the last chapter of the book, where he gives the advantages and virtues accruing from good reading: "A vacant hour is always the devil's hour; . . . then it is that a book is a strong tower, nay, a very church, with angels among the leaves as if they were so many niches." Again: "Our books are our neighbor's allies, by making it less necessary to discuss him."

5.—CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC.*

Prepared under the supervision of that most worthy and indefatigable church musician, the Chevalier John Singenberger, this volume offers us a well-arranged catalogue of the publications of Gregorian chant issued by Messrs. Pustet & Co., and of thousands of musical compositions for different portions of the church offices, chiefly by the musically competent members and promoters of the St. Cecilia Society. Those who for good reasons require concerted music for their church services will here find all they need, and be sure that what is offered them is meant for the praise of God, and not for the praise of the professional soloist or for the sensual delectation of the hearer. We wish we could get every priest and choir-master in the country to read the admirable preface written by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Marty, himself a profound musical scholar. In it he takes occasion to pay a justly deserved tribute to the superior merit of Gregorian chant to all other so-called "sacred" music of the church. He also lays down the rubrical rules, which can only be observed where chant is sung, for the singing by both the congregation and the select choir; rightly taking it for

* *Guide in Catholic Church Music.* Published by order of the First Provincial Council of Milwaukee and St. Paul, with a Preface by Rt. Rev. Bishop M. Marty, D.D. St. Francis, Wis.: J. Singenberger.

granted that the church intends the people to take part in the singing at High Mass and Vespers. As yet we do not know of any church in this country where those rules apply in fact. God being the helper of those who love the beauty of his house and the place where his glory dwelleth, the day will not be far distant when such a blessed end shall be attained.

6.—STEWART ROSE'S ST. IGNATIUS.*

We welcome this new edition of the life of St. Ignatius of Loyola with a double greeting. First, because it places a valuable book again at the command of the public; and, second, because of the expurgation of a number of things which were blots on the first and second editions. Moreover, this life has another feature which renders it valuable. It is written in English. It does not suffer, as many lives of the saints have suffered, at the hands of a translator who knows little of translating.

There are one hundred wood-cuts in this new edition, some of them reproductions of obsolete engravings, which enhance the value of the work. The text has been revised and many lesser errors and faults corrected.

There is one thing, however, which the Dublin *Review* called attention to, and which we should like to see discussed. It involves the whole question of the Jewish Crypto-Catholics in Spain. The passage referred to is on page 501. Mr. Rose cannot have made a statement like this at random; he could hardly have taken it second-hand without verification. We should like to know the facts in the case, the places, persons, and dates.

Again, he speaks of the "extravagant dread of heresy in Spain," on the same page. Formal heresy persisted in is equivalent to apostasy, which is numbered as the worst of crimes. How, then, can the dread of it be extravagant?

The former question of the Jews secretly becoming clerics, and even bishops, in Spain to further their ends is undeniable, but that they committed such awful atrocities as are related here is hardly credible. The latter error is a small one, and the blot may be expunged in a new edition.

The book is got up almost as an *édition de luxe*. It is, however, rather unwieldy, but will adorn the parlor-table as well as furnish excellent historical and spiritual reading.

* *St. Ignatius and the early Jesuits.* By Stewart Rose. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

7.—DR. DRIVER AND THE BOOK OF DANIEL.*

Dr. Driver is the successor of Dr. Pusey in the chair of Hebrew at Oxford. This in itself affords ample evidence of scholarship and learning. He was a member of the Old Testament Revision Company, and his numerous writings and articles, particularly his work on the use of the tenses in Hebrew, have given him a wide reputation, both in Europe and in this country. Although the successor of Dr. Pusey in the professor's chair, when it is a question of succession in doctrine the case is very different. For Dr. Driver, although courteous and respectful in his tone towards opponents, must be considered as a decided adversary of the teachings of Dr. Pusey. As an example we may quote his conclusion with reference to the book of Daniel, of the authenticity of which Dr. Pusey was so earnest a defender. Dr. Driver says: "The verdict of the language of Daniel is thus clear. The Persian words presuppose a period after the Persian Empire had been well established: the Greek words demand, the Hebrew supports, and the Aramaic permits a date after the conquest of Palestine by Alexander the Great (B.C. 332). . . . The theology of the book points to a later age than that of the Exile. . . . A number of independent considerations combine in favor of the conclusion that the Book of Daniel was not written earlier than *c.* 300 B.C." Dr. Driver is, in fact, a defender of the advanced conclusions of the latest criticism, and as a learned, temperate, and fair statement of these conclusions his work has great value; as such it deserves the attention of all students of Holy Scripture. It forms the first of a series of theological works called "The International Theological Library," of which Dr. Briggs is one of the editors, and to which Dr. A. B. Davidson, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Fairburn, Dr. Schaff, and Dr. Newman Smyth are contributors.

8.—COLUMBUS À LA FROUDE.†

The new work of Justin Winsor, the Librarian of Harvard, is an expansion of what he wrote a few years ago about Christopher Columbus in his *Narrative and Critical History of America*. Both works will be found useful to the student of

* *An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.* By S. R. Driver, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† *Christopher Columbus.* By Justin Winsor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Columbian biography in as far as they point out most of the different sources of information, but in little else. The new biography of the discoverer of America follows closely but succinctly its prototype, Harrisse's large work, *Christophe Colomb.*

Indeed, Winsor is very apt to lose his path whenever he parts company with Harrisse, as when, at page 75, he gives us to understand that Columbus's father, Domenico, was habitually insolvent; when, at page 76, he tells us that notarial records, brought to bear by the Marquis Staglieno, make it evident that Columbus was born between October 29, 1446, and October 29, 1451; when, at page 92, that "he [Columbus] had a talent for deceit *and sometimes boasted of it, or at least counted it as a merit*"; when, at page 105, he says: "This woman, Felipa Moñiz" (the wife of Columbus) "by name, is said to have been a daughter, by his wife, *Caterina Visconti*, of Bartolomeo Perestrello," etc., etc.

The book appears to be one of a class called by the French *livres d'occasion*, and we think it will not live much longer than *l'occasion—i.e.*, A.D. 1892 and 1893.

The rabid invectives against Columbus, Ferdinand, and Isabella, and almost every friend of the great mariner, the lurid exaggerations of true and imaginery faults of Columbus, will startle a class of readers for a brief period, but the novelty will soon wear out. Following is Winsor's portrait of Isabella, page 160: "We read in Oviedo of her splendid soul. Peter Martyr found commendations of ordinary humanity not enough for her. Those nearest her person spoke as admiringly. It is the fortune, however, of a historical student, who lies beyond the influence of personal favor, to read in archives her most secret professions, and to gauge the innermost wishes of a soul which was carefully posed before her contemporaries. It is mirrored to-day in a thousand revealing lenses that were not to be seen by her contemporaries. Irving and Prescott simply fall into the adulation of her servitors," etc.

It would have been more satisfactory to the reader if the author had allowed him an opportunity of looking personally through some, at least, of those "thousand revealing lenses."

Ferdinand is thus described: "He had, of course, virtues that shone when the sun shone. He could be equable. He knew how to work steadily, to eat moderately, and to dress simply. He was enterprising in his actions, as the Moors and heretics found out. He did not extort money: he only extorted agonized confessions. *He said Masses* and prayed equally

well for God's benediction on evil as on good things. He made promises, and then got the papal dispensation to break them." The author has thus demonstrated that he is not competent to write the biography of a Catholic, as Columbus was.

According to Winsor, the famous Genoese was a thief, a perjurer and instigator of perjury, a religious impostor and sacrilegious blasphemer (pages 510 and 511), a madman (*passim*).

Though following very generally, and without seriously entering into its merits or demerits, the more than severe *critique* of Harrisse, the author is found in direct opposition to the New-Yorker in his estimate of the worth of Washington Irving's biography of Columbus:

"Irving's canons of historical criticism were not, however, such as the fearless and discriminating student to-day would approve. He commended Herrera for 'the amiable and pardonable error of softening excesses,' as if a historian sat in a confessional to deal out exculpations. The learning which probes long-established pretences and grateful deceits was not acceptable to Irving. 'There is a certain meddlesome spirit,' he says, 'which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments, and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition.'"

The author in review had already said in the introduction to his *Narrative and Critical History of America* that "Irving proved an amiable hero-worshipper"; and at page 51 of his *Christopher Columbus* he thus speaks of Harrisse: "It is to an American citizen writing in French that we owe . . . such a minute collation and examination of every original source of information as set the labors of Henry Harrisse, for thoroughness and discrimination, in advance of any critical labor that has ever before been given to the career and character of Christopher Columbus. Without the aid of his researches, as embodied in his *Christophe Colomb* (Paris, 1884), it would have been quite impossible for the present writer to have reached conclusions on a good many mooted points in the history of the admiral and of his reputation." Now let us see what Harrisse has to say of Irving:

"Irving studied with care almost all the documents referring to Christopher Columbus which were known in his time. And his frequent quotations of the histories of Las Casas, Oviedo, and Bernaldez, then inedited, and of which only two or three copies were known, show the honesty (*probité*) of his researches.

The work of Washington Irving is more than literary. It is a history, written with discernment (*jugement*) and impartiality, leaving far behind it all the descriptions of the discovery of the New World which have been written before or since" (Harrisse in *Christophe Colomb*, page 136, vol. i.) The distinguished librarian of Harvard treated Prescott and Humboldt to the same kind of criticism which he dispensed to Irving. It is, however, doubtful if he will succeed in dislodging the trio from their lofty historical pedestals. They appear to us to be, jointly and severally, safer guides to the student of Columbian biography.

9.—AN O'REILLY ANTHOLOGY.*

This collection of flowers from the writings of John Boyle O'Reilly is in every way worthy of perusal. The poetical selections are already familiar to most readers; the prose selections are not so well known. Miss Conway's thoughtful and appreciative estimate of the poet and literary worker which introduces "The Watchwords" is of a kind to make one wish a closer acquaintance with O'Reilly. Together with her own estimate she gives that of writers of every degree from the gulf to the lakes. And from the universal praise he has received from men of every shade of thought the reader is forced to concur with that "son of the Puritans" who wrote of John Boyle O'Reilly: "*I wish we could make all the people in the world stand still and think and feel about this rare, great, exquisite-souled man until they should fully comprehend him. Boyle was the greatest man, the finest heart and soul in Boston, and my most dear friend.*"

O'Reilly was a poet, a man not untouched by genius, but better, he was a pacificator, a unificator, a man who, in making himself respected, made his race and his religion respected. His writings may be forgotten, his work never. And the good he wrought shall not cease, and "the light" he made, "that the world may see," shall not fail.

The book is elegantly bound and illustrated, the typography indeed exquisite.

* *Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly.* Edited by Katherine E. Conway. Boston: J. G. Cupples.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Union Catholic Library Association of Chicago is in the twenty-third year of its existence, and judging from the programme sent to us for the season 1891-1892 it will be in a flourishing condition for the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. On the committee for lectures we recognize the name of Mr. E. E. V. Eagle, to whom the Columbian Reading Union is indebted for many favors. The board of managers have arranged for the instruction and entertainment of the members a course of lectures and literary meetings, in which the Reading Club is to be prominently represented. During November Miss Eliza Allen Starr gave three lectures on Dante. In December Miss Mary M. Meline, niece of the gifted Col. Meline, delivered three lectures on Isabella of Castile and the English Guilds in the Middle Ages. The subjects of the lectures for the new year 1892 are not announced, but the distinguished speakers secured for them are Rev. P. J. Agnew, Rev. James McGovern, D.D., and Rev. T. S. Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College.

* * *

Letters on various topics connected with the management of Reading Circles and the diffusion of Catholic literature have been received from P. B. C., Indianapolis, Ind.; A. T. S., Watertown, Mass.; J. L. S., Detroit, Mich.; P. E. M., San Francisco, Cal.; A. G. H., Everett, Miss.; M. H., South Scituate, R. I.; E. T. M., Milwaukee, Wis.; J. F. M., Troy, New York; F. X. L., Cincinnati, O.; N. J. McC., Oakland, Cal.; A. C., Indianapolis, Ind.; F. P. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; L. A. H., New Bedford, Mass.; T. F., Chicago, Ill.; F. A. H., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; F. P. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; T. A. C., Baltimore, Md.; D. J. S., Boston, Mass.; J. M., New York City; F. G. R., Mobile, Ala.; S. P. B., Norfolk, Va.; C. S., Minonk, Ill.; D. McC., Short Hills, N. J.; C. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. A., Fall River, Mass.; J. W. H., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Several communications have been sent to us from Catholic Young Men's Societies. The work of a Reading Circle can be easily managed in connection with their literary exercises. It is not necessary that all the members should be required to take an active part, for the same reason that all are not expected to study vocal or instrumental music. A young man in the South writes:

"We have established in our Club a Literary Section, somewhat the same plan as your Reading Circles, of which I learned through that worthy magazine THE CATHOLIC WORLD. I wish you would send to us the full plans and working of the Columbian Reading Union, so that I can present them at our next meeting. We are considering the advisability of establishing a Reading Circle."

* * *

Another correspondent writes: "We are organizing a Reading Circle in our parish, and knowing yours to be the pioneer Circle of the kind, we thought you would not object to giving us a little information. The society is practically organized, but we are not in working order as yet, not knowing just how to begin. We would like to know how to conduct our meetings, what books to take up, how to take them up, etc. Any suggestions or points that would be adapted to the needs of beginners we would be very glad to have. I suppose we would require a list of books, and we would be very grateful if you would suggest some. I have seen reports about the Columbian Reading Union in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Please give us any suggestions that you think would aid us. We have only a small membership at present, but hope to have it increased shortly."

* * *

Requests for the lists of the Columbian Reading Union have lately been received from A. S., Marseilles, France; D. J. S., Montreal, Canada; D. A. C., Antigonish, Nova Scotia; J. H. O'D., Waterbury, Conn.; H. A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. O'C., Seneca Falls, N. Y.; G. I., New York City; G. M. S., Brookland, D. C.; B. A. E., Minneapolis, Minn.; L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.; J. T. C., Washington, D. C.; M. F. C., Token Creek, Wis.; J. V. S., Memphis, Tenn.; E. McG., New Orleans, La.; N. M. N., Philadelphia, Pa.; K. E. C., Racine, Wis.; W. J. D., Boston, Mass.; M. McD., Solon, Iowa; A. McD., Iowa City, Iowa; J. J. D., Morse, Iowa; E. M., State Line, Wis.; A. S., Springdale, Iowa; E. J. B., Flagstaff, Ariz.

Among these numerous applicants only a few sent more than ten cents to pay for the circulars and postage. Some of the writers asked for all information and printed matter the Columbian Reading Union could provide in return for a postage-stamp worth two cents. In the hope of sowing the good seed we have sent hundreds of our circulars gratis, especially to educational institutions. The only regret is that our funds will not permit us to print lists more frequently, and disseminate them more widely. In the future as in the past we must rely on the solid friends who have paid a dollar annually—some have given a much larger amount—to sustain the good work. We hope that every friend of Catholic Reading Circles will make a special effort to assist our plans for the year 1892 by sending promptly one dollar for membership.

A considerable number of names have been suggested during the year 1891 for the complete list of Catholic authors whose works are published in the English language. Concerning each Catholic author we have sought to get, (1) the titles of books; (2) the names of publishers; (3) an indication of which books are now for sale. From our members throughout the United States we have received valuable assistance in getting the desired information. Some names were sent marked with an interrogation point, showing that there is a doubt whether they may be classified as Catholic authors, or whether any of their books are published in English. It will be noticed that this *doubtful* list contains many writers whose works first appeared in a foreign language:

Allen, M.,
Andrews, W.,
Atkinson, Mrs. S.,
Arrington, Alfred W.,
Archer, Rev. W.,
Barbour, John,
Bancroft, Mrs.,
Bellingham, Sir Henry,
Berners, Juliana,
Bedford, Dr.,
Belloc, Madame (née Bessie Raynor Parkes),
Bennett, Ann R. (née Gladstone, "The Dark Wood"),
Bishop, Mrs. M.,
Blaklin, Sir Henry,
Book, Rev. W. J.,
Bowden, Mrs.,
Brentano, C.,
Brenn, Miss F. M.,
Braye, Lord,
Bury, Viscount,
Busk, Miss H. R.,
Butler, Charles,
Cantù, Césare,
Callnan, J. J.,
Cavalcaselle, B. G.,
Cassidy, S.,
Chevreul, M. (chemist),
Chatterton, Lady,
Cokain, Sir Aston,
Constable, Henry,
Cormeninde, Viscount,
Cuvier, A. G.,
Dalton, Rev. John,
De Coulanges, Fustel,
De Mandat, Grancey,
De Maidallac, Marquis,
D'Azeglio, M.,
D'Arras, Madame,
De Saintine, —,
De Ségur, P.,
Davenant, Sir William,
Dale, H. I.,
Dawson, Rev. M. A.,
De Gaspé, Philippe Ambert,
Dermody, J.,
Dennelly, Canon E. H.,
Dimítry, John,
Donlevy, Canon J.,
Domenech, Abbé,
Douglas, Gavin,
Dunbar, Rev. Wm.,
Durward, T. B.,
Dupaty, Abbé,
Dugdale, Sir Wm.,
Dupuytren, Baron,
Eginhard,
Ellert, Mrs. E.,
Eustace, Rev. C.,
Fitzsimmons, E. A. (Mrs. Walsh),
Feuillet, Octave,
Ford, Rev. J.,
Fouqué, F. H. C. De La Motte,
Froissart,
Gayarré, Charles,
Gozzi, Carlo,
Guicciardini, —,
Gilmartin, Rev. T.,

Gladstone, Miss,
Hamlin, Mrs. J. V. W.,
Howitt, Mary,
Hemmenway, Miss,
Hendry, Eliza C.,
Hennessy, Wm. Mansell,
Holloway, Mrs. E. D.,
Holland, Denis,
Hosmer, W. H. C.,
Hynne, Lady C.,
Jomini, Baron Henri de,
Joinville, Jean Sieur de,
Kavanagh, Morgan.
Kane, Sir Robert,
Ketcham, Mrs. A. C.,
Labanoff, Prince A.,
Le Duc, Viollet,
Leonard, J. P.,
Lichtenstein, Princess,
La Bruyère, —,
Lodge, Thomas,
Lynch, Lieut. Wm. F.,
Lynch, Annie C.,
Lynch, Hannah,
Morgan, Lady,
McGrath, Terence,
McCassay, John,
McCarthy, John George,
Massinger, Philip,
Mulhall, Mrs. Marion,
Martin, Lady,
McCabe, Wm. B.,
Meynell, Rev. Dr. C. W.,
Marcy, Dr.,
Mathews, F. J.,
Moore, Geo. Henry,
Mermillod, Cardinal,
Mills, Rev. A.,
Miley, John,
Maryatt, Florence,
O'Connor, Joseph,
O'Connor, Rev. C.,
Oliver, Letitia,
O'Callaghan, Eugene B.,
Paley, Frederick,
Payne, John Howard,
Palmer, Rev. Raymond,
Pasolini, Count,
Parr, Mrs. Harriet,
Putnam, Father,
Pratt, Mrs.,
Pope, Rev. T. A.,
Penny, W. C.,
Raynal, Dom,
Rollin, Abbé,
Ryan, Miss (Alice Esmonde),
Reumont, A. von,
Shaff, M.,
Silvestre, J. B.,
Siewidy, Sieur,
Shortland, Rev. Canon,
Skidmore, Harriet,
Smith, Mrs. M.,
Storer, Dr. F. H.,
Stapf, Dr. O. P.,
Sedgwick, Miss C. M.,
Sullivan, M. (of Toronto),
Sing, Mgr.,
Shirley, James,
Shepherd, Rev. F., O.S.B.,
Strickland, Rev. W.,
Sullivan, W. K.,
Scully, D.,
Shaw, T. H.,
Scanlon, J. F.,
Turnbull, A.,
Tierney, Rev. M.,
Vain, Madame,
Van Buren, Dr.,
Vasari, George,
Von Seeburg, Franz,
Walsh, James,
Woods, James,
Whittaker, Mrs. M. S.,
Windele, I.,
Wilberforce, R.,
Ximenes, Cardinal.

We again ask for additional information in this important undertaking on behalf of the Catholic authors. Communications on this subject should be written only on one side of the paper. The obvious advantages of this work for publishers as well as readers should induce them to give for our use whatever data they can furnish.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

DECEMBER'S mail brought THE CATHOLIC WORLD abundant testimonies of the appreciation in which the magazine is held by our subscribers. At no time since the present Publisher has assumed the management has there been an outpouring of generous, hearty approval and congratulation as during the past month; at no time was it more grateful. For the experience of the month preceding led the Publisher to believe that there would be a gradual falling off in the little notes of suggestion, approval, and good wishes which he had learned to look for, and which have come to establish something of a more personal interest and acquaintance than usually exists between the subscriber and the publisher.

This intimacy has grown with this department of the magazine. The evidence from the very beginning made it clear that some such medium of communication between the managers and the individual subscriber was needed, especially in a magazine of this character, where editors and managers and subscribers are joint partners in the cause of the spread of Truth by means of printer's ink, and where all are equally concerned in its success. Through these pages we have been brought in touch with each other, and as a result have already garnered much good fruit that will, under God, be blessed with steady increment. It is a great deal for the various managers of our publication to know that our work is regarded in the light of a missionary and not a merely commercial enterprise; and we know it is much to our subscribers to feel that through their support they are partakers in the fruits of this missionary work, and are made conscious of the opportunities for zeal which the Press presents in the cause of Truth especially in this great country. The eager response made to the invitation to be present at the coming Convention of the Apostolate of the Press is convincing evidence of how thoroughly these opportunities are appreciated. It gives us pleasure to note that the Convention has every augury of success; its fruit will be not only a deeper consciousness of the truth that in many ways no agency can be so powerfully in-

voked to serve the Truth, but will cause as well an awakening of new fires of zeal in every endeavor in which the agency of the press can be employed.

The Publisher trusts that the evidences of the cordial spirit that exists between THE CATHOLIC WORLD and its readers will continue and become more general than ever. It is not very much to send a few words of greeting or suggestion when renewing your subscription. For the Publisher would like to feel that there was something more personal and friendly in his contact with the subscriber than mere business, and his past experience has taught him the value of these brief notes, especially when they contain some practical suggestions. He is indebted for much of the present features of the magazine to hints furnished by subscribers, the adoption of which seems, as far as he can gather, to have met general approval. His only regret is that he cannot make the time to reply personally to these notes. He has indeed endeavored to do so where possible, but trusts his readers will not take it amiss if such letters cannot always be answered.

There is a matter the Publisher would like to call to the attention of his readers generally, and that is the desirability of *promptness* in settling the regular subscription bills. He, of course, appreciates the fact that in the stress of larger concerns the amount of the bill is so small as to escape attention; but at the same time he would suggest that in the end it would be as much of a convenience to the subscriber as to the Publisher if the remittance could be forwarded on receipt of the bill. Another matter of great convenience would be the prompt notification by a postal card of any change of address. From the neglect of such notification it not infrequently happens that the magazine is lost, or at best reaches the subscriber after a very roundabout journey. A little care in the matter would make it far more convenient for both the subscriber and the mailing clerks at this office.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has just published:

A Brief Text-book of Logic and Mental Philosophy. By Rev. C. A. Coppens, S.J.

Peter; or, The Power of a Good Education. By Dom Bosco. Translated by Lady Martin.

Ireland and St. Patrick. A Study of the Saint's Character and of the Results of his Apostolate. By the Rev. W. B. Morris, of the Oratory.

The Primer; or, Office of the B. V. M. and Office for the Dead, in English, as used by the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburgh.

Also a Brochure on Columbus, by John A. Mooney.

The same company announces:

Aquinas Ethicus; or, The Moral Teaching of St. Thomas. A translation of the principal portions of the second part of the "Summa Theologica," with notes. By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J.

The Spirit of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of Rev. Fr. Xavier de Franciosi, of the same Society.

Succat; or, Sixty Years of the Life of St. Patrick. By Very Rev. Mgr. Gradwell.

My Zouave. By Mrs. Bartle Teeling, author of "Roman Violets," etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ESSAYS, CHIEFLY LITERARY AND ETHICAL. By Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By O., S.J. Translated by the Very Rev. Boniface F. Verheyen, O.S.B. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

HEART TO HEART. By the author of "The Old, Old Story." London: William Macintosh.

MEDITATIONS ON THE PRINCIPAL TRUTHS OF RELIGION. By the Most Rev. Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

A PRACTICAL HEBREW GRAMMAR. By Edward Cone Bissell. Hartford Theological Seminary.

THE NEW YORK OBELISK. By Charles E. Moldenke, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Randolph & Co.

ENGLISH SOCIAL MOVEMENTS. By Robert Archey Woods. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR. By Mrs. A. E. Buchanan. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE CORRECT THING FOR CATHOLICS. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

ALTAR BOY'S MANUAL. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE SUPREME PASSIONS OF MAN. By Paul Paguin. Battle Creek, Mich.: Blue Book Co.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

THE PARENT FIRST: An Answer to Dr. Bouquillon's Query, "Education: To Whom Does It Belong?" By the Rev. R. I. Holaind, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

REPORT OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES OF GREAT BRITAIN. Liverpool: 32 Manchester Street.

THE SACRED HEART ALMANAC, 1892. Philadelphia: Office of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

PROFESSIONAL BIOGRAPHY OF MONCURE ROBINSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF ST. MARY'S LODGING-HOUSE. New York: Martin B. Brown.

BOOKS AS COMPANIONS. A Lecture by the Rev. S. B. Hedges. Delivered before the Catholic Club of Evansville. Evansville: Published by the Catholic Central Club.

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HENRY EDWARD CARDINAL MANNING.

THE

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CARDINAL MANNING.

IT was in Rome, at the Church of St. Isidore, on the feast of St. Patrick, 1870, that the present writer—then a Protestant—first had the privilege of hearing Cardinal Manning. High Mass had been sung by an Australian prelate of Irish birth; and within the walls of the venerable Franciscan Church was gathered together as brilliant and distinguished an audience as Rome, even in that memorable council year, could supply. Bishops from every English-speaking country were mingled with Roman monsignori, with representative laymen from America, from England and her colonies, and with children of Erin from every quarter of the globe, many of whom had not seen their native land for years and some of whom would never see it again. And now a slender, ascetic, dignified-looking prelate is seen in the pulpit, and Archbishop Manning—for he was not created cardinal until five years afterwards—commences his panegyric on Ireland's national saint. Later on he paints, to borrow the description of one who was present, the glories of the early Irish Church, with its doctors, confessors, and virgins, sending out her children to foreign lands that they might spread the faith. He tells of Columba, of Germanus, of Bridget, and a host of other saints. Then he passes on to describe the sorrows and sufferings through which Ireland has passed. "A painful task for an Englishman," he says, "to recall the days of persecution and to speak of the fidelity unto blood with which the Irish race clung to the faith of Patrick and the Rock of Peter." But before he had concluded this portion of his sermon he had brought home to more than one English heart among his listeners the lesson of the necessity of reparation to Ireland for the injustice of the past entering into the life of Englishmen as part of their most

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binding duty. Then he proceeded to speak of Ireland's future; of her share in the work of the great Vatican Council then assembled. It was his belief, he said, that Irish-born prelates were destined to bear a memorable part in the results of that council. It had been a feature of the Catholic Church in Ireland in the past that it had at all times kept itself free and independent of all existing dynasties or political parties. The same independence existed now wherever bishops of Irish origin ruled their flocks. "There have been rumors," he continued, "of what the civil powers of the world would do here and there, should the bishops who are their subjects decree this or refuse to affirm that. Pressure is being put upon some to absent themselves, upon others to abstain from voting. But I have no fear of such menaces for the children of St. Patrick, for I know that throughout the world they have made up their minds not to let any human hand touch what concerns the Church of God."

You have been good enough to ask me to put on paper some recollections of His Eminence, and it appears to me that the words spoken on that occasion strike the keynote, as it were, of the melody with which the eventful life of the great cardinal resounds.

An intense love of Holy Church, a desire for its liberty and exaltation; a warm love of Ireland and her people; these are the two strains which predominate. But ever blended with these there is a third, which harmonizes with and completes the others—a love of the poor, especially the poor children of his own flock. "I shall never attempt the building of a cathedral," said the cardinal on more than one occasion, when urged to commence the erection of a metropolitan church. "Let my cathedral be the hearts of the Irish poor. If I succeed in providing sufficient schools and means of Christian education for every poor child in my diocese before I die, I shall die content." The cardinal knew that the future of the church in this country, and the best guarantee of its independence and prosperity, depends, under God, on the preservation of the truth by the children of those Irish immigrants who form so important a portion of the population of our large cities.

But before touching on the work which the cardinal had done in the matter of education, it may be well to glance at the influence he has exercised in infusing a thoroughly Roman spirit into the hearts and minds of his flock. For in order to feel keenly about the liberty and prosperity of the church, it is necessary to "think with Rome" in all she counsels and advises.

And if Ireland, in the person of Cardinal Cullen, had the honor of drafting the definition of the Infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff, England may at least claim the honor—as Louis Veuillot used to point out—of boasting of one of the foremost champions of that dogma in the person of Cardinal Manning. His influence on the prelates assembled in Rome that year can scarcely be exaggerated; but great as it was, it is as nothing compared with the influence his sermons and writings have had and have. What countless multitudes of souls have not his *True Story of the Vatican Council* and his *Infallibility of the Pope* enlightened and strengthened on this essential dogma of the faith!

Next to this, in his work for the liberty of the church, must be placed his efforts in favor of the temporal power of the Pope; of its maintenance while it existed, of its restoration, in a manner sufficient to insure the perfect independence of the Vicar of Christ, since its destruction. The movement which resulted in the formation of the small volunteer army of Pius IX., which maintained peace and order in Rome from 1866 to 1870, had no warmer sympathizer than Archbishop Manning; and when that army was disbanded and the Papal Zouaves had to return to their respective countries, no one again gave them more encouragement in their efforts to continue working for the same sacred cause. The League of St. Sebastian, which was founded by English and Irish soldiers of the Pope, received special marks of favor from the cardinal. He assisted more than once at its annual meetings, and when, after the death of Pius IX., it seemed advisable that the League should remain quiescent, he took its work, so to say, upon his own shoulders, and by constant and stirring allusions to the spoliation of the Holy See he has kept the question of the temporal rights of the Pope ever before the minds of the English public. I well remember a sermon he preached on this subject on Easter Sunday, 1877, and a brief extract from it may not come amiss, for those who taunt Leo XIII. with being a "voluntary" prisoner in the Vatican have not yet been silenced.

"Let us suppose," said his Eminence, "and I will not put a name nor a nation to make the supposition more offensive—let us suppose that any conquering power by violence had established itself in London, and had made its headquarters at the ancient palace of St. James's; and that it permitted the use of Windsor and Buckingham Palace to our own gracious sovereign; and that it told all the world that the Queen of England was

free, and that she might freely come out as before and pass to and fro from Buckingham Palace to Windsor; that is to say, sanctioning by her presence the usurpation of those who had taken possession of her rights. No; the Pope knows too well the duty of the Vicar of Christ. His act perpetually says: 'I will not look upon the deed. My eyes shall never sanction it by gazing upon it. I will rather live and die within the threshold of my palace than set foot in Rome again.' The Pope is not bound, indeed, with fetters of iron, but he is bound round about by the sense of his own dignity, and the supernatural office that he bears; and he knows that it would be a deep moral degradation to put his foot over the threshold of his palace so long as another sovereignty claims to rule over the city which the providence of God has made his own."

Arguments such as these will not lose their weight because the tongue which uttered them is now silent. The cardinal's *Temporal Power of the Pope* is a text-book on this question, and the time will come when the civilized world will feel constrained to do justice, and, recognizing the demands made by such men as Cardinal Manning as irrefutable, will restore to the Pope his freedom and independence.

Next to his defence of the spiritual and temporal prerogatives of the Holy See must be noted the cardinal's care for the training and education of his clergy. To imbue them with a thoroughly Roman spirit was his first object. And if, at the close of the Vatican Council, the decrees were received with so much respectful enthusiasm by the Catholics of England, it is to Cardinal Manning and to his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, that it is in great measure due. Having spent three years in Rome after his conversion, Cardinal Manning thoroughly appreciated the salutary influence which a residence in the centre of Christendom has upon a Catholic mind. At his instance the Oblates of St. Charles had a house of studies there up to the time of the Piedmontese invasion; and in his intercourse with his clergy at home he constantly strove to inspire them with sentiments of personal affection towards the reigning Pontiff. He himself, during the last five-and-twenty years of the life of Pius IX., had the happiness of being admitted to an intimacy with that grand Pope which, with great humility, he used to speak of as having no excuse but the paternal kindness of the Pontiff. During that period Pius IX. used to admit him to frequent audiences. Every step he took throughout those years was taken with the Pope's sanction and advice. He was granted a freedom of speech, and

received from the Pope a paternal love, which made the relations between them intimate and filial in no common measure. Events, both public and private, continually increased the closeness of this relation; and it was his privilege to assist and console the dying Pontiff during the last days of his life. The part Cardinal Manning took in the election of the present glorious Pontiff, and in the proceedings of the conclave, were the subject of some "persistent and ridiculous attempts made to misrepresent" him—as the address of the laity which greeted him on his return home well said. These misrepresentations have long since been forgotten. It may be well, however, to place once more on record what he said himself in reply to the address we have alluded to. That no proposition of his, made at the conclave, was even so much as contested by his colleagues, and that he always had the happiness of being united to the majority, in fact the all but unanimity, of the Sacred College.

It is not within the purpose of this article to trace out in detail the various ways in which Cardinal Manning elevated and "Romanized" the tone of his clergy. His great instrument was, of course, his Diocesan Seminary at Hammersmith, the foundation stone of which he laid in July, 1876; and which, with its spacious chapel, will ever be one of the chief monuments of his episcopacy. But a word must be said on two points: his fostering care of church music and his relations with the religious orders.

And first as to church music. The great reform effected by the cardinal more than fifteen years ago, in banishing female singers from the choirs throughout his diocese—except in some few rural districts—met at first with some unseemly criticism. The ladies, who had accustomed themselves to look upon their solo performances as almost the most important part of the divine service, were naturally enough, perhaps, irritated at being relegated to their proper place, the body of the church, while the clergy, many of whom had for long been complaining of the trouble caused them by the fair musicians, seemed now to consider any known evils preferable to launching out in quest of boys to fill up their places. In London the cardinal's edict has been strictly carried out; patience and perseverance have been amply rewarded, and there is scarcely a person now who would wish to see the bonnets and hats of the "ladies of the choir" reappearing in the galleries of Farm Street church or the pro-cathedral. Some years later the cardinal issued a circular letter to his clergy respecting the kind of music to be sung at Mass

and Benediction. Solo-singing at the latter function had already been condemned by the Fourth Provincial Council of Westminster. "It merits," said the decree, "the utmost reprobation, and must be banished as a grave scandal"; and the cardinal, fortified by the advice of Cardinal Bartolini, urged the clergy to see that the music was, as a rule, grave and sweet, easy of execution, and to avoid any compositions which tended to distract the mind or divert the attention. While not enforcing the plain chant, except at Masses of Requiem, he encouraged it by every means in his power; and although he has not met with the suc cess which the Archbishop of Dublin has secured in reforming the character of our church music as much as could be desired, there has nevertheless been a vast improvement in it during his tenure of office.

A far more delicate question is that of the relations of Cardinal Manning toward the religious orders. Enthusiastic and indiscreet partisans of this or that order—not unfrequently pious ladies—from time to time declaimed against the cardinal as having a dislike or jealousy of the religious orders. And this idea seems to have gone abroad, and to be believed in quarters where one would have thought it incredible that such an impression could have been entertained. Some ten years ago, when reports of this kind were more rife than they have been of late, his Eminence, in a conversation with the present writer, spoke of the pain they gave him. "I love and reverence the religious orders," he said on one occasion, "especially the great Society of Jesus, by one of whose members I was received into the church. But, as chief pastor of my diocese, I am obliged to consider the interests of others as well as theirs; and I cannot allow rights which were conferred on other bodies by my predecessor to be overridden." This was in allusion to a very groundless rumor that the cardinal had forbidden the Jesuits to open a school in his diocese. And his Eminence went on to say that he would have been pleased to see them open a school, and had pointed out one or two sites to their superiors as suitable for the purpose; but that he could not agree to their starting a school in one particular part of London, which he mentioned, and where some of their wealthy supporters desired it to be, because it was within the district worked by another community of priests, who had had a promise from Cardinal Wiseman that no religious order should settle within a certain distance. Another rumor, which at that time was equally groundless, was that the cardinal had forbidden certain members of the

Society of Jesus to preach in his diocese. One of the priests alluded to actually preached at Farm Street on the feast of the Immaculate Conception a year or two later; yet for several years afterwards it was no uncommon thing to meet with persons who were ready to aver that the priest in question had never preached in London since he became a Jesuit. More than once, in order to show his kindly feeling toward the society, did the cardinal, when far from well, make exceptional efforts to assist at the High Mass on the feast of St. Ignatius; and those who attended the meetings of the Catholic Academia will remember how he used invariably to single out any Jesuit father there present, and ask him for his opinion on any disputed point. It is true that the cardinal made no secret of his opinion that, under present circumstances in England, the life of a secular priest was a harder and more laborious, and possibly in a certain sense more meritorious, one than the life of a religious; and that, knowing the great difficulty he had in providing enough priests for his missions, he was loath to see any of them join a religious order unless their vocation seemed a very decided one. But it can be asserted with truth, and time will verify the assertion, that no bishop has ever held the reins of government, as regards seculars and religious, with a more impartial hand than has Cardinal Manning.

But it is time to pass on to the consideration of the great work of his episcopate—that of providing a Catholic education for the poor children of his diocese. He was consecrated archbishop on June 8, 1865. In his first pastoral he briefly alluded to the necessity of building new schools, and followed this up a week later by another pastoral in which he disclosed the object which was nearest his heart. "Now we ask you," he wrote, "to do a work with us and for us, for the love of the Sacred Heart. It is to help us in gathering from the streets of this great wilderness of men the tens of thousands of poor Catholic children who are without instruction or training. It is our first appeal to you, but it will not be our last. Year by year we hope to labor for this end, and year by year to remind you of your share in this work of love." Most faithfully has his Eminence kept his word. The Westminster Diocesan Education Fund was started before long, and for the last twenty years an annual public meeting has been held in London, the cardinal presiding, at which the claims of the children of the poor to a Christian education have been urged by him on the attention both of the government of the day and of Catholics with a per-

sistency and an eloquence which have met with fitting reward. Twenty years ago the number of children in Catholic schools in London was 11,000. At the present moment there are 23,000 in Catholic parochial schools, and 2,950 in Catholic poor-law, industrial, reformatory schools or orphanages. So that while the Catholic population of London has very slightly increased, the number of children brought under instruction has more than doubled. This may, no doubt, appear but slow progress to American Catholics, who are accustomed to see scholars increasing by thousands or tens of thousands every decade, but the figures are simply amazing to those who know the difficulties with which the managers of Catholic schools in London have to contend. The School-Board system, brought into being by act of Parliament in 1870, introduced two changes, fraught with inevitable consequences, as the cardinal often pointed out, in the tradition of Christian education, recognized up to that time by the people of England: the one by which the system of school-rates and board schools was thereby established, professedly as a supplement to the existing system of national education; the other by which religious instruction was excluded from the teaching during the compulsory hours of attendance—that is, practically from the daily work of the school. And the cardinal foresaw that there was the danger of what was meant to be the supplement becoming the system; and the system becoming the supplement, and the traditional religious education of the country thus becoming a thing of the past. Against this he has striven with almost superhuman energy, not only by his vigorous maintenance of the number as well as the efficiency of the Catholic schools, but by seizing every opportunity of enforcing upon his countrymen the vital necessity of a Christian education. Of his work on the Royal Commission of Education during these more recent years it is not the moment yet to speak. But friend and foe have alike borne testimony to the master-mind which inspired in great measure the report which was issued by the majority of the commission in the summer of 1888. It will not, however, be until the subject of education is taken up again by Parliament as one of the burning questions of the day that we Catholics shall understand and appreciate all that our great cardinal has done for us in this all-important matter.

And now what shall be said about Cardinal Manning and Ireland? Let Ireland and the cardinal speak for themselves. On his return from Rome, after his elevation to the sacred purple in April, 1875, an address was presented to him signed by

some forty-eight Irish Catholic members of Parliament, a portion of which ran as follows:

"In the heartfelt congratulations which hail your arrival in England as Prince of the Church, we, the undersigned Catholics representing Irish constituencies in the House of Commons, desire most cordially to join, and to assure your Eminence that none, even of your own spiritual subjects, entertain towards you stronger feelings of respect and veneration than we do. Placed as we are, by the circumstances of our position, in your diocese during a considerable portion of each year, we feel that we should not allow this opportunity to pass without expressing our appreciation of the deep interest you have always evinced in the welfare, both spiritual and temporal, of our countrymen."

In the course of his reply to this outburst of affection and respect from those who spoke in Ireland's name the cardinal, who was deeply touched, said that from his youth, ever since he had understood the history of Ireland, he had had for that country the strongest sympathy, which had greatly increased since he had had a flock of Irish blood and Irish faith. Speaking a little later, at Preston, he said:

"I love Catholic Ireland from my heart as a Catholic; I bear as true a love to Ireland as a man can bear that is not one of her children. If I were to say an equal love with those who were born of Irish blood, some of you would say that is not possible, and as I wish to speak the simple truth, I will guard against saying anything that any of you could think too much. But I love Ireland because Ireland has suffered for the faith. I cannot love England, my mother country, for that reason, for unhappily England persecuted the church; and therefore I have another motive which makes my love of Ireland, in one sense, even more tender than it can be towards the whole of my mother country."

Two years before, in September, 1873, writing to the Archbishop of Armagh on the bitter disappointment he had experienced at being unable to fulfil his engagement of preaching at the consecration of Armagh cathedral, Cardinal Manning used these words:

"I have witnessed with a mixture of sorrow and indignation the writings of those who . . . are trying to turn men away from doing what is just to Ireland by grandiloquent phrases about the imperial race and an imperial policy. An imperial policy in the mouths of doctrinaires means a legislation which ignores the special character and legitimate demands of races and localities, and subjects them to the coercion of laws at variance

with their most sacred instincts. . . . Imperial policy means and may be defined as 'legislation to hamper and harass the Catholic Church in Ireland.' Such imperial legislation would be intensely English for England, Scotch for Scotland, but imperial and anti-Irish for Ireland. Imperial legislation means using imperial power to force Ireland into subjection to the religious views of England. The rise of an empire is no cause of joy to men who love their country. It is the sign of loss of true liberty. . . . I cannot say that I have much fear of [the success of] an imperial policy in Great Britain and Ireland. My chief reason for confidence is that the people of these three kingdoms will not have it so. They mean to manage their own affairs with a great extension, rather than a hair's-breadth diminution in the freedom of local self-government. . . . I think your Grace will be able to add your testimony as to the people of Ireland. They have, least of all, any desire to meddle with the political or religious affairs of their neighbors, and they have no intention that any neighbors whatsoever should meddle with theirs. In this temper of mind I see the surest guarantee of our future peace."

Such was Cardinal Manning's testimony to the pacific character of the Home-Rule movement. Twelve years later, when the more influential portion of the English laity of his flock had assumed an attitude of bitter hostility towards the claims put forward by the representatives of Ireland, and were denouncing in no measured language all who ventured to say a word in favor of Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule bill, the cardinal availed himself of an opportunity made for him by a correspondent and caused a letter to be written stating that he agreed with its aim, though he thought it needed extensive revision. Later on again, in June, 1887, in reply to a coarse attack in the *Times* on Archbishop Walsh and himself, he wrote as follows:

"I gladly unite myself with the Archbishop of Dublin. He is but slightly known in England, except in the descriptions of those who are fanning the flames of animosity between England and Ireland. . . . We are neither intriguers nor separatists. . . . Your words touch our highest responsibility, and inflame more and more the heated contentions between two peoples whom justice and truth would still bind in peace and unity."

These are but a few specimens of the way in which Cardinal Manning labored to show sympathy with Ireland. But his work in this respect was continuous and life-long. Volumes could be filled with similar extracts out of his speeches, sermons, and writings. And what he did in private in the same direction no one can measure. It was his joy to be supported by Irish members on the platform whenever he advocated the cause of

education, of temperance, or of charity; and they in return readily seized every occasion of doing him honor. Who shall continue his work: a work so noble, so unselfish, and so necessary for the future of the church in England? It is not easy to see. God will provide. And if we are tempted to despond at the thought that men of his large-heartedness and broad sympathy are rare, consolation may come from the thought that Cardinal Manning's work is in great measure accomplished. In a letter addressed by his Eminence a short time back to a prominent ecclesiastic in the United States, on the dignity and rights of labor, there was a passage in which, if my memory does not fail me, the eminent writer speaks of the difference between the way in which the world was governed of old and the way in which it will be ruled in future. Hitherto, he said, the world has been governed by dynasties; henceforth the church will have to deal with the people. And if this is true, it is true also that the peoples of each country will have to deal with each other. It is the rulers who, in the past, have created enmities between England and Ireland. Frank and frequent intercourse between the peoples will obliterate them. "I can recollect the day," said Mr. John Dillon, M.P., "when the name of England, and even of Englishmen, were hateful to my heart. That feeling is dying away, and I can hardly find any trace of it left in me. I cannot even find it in my heart to regret that this feeling of hatred is passing away." And how has this come about? Mr. Dillon tells us. "It is because it is impossible," he said, "to close my eyes to the mighty change which has come over the minds of the masses of the people of England as regards Ireland." And if the people of England are becoming ashamed of the past, and are filled with a resolve to repair it, and to atone to Ireland for centuries of injustice, posterity will point out as one of the chief authors of this happy change the man who espoused the side of Ireland in the dark days when racial hatred was rampant, and remained true to it throughout his long life—the great Cardinal of Westminster, Henry Edward Manning.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE EDUCATED PROTESTANT MIND TOWARD CATHOLIC TRUTH.*

THE conclusions hereinafter stated are based in part upon the following items of personal experience:

My youth and early manhood were spent entirely among Protestants. All my adult relatives and nearly all my neighbors were members of the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, or Episcopal churches. They were a devout, prayerful people, diligent in searching the Scriptures and in teaching its precepts to their children, rigorous in their adherence to the standards of Christian morality, earnest in every good word and work. A few of them still survive. Those who have died departed this life in joyful submission to the will of God, and looking for salvation through the merits of their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Since I became a Catholic (now nearly thirty years ago) I have lived in constant and intimate association with non-Catholic authors, teachers, clergymen, and lawyers: the men who form the public opinion of the day on social, ethical, and religious questions, and indirectly on political questions also. Many of these are active members of the Protestant churches; a large proportion of the rest are religiously disposed—in will, if not in intellect and profession, submitting themselves to the guidance of Christian law and doctrine. Of most of them I do not hesitate to say that they are sincere, upright, and conscientious men, who, so far as they perceive and comprehend it, are loyal to the truth and ready to make whatever personal sacrifice such loyalty may entail. Of the Catholic Church they know comparatively nothing. Her external history, as an organized society, they perhaps to some extent discern, but of her inner life, her doctrinal teachings, her moral rule and discipline, they have as yet not even a remote conception. Their antagonism to her, as a church, is negative rather than positive, resulting from that false idea of her purposes and methods which was transmitted to them by their ancestors, but which they ever show themselves ready to abandon when its falsehood is discovered. Their personal attitude toward those

* Read at the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press.

Catholics who are true to their religion, whatever be their race or social standing, is almost always generous and friendly.

I.—Confining that which follows to the class of persons thus described, I maintain, in the first place, that what they need from us is knowledge and not argument.

Divine truth bears such a relation to the human soul, illuminated by the light which lighteth every man that is born into the world, that whenever the truth is clearly perceived the soul inclines toward it, and unless hindered by a perverse will accepts and believes it. As the body does not reject the food created for and adapted to its sustenance by the providence of God; as the mind does not refuse the knowledge of exterior facts communicated to it by the organs of sensation; so neither does the soul of any man of good will repudiate a divine truth which it has once fully apprehended. To persons thus disposed the exact and intelligible statement of a truth is in itself a demonstration. Proof of its divine origin, or of the divine authority of its proclaimer, is not indispensable to its acceptance. The truth affirms itself to the soul as light does to the eye, or music to the ear. So far as argument tends to explain the truth it is merely another form of statement, and may be serviceable; but when it passes beyond this and becomes an effort to compel conviction, however sound and impregnable it may be in itself, it rouses an antagonism in the will which is inconsistent with clear spiritual vision, and creates side issues by which the truth presented is often hopelessly obscured. Every one who has engaged in, or has witnessed, religious controversy must have been painfully impressed with its futility, if not with the actual hindrances it presents to the reception of the truth. And, on the other hand, no one who has observed the instant, spontaneous adhesion of the candid mind to truth clearly and completely stated, can doubt by what method assent to it is most readily obtained. To illustrate my position, I may be pardoned for narrating an incident which occurred within my own experience. Some twenty years ago a devout old Methodist woman, expostulating with me on account of my belief in various articles of Catholic faith, made her last and strongest attack upon the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. "No reasonable man, above all no Christian man," said she, "could believe such idolatrous nonsense as that." "What do you mean by the Immaculate Conception?" said I.

To which she gave an answer ludicrous enough to Catholic ears, but which would probably be the reply of nearly every Protestant in the world. "Listen a moment," said I, when she had finished; and I then explained to her, as simply as I could, what the church teaches on the subject. As I went on the aspect of her face changed, her eyes—filled with tears—lifted themselves toward heaven, and as I stopped she said, speaking to herself rather than to me, "How could it be otherwise?" "How could it be otherwise?" Numerous instances, similar to this, lie along the path of every intelligent Catholic who comes intimately into contact with the earnest, conscientious multitudes around us, and forces upon his mind the conviction that their great need is light and knowledge, and that the duty of the church toward them in their present condition is to place before them a correct and complete statement of her doctrines, in language so simple and intelligible that they cannot fail to understand. The day is passed when attacks on so-called "Protestant errors" can serve any useful purpose. It is time to recognize, practically as well as theoretically, that the honest adhesion of the human soul to error is a manifestation of its disposition to adhere to the truth, and that the error is "never accepted for its own sake, but because it is fortuitously associated with an apprehended truth." Earnestness in seeking, fidelity in professing, zeal in promulgating any religious doctrine are thus the strongest possible evidences of that good-will toward the truth which renders its acceptance inevitable when once it is perceived; and of these evidences the Protestant world is full to overflowing. To define the truth which they already possess, to extricate it from the errors by which it is obscured, to add to it those other truths which at once interpret and complete their doctrinal systems, and thus present to them divine truth whole and entire, as God has revealed it for the illumination of the human soul, for the solution of all its doubts, for the inspiration of all its energies, and for the perfecting of its knowledge of the Infinitely Good and Beautiful and True, this is the work which through the pulpit or the press (but under present circumstances principally through the press) the Catholic Church must do if it would gather in this wonderful and precious harvest of loyal, loving souls.

II.—I have said that what the church owes to the sincere souls that are without is the correct and complete statement

of her doctrines in language so simple and intelligible that they cannot fail to understand. I wish to emphasize both members of this sentence.

Any statement of Catholic truth, to be really serviceable to the people I describe, must be not only correct but complete. The doctrines of religion are not isolated truths, each independent of the others and capable of comprehension separately from them. On the contrary, they form a system or body of truth, in which each element is so related to the others as to be not merely incomplete but unintelligible without them. As there is not an organ in the human body, however concealed or insignificant, whose anatomical and physiological character can be comprehended without a knowledge of all the other organs and of their co-operation with it, so does each proposition of divine truth receive its definition and interpretation from the others and is truly known only when they are also understood. Who, for example, can apprehend the doctrines underlying the sacrament of baptism, or the distinction between heaven and hell, unless he has a prior acquaintance with the doctrine of original sin, or attain this without a previous knowledge of the relations between God and man both in nature and in grace? Here seems to me to lie the main cause of that almost universal ignorance, among otherwise well-informed Protestants, concerning the inner life, the teachings, and the discipline of the Catholic Church. The Catholic truths with which they have already come in contact are fragmentary, detached from their proper setting, unexplained by their necessary antecedents, and consequently they have neither been presented to them nor rejected by them in their Catholic sense. Their hostility to the church, such as it is, is based upon the misconceptions thus engendered, and in their warfare against her they are constantly fighting "men of straw," figments of discipline and dogma which have no existence in her creed or moral law, or anywhere else except in the erroneous constructions they have ignorantly put upon her words. The removal of this ignorance requires a statement of the entire body of Catholic truth including not merely every doctrine which is matter of faith, but also such as are of general recognition in the church, and such propositions of philosophy as must be present in the mind before the definitions and conclusions of theology can be understood. Nothing less than a statement of this character can, in my judgment, meet the current emergency. Numberless are the uses of sermons, tracts,

magazine articles, and other forms of limited and fugitive discussion, but none of them can ever answer this purpose. Not until the candid inquirer has within his reach, in a single volume, a succinct but nevertheless complete exposition of the truth as taught by the Catholic Church can he be expected fully to perceive any truth, or to yield that assent which the comprehension of the truth compels?

III.—Moreover the statement of the truth must be so simple and intelligible that they cannot fail to understand. A second difficulty encountered in communicating to Protestants a knowledge of Catholic truth, not so important as the former but still of serious moment, arises from their unfamiliarity with Catholic terminology, and from the equal want of knowledge of Protestant modes of speech on the part of Catholic writers. Two worlds of thought more different from each other than those in which Catholics and Protestants habitually dwell, can hardly be imagined; and one who has not lived in both, however skilful in the use of language, can rarely make the conceptions of the one intelligible to the other. How often does it happen that for lack of this mutual understanding of each other, authors and teachers appear to disagree, while to one who comprehends the true meaning of both their convictions are evidently the same. Not long since I was present at the reading of a paper on a Catholic doctrine by a distinguished scholar of the church before a learned society mainly composed of Protestants. The reading was followed by a discussion, in which the positions taken in the paper were attacked and defended. But it was a conflict of words only. The Protestant auditors gave to the terms used by the Catholic scholar interpretations which from his point of view they did not bear, and thus were led to dispute propositions which had they understood them in his sense they would have willingly endorsed. This difficulty must be overcome in any statement of Catholic truth for the information of Protestants or the statement itself may prove worse than useless. They cannot be expected to recognize this danger in advance and prepare themselves for the reading of our literature by a study of our peculiar vocabulary. Catholic teachers and writers must use words in the Protestant sense, and must learn to announce Catholic truths in terms which convey the exact conception of such truths to Protestant minds, or all efforts in the direction of their enlightenment will be in vain. In the statement of Catholic

truth, whose desirability I have discussed, such an adaptation of language to the requirements of the reader would be supremely necessary. Every idea, however fundamental and however generally entertained, should be so expressed that its precise character and scope can never thereafter be in question. The members of every proposition, and also the proposition as a whole, should be incapable of a double meaning, and bear only that interpretation which the Protestant reader will naturally place upon its words. Each proposition should lead up to its successor according to the Protestant order of thought, so different in many respects from the Catholic one, and should leave behind it no proper interrogatory of the soul unanswered, no legitimate doubt unsolved. The preparation for a work like this involves a vast amount of labor; the work itself has perhaps no parallel in the past. But when did ever such a harvest await the reaper? When was there ever a people who needed Catholic truth so much. When was there ever a people whom the Catholic Church so much needed? For the conversion of Anglo-Saxon Protestants is the conversion of the world.

IV.—Such a statement of Catholic truth as I have described should be the utterance of the church herself and not of any private individual. No man can judge of his own qualifications for the task, nor were he qualified ought the tongue with which he speaks to be one of personal authority alone. Of private views on religious topics the Protestant mind is sick from very satiety, and for this reason many are on every side turning away from abstract truth to the concrete life around them, and seeking in external works of charity that rest and salvation to which in the interior life they find no clue. For any individual, acting on his own authority, to place before them an outline of Catholic truth would but add, for many of them at least, another to the jarring voices by which their spiritual ears have been so long confused. But when the church speaks, she will not speak in vain. If the American hierarchy, either by a committee appointed for that purpose or through some prelate whose piety, learning, and ecclesiastical eminence make him the fitting representative and mouth-piece of his colleagues, thus proclaims the truth, it will not go unheard or unaccepted. The eagerness with which some publications, in this general direction, have been received already is evidence enough of what a welcome is in store for the message which shall unlock the doors of all the mysteries of the

truth, and make the whole and entire gospel of our Lord and Saviour intelligible to the waiting mind.

V.—It may seem a descent from the dignity of my subject to introduce here a suggestion as to the material form in which Catholic truth should be presented to our non-Catholic brethren; but things that are trifles in themselves are often important in their consequences. Protestants are accustomed to buy books of all classes, religious and secular, well-printed on good paper and well-bound, for comparatively small sums of money. If Catholic literature is to attract their attention, especially if it is at all to obtain their patronage, it must possess the same attributes. The publication of the volume, whose preparation I have advocated, with poor type, cheap paper, and shabby binding would deprive it of a large proportion of its value for the missionary work for which it was designed. Even if it were distributed gratuitously it would probably in most cases go unread, and few would seek in its forbidding pages for the truths therein concealed. Whatever excuse there may have been for it in the past, there is no sufficient reason at the present day why Catholic books should not vie with others of the same general class in legibility, durability, and cheapness.

VI.—In closing, I desire to say a few words on the methods by which Catholic books may be brought within the reach of Protestants. The degree to which they are accessible to them to-day is exceedingly limited. For twenty-five years I have lived in one of our large university towns, having a population of over seventy-five thousand persons, of whom at least one-third are Catholics. It is a town full of intellectual life, with a most liberal and friendly spirit toward the church and her members, and a strong disposition to co-operate with her in all her works of charity and education. But there is not now, and there never has been, a place within its borders where Catholic books, in any variety, could be found. In a few news-offices and similar establishments the ordinary prayer-books and a small selection of devotional manuals are kept, but neither on the shelves of its bookstores nor anywhere else does Catholic literature invite inspection and seek its purchasers and readers. And there is no prospect that, under present methods, it will ever do so. Small dealers are unable, large dealers are unwilling, to carry an expensive stock which may not be readily salable, and if we are to wait till either Protestants or Catholics become such constant and

liberal buyers of our books as to warrant these investments by local dealers, many a day must pass before these books are much more accessible than now. This subject has long occupied my thoughts, but no better measure than the following has ever occurred to me. The church in this country should have a publishing house of its own, established and controlled by the American hierarchy, which would be the equivalent in most respects of the Methodist Book Concern, or the denominational Sunday-school Unions. It should be under the practical direction of a body of ecclesiastical and lay managers. It should confine its publications to missionary books and Sunday-school material. It should have capital enough to be able to place its publications on sale on commission in every part of the country, and within reach of every considerable body of readers. The amount of good to be accomplished by this method is incalculable. I have no doubt that if for the past twenty years there had been kept in one of the great bookstores of my own city an assortment of one hundred Catholic religious works, in attractive styles and at reasonable prices, their sales would ere this have been counted by many thousands, and the knowledge of Catholic truth among my fellow-citizens have been correspondingly increased.

If this Convention does no other work than to set on foot an enterprise like this, the most sanguine hopes of its reverend and beloved promoter will eventually be more than realized.

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WHEN WAS COLUMBUS BORN?

If the birthplace of Christopher Columbus has been a subject of discussion among his biographers and of much historical research, not less so has been the date of his nativity. Washington Irving, although he tells us in the early editions of his work that "the time of his birth [Columbus's], his birthplace, his parentage are all involved in obscurity," etc., adopts a chronology which would make him seventy years old at the time of his death in 1506, and in recent editions of his works he is made to say plainly "Christopher Columbus was born . . . about the year 1435." H. Harrisse, on the contrary, after having discussed the knotty problem in eighteen octavo pages, comes to the following conclusion (vol. i. page 240): "Christophe Colomb serait donc né entre le 25 mars, 1446, et le mars, 1447"—*i.e.*, Christopher Columbus would, therefore, have been born between the 25th of March, 1446, and the 20th of March, 1447. After an exhaustive study of the subject no doubt is left in my mind that Irving is right and Harrisse is wrong. This is what I intend to prove in this article. Bernaldez (called De los Palacios because he was parish priest of a little town of that name), admitted by all critics to be a reliable chronicler, in his work, *Historia de los Reyes Catolicos*, tells us that "El dicho Almirante Don Cristobal Colon, de maravillosa y honrada memoria, . . . estando en Valladolid el año de 1506 en el mes de Marzo murió in senectude bona . . . de edad de 70 poco mas o menos"—*i.e.*, Said Admiral Christopher Columbus, of wonderful and honorable memory, died in Valladolid at the good old age of seventy, more or less, in the month of March, 1506. Bernaldez was a friend of Columbus and entertained him more than once in his house, and received from the admiral several of his writings, very likely as friendship's gifts. It cannot, therefore, be supposed that he should have made a mistake of from ten to twelve years, even supposing that he knew not his age from Columbus himself. In the absence of any direct evidence to contradict him, he should be accepted, it appears to me, as sufficient authority to establish the age of the discoverer of America. If he died in 1506 seventy years of age, he must have been born either at the end of 1435 or at the beginning of 1436. But Bernaldez is not the only authority for placing the age of Columbus at seventy years

at the time of his death. Irving appropriately says: "Various circumstances in the life of Columbus will be found to corroborate the statement of the curate; such, for example, as the increasing infirmities with which he struggled during his voyages, and which at last rendered him a cripple and confined him to his bed. The allusion to his advanced age in one of his letters to the sovereigns, wherein he relates the consolation he had received from a secret voice in the night season: "Tu vejez no impedira a toda cosa grande. Abraham pasaba cien años quando engendro a Isaac," etc.—Thy old age shall be no impediment to any great undertaking. Abraham was above a hundred years old when he begat Isaac, etc. The permission granted him by the king, the year previous to his death, to travel on a mule instead of a horse, on account of his *age* and infirmities, and the assertion of Oviedo that "at the time of his death he was quite old." Navarrete and Roselly de Lorgues think with Irving. If we take in consideration that in 1439 Columbus's father was already established in business for himself, and hired apprentices in his establishment, to be fed and clothed in his own house, as appears from a notarial document quoted in a former article, we must naturally, with the highest degree of probability, conclude that he was then married, and hold as extremely improbable that his eldest son Christopher should have been born as late as 1446 or 1447.

Let us now see if Columbus's own writings will not give us a clue to his, at least approximate, age. In January, 1495, he wrote to King Ferdinand and his wife, Isabella, as follows: "Reinel (René), whom God has called to himself, sent me to Tunis to take possession of the galley La Fernandina," etc. The exploit spoken of in this letter should necessarily have taken place, as Harrisse properly says, between October, 1459, and July, 1461, when René, having the Genoese for allies, made war against Ferdinand of Aragon to obtain possession of the kingdom of Naples. If this letter be *genuine* and *truthful*, it proves conclusively that Columbus was not born in either 1446 or 1447; for then in 1459 or 1461 he would have been only thirteen or fourteen years of age; that is, too young to be placed in charge of a daring naval expedition. On the contrary, if we admit that he was born in 1435 or thereabout, Bernaldez's testimony and Columbus's narrative would harmonize. For then the latter would have been twenty-three or twenty-four years old; not an improper age for accomplishing the deed narrated in the letter, especially if it is considered that he, as he tells us himself, put

to sea at a very tender age. No sound critic can set aside the letter as unauthentic. It is quoted in the biography of Columbus, written, Harrisse himself was forced to admit, substantially by his son Ferdinand, and by Las Casas, who had free access to the admiral's writings. Harrisse claims that Las Casas copied from Ferdinand. Be it so. But can it be supposed that Ferdinand, "the cosmographer, the jurist, the biographer, the learned littérateur," should have forged in toto a letter of his father addressed to the monarchs, and which evidently should have been preserved in the royal archives, where it could be consulted by Peter Martyr and Oviedo, the official chroniclers and his contemporaries? In the absence, therefore, of even the shadow of a proof that Ferdinand forged the letter, the original of which is lost, sound criticism forces us to admit that he incorporated it in his work as written by his father's hand. The letter, then, is genuine. If so, who will believe that in 1495, when at the height of his glory, and when the confidence of the Spanish rulers had not yet in anywise been shaken, Columbus, solely to satisfy his vanity, should have written a palpable lie, making himself the hero of a naval exploit at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and in a war which had been waged during the lifetime of those to whom the letter was addressed?

Harrisse flippantly sets aside the evidence drawn from Columbus's writing as to his age in the following manner: "Efforts have been made to deduce it [Columbus's age] from his own writings. But these are vague, doubtful, or contradictory. In a letter dated the 7th of July, 1503, Columbus says that he had come to place himself at the service of the Catholic kings at the age of twenty-eight. And as another letter, written in November, 1500, contains the declaration that he had been employed by their highnesses seventeen years—which would take us back to 1483—Columbus should have been born in 1455 only. Which is not very probable. In his diary (*journal de bord*) on the 14th of January, 1493, he wrote: 'It will be seven years the 20th of this month since I came to serve your highnesses.' It would, then, be no longer in 1483 that Columbus would have entered the service of Spain, but the 20th of January, 1486, and if he was then twenty-eight years of age, as it is said in his letter of the 7th of July, 1503, he should have been born in 1458, which is yet less admissible. Quotations of this kind could be multiplied." I submit that Harrisse should have multiplied such quotations, which he calls *contradictions et invraisemblances*. For in those given above I find no contradictions. The letter dated

the 7th of July, 1503, is not extant in the original. We have only two copies, one avowedly made from the other, and these certainly contain a copyist's error in the number twenty-eight, as all critics have admitted. Columbus probably wrote forty-eight instead of twenty-eight, and if so it fits chronologically, as we shall see, with the assertion made in the letter written in 1500. But sound criticism draws no consequences from spurious documents. The letter, therefore, of the 7th of July, 1500, must be set aside. Let us see if the other two contradict each other.

It is admitted by critics generally, Harrisse included, that Columbus went to Spain from Portugal at the end of A.D. 1484. The letter, which Harrisse says was written in November or December, 1500 (it has no date and may have been written in 1501), has the following: "It is already seventeen years since I came to serve these princes in the undertaking of the Indies, etc." A man born in January, 1850, can truthfully say in July, 1890, that he is forty years old. Another born in the same month of the same year may with equal truth say that he is forty-one. The former counts the year excluding the current one, the latter including it. It was Columbus's habit in counting years to include both the year in which a period of time began and the one in which it ended, as I took the trouble to ascertain by actual examination of his writings. If, therefore, he came to Spain in 1484, in November or December, 1500, he wrote the simple truth when he said: "Ya son diez y siete años que yo viné servir estos principes con la impresa de los Indias."

On the 5th of May, 1487, Columbus was paid three thousand maravedis for services rendered the king and queen, as appears from the pay-rolls of the monarch's court, which are extant. Why, then, could he not write in all truth on the 14th of January, 1493: "It will be seven years the 20th of this month since I came to serve your highnesses"?

Does, then, the letter of the year 1500 and the statement contained in his diary contradict each other? Assuredly not. In the one he refers to his coming to Spain to offer his services, in the other to the actual date of his entering the service of the monarchs. Harrisse has more than once hinted that Columbus was given to deviating from the truth. He has, however, failed to prove it. A careful study of his writings will convince the reader that there is no reason for doubting the veracity of the discoverer of America. If his writings, therefore, give us a clue to his age they may safely be accepted as a legitimate source of evidence.

It seems, then, to be an established historical fact that the discoverer of America was born in the year 1435 or the beginning of 1436. But Harrisse advances an objection against accepting this date which he deems unanswerable. It consists of a document dated Savona, the 10th of September, 1484, which begins as follows: "James Columbus, son of Dominic, a citizen of Genoa, of his own accord gave and hired himself for the space of twenty-two months as a domestic and pupil to Luchino Cadamartori, to learn the trade of weaving cloth. . . . Said James swore that he is above sixteen years of age," etc. This James Columbus is undoubtedly the brother of Christopher. Harrisse reasons thus from the foregoing document: Boys' apprenticeships began, as a rule, at the age of between twelve and fourteen years, and lasted for six years. But as in this case James Columbus completed his professional training in twenty-two months (in another document, dated the 25th of August, 1487, he is described as a full-fledged *textor pannorum lanæ*—*i.e.*, a weaver of woollen cloth), we must take it for granted that he had already begun his apprenticeship under his father at the age of not more than fourteen years. On the 10th of September, 1484, he was, therefore, about eighteen years old; and if so, he was born about the year 1466—that is, thirty or thirty-one years after his brother Christopher, if the latter's date of nativity be accepted as A.D. 1435 or 1436.

It might be answered that Harrisse's conclusion does not make it impossible that Christopher Columbus should have been born in 1435 or 1436. For it was not unusual in the fifteenth century, as it is not now, for girls in and around Genoa to marry at fifteen years of age. Neither is it unusual anywhere for women to be fruitful at the age of forty-six, forty-seven, or forty-eight. But as Harrisse, on account of his long studies and his voluminous writings about everything concerning the great Genoese mariner, has been and is being accepted as a great authority in this branch of historical criticism, I propose to answer at greater length his objection. *In primis et ante omnia* he has more than once failed to properly understand the Latin of the fifteenth century documents concerning Columbus—*e.g.*, because he is in one of them once designated as *lanarius*, Harrisse takes it for granted that he and his brother Bartholomew were weavers by trade, although there is absolutely no other evidence to prove it. Now, the word *lanarius* never was used to signify weaver. It meant wool-dealer or manufacturer of woollen goods. This must be proved. We have ten documents, drawn

in Genoa by six different notaries, in which Domenico Columbo is described as *textor pannorum lanæ*, and never as *lanarius*. On the contrary, twelve documents, drawn by six different notaries in Savona after his removal thither, call him *lanarius*. This would prove that his occupation in the two cities was not identical. But might it not be due to the notaries of Savona and those of Genova calling the same thing by different names? Assuredly not, because one of the Savonese documents, drawn previous to his removal from Genoa, describes him as *textor pannorum lanæ* and a citizen of Genova. The last-named document was drawn by notary-public Giovanni Gallo on the 2d of March, 1470, who, on the 27th of January, describes Dominic Columbus in another document no longer as *textor pannorum lanæ civis Genuæ*, but as *lanarius civis et habitator Savonæ*, all of which proves conclusively that Columbus's father, in removing from Genoa to Savona, changed his occupation. The following document, dated Genoa, the 28th of November, 1470, tells us exactly what was meant by the word *lanarius*: "Baptist Zenogio and De Garavanta, consuls of the guild of weavers of woollen cloth (*consules artis textorum pannorum lanæ*), by the will of the undersigned members of the guild of weavers of woollen cloth, decree that said members shall abide by the ordinance to be made by said consuls, etc., . . . regarding the wages to be accepted by them from the wool-dealers (*lanariis*) for weaving cloth," etc. Dominic Columbus's name appears on the roll of the signers. By another document, dated Savona, the 7th of December, 1474, the *textores pannorum lanæ* (weavers) and the *lanarii* (wool-dealers) agreed together that the wages to the former should be paid by the latter half in kind, or cloth, and half in cash. Dominic Columbus's name appears again, but this time not among the *textores pannorum lanæ*, but among the *lanarii*. In other words, Dominic Columbus never worked at the trade of weaver in Savona—that is, after the year 1472. If so, Harrisse's objection fails completely. For if James Columbus had begun his apprenticeship under his father, it must have been before the year 1472; and if so, in 1484 he must have been at least twenty-eight or thirty years old. It is possible that his father may have placed him as an apprentice with his own or somebody else's journeymen weavers. But is it probable that he should have wished to initiate his youngest son in a trade the exercise of which he had abandoned himself? Is it probable that he should have taught his youngest son the trade at which he did not work himself, when we know from reliable

contemporary evidence that his two oldest sons had not learned it from him at a time when he was exercising it and living by it? James's early education had been a business rather than a mechanical one. His subsequent career warrants this conclusion. Although after finishing his apprenticeship with Cadamartori he worked for some time at his trade, as is proved by several documents, nevertheless in March, 1494, he was constituted by his brother Christopher president of a *junta*, or committee, composed of Spanish noblemen, courtiers, and high dignitaries to govern the first colony and the first city in America. Is this compatible with James Colombo having then been a young man of twenty-eight years of age and his never having known more than to be a journeyman weaver?

How did it happen, then, that on the 10th of September, 1484, he hired himself as an apprentice to Cadamartori for twenty-two months? Thus: Being then a grown man, and having been in the wool business with his father, twenty-two months sufficed him to obtain his diploma and to enter the guild of weavers of woollen cloth. His father Dominic had established himself in Savona in the wool business in 1471. At the beginning he seems to have prospered, for on the 19th of August, 1474, he bought, although on credit, two considerable pieces of property, consisting of a country house, vineyard, fields, and woodland. But he soon began to meet with reverses, and not only could not pay for them, but was obliged to mortgage his homestead in Genova. His affairs went from bad to worse until about the year 1484, when the remittances had failed which, according to the testimony of Oviedo, his son Christopher had been in the habit of sending him from Portugal (because the latter was then leaving for Spain penniless and in debt), his wife and one son, Giovanni Pellegrino, having died, he was obliged to give up his business in Savona. He returned to Genova, and, it may be presumed, went to live with his son-in-law, Giacomo Bavarello, and his daughter, Bianchineta. He took to his trade again of cloth-weaving, as can be seen from several documents, wherein he appears no longer as *lanarius*, but once more as *textor pannorum lanæ*. Now that his father in his old age was obliged to work again at his trade for a living, that his two living brothers had expatriated themselves, his sisters married, what could James do better, even if he was twenty-five or thirty years old, than work for a living and at the same time master his father's trade?

Now, I will endeavor to prove by the aid of the very docu-

ments on which Harrisse founds his objection that James in 1484 was over twenty-five years of age. The Genoese laws of that time declare that minors (and they were so considered until their twenty-fifth year) could not enter into any valid contract without the consent of their father, which was always expressed in the contract itself when given. Inasmuch as James Columbus bound himself to Cadamartori without his father's consent, the conclusion can be fairly drawn that he must have been over twenty-five years old. Furthermore, he is described as *civis Genuæ*—a citizen of Genoa. An apprentice boy eighteen years of age could scarcely have been so designated. It is true that he was made to swear that he was then over sixteen. But this was merely a necessary technicality of the law, which declared the contracts of minors under sixteen null and void when made with or without the consent of their father.

What other argument has Harrisse for advocating 1446 or 1447 as the date of Columbus's birth? The following and nothing more: On the 25th of May, 1471, the mother of Columbus ratified the sale made by her husband of a piece of real estate on which she had a mortgage to secure her dowry. This authorization she was prevented by statute from giving without the consent of some, at least, of her nearest of kin. The notary's act was drawn in Genoa, where and in the neighborhood of which nearly all her relatives lived. Twelve of these were called (but only three presented themselves), none of whom were Susanna's children. Why? asks Harrisse. Because, he answers, they were not of age, as the law required. However, shortly after, on the 20th of March, 1472, Christopher appears as witness to a will, and on the 26th of August of the same year he endorses for his father a promissory note given to pay for some wool bought on credit—transactions, both of them, supposing very likely his majority. Again, on the 7th of August, 1473, Susanna authorizes by notarial act the sale of another piece of property; and this time, among her nearest relatives to consent to her doing so, her two children, Christopher and John Pellegrino, are mentioned. Harrisse draws the conclusion that while on the 25th of May, 1471, they were not, on the 7th of August, 1473, both of them must have been of age. I answer, *non sequitur*. In fact Susanna's sons, being sailors by profession (as we know from Antonio Gallo, from Christopher's writings, and those of his son Ferdinand), were probably abroad on the 25th of May, 1471, in which case the magistrate had no jurisdiction to summon them. In fact, on the 23d of January, 1477, the same Su-

sanna authorized the sale of yet a third piece of property; and among those of her relatives who gave their consent none of her children figure. Could the conclusion be reasonably drawn that therefore they were not of age? On the contrary we know from one of his letters that the immortal mariner was then travelling the Northern seas. From the fact, therefore, that Christopher did not appear to give his assent to the transaction of the 25th of May, 1471, only the conclusion can be legitimately drawn that he was then absent from his native country—nothing more.

The future biographer of Christopher Columbus may safely begin his work thus: The discoverer of America was born in Genoa not earlier than 1435 nor later than 1436.

L. A. Dutto.

Jackson, Miss.

SUMMUM BONUM.

He who has made us needful knows our need.
To take what is, to dare not nor desire
One inch beyond, but softly to suspire
Against His gift with no inglorious greed—
This is true joy, though still our joys recede.
And, as in octaves of a noble lyre,
To move our minds with His, and clearer, higher,
Sound forth our fate—oh, this is strength indeed!

Thanks to His love, both earth and man dispense
Sweet smoke of worship when the heart is stillest,
A praying more than prayer: "Great good have I
Till it be greater good to lay it by;
Nor can I lose peace, power, permanence,
For these smile on me from the thing Thou willest."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

(CONCLUSION.)

VIII.

To Guadalupe, crouching on the edge of the forest, sick with fear and torn by cruel anxiety, time had no meaning, and minutes seemed hours while she waited for Vyner's return, unable to imagine upon what errand he had disappeared from her sight, but fearing still that he might meet Fernando, and only certain that she must see him leave the mine before she could take her homeward way.

How long she waited in the solitude of the solemn night and the silence that seemed to brood over the great mountain, she never knew nor could even conjecture. Every thought and feeling was merged in an agony of suspense while the slow moments passed. But suddenly she lifted her head like a startled fawn, for her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps coming hastily down the mountain-side from the direction in which Vyner had gone—footsteps under which twigs and bushes broke, stones clattered downward, and in the echo of which there was an indescribable suggestion of fear and flight.

She rose to her feet, prepared for anything, and, as she did so, her heart seemed to stand still, for it was Fernando whom she saw coming toward her, hurrying forward in a strange, blind haste that seemed to take no heed of obstacles, and with a pallor on his face which owed nothing to the whiteness of the moonbeams. She made a step from behind the trees which sheltered her, and confronted him as he entered the path by which she had ascended.

He recoiled at sight of her with a sharp, quick cry; and indeed he might have been pardoned for thinking that a spirit stood before him, so unearthly was her aspect as the moonlight fell over her, showing her pale face amid the shrouding folds of her drapery. "*Madre de Dios!*" he gasped, and lifted his hand instinctively to make the sign of the cross. But the next instant he knew who stood before him—for Guadalupe spoke.

"Fernando!" she said—and her voice had a heart-piercing

tone of entreaty in it—"what has happened? What have you done?"

"What have I done?" he repeated. A strong shiver shook him from head to foot. "I have killed him, Guadalupe! God knows I did not mean to do it—but he came upon us full of rage, there were hot, bitter words, and in my passion I struck him down."

"Ah, my God, it is what I feared!" she said, smiting her hands together and then clasping them before her eyes as if to shut out the sight of which he spoke. "I came to warn you, but I knew not where to find you. Oh, if I had but known!"

"To warn me?" He looked at her with a sudden perception of the strangeness of her presence at such an hour on this lonely mountain-side. "But how did you know—anything?"

"I was wakeful, thinking of and watching for you," she answered, "when I saw Señor Vyner pass in the direction of the mine, and, fearing that you were here, I came up the mountain in the hope of warning, of saving you from violence and crime. But God did not permit me to do this. Señor Vyner had already arrived when I reached here. Even then, had I known where to find you, I might have warned you, for he entered the mine before ascending the height; but I knew nothing, so I could only wait praying, fearing. But all this matters nothing now. Tell me if there is no hope! Are you certain that you have killed him?"

"I am not certain that he is dead, but I am certain that I gave him a blow which no man could receive and live," Fernando replied. "I did not wait to see how it was with him. When he fell and lay a senseless heap"—a strong shudder shook him again—"I left him. The deed was done. Nothing can undo it now."

"But it may be that you did not kill him!" she cried with sudden, passionate hope. "How can you tell if you did not wait to see? Come, let us go back at once—at once! It may be that we can save him yet."

"Are you mad?" asked Fernando, looking at her with eyes of angry wonder. "*You* go down into that shaft—it is impossible! And for me, nothing will ever take me back. I tell you that no man could receive the blow that I dealt Vyner and live."

"But you do not *know* that he is dead, and yet you would leave him there, injured and alone?" she said in an anguished tone. "Fernando, that cannot be! You must come with me, or I shall go without you."

"You shall not!" he cried. "What insanity is this? He is not alone. I had with me an old man—one of the ancient miners, who knows the locality of the lost lode. *He* is still there, and though old, he is strong and determined. Vyner will never leave the mine alive. Be sure of that."

"Merciful God!"—she shrank back as if from a blow, though no mere physical blow could have equalled the terrible significance of those words. For a moment horror held her motionless. Then the very extremity of the necessity gave her strength to speak.

"Come with me," she said—and it seemed no longer Guadalupe who spoke—"if you have not the soul of a coward, come and see that murder is not done! There is not a second to lose. Come!"

"No!" he answered violently. "Not all the riches of the mine could tempt me to descend that shaft again. Besides, it is too late. The man is either dead or— You do not understand! It would be madness now to let him come forth with such a tale!"

"And so you left him, either to die or be treacherously killed!" she cried in a voice filled with a passion of feeling. "O Fernando! it is you who are mad, who know not what you are doing. You struck him down in anger, but you did not mean to kill him—you said so. Come, then, and let us save him, if he can be saved. Prove to me and to yourself that you are no murderer. If you have ever been, for one hour, the man I believed you, come with me now. For the love of God, come!"

In the extremity of her pleading she forgot the horror that a moment before possessed her, and drew near to him, laying her hand upon his arm with a gesture of entreaty. Had his guardian angel taken mortal form beside him and spoken with mortal tongue, such look and voice could hardly have been fraught with more intense supplication, more ardent appeal, than that of Guadalupe's face as she lifted it toward him, and vibrated in the tones of her voice. But neither face nor voice had power to move the dark spirit of the man to whom she spoke. He flung off her hand with a motion of his arm, and turned upon her with words that like a deadly fire scorched the last vestige of love for him in her heart.

"It must be," he said with a furious glance, "that the man whose life you are so anxious to preserve—whose safety is so much more precious in your eyes than mine—is indeed your lover, as people have said. Do not think that I have not heard

of his visits to you while I—*I* was toiling and sinning for your sake! And if he be your lover, why should you not have betrayed me to him—how else did he come here? You alone knew of my hopes and my labors. Traitress that you are, go to him if you will, but you will be too late to save him, and you may be grateful that I do not kill you with him!"

"To kill my body would be a small thing compared to killing every feeling that I have ever had for you," she answered in a tone which expressed a compassion so great that even scorn was lost in it. "Hereafter what you may think of me is less than nothing to me; but once more, in the name of God, I call upon you to come with me and save your soul from fearful crime. If you will not come, take with you the knowledge that in the sight of God you are a murderer!"

She stood before him with a dignity that was majestic, her bearing full of an almost stern command, her face white and set as if carved in stone, and her eyes burning with a fire before which he shrank. But to do that which she commanded was impossible to him. He hesitated a moment, then made a hopeless gesture and, throwing out his hands wildly, rushed down the mountain.

For an instant Guadalupe remained motionless, listening to the echo of the receding steps which alone broke the solemn silence of the night. And, as she listened, the thought that she was alone—alone to take up the burden of horror from which Fernando had fled, to descend by perilous ways into the dark recesses of the mine, to meet the awful presence of the probably murdered man and the more awful presence of the living one who kept guard over him, fell upon her with a crushing and terrible weight. She sank shuddering upon her knees and lifted her agonized face toward heaven. "Help me, my God!—help me not to fail!" was her inarticulate cry. "Give me a courage great enough for what I must do."

It was only a minute that she spent in supplication, but to those of pure heart and strong faith the Heaven upon which they call is very near, and she felt a courage great enough for all that lay before her when she rose and took her way swiftly toward the mine. She could not afterwards have told what instinct led her to provide herself with the means of light—a candle and matches taken from the receptacle for such objects near the mouth of the tunnel—or which brought her steps so unerringly to the shaft where Vyner had descended. When she saw its dark mouth and the rudely notched pole which constituted the

only way of descent, her heart for an instant failed—but only for an instant. The heroic spirit dominated all instincts of fear, and with one swift, appealing glance toward the bending sky, she stepped downward and began the difficult and perilous descent.

Meanwhile, in a gallery that opened horizontally from the shaft, at a depth of about a hundred and fifty feet below the surface, lay the unconscious form of the man whom Fernando Sandoval had struck down when surprised in his treachery. Since the terrible blow, given with the miner's pick, had descended on his head, he had not stirred; but that he was not dead the old Indian, who bent over him, assured himself now and then by putting his ear to the slow and heavily-beating heart. It was a weird scene which the faint light of a single candle revealed in the dark and gloomy spot. The roughly excavated rock, glistening with moisture as the rays of light struck upon it, arched overhead and formed the walls that led away into blackness beyond. On the damp and muddy floor of the gallery, Vyner lay as he had fallen, with white, senseless face upturned. The old man crouched beside him, his thin, brown countenance absolutely impassive, but his dark, piercing eyes fixed intently on the motionless form, as if watching for the least sign of life; while he kept one thin, sinewy hand buried in the loose, open folds of his shirt. The attitude was significant enough—for there could be no doubt that the object upon which that hand rested was the handle of a knife—but even more significant was the concentration of purpose on the keen face, the unrelaxing watchfulness of the shining glance. Let Vyner stir hand or foot, let his eyes but for one second unclose, and the knife would be buried in his heart. Nothing could be more certain than that. A tiger watching his prey might be expected to relent sooner than the man who watched him with that terrible, impassive face.

But while he watched, his quick ear caught a sound, faint indeed but still a sound which conveyed unmistakably the intimation of another presence beside his own in the mine. The lean, old head on the thin, brown neck turned sharply and listened intently. Had Fernando recovered his courage and was he returning, or—could it be possible that some one else was slowly and with difficulty descending the shaft? Such a thing was wildly improbable, but it was not impossible, and rising from his crouching posture with a resolute expression, the old man seized the candle, which had been fastened on a projecting rock

by a lump of mud, and with the long, nervous fingers of the hand in his bosom clutching yet more firmly the handle of the knife which lay there, he went forward to investigate.

Before he reached the end of the gallery, however, a presence —or was it an apparition?—appeared there, framed in the rough stone arch, which the light that it carried illumined, like a picture of some fair, tender saint, or of the Queen of Saints, Mary most merciful, suddenly brought to life. Like a star against the gloom and darkness, the beautiful white face appeared, and the dilated eyes shone with a lustre not of earth as they met his terrified gaze. He had not a moment's doubt of the supernatural character of the figure—for how could mortal woman appear in such a place, and when did mortal woman ever wear such an aspect? The candle dropped from his trembling hand as he fell on his knees, making the sign of the cross and crying, as Fernando had cried before him, the loved, familiar, yet now terrible name, "*Madre de Dios!*"

"Do you take *me* for the Mother of God, Rosalio Gallardo?" asked Guadalupe, pausing before him, "that you kneel to me like this? And yet, before you rise, thank her that I have been sent to save you from terrible crime. For he lives yet—the man whom you have stayed here to guard—is it not so? God has not permitted him to die, or you to commit the sin which has been in your heart?"

The man rose slowly to his feet. He was still trembling in every limb. The occurrence seemed to him hardly less wonderful, hardly less supernatural, now that he knew it was only a woman of the earth, not an inhabitant of the shining heavens, who spoke to him. Her appearance savored of the miraculous hardly less than if she had been a spirit, and the majesty of her bearing, the dignity of her address, impressed him as the higher nature must always impress the lower, unless the latter has lost all habit of reverence, all belief in higher things; and these no Mexican has wholly lost.

"Yes, señora," Rosalio answered, scarcely knowing what he said, "he is living yet. I—was watching him. Maria Santissima knows—"

"Show me where he is," said Guadalupe, passing him by.

She had not now the faintest thought of fear, alone though she was in the depths of the earth with a half-murdered man, and one who was a murderer in intent, if not in act. Had she exhibited a single sign of timidity or the least consciousness of danger, there is no telling what the result might have been; but

her manner could not have been more assured in its quiet command had she stood on the threshold of her own house, with hosts of servants within her call. Without casting a glance behind at the man she had passed, she went quickly forward, knelt down by Vyner's prostrate form, and laid her hand upon his heart. Then she looked up at Rosalio, who had drawn near and stood beside her. "Bring me some water," she said, with the same air and tone of authority.

He obeyed silently, bringing some water from a place not far distant and watching with gloomy interest while she bathed the face of the unconscious man, loosened his collar, and pressed a few drops of the moisture between his pale lips. Presently, under this reviving influence, his respiration grew more apparent, and it was evident that life was asserting itself against the terrible effect of the blow which, but for the heavy hat he had worn, would have left no life to survive. Then again Guadalupe looked up at the statue-like figure beside her.

"Have you any stimulant?" she asked quickly—"aguardiente, tequila, anything?"

There was a moment's barely perceptible hesitation before the man turned again and, going to the place from whence he had brought the water, brought now a bottle containing a colorless liquid which was no other than the fiery *vino de mescal*, locally known as tequila. But before giving the bottle into her outstretched hand he looked at her with his keen, deep-set eyes, and spoke for the first time since she had cut short his first speech.

"Would it not be well," he said, "for the señora to stop and think a moment before she brings this man back to life. I know now who the señora is. If he lives, what will become of her cousin, Fernando Sandoval?"

She glanced up at him with a gaze filled with the light of a steadfast purpose. "If by God's help I can save this man's life," she said, "I shall save my cousin from crime and undying remorse. And I shall save you, too, little as you seem to think of it. What manner of life have you lived that in your last days—for you are an old man—you can wish to lose your soul by an act of deliberate murder? Give me that bottle and lift his head."

He gave the bottle without another word, and, kneeling on Vyner's other side, obediently raised his head while she poured a few drops of the potent stimulant between his lips. Almost immediately the result was apparent in the strengthening of his

before hardly perceptible pulse. Again and yet again she poured the liquid cautiously down his throat, until suddenly—oh, wonder hardly hoped for!—he gave a half-strangled gasp and, opening his eyes, looked at her.

Two hours later a faint, exhausted man lay stretched on the ground at the mouth of the shaft. As long as he lives the memory of that ascent will be to him a nightmare of horror. But for the rope fastened around his waist and held by the old man who preceded him up the primitive ladder, he could never have reached the top. More than once he had swayed, tottered, almost fallen, while a faintness as of death nearly overpowered him. But Rosalio's sustaining hand above, and Guadalupe's encouraging voice below, sustained him—enabling him to fight off the black unconsciousness; and at last, after what seemed an eternity of painful effort, he felt the fresh air of the upper world, saw the white glory of the moonlight, and fell down a well-nigh senseless heap once more under the vast, bending heaven.

But revival was not so difficult now when all the blessed influences of Nature aided in the work. Like a man in a dream he was conscious again of Guadalupe's hand bathing his brow, of the fiery liquid she offered to his lips, and of the urgency of her voice.

"Bring his horse," she said to Rosalio. "Have it ready here. There must be no delay, or daylight will surprise you on the road. Ah, señor, rouse yourself!—for the love of God make another effort!"

Who could withstand that piteous appeal! Vyner opened his eyes and murmured, "What do you wish me to do?"

"To mount your horse as soon as you are able," she answered. "You can ride slowly—this man will lead the animal and support you in the saddle. You *must* get home before daylight comes and people are abroad."

"Why?" he asked brokenly. "I will stay here until I can—send for a carriage."

She seized him by the shoulder in her desperation and shook him almost fiercely. "Señor," she said, "listen to me! I have saved your life; but for me you would be lying dead down there in the mine! I tell you this that you may do something for me, that you may rouse yourself for the effort I ask of you. It is hard—I know it is hard—but oh, for God's sake, for my sake, try!"

He rose and staggered to his feet. Dull and stupid as he

yet felt, he understood her words and knew that they were true. But for her he would indeed be lying dead, down in the dark depths of the mine, never again to feel the sweet air of heaven or look upon the beauty of the earth. What, then, could she ask of him that he would not, must not do? A faint stirring of life came to him—somewhat blindly he put out his hand to her.

"Do what you will with me," he said. "I am ready."

She made a quick motion to the old Indian, and between them they helped him to his saddle. Then Rosalio flung a steadying arm around him, and placed the other hand upon the bridle of the horse. "Take him to the door of his house and leave him there in charge of his servants," said Guadalupe, in a low, firm tone. "Remember, if he is not carried safely, I will tell *all*." Then she looked up in the face of the man who—swaying slightly from weakness—looked down upon her. To his dying day he will never forget that countenance, white as carven marble, with its dark, luminous, mournful eyes, on which the moonlight fell.

"Señor," she said, "if I remind you again of what I have done for you, it is only that I may ask a pledge of you. Promise me that you will be silent about the events of this night. Make what use you will of all that you have learned—but tell nothing of how you learned it, or of how you have suffered. This is much to ask, but I *do* ask it of you—in exchange for your life."

"I will be silent as the grave from which you have saved me," he answered solemnly. "I promise you that on my honor."

He almost thought that she smiled, so sweet a relaxation came to the tense lines about her lips. She looked at him gratefully. One would have thought that it was her own life which had been saved.

"Thank you," she said softly. "God keep you and restore you soon to health."

She made a motion to the silent figure at the horse's side. Quickly the man stepped out in the long stride of his race, keeping step easily with the animal, and they passed away down the mountain, leaving her alone in the still glory of the solemn night.

IX.

The little Mexican town rang next morning with the news that the English señor of the Espiritu Santo Mine had been

nearly murdered, and left mysteriously in an insensible condition at his own door. The *mozo* who slept in the vestibule had been roused by a loud knocking, but by the time he had sleepily risen from his mat, shaken himself, and unbarred the heavy portals, he found no one except his master, leaning forward in a state of semi-unconsciousness on the neck of his horse, which stood motionless, as if possessing a knowledge that all was not right with his rider. Moonlight still lay white over the earth, but the first faint flush of dawn was in the eastern sky, as the astonished servant looked up and down the long, silent street and found no sign of any living figure. Whoever had given the summons which roused him had, when assured of his approach, fled swiftly and vanished completely. Wondering and foreboding, the man approached his master and lifted him from the saddle. Vyner made one last effort to do what was necessary; but nature had been taxed to its utmost. He reeled as if drunken, caught the *mozo's* arm, and would have fallen heavily had not that arm interposed and saved him. The man laid him down within the threshold and roused the other servants. Together they bore him to his bed and summoned a doctor, who found him unconscious from an injury on the head which he at once pronounced to have been caused by a blow that came narrowly near fracturing the skull, and the consequences of which might prove very serious.

That they were less serious than he anticipated reflected no discredit upon his professional foresight. The patient had a strong constitution and probably a very hard head also; for the concussion of the brain from which he suffered did not lead to brain fever, as the doctor feared it would. After a few days the stupor passed, and the mind began to act again—slowly going back over the events of the night which would henceforth stand out from all other nights in his memory.

For as he lay, weak in body and by no means strong as regarded mental processes, one face dominated all that he remembered of this night—a pale, beautiful face, at which he had gazed out of a black mist of unconsciousness like unto death, in the dark depths of the mine, and again in the white lustre of the moonbeams upon the surface of the earth. He might have thought his memory of it a delusion but for the fact that his recollection, dim enough on other points, was most clear and insistent with regard to all that Guadalupe had said and done. But how did she come to be there? What possible influence had brought the carefully guarded maiden to that lonely moun-

tain at such an hour? Judging the strength of the influence by the peril incurred, he said to himself that it must have been powerful beyond all measure of expression. Was it for the sake of the cousin whom he had found so treacherously engaged in betraying himself? But how could her presence advantage Fernando, absorbed as he was in feverish work? Could it possibly, then, have been for *him*, Vyner, that she had set at naught all fear, risked all dangers? Had she by some strange chance learned of his peril and come to save him? It must be so—since what but the compelling force of love, that counts no obstacles and considers no dangers where the safety of the loved one is concerned, could have nerved a delicate girl to the descent into the mine where she had found him.

And as he laid this flattering belief to his heart he felt that heart beating as it had never throbbed before. He knew now how much Guadalupe's apparent indifference had held in check his passion for her, since in the thought of what she had done and dared for him it burst all bounds and seemed to pour like fire through his veins. Had he fancied that he had outlived such possibilities of feeling? Well, it was worth while to have been spared from death to be undeceived, to know once more the ardor of primitive passion, the wild, thrilling, unreasoning love before which all other feelings vanish as dry grass before flame. He absolutely forgot the existence of the woman he had loved in England, he gave not a thought to the lost lode or to Fernando's treachery. Everything was merged in one overmastering desire to see Guadalupe again, and to make her his own for ever.

Meanwhile he had seen no one but the doctor, for all other visitors were by that authority sternly forbidden; but as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to permit the least conversation with safety to his health, a visitor who would not be denied came—the *jefe-politico* of the town, whose call was both of a friendly and official character. He wished to know how Señor Vyner was, and also to inquire into the particulars of what had befallen him—"since it is necessary," he said politely, "that your assailant should be punished."

"But suppose, señor, that I had no assailant," replied Vyner quietly. "I was unfortunate enough to meet with an accident—but the nature of it only concerns myself."

The official looked at him keenly and read a mystery. "Pardon me, señor," he said, "but some accidents concern very much those whose duty it is to guard order and punish crime. I shall

be very much obliged, therefore, if you will give me an account of what befell you on the night when you were absent from your house, and when you returned—or were brought back—in so sad a condition."

"I am sorry that it is altogether out of my power to oblige you," replied Vyner with equal courtesy of manner and decision of tone. "I repeat that the events of that night concern no one but myself; and I therefore decline absolutely to give any account of them."

The eyes of the two men met and rested each upon the other for a space of time measured by no more than seconds, but it was enough to convince the Mexican that nothing was to be gained by pressing his inquiries.

"I understand, señor," he said, dropping his eyes. "It was an affair of gallantry, no doubt, and the consequences—well, they are not uncommon with our people. It is fortunate that you escaped a knife-thrust, which might not have been so easily healed. And there is positively no one, then, whom you would wish to see punished?"

"No one," replied Vyner. "I appreciate your zeal, señor, and am grateful for your solicitude in my behalf; but I can tell you nothing."

"I am sorry that you are so positive," said the other regretfully. "It is mortifying that a stranger should suffer such injuries in our midst, and that no steps should be taken to punish those who inflicted them; but if we have no information to proceed upon—"

"It is impossible for you to do anything," said Vyner in prompt conclusion. "Believe me, I recognize that fully; and I beg you to accept my thanks again for your admirable intentions."

And so the interview ended. Public curiosity and official zeal were alike destined to remain ungratified with regard to a matter which stirred both very deeply; for there was not the least clue by means of which to arrive at a knowledge of events the chief actor in which remained so determinedly silent. An affair of gallantry was an easy explanation to suggest; but it was trying, to say the least, that no one could throw the least light upon the person or persons concerned therein.

At the mine, meanwhile, everything had gone on as usual; for reluctant as Fernando had been to return to his post the morning after Vyner's discovery of his treachery, a few words from Guadalupe had decided him to do so. She found him

awaiting her at the foot of the mountain when she descended, for until he saw her and learned whether or not Vyner was absolutely dead, he could not decide where to go or what to do. On seeing him she paused and spoke very quietly.

"Señor Vyner lives," she said. "Thank God that I was in time to save him. He revived sufficiently to ascend the shaft, and I have sent him home in charge of the old man—who knows that if he is not taken there safely, I will tell everything."

"He revived—you have sent him home!" stammered Fernando. He could only gaze at her as if fascinated. Was it indeed Guadalupe who seemed so calm, so fearless, so strangely altered from the girl he had known and loved all his life? He could hardly have felt a greater change in her had she been indeed the spirit for which he had first taken her.

"Yes, he has gone home," she repeated. "Whether to live or die God only knows. But in either case you are safe—as far as the knowledge of men is concerned. He has promised me that he will be silent regarding all that has happened this night. I think that he will keep his promise. To-morrow you must go to the mine as usual and remain there until it is possible for you to leave in an apparently natural manner."

"Go to the mine!" he repeated aghast. "I cannot do it—it is impossible!"

"Then you will proclaim everything, and bring shame upon yourself and all connected with you," she answered. "Have you no thought of your father's honorable name? Do you wish to break his heart? This is something which does not concern yourself alone. If you refuse, terrible as the necessity will be, I must speak to my uncle."

"Are you not afraid to threaten *me?*" he demanded, turning upon her. "Does your infatuation for your new lover carry you so far that you dare all things? Speak to my father by all means! It will be interesting to know what he will think of this midnight excursion of yours."

"I am not afraid that my uncle will doubt or disbelieve me when I tell him what led me out of his house alone, in the night," she answered. "But I hope that he may be spared the knowledge of how I went to save his son from being detected in treachery, and found him flying with blood upon his hand and soul. No more, Fernando—let us talk no more! The dead have no need of words, and you and I are dead to each other

henceforth. Only remember that you must go to the mine to-morrow—and that if you do not I shall tell my uncle all."

She drew the shrouding folds of her drapery closer about her face and made a movement to pass on, but Fernando put out his hand and stopped her.

"One moment!" he said hoarsely. "Do you believe that Vyner will keep his promise and be silent?"

"I believe it," she answered.

"And if not—?"

"If not, could anything be worse than the confession which your own flight would make? Ah, for your father's sake, be a man, Fernando! Spare him the knowledge of that which his best-loved son, the pride of his heart, has become!"

"And you—and you, Guadalupe!" He sank suddenly on his knees on the path before her, and caught her dress with eager hands. "Have you no pity for the man whose love for you led him into dishonor and crime? God forgives the penitent and do *you* refuse to do so? I know that I have outraged and insulted you to-night—but I never believed, never meant it! Madness spoke, not I. You have saved me from a murderer's remorse and perhaps a murderer's doom—save me now from misery and despair! Bid me go to that accursed mine for *your* sake, and I will do it! What do I say? I would go—I have gone—to the very gates of hell for your sake!"

"And that being so, Fernando, you shall never go there or elsewhere for me," she answered solemnly. "If I have been the unhappy cause that tempted you into dark paths, I will be so no longer. We will think no more of love, but of penitence. You, for yourself, and I for you, will beg God to pardon the sin which almost culminated to-night in the worst of crimes. Go, pray for that pardon, and resolve to bear the bitter expiation which follows all wrong-doing with the courage of one who has not forgotten that he was once a brave and an honorable man. Now I must go. If my absence is discovered, it will be ill for both of us."

"And not one word—not one word of pardon, Guadalupe?"

She looked at him with a glance in which there was the pitying pardon of an angel—but where he would have sought vainly for the love of a woman. The word he craved she did not speak; but lifting her hand she made the sign of the cross over his upturned face—a beautiful mode of household blessing in Mexico—and then turned quickly and left him.

X.

It was a few days after the visit of the *jefe-politico*, and when Vyner was beginning to consider whether he was not able to ride out to the hacienda, since he longed above all things for a sight of Guadalupe, that he received a call from another and most unexpected visitor. This was the *cura*, or parish priest, of the town—a tall, grave, slender man, whom Vyner had often admired as a picturesque figure when he saw him passing along the streets draped in the graceful folds of his cloak, and whose dark, delicate face and tonsured head recalled the pictures of ascetic saints with which all the world is familiar in Spanish and Italian galleries. But beyond exchanging a courteous salutation occasionally when accidentally meeting, he had no acquaintance with this interesting person; and he was, therefore, not a little surprised when his servant announced "El Señor Cura," and into the room where he reclined in semi-invalid ease the priest walked.

It appeared at first as if his visit was only of a friendly nature, to express concern at the serious injury which had befallen one who was a stranger and a foreigner, and to offer the most apparently sincere congratulations on his recovery. But as he talked, Vyner could not resist the impression that he knew the true cause of his mysterious accident; and this impression received absolute confirmation when, on preparing to take leave, the *cura* uttered a few significant words.

"It has given me pleasure to pay this visit, señor; but since I could hardly claim the honor of your acquaintance, I might not perhaps have ventured to intrude upon you had I not been asked to do so by one who takes a deep interest in your condition—the Señorita Guadalupe Sandoval."

At sound of that name the color leaped to Vyner's cheek and a light into his eyes; but before he could speak the priest went on:

"She is not only anxious to know how you are, but she wishes much to see you. She is to-day at the *curato* with my sister. Is it possible for you to walk there and speak to her for a few minutes? She desires to see you more privately than is possible at the hacienda."

Vyner was on his feet in an instant. He forgot that he had ever been a sick man. An elixir of vitality seemed poured into his veins in the mere thought that Guadalupe wished to see him, that she had sent for him.

"I shall be delighted, señor," he managed to say. "Doña Guadalupe honors me by her request. Can I accompany you at once?"

"It will be well," answered the *cura* with a slight smile.

And so, walking as one in a dream, Vyner went with the tall, black-draped figure out into the glare of the sunlit streets. It was not very far to the *curato*, which adjoined the church, and once formed part of an ancient monastery. There was a cloistral air still about the beautiful old court into which Vyner found himself introduced, where a great brimming fountain filled the centre, in the midst of broad-leaved tropical plants, and vines that with a wealth of greenery clambered up the pillars and around the carved stone arches of the corridors which encircled the four sides of the quadrangle. All was still and full of the spirit of repose. Two or three white-plumaged pigeons were resting on the edge of the fountain, now and then dipping their beaks in the water like Pliny's doves. Some of the ancient monastic inscriptions were still visible on the walls. As Vyner sat down, while the *cura* with a few words of apology left him, he found himself half-unconsciously reading these inscriptions: "*Guardad el orden para que el orden os guarde.*" "*Sin la Fé es impossible agradar á Dios.*" "*Que aprovecha al hombre ganar el mundo entero si pierde su alma.*" "*Si no hiziereis penitencia todos igualmente perecereis.*"

So they ran, the spirit which they breathed making a strange contrast to the mood of the man who read them. He might have been struck with this himself had not the thought of Guadalupe near at hand banished all possible reflections upon the brown-robed Franciscans who once paced these cloisters and thus reminded themselves of their renunciation of the world and all things earthly.

It seemed to him that the *cura* was long absent, but in reality only a few minutes elapsed before he returned, saying with grave courtesy, "If you will come this way, señor, Doña Guadalupe will see you."

A moment later Vyner found himself in a long, lofty room, very bare of furniture but impressive from its fine air of space, its rigorous cleanliness and noble proportions. A few religious pictures, old and dim but of evident artistic value, hung upon the walls, a number of straight-backed chairs were ranged below them. At one end of the apartment stood a table on which were books, writing materials, and a tall ivory crucifix. Near this was a small square of carpet, a narrow sofa, and two or

three more comfortable chairs. To this place of honor the *cura* ceremoniously led his guest, but, before he could obey the gesture which invited him to be seated, a door at the farther end of the room opened, and Guadalupe entered.

Vyner's first sensation on seeing her was one of shocked surprise—so much had she changed since he saw her last. How pale and thin was her face, how dark the shadows beneath her beautiful eyes! She looked like one who had just arisen from a bed of sickness; and this thought found expression in his first words.

"You have been ill!" he said, taking a few impetuous steps to meet her. "It was too much for you—" He paused abruptly. He had been about to add, "that night upon the mountain when you saved me," but the *cura* was still standing by, and he suddenly remembered that he did not know how much or how little had been revealed to the latter.

"I have been ill a little," she answered, "but it did not matter. Why should you speak of anything so unimportant? I can think of nothing but my gratitude to God that I see you standing before me once more in life and health. Ah, señor, never, never can I be grateful enough that our prayers—" she glanced at the priest as if to show who was included in the plural pronoun—"have been heard, and your life has been spared."

"Señor Vyner has indeed much to thank God and you for," said the *cura* impressively. "And now I will leave you to speak to him undisturbed."

He turned and went out, closing the door carefully behind him. Guadalupe sat down on the sofa, and, leaning back with an air of weakness, invited Vyner by a gesture to take the chair nearest her. He obeyed; but so powerful was the emotion which filled his heart as he looked at her, that he was absolutely incapable of utterance, and it was she who spoke first.

"It is very good of you, señor, to come so promptly in answer to my summons. Since we have heard that you were getting better, I have troubled myself much to think how I could possibly be sure of obtaining a few words alone with you—for they are words which it is very necessary that I should speak. But my kind friend the *cura* came to my assistance and offered to arrange an opportunity. This is why I see you here."

"I felt your summons to be an honor," Vyner answered, "and as for my coming promptly—one does not deserve much

thanks for doing that which one desires to do above all things. I, too, have been troubling myself with the thought of how I could best manage to see you—but it was not so much for the sake of anything I had to say, as simply to see you. And yet I have much to say, for I have my life to thank you for. I do not know how or why you came to be upon that mountain; but I know well that had you *not* been there, I should not be here now."

She put her hands to her face for a moment with a slight shudder, as if the memory of that to which he alluded was almost more than she could bear. Then dropping them into her lap, she looked at him steadily with her sad, lovely gaze.

"And if I did something for you that night, señor," she said, "you have fully repaid me by the strict and honorable manner in which you have observed the secrecy I asked of you. To know the truth would, I think, kill my uncle—for he has had much trouble, and he is a proud man. I am aware that I asked much of you in entreating this silence—for you have been betrayed in your most important interests by one whom you trusted—betrayed, as well as almost murdered. I am bowed to the earth with shame when I think of it, when I say to myself that my cousin—"

She paused, her voice choked with the emotion which for a moment she could not control. And it was then, without an instant's premeditation, that Vyner let himself go.

"Guadalupe, Guadalupe," he said, suddenly bending forward and taking the two slender hands that lay in her lap, "do not think of these things! Think only of what I am going to tell you. I love you with all my heart! What is it to me whether your cousin betrayed me or not? I thank him for nearly killing me, since it has made me owe my life—my new life—to you. If you will take this life, which is now yours and yours only, I can ask nothing better of earth. And I have said to myself of late that there may be a hope of this happiness for me if it was indeed for *my* sake that you climbed that lonely mountain in the dead of night—"

She drew her hands from his grasp with a look of something akin to terror. "Ah, my God!" she breathed, as if to herself, "what is this? Señor, what can I say to you?" she went on, looking at Vyner. "You are mistaken. It was not for your sake I went to the mine that night. It was to warn my cousin of your coming, since I saw you pass our house."

He started as if she had stung him. "What!" he said in a

voice the tones of which were all jarring, "you knew, then, of his treachery, and wished to shield him from discovery?"

"I wished," she said, "to save him from possible crime, and you from possible danger—for I feared what would occur if you met. I did not know he was there, but I suspected it; and your going to the mine at such an hour made me almost certain of it. So I went—and although I was not able to prevent what I feared, by God's mercy I prevented its worse consequence."

"Ah," he said, "I remember now that your manner the day before first made me think that there might be something wrong with your cousin. I felt then that you feared or suspected something. But let that pass. How does it matter? Whether you went that night for my sake or not, you saved my life, and I love you with a passionate devotion. I can think of nothing but these things—nothing else is worth a moment's consideration. Guadalupe, will you not take the life and the devotion? Ah! if you only will—"

He leaned forward as if he would again have seized her hands, but she drew slightly away and spoke with a grave and gentle dignity, which even in that moment he thought he had never seen equalled.

"Señor," she said, "listen to me while I tell you a story. It is one which I came here to tell you, though I never thought of such a reason for it as the one you have just given me. You know, perhaps, that I have grown up in my uncle's house, and that my cousin Fernando and I have known each other from our earliest years. But you do not know that we have loved each other always—not as cousins only, but in a more tender and peculiar manner. Had things been different, we should have been acknowledged lovers. But everything was against us—most of all our poverty. I am a child of charity, possessing nothing, and my uncle, with a large family and many cares, could give Fernando nothing. So there seemed before us only hopeless waiting, or more hopeless separation. And then came the temptation which turned Fernando from an honorable man into a traitor. His heart was set upon finding the lost lode of the Espiritu Santo Mine. Once, and once only, he spoke to me of his hopes, when first there was a question of his taking service with you. I urged him not to do so—urged him until I angered him, and never again would he speak to me on the subject. I knew nothing of what he was doing, but I lived in dread. I suspected that he was betraying your interests, and I knew not which I

feared most—his conviction of treachery or his success. I could not sleep at night for thinking and watching, and so it came to pass that I saw you when you went by on that night. The sight of you seemed to confirm my worst fears, and trusting to the help of God, I took the short path up the mountain, hoping to arrive before you, warn Fernando, and avert the terrible consequences which must follow, I feared, a meeting between you. But I was too late for this—you were already there when I arrived. So I could do nothing but wait—O Mother of God! in what heart-sickening suspense!—until Fernando came rushing down the mountain like a madman, and told me he had left you injured—dying, in the mine—"

Her tones faltered, ceased—for a moment she could not continue. It was Vyner who broke the pause by speaking; but his voice sounded strangely different from that in which he had spoken before.

"And then you went down into that dark and dangerous shaft to save me! Did you not think that it might be better and *safer* for the man you loved to leave me there to die?"

There was something pathetic, though not reproachful, in the glance of the dark eyes as they met his own. "I only thought," she said, "that I would willingly die myself to save you, and to atone for the great wrong that had been done you. And when I asked you to meet me here, it was to tell you this story that you might understand—a little—how Fernando was tempted to so base an act."

"I can understand a man being tempted to *anything* for love of you!" said Vyner, as if the words were wrung from him.

"I forced him to return to the mine the next day," she went on, as if eager to end her story, "because if he had stayed away he would at once have been identified as your assailant. He was loath to go, but for his father's sake he compelled himself to do so. When you are able to return to the mine, he will leave it at once. All is over. He has lost everything. I hope, therefore, that you will be generous and spare him as much as possible—that you will continue to preserve the secrecy—"

"You have my promise," Vyner interposed hoarsely. "It was given you not for a week, a month, a year—but for my life. Your cousin is safe from me. But God of heaven! how can you say that he has lost everything when he still has *you?*"

"No," she said quietly, "he has me no longer. All is at an end between us. I am going away—it is likely that I shall never come back. But before going, I wished to tell you this

that you might understand—and I wished also to thank you for the great generosity of your silence."

"You shame me when you speak to me in that manner," he said. "But for you my lips would have been sealed in an eternal silence. Could I do less, then, than I have done—even if I did not love you? But I do love you with all the passion of my soul—you must know and feel that. What is your childish romance with your cousin to me? You have found him unworthy, you have given him up. Guadalupe, come, then, to me! —come and bless my life with your love, for I tell you that I cannot live without you."

"Oh, yes, señor!" she said with almost tender sadness, "you will live very well without me. For, indeed, I think we should prove very unlike, you and I—and when you go back to your own country you will feel this. I should be as alien to your country, your ideas, your life, as you are to my country, my life, and my religion. Still I know that love can build a bridge over greater differences than these. But I do not love you, señor. I have loved only Fernando all my life. And although he has killed that love, I cannot put another in his place. I have been through dark and bitter waters since the night when I met him flying with your blood upon his soul; but now the worst is over and my way is clear. I am going to offer my heart to God, if he will accept it. If not, I shall find work to do in the world. But with love, as I have known it, I am done for ever. Speak to me of it no more."

He looked at her with an expression of mingled anguish and despair. Never before, in all his spoiled life, had he felt so hopeless, never before realized that something opposed him stronger than any force which he could bring to bear against it. Given a woman of the world—of his own world—and he would have known well what to say in such a case; but what could he say to this girl who had been moulded by influences so alien to any he had known, and in whose beautiful eyes all fires of earthly passion seemed indeed for ever quenched? He could only put out his hand with a great and bitter cry of yearning.

"Guadalupe," he said, "you break my heart! I have hoped so much, so much—and now you tell me that there is no hope!"

"None from me, señor," she answered very gently. "But remember that I shall never forget my debt of gratitude to you, and that as long as I live your name will always have a place

in my prayers. Take again my heart's best thanks, and now—*Adios.*"

The sweet and solemn farewell was still sounding in his ears as he left the room, and still before his eyes he saw—for how many a long day would he not continue to see!—the last picture of Guadalupe, standing in the dim light of the old monastic chamber, with the white crucifix outlined against the wall behind her graceful head.

The *cura*, pacing to and fro in the corridor, breviary in hand, met him with something of compassion in his dark, gentle glance. Perhaps the white face of the young man told its own story to those observant eyes.

"You will rest a little longer, señor," he said kindly, "before going out again into the sun? And a glass of wine—"

But Vyner declined these friendly offers. "The sun matters nothing, señor," he said a little grimly. "It is necessary that I should return to my house. I have many preparations to make. I am leaving for England immediately."

"It is best," said the *cura*. "You will find that when you are once at home, your wound will cure very speedily."

Was there a double meaning in his speech? Vyner did not know. But these words too remained with him, as he passed from the cool, shaded court, with its fountain and doves, its blooming flowers and ascetic inscriptions, to the white glare and dust of the street beyond.

CHRISTIAN REID.

Salisbury, N. C.

SPEAKING TO THE CENTURY.*

FELLOW-CATHOLICS AND FRIENDS:

It would have given me a long-wished-for gratification had I been able to accept the kind proposal, which I owe, like so much other kindness, to Father Elliott—that I should attend this great meeting of American Catholic writers and readers. But I am kept in my own corner by various duties; and will therefore ask leave to submit, in such manner as I may, a few suggestions on the method of our literary propaganda. I speak as to laymen, without touching, though I should be the last to forget it, on that obligation of directly explaining and inculcating the dogmas of the Faith, which is the pastor's prerogative. Father Hecker—that illustrious son of the American Church—has called your task in literature an Apostolate. "He believed," says his biographer, "in types, as he believed in pulpits." Let me add to this excellent saying, that the printing-press has become the tallest pulpit in the world. It preaches, not once a week, but from day to day, from hour to hour. The great literary fact of our time is Journalism. But when I am asked which is likely to be the most successful method of exercising the Apostolate to which you are called, I answer that for a long time it must be the *indirect* method. And now let me explain my meaning.

A Catholic audience, numbering millions, you have in America. And, though it will be allowed that, from the circumstances of their history, they are not the most given to reading of Americans, yet they do read and will read. Most true. But it does not follow that they will read, chiefly or entirely, magazines, pamphlets, and volumes addressed to themselves by their own writers. If they do—as they OUGHT—so much the better. God speed them on that excellent way! Judging, however, from English experience, I must fear that a publicist who depended solely on his Catholic brethren for support, would run some risk of financial disaster. From which undoubted fact I draw this conclusion, that when a Catholic writer means to succeed in his profession, and to make a living as well as a name—which he has every right to do—he must widen his outlook, and turn like

* Read at the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press.

others to the general public. The men and women among us who have gained celebrity never did so by addressing a home-circle. In every branch of literature we have worthy representatives. But when a man succeeds in journalism, romance, or philosophy, he does so, not simply as a Catholic, but on his own account, as recognizable by his genius or talent, and as depending on himself for the influence he wields.

Here I see an opportunity of doing good on the very largest scale. I do not ask such men to preach Christian dogma out of season, or to assume the office of theologians. But, leaving aside direct attempts at controversy, how much can they not achieve by a careful choice of materials, by sound healthy criticism of what is deleterious in the prevailing fashions of literature, and by merely putting good work in the place of bad? When they have the ear of the public, they are, to a remarkable extent, their own masters. For, note well, it is not the millions who insist on their teachers in the daily and weekly press becoming purveyors to them of what is base and corrupting. The demand has been artificially stimulated by the supply, not the supply furnished on demand. Healthy reading is welcomed by those laboring classes which, as time goes on, will prove, more and more, to be the best patrons of literature. No doubt, if they are tempted with garbage, many of them will be poisoned. But the temptation, I repeat, comes from the manufacturer of the devil's wares, and not from the public. If there is a shame clinging to much modern journalism, it should be laid at the door of the journalist and his paymaster. Give the people wholesome bread; they will be only too glad to find the taste of it in their mouths. That is what I believe.

Moreover, the thing can be done. Vice is neither amusing nor exhilarating. There is nothing bright in the vulgar, nauseous details which fill column after column of our miserable "first-class dailies," whose custom it is to pollute the air of London and New York, breeding on all sides a moral plague. "Yet," I shall be reminded, "they sell by the hundred thousand." Of course they do, exactly as the vile furniture, made under a sweating contract in the Curtain Road at the East End, is sold in fashionable stores—for want of something better. I do not say that this abomination can be healed by direct preaching. But I do say that every one of our journalists should set his face against it. Many of us can, by using tact and judgment, prevent some of the mischief. And all, if they will keep their

own work uncontaminated, may do their share in proving that wit and wisdom, in Lord Beaconsfield's happy phrase, are "on the side of the angels." They will be helping on the day of reform when journalism shall be no longer what it now is—an open sewer, offensive to eye and nostril, the great standing disgrace of a reading age.

Catholic writers abound in this department; and I feel justified, therefore, in dwelling on the responsibilities they incur whenever they omit an occasion of withstanding the enemy who is called Belial, and who now stalks abroad as though the world belonged to him. The command which St. Paul gave us long ago has not lost its credentials: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are *just*, whatsoever things are *pure*, whatsoever things are *lovely*, whatsoever things are of *good report*, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." A very precise definition of what modern journalism is not, and of what it steadfastly declines to be! Here, I say, is occasion for an Apostolate; nay, and if any one have the spirit and the courage, for deeds of martyrdom.

But I have no intention of decrying all current literature, as though it were hopelessly tainted. And in the cheering assurance that God has left Himself a witness among those whom it illustrates and who give it a corresponding worth, I would ask our Catholic friends to cultivate the art of *criticism*, sifting out the chaff from the wheat, burning what is evil, and spreading abroad whatever they find of good. This, let me say, is an undertaking as difficult as it is necessary. It requires an extensive knowledge of modern modes of thought, combined with an accurate and sure grasp of the Catholic teaching. For fifty men who have learned their faith, and know it thoroughly, there may not be one who can describe without mistake the relation of other creeds to his own. Differences of language, of bringing up, of association, thrust themselves in at every step; and the hardest of all things may be to ascertain what precisely is the point to be argued. Yet that point will often be of the most vital consequence. Now, here is a demand for what I often call "the gift of interpretation." Merely to repeat the axioms and first principles of Catholic tradition, though they contain revealed truth itself, is lost labor in the province I am considering. Such a method will persuade nobody except those who are already persuaded. The teaching must be fitted to the mind which we are bent upon en-

lightening. Yet it must be so fitted as to remain true and sound Catholic doctrine. It must be neither distorted, nor minimized, nor explained away. And when I say "Catholic doctrine," I include all the truths of Theism, and the high and beautiful philosophy, whether of art or of nature, implied in our creed or issuing out of it. You perceive at once how promising, yet how full of difficulty, and even of danger, is the path to which I would direct your attention. It is the time, not of a seeming reconciliation between light and darkness; but of the dove-tailing, so to speak, of new truths into the old—the translation of Christian principles into a language suited to these times; and a manly, earnest, and generous effort to baptize the nineteenth century into the Gospel of Christ.

The manner of accomplishing this enterprise I would term "selective criticism." *Not* "eclectic," observe; for "eclecticism" is to be "carried about by every wind of doctrine," discerning neither the true nor the false. We, I repeat, have a standard to go by; not of our own invention, but given to us from on High. Therefore, we should be able to try all things, and to judge them in the Spirit. We are not to be dazzled, or surprised, or daunted, by the glamour of knowledge; or by the pretentious philosophies, the Utopian systems, that fill the air with storm and confusion to-day. Ours is the duty, upon us has the burden come of turning "the hearts of the fathers to the children" and of the children to the fathers; of helping to build up a new world, on the ruins of many systems it may be, but on the sure foundation of a living Christian Church that cannot be ruined. Is there a social ideal, a more humane inspiration, beginning to shape society anew? The home of all true ideals is the Catholic Church. Do we hear of the millions coming up, at last, into the place of self-government, crying for light and food, asking why their daily toil is not sweetened by justice and the sense of brotherhood? They are the millions of a people who should be our own; and to whom we can offer a Gospel of salvation, social no less than spiritual, able to lift them up and give them the best things in this world as in the next! But we must understand them, feel with them, and—not fear them at all!

Understand them? It is the first and last word. No great literature has ever existed which did not come out of the people's hearts. By contact with life alone is it possible to live. Literature is not a thing of libraries, class-rooms, or lecture-halls, which only the select attend. When it has lasting value, it is

the expression of thought too wide and high and simple for any clique or coterie to have inspired it. The writing of which we are in need may take any form it will, *provided* that it is alive; no mere rehearsal of dead words, no copying of yesterday, no talking down as to a childish intelligence, no stupid reiteration of sentimentalities addressed to the weak-minded and the impressionable. It must ever aim at good sense; and *test* itself by the classics of the world. We do not want a provincial, petty, and flimsy literature, which to-day is, and to-morrow is deservedly cast into the oven. If, when we turn to our own publications, they fall below the common level of good work outside, let us rather take shame to ourselves, and mend our ways, than foolishly imagine that it is by the grace of God that we are not like other men. We should be exacting in our demands on all who write for us, on condition, however, that we remember to be just and generous in our recompense to them. The Catholic writer may as fairly claim to live by his toil, as the priest who ministers at the altar. His duty is not the same, but it is sacred and religious in the truest sense. Only let him measure it no longer by the small requisitions made upon him from within, but by the wants of the age, and by the endless resources of a church that has lived from the days of the Roman Empire to those of expanding and victorious Democracy.

My contention is that we should speak and write as to the larger world. We are debtors to all men, and must use style, language, and reasoning so as to be "understanded of the people." Our message is for to-day. It has not grown old or obsolete; neither will it yield in power and promise to the oftentimes vaporous announcements of latter-day prophets, who have coined theories out of their brains, but never known how to govern a single human creature—not even themselves. By an extraordinary good fortune, we Catholics have possessed the greatest master of English prose that ever lived—I need not say that I mean John Henry Cardinal Newman. Do we at all fashion ourselves on the pattern he has left us? Do we cultivate—I forbear to say, imitate, which is a lesser thing,—but do we cultivate the spirit of just discernment, the delicate sympathy, the exquisite and subtle tact, the devotion to high aims and the deep sincerity of thought, which gave him so wonderful a charm in the eyes of his countrymen? Genius, to be sure, is no inheritance; still, we can learn something of its methods, and endeavor to practise what we learn. It signified little whether

Cardinal Newman was handling a sacred or a secular theme; at all times he captivated his readers by the spirit that was in him. The atmosphere refreshed them; the lovely light showed them a world to which many would have been otherwise for ever insensible. His methods were constantly indirect; but the music was in that subduing key which the heart knows not how to resist. Neither was it the priest or the cardinal who wrought these great things; it was the MAN. For literature is, in its very essence, personal and individual. Its power will not be permanently enhanced by station or title, or anything else beside its own magic. In this sense, all who attempt literary work are laymen; and one may truly speak of the "Republic of Letters." Rest assured that in the long run it is a man's own personality which tells, and only that; his living knowledge of "whatsoever things are true, and just, and lovely, and of good report." The vapid or unclean journalism sells for a day or a week; it sells, but it does not last. Truth prevails, and men are tired at last of the lying fictions dinned into their ears, though all the advertisements of all the quacks sing their praise without ceasing.

If, as we believe on such strong and tried grounds, there is no salvation for mankind except by returning to the New Testament, here is the task of literature—so to let its light shine before men, in all hues of beauty and graciousness, that the multitude may be charmed, persuaded, and taught the readiest way of making it a reality in their life and business. The Catholic Saints have understood, each in his day, how to take to themselves the three great possessions of the ancient world, Roman law, Greek philosophy, and the divine oracles of the Hebrew people. There are three great modern possessions—Science, Literature, and Democracy. Who will show us the good in them, and teach us to overcome their evil? Who will enter into their Providential meaning, discern their true aim and scope, bring them to the threshold of the Catholic Church, and render them fit for baptism, for consecration to the service of God and the brethren? Those who do will be the men of their time—neither retrograde, nor obscurantist, nor falsely liberal. They will have the eyes of their understanding enlightened, and their ears open to the Divine message, early and late. They will be the Catholic students of science, the masters in literature, the guides in politics whom we should pray for. I believe that literature is a noble calling, though disgraced by charlatans and time-servers. I am sure that it was meant to be now, as heretofore, a

champion and auxiliary of the faith we all hold dear. I see that if any man gives himself to it loyally, "not seeking his own," he may expect much trouble, vexation, and hindrance, even from those who should know him better. Yet, if I were called upon to say which is the most effective way of serving God's cause in our time, I should answer without hesitation, that the AGE OF READING has come, and that he who would preach the Catholic Truth must write it—but write it for the multitude, and make himself understood by them. What the millions need is to be taught; and what every one needs who undertakes to teach them, is that gift of sympathy without which his doctrine will fall on deaf ears. Because modern literature must be democratic, it ought to be Christian.

So to endeavor that it may become the fitting expression of a noble Christian commonwealth is, I doubt not, your loftiest ambition; as it is, most assuredly, your appointed task.

WILLIAM BARRY.

Dorchester, near Oxford, England.

COLUMBUS.

I.

"My men and brothers, westward lies our way:"
So spoke Columbus, looking on the sea
Which stretched before him to infinity;
And while he sailed he wrote these words each day,

As though, "West lies thy course," he heard God say,
With promise of the blessings which should be
When a New World had borne young Liberty,
As fair and fresh as flowers in month of May.

O God-appointed man! all hail to thee!
Thou other Moses of a chosen race,
Who out of darkness and captivity
Leadest the people from the tyrant's face
To where all men shall equal be and free,
And evil life alone shall be disgrace.

II.

Sail on, Columbus! sail right onward still,
O'er watery waste of trackless billows sail,
Nor let a doubting race make thy heart fail
Till a New World upglow beneath thy will.

Let storms break forth and driving winds be shrill:
But be thou steadfast when all others quail,
Still looking westward till the night grow pale,
And the long dreamed-of land thy glad eyes fill.

Sailor, still onward sail! God leads the way
Across the gloomy, fathomless dark sea,
Of man unvisited until thy day,
But which henceforth for the whole world shall be
The road to nobler life and wider sway,
Where tyrants perish and all men are free.

JOHN L. SPALDING.

Peoria, Ill.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FLORIDA AND THE SOUTH.

COMPILED FROM OLD JOURNALS AND MEMORANDA.

THERE is a time of life when the memories of youth and early manhood are more vivid than those of later years. Perhaps the tablets of memory become so hardened by age that they cannot receive new impressions; or, preoccupied by experiences of early life, the mind fails to give that attention to passing events which is essential to distinct remembrance. Or, it may be that the perceptions of later life are less distinct because they are more truthful. In youth one sees many things as entities which, in maturity, are found to be incomplete. We deduce effects from causes whose accidents are unperceived; whose antecedents are unknown. The experiences of a lifetime are needed to supplement our observations, before we can rightly trace the relations of antecedent and consequent events. But though one should be a prophet or seer to tell how "coming events cast their shadows before," no mystical lore is needed to follow a chain of causes and effects, when the connecting links are seen; though these are, sometimes, matters of so little intrinsic import that their mention may seem to demean the discussion of great questions of social polity. Such considerations may, perhaps, suggest a fitting apology for some parts of these old memoranda; as well as for treating, in one brief essay, of matters so incongruous as those included in these recollections of more than fifty years.

But if what I am writing should chance to be read by fifty people, how many will judge of its truthfulness from personal knowledge of our country as it was, and its social conditions as they were fifty years ago? To say that what was, then, the wearisome journey of a week, is now easily accomplished in a day, is only to contrast the old lumbering stage-coach on a corduroy road, or wallowing through the sands of Carolina, with the Lightning Express, in describing equal spaces in very unequal times. But the companionship of travel, and its wayside incidents, which made the inland journey something like a *reconnoissance* of the country traversed, and a true, though limited, experience of its social life, are things of the past. We no longer travel: we *go* from one part of the country to another.

My first acquaintance with Florida and "the South" derives a deeper interest, as well as greater accuracy, from later knowledge of the country and its people. Early impressions are corrected by subsequent events; and events are, perhaps, more justly estimated in the light of antecedent conditions.

The earlier memoranda from which these discursive recollections are compiled were made when war between the North and South was regarded as only a possibility of the distant future: much as we deem an earthquake possible from knowing the existence of forces that are hidden in the earth.

In attempting to account for the fact of civil war, its historians seem to forget that "large streams from little fountains flow"; and seek among antecedent conditions for causes commensurate with the struggle and its results.

In controversies which culminate in war, questions at issue are magnified in debate; and new issues are born of contention, until reconciliation is impossible. Only on the return of peace can one justly weigh matters in dispute, and rightly distinguish the *causes* and *occasions* of a civil war. Whatever aids to illustrate the social conditions of our country, prior to actual war, is a contribution to its truthful history.

I have met too many Southern men who were faithful to "the Union," and too many of my own North country who fought as partisans of secession—as well as too many who were in sympathy with them—to be patient of the verbiage about two peoples, North and South: as if racial and sectional differences were one. I have sketched only what I have seen, and as I saw it; and offer some of the contents of my portfolio in the hope that, while accepted as truthful sketches of some historic interest, they may be found significant of an earnest protest against that sectionalism which would revive dead issues and make them living factors in political and social questions of to-day.

If apology be needed for introducing the names of persons to whose kindness I was so much indebted, I would plead that in even a partial sketch of Florida as I saw it, fifty years ago, one could not omit the mention of people any one of whom might have said of its social conditions *Quorum magna pars fui.* As for the rest, I have preserved these sketches for the reason that they were made: they were interesting to myself. I publish them in the hope that they may prove interesting to others, in spite of their incongruous matter.

A desire to preserve the memory of ancient monuments which, in our age and country, are so generally sacrificed from

motives of utility, may be accepted as apology for the description of one relic of ancient occupation which has wholly disappeared.

It is nearly fifty-three years since I left West Point, for service in Florida. At Philadelphia I joined an officer, of my own corps, who was destined to the same service. We were under orders to "report for duty" at Tallahassee. As the yellow fever was then epidemic at various points near the coast, in South Carolina and Georgia, we had been directed to take the inland route, *via* Columbia and Augusta. South of Baltimore there were no completed lines of railway. The "stage route" was through Washington; Fredericksburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Va.; Warrenton, Raleigh, and Fayetteville, N. C.; Cheraw, Camden, and Columbia, S. C.; Augusta, Hawkinsville, and Bainbridge, Ga.; and thence through Quincy to Tallahassee, Florida. At Columbia we were detained one day; at Augusta, two days; and at Bainbridge, one night. With these exceptions, and the halts for meals and to "change horses," the journey was continuous from Washington to Tallahassee.

The inland journey of 1838 was so different from that of 1891 that, in description, the one is a story of adventure; the other but a statement of fact.

In the few larger towns on the route "hotels" were plenteously, if not always elegantly, served. But the wayside stations, where horses were changed and meals were bolted, are a memory of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers all alike greasy, dirty, and in every way unsavory.

September is the "sickly season" in the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Vegetation, ripened in early summer, rapidly decays in the alternate rains and stifling heats of early autumn. By day, the sun's heat is intensified and blinding by reflection from white, sandy roads. At night, the air becomes damp and so charged with mephitic vapors that travelling is only a little less perilous to health than sleeping by the wayside.

The experiences of the road were all novelties to me; some of them unpleasant surprises as well. I had pictured the sunny South as something like the green fields of the more level districts of the North; but studded with flowers of richer hue than the white and yellow of the daisies and buttercups which indicate infertility or exhaustion in Northern fields. There were flowers, but less abundant and less cared for than in the colder North, where flowers and fruits are products of skilled labor. Green fields and velvet lawns were nowhere seen. It was a disappointment; but disappointments did not end here.

After leaving Augusta, the first town noted on my *Traveller's Map* was Louisville. It proved to be nothing more than a few scattered houses; not numerous enough for a village, nor clustered as a hamlet, but a town in virtue of a court-house, a tavern, and a grocery. Its importance was seen in its environs more than in the town itself; for it was surrounded by large cotton plantations and corn-fields. The traveller is sometimes puzzled to learn the names of towns and villages along his route. Here the puzzle was reversed. The *Traveller's Map* gave names, but it was sometimes hard to identify the town to which a name belonged. Now it appeared as a "grocery and post-office," and rudely built stables for horses. Then five or six log-houses, a blacksmith's forge, another "grocery and post-office," and a wayside eating-house for travellers, where meals of uniform quality were served at the uniform price of fifty cents.

I had seen nothing of Southern life before making this journey from Baltimore to Tallahassee. Though prepared to find rude dwellings in the Pine Barrens, and on new plantations, I had expected to see indications of wealth and cultivated taste in the residences on older estates. In this, too, I was disappointed. Indeed, the appearance of the planter's dwelling was anything but palatial or elegant. And the ground and shrubberies, where such things had been attempted, were *not* "such as Shenstone might have envied." The aspect of the cotton-growing region was certainly unattractive. The cotton-fields, enclosed by rudely made rail fences, seemed more like uncompleted clearings than cultivated land. Only the undergrowth had been cut down and grubbed, to give space for planting. The larger trees, girdled to stop their growth and insure decay, were left standing, so that the plantation presented an unsightly appearance, like that of a growth of fire-weed between the charred stumps of half-burnt trees. A sight of the gin-house and cotton-bales was needed to suggest that cotton-growing was anything more than a rude industry. Nor was there anything in the appearance of the plantation in keeping with the boast that "cotton is king"! Yet the great body of our Northern people, who passed their lives in toil—in the work-shop, on the farm, on the ocean, or wherever hope promised reward to patient industry—accepted this foolish aphorism; not, perhaps, as literal truth, but as indicating the supposed truth—that the great financial factor in our social economy was the product of slave labor.

Our Southern planters, on summer visits to Northern cities, to Niagara, to Saratoga, and the various seaside and mountain re-

sorts, sometimes anticipating the profits of their growing crops, spent them as lavishly as if possessors of princely wealth. Flattered by obsequious attentions of innkeepers and shopmen, and misled by the facilities for obtaining ready money on the credit of cotton not yet grown—sometimes not planted—it is not strange that they came to believe that "cotton is king," and the royalty was their own. Nor is it more strange that, throughout the North, there was an impression that "the South" was the abode of luxurious wealth, and what parvenus and social aspirants call aristocracy.

In the North, freemen labored with their own hands; in the South, the negroes labored, and freemen lived on the fruits of their toil. There was something in the institution which died in the civil war of 1861 that recalls a story told of a young Prince Esterhazy. Hearing a school-fellow, in England, boast that his father had on his estate five thousand sheep, the young prince silenced the boaster by asserting that *his* father had five thousand shepherds! Not the sheep but the shepherds denoted the grandeur of his possessions. Thus it was in the Cotton States fifty years ago. In the Gulf States and the Territory of Florida land was abundant and cheap. The ownership of two or three thousand acres gave neither dignity nor commercial credit. The cabins in the negro quarter were more significant than the acres in the plantation. How many "hands" does he own? was the question whose answer determined rank among planters and the advances to be risked on the future crop of cotton. Nor was that all that the population of the "quarters" involved. The "peculiar institution," while directly affecting industrial and financial interests in the South, was really affiliated to both the social and political economy of the whole country. It tended to degrade the free husbandman and the mechanic to the level of the slave; and gave to slavery a potent voice in the legislation of the country.

On the third morning after leaving Augusta we stopped at Hawkinsville for breakfast. I have no need of reference to memoranda to recall the ramshackle tavern at which we were set down. I cannot forget its lack of cleanliness; the grimy table, and greasy bread and bacon; the muddy coffee, and the buzzing flies: nothing hot but the burning sun of a September morning! I had never been used to luxurious living, but even the sauce of hunger could not provoke an appetite for such a breakfast. My companion, more philosophical, or blessed with

sterner resolution, rebuked what he called fastidiousness with "Why don't you bolt it as I do?"

Between Hawkinsville and Bainbridge the road was generally level and smooth. Its longer stretches through piney woods were what is called "natural road"—*i.e.*, trees had been blazed to mark the route; and if the way became obstructed by fallen trees, instead of removing the obstacle, the road was changed to avoid it. The resinous odor of the pines gave fragrance to the air by day and night, and there was little undergrowth to stifle its lightest breath. I remember but one slight accident on this part of our journey. Some time between nine and ten o'clock at night, when bowling along the level road, we were roused from unquiet sleep by a violent shock. The six inside passengers became strangely intermingled, and the coach lay quietly on its side. The horses were detached by the upsetting of the coach and disappeared in the darkness, leaving six weary travellers nine miles from the nearest station where another coach could be procured. This accident was due to a basket of edibles and potables left on the roof of our coach within easy reach of the coachmen—there were two on the box—which caused the coach to swerve from the track and collide with a stump by the roadside. The result was a matter of course. We kindled a fire in the woods, and whiled away our vigil in discussing what the accident had left in our basket.

The next night we slept at Bainbridge. There we said good-by to our fellow-travellers, who were *en route* to Mississippi, and in the morning continued our journey through Quincy to Tallahassee. We arrived in time to rid ourselves of the dust of the road and make some changes of apparel before dinner. *It* was sumptuous in contrast with the corn-bread and fried bacon which had been our chief subsistence after leaving Augusta.

At the hotel in Tallahassee we met the engineer officer to whom we were to report for duty, as well as the paymaster and quartermaster of the post. Friends and *their* friends began to call and proffer civilities, and in a few days we were at home in the Florida capital. Some weeks were passed "awaiting orders." On their receipt the two seniors of our party went to serve with the "army in the field"—more accurately, in the woods—leaving me, the junior, in charge of the construction of a road from Tallahassee to Iola. A few days afterwards General Taylor came to the capital, when I asked for an escort to enable me to commence the work to which I had been assigned. He very promptly refused it, because he "had no men to

spare" and knew that the road was "not needed." At the same time he relieved me of responsibility for delay by forbidding any attempt at surveys until an escort could be given. So I was left at Tallahassee for several months, with nothing to do but explore middle Florida and enjoy the hospitalities of a people whose friendliness I have always held in grateful remembrance. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with Florida. In 1852 I was again on duty in the State, and made preliminary surveys for a ship-canal to connect the navigable waters of the St. John's River with the Gulf of Mexico. In the last year of the civil war, 1865, I was in command of the "district of Florida." Thus I have had ample opportunities to become acquainted with the country, its topography, its resources, and its people as they were "before the war" and at its close.

In 1838 the population of the Territory was not far from fifty thousand. About one-half of this population were negro slaves. Though St. Augustine was founded in 1565, more than forty years prior to the English settlements in north and south Virginia—the Sagadahock and Jamestown settlements—and Pensacola was an old Spanish settlement, the Territory beyond their immediate vicinity had all the characteristics of a newly-settled country. Perhaps half the total population was settled in and around Tallahassee, St. Augustine, Pensacola, and Key West. The other half was made up of planters and their colored people, who, with wide intervals, occupied the northern parts of the Territory between the Atlantic coast and the southwest corner of Alabama. The interior of the peninsula was almost unexplored. The Seminole and Appalachicola Indians occupied or roamed over it and along the borders of the Appalachicola River. Even as recently as 1838 few of the Anglo-American people were natives of the Territory. The native whites were generally of Spanish or Minorcan parentage, the survival of the old Spanish colonization. The larger plantations were held by emigrants from Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky, though the North was represented among the planters as well as among the professional and trading people of the community. Few of the planters were rich, though in the receipt of large incomes. Their wooden dwellings were very plain, many of them rude in outward appearance; yet there was much of elegant refinement, as well as sumptuous living, in those plantation houses, whose architecture rarely equalled that of the simple farm-house in New England. Not unfrequently they were built of unhewn timber, and their interiors made decent by

paper-hangings on canvas stretched over the rough walls and ceilings. But their tables were well, often elegantly, furnished, and their hospitality was unbounded.

One of my classmates at West Point, a Floridian, was killed in the first year of the Seminole War. Shortly after my arrival at Tallahassee I received a visit from his brother, Major George Ward, a large cotton-planter, whose place was some few miles from town. I gladly accepted an invitation to spend a week at his plantation, and afterward to accompany him on a round of visits at places to which I had been invited. Some of these visits were limited to a single day; others extended to a week. If the weather permitted, there was sometimes deer-hunting in the neighboring forest. After dinner the evening was given to conversation, music, or other amusement. A rainy day was devoted to letter-writing, reading, and sometimes long conversations on the relations between North and South, but always with a certain reticence. The quiet simplicity of this life on the plantation was something rarely found among commercial people, and impossible amid the buzzing spindles of our Northern factories and the hurry of business that has no rest.

On these plantations the labor system of the South was doubtless seen at its best. There was neither cruelty nor overwork. Its objectionable features were rather negatively than positively wrong. The negro as he was, a slave, was well treated. But then he was capable of moral and social improvement incompatible with "the institution." He was better off than his African progenitors had been, but not as well off as he was capable of being made. His claims to justice had no efficient sanction, and the law of charity in his regard was lame and incomplete. It was not "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," but "Thou shalt love thy negro as thine own." But when the Southern master was reproached for persistent wrong to an inferior race, it was not without reason that he pointed to the abodes of poverty and foul corruption in Northern cities. We give moral and mental culture (*sic*) to qualify slaves of our own race for service; and when, wearied and worn, they may refuse to serve, that is their freedom. Go into some of the great bazaars and see the scores of saleswomen condemned to stand, sometimes forbidden to sit for momentary rest, each doing her allotted task under the eye of a master or mistress. They wear good clothes; their service requires it. They get food to eat and clothes to wear, rarely more, for long hours of exhaustive

labor, until health fails. Then they go to their poor homes, if they have any, or to the charity hospital to die. A few may develop marked ability for trade, and, if their employer be appreciative and just, may achieve success. Very many of them are well-clad, overworked slaves. Freedom coerced by necessity is not much better than obedience to a master who would be obliged to care for the servant in sickness and old age. The retort of *tu quoque* cannot even palliate a wrong; but it serves to recall Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and its rebuke of those who are blind to their own wrong actions: "Thou hypocrite! cast out first the beam out of thy own eye, and then thou shalt see to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Our round of visits ended at Wirtland. There can be no impropriety in the mention of names that are historical. William Wirt, the great jurist and statesman, died in 1834. Mrs. Wirt's brothers, Colonels John and Robert Gamble of Virginia, had acquired large plantations in Florida, and this, perhaps, led to her becoming a resident in the Territory. At the time of my visit Mrs. Wirt and her immediate family, including her son-in-law, Lieutenant (the late Admiral) Goldsborough, had been for some years settled upon the plantation of Wirtland, some thirty miles from Tallahassee. To this admirable family I was indebted for much hospitality and kindness. The visit at Wirtland was prolonged by the occurrence of a storm which made travelling impracticable. When the weather permitted, we returned to my friend's plantation, and thence to Tallahassee.

Though forbidden to survey the route from Tallahassee to Iola, I was at liberty to explore the vicinity of Tallahassee. Armed with gun and sketch-book, I made frequent excursions toward the north and west, within a radius of four or five miles from town. Birds were plenty, and if they were too wild, or the sportsman unlucky—which sometimes happened—I could sketch one of the pretty lakes that nestle among the low hills in Leon County. In one of these excursions I came upon a spring of clear water at the foot of a bluff, close by the road leading to Quincy. Climbing to its top, some forty feet above the road, I saw what seemed to be the remains of an old fort or redoubt. The plan of the work was a square of about one hundred and fifty feet, with a small bastion at one of the angles. The walls had been formed of adobes—large sun-dried bricks—but these were so deeply buried beneath the accumulations of many years that now they appeared to be only mounds of hard earth, perhaps ten feet wide across the top, and two or three

feet higher than the *terre-plein*. On two sides the outer faces of the work were flush with the steep slope of the bluff. On the other two the ditch was yet some two or three feet deep, though nearly filled with the drift under which time had failed to hide this work of a prehistoric race. The old fort, and the land for miles westward, was covered by what seemed a virgin forest. Trees, whose naked stumps were three to four feet in diameter, had grown and decayed upon the mounds to which time had reduced its walls. Though but a few yards distant from a post-road, the old fort was completely hidden from it by the foliage of shrubs and trees. The prolongation of the ditch, on its northwest side, crossed the road, and was traceable for miles beyond it; even to the Oklokony River. South and west of the old fort was an unbroken forest. It was not dense enough to hide the surface of the ground; and there was little undergrowth. In tracing the prolongation of the ditch, which seemed to have been a covered way to the fort, I noticed a slight depression in the surface of the ground, like a road-way, about thirty feet wide, and extending as far as the ground was visible through the open wood. Other depressions, parallel to this, were discovered at regular intervals; and others, again, crossing the first at right angles. Obviously, it was the site of a town covering a large area, but whose history no man can tell.

The fort, the town, and the sunken road, or covered way, between the fort and the Oklokony River, were probably the work of the same people: perhaps the same who made the earthen vessels ornamented like those found in Mexico and Central America, fragments of which have been turned up by the plough in middle Florida. The forest, under whose successive growths they were long hidden, had protected these relics from the action of winds and rains. Thus sheltered, in a climate where the ground is never frozen, and where deciduous trees are rare, its surface was almost unchanged by time.

This old redoubt was known as "the old Spanish fort," "San Luis or San Leon." The Spaniards may have occupied it—they probably did—but they did not build it; or a town larger than St. Augustine or Pensacola, of whose existence their chronicles make no mention. Nor did they make a covered way, six to eight miles long, to connect it with the Oklokony, and consider the work of too little importance to be even mentioned in the records of their occupation of Florida. These monuments, imperfect as they were, and the fragments—sometimes complete vessels—of pottery, such as the Spaniards did not, and the In-

dians could not make, all point to the ancient occupation of the country by a people of whom we know nothing beyond these and similar remains, which, like the gigantic bird-tracks discovered in the sand-stone of the upper Connecticut valley, denote the existence of some extinct species; but cannot tell us precisely what they were or when they lived.

I had become so interested in these traces of ancient occupation that I attempted a topographical sketch of the old fort and its site. But without assistance, or proper instruments for the purpose, it was impossible to do more than roughly sketch the plan of the work and the features of the ground immediately adjacent. I accepted the vague tradition of "the old Spanish fort," and made it the subject of a short fancy sketch, "A Leaf from Florida," published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1840 or 1841. When, at the close of the civil war, in 1865, I again visited Tallahassee, I found that the site of the old fort, and the land around it, had long been a cotton-field. The plough had done what the winds and rains of centuries had failed to accomplish, and no trace of parapet or ditch, of covered way or ancient streets, remained. That such things had been was barely remembered, that was all. Even the meagre revelations of the plough had disappeared.

Nothing authentic was left to aid conjecture as to the builders of the old redoubt. Whether the followers of Ponce de Leon or Fernando de Soto had made or occupied it; or whether this, as well as the old pottery sometimes discovered, was to be ascribed to a more ancient race—the Toltecs or the Aztecs, or some kindred people; the Chickemecs and Nahuas, sometimes called the "first occupants of America"; or the "Olmecs and Xicalancas, who migrated to Mexico, from the direction of Florida, about eighteen centuries ago," and "whose relics have been found in Florida and elsewhere in the Mississippi valley"—may, perhaps, be proved from other sources. The local evidence that once existed here, and should have been carefully preserved, had wholly disappeared.

For myself, the result of these explorations was a severe chill which threatened to entomb me among the relics of the ancient occupants of Florida. I became violently ill, and for weeks, as I afterwards learned, hovered between life and death.

But there may be compensations for every ill, and mine were found in the untiring kindness of a people who became my friends because I needed friendship. The pains of illness

may not always give painful recollections. One cannot recall the tender solicitude of comparative strangers, when life itself depended on their watchful care, without grateful emotion. It is for this that Florida and Tallahassee have been to me, for more than fifty years, synonyms of benevolence and friendship. The young physician who, in the absence of an army surgeon, became my medical attendant as well as friend; the paymaster, Major Mapes, and the quartermaster,* who, busied with official duties by day, acted the part of nurses by night; and the citizens whose friendly attentions were so grateful to a mere youth, far from home and kindred, when told that he was about to die, all seem present with me as I write these reminiscences of my first service in Florida.

The restraints which propriety imposes on the conversations of new acquaintances are all relaxed when the one has fallen by the wayside and the other is the Good Samaritan. As the recipient of their generous kindness when "I was sick and they visited me," I became more intimately acquainted with some of the notable people of Tallahassee than would have been possible in the ordinary intercourse of social life. One of these, Mr. Francis Eppes, a gentleman who was my senior by more than twenty years, visited me daily for several weeks. As I was in a hotel crowded with guests, it was hardly possible to have those attentions which are so much needed by an invalid. Every day such delicacies as my condition required were sent from his own table. And when returning strength permitted, his carriage and servants were in attendance for my use. One incident which, at its occurrence, caused me a good deal of chagrin, I recall as apropos to matters to be mentioned in this essay. We had been speaking of books and their authors; periodical literature and its writers; when I asked my friend if he had seen the *New York Review*, of which only three or four numbers had then appeared. He had, but "did not like it." "That seems strange," I replied, "for you are certainly a conservative in politics, and an Episcopalian in religion." He had "seen only the first number; and that did not please" him. "Oh!" I said, "it was that first number that delighted me. It was refreshing to see justice done to that old rascal, Jefferson!" "Will you stop there?" said my friend. "You are speaking of my grandfather." I blush as I write this. And I am sure that I should have blushed more then had my long illness left in me blood enough to mantle my cheeks with shame. I begged his forgiveness,

* The late General Heintzelman.

adding that even the prejudices of education could not excuse me, a boy, for speaking in such terms of so great a man. "That is enough," he replied, smiling; "I understand it. You have been taught to believe in the political perfection of John Adams; and, of course, to think ill of my grandfather. I will tell you what is not generally known of the relations between those two great men. They and their families were very intimate friends. My mother was for years under the maternal care of Mrs. Adams; and loved her as a second mother. There *was* a breach of friendly relations, caused by partisan politicians during the canvass for the Presidency, in 1801, but that was made up in after years." My friend was still my friend. He, the Christian gentleman, forgave my pretentious folly; but I could not so readily forgive myself.

The breach of friendship to which reference was made is a notable instance of the mischief wrought by unscrupulous partisans and a licentious press. A "Republican" newspaper published certain injurious statements adverse to President Adams, which, in the heat of the canvass, Mr. Jefferson did not think it incumbent on himself to contradict, though he knew them to be false. This caused a breach of those fraternal relations which had long subsisted between the two families, and was the occasion of a severe letter from Mrs. Adams to Mr. Jefferson, which is found among the published *Letters of Abigail Adams.* It was more than twenty years afterwards that Mr. Jefferson made the long journey from Monticello to Quincy to become thoroughly reconciled to his old friend and co-laborer. How many such journeys might well be made by early friends and later enemies—North and South!

Another of the notables of Florida who, in his charity, honored me with frequent visits was the "Old Governor." Governor Duval was so widely known that, but for the lapse of time, any description of him, or his characteristics, might seem like a repetition of more than twice-told tales. He was the predecessor of General Call, the actual governor in 1838-9. He was a native of Richmond, Va. When a very young man he went to Kentucky, where he became a successful lawyer; and whence, in after years, he was appointed governor of the Territory of Florida. Of the motives of his migration to Kentucky he had many entertaining stories. One of them was given in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, some forty years ago, as the "Adventures of Ralph Ringwood." But, admitting their less elegant diction, the few yet living who have listened to the old gover-

nor's stories of adventure, as they came from his own lips, will agree with me that the "Adventures of Ralph Ringwood," though written by Washington Irving, are but a feeble paraphrase of one of his numerous stories.

When my convalescence was so assured as to justify making short excursions, my good friend Major Ward again took me to his hospitable home. Hospitality is a word which may denote, but fails to express, the considerate attentions given to an invalid so lately a stranger. The major was not very much my senior; so that our conversations in the long winter evenings were free from that didactic element which is often a bar to the frank expression of thought and opinion, and sometimes gives rise to unpleasant disputes. In politics he was a Whig. But as that name was taken to designate various shades of opposition to the then dominant party, it were, perhaps, more accurate to say that he was an anti-Democrat. He had recently been elected a delegate to some convention—I forget its object: possibly, to frame a constitution for the prospective State—in opposition to a gentleman of the party then in power. The Whigs and Democrats were of nearly equal strength in the town. The planters were of such well-known and decided political opinions that canvassing among them was useless. But there were many voters among the small planters, the "poor whites," and the "Crackers"; the election might depend on their votes. Among them the canvassing was vigorous. Somewhat to the surprise of both parties, "the major" was elected by a handsome majority. The candidates were personal friends, and there had been a good deal of chaffing between them about their prospects of success. "But," said the major, "I secured the 'Cracker' vote by acting on right views of human nature. Everybody knew that Auston was a gentleman. But he went through the county on his sorriest old horse; his saddle and bridle, and his own dress, suited to the quality of the constituency, but not befitting the canvasser. That told the people that he thought it necessary to disguise himself, or to descend to reach their level. They were too clear-sighted to be either flattered or deceived in that way. I followed him in my new carriage, with my best horses; coachman and footman, as well as their master, wearing their best. I met the independent voters as political equals, in spite of the inequalities of fortune. They understood that I did not think it necessary to *stoop* in soliciting their support, and they elected me. I knew they would."

From Major Ward's I went, on the invitation of another of my West Point classmates, to the plantation of his father, Colonel Robert Gamble. My old classmate had given me a cordial welcome on my arrival at Tallahassee, and now, when the diversions attending easy journeys, and change of air and scene, were advised as means of regaining health, I was glad to accept the renewal of an invitation that had lapsed through my long illness. Colonel Gamble was a gentleman of ample means, who had seen much of the world at home and abroad; whose wide acquaintance with public affairs, and with men of note in a former generation, made his conversation both interesting and instructive. My stay at his plantation was, in every way, delightful. His house—more properly his houses—had apparently been commenced to make a temporary dwelling for the pioneers of the family, when the land was first opened to cultivation. Its outward appearance was so rude, and in such contrast with the refinement of generous living within, that a description of the plantation home of Weelaunee seems worth preserving. A two-storied, "double pen" cabin, with a wide passage-way or hall through the middle of the lower story, gave three rooms on the floor above. The imperfect joints between the rough-hewn logs of which the walls were made were filled with strips of wood and coarse mortar. The fire-places and lower portion of the chimneys at either end of the structure were built of rough blocks of stone; the upper part of the chimneys of sticks and mortar. I do not remember the number of these structures which, grouped together and connected by covered passages or halls, made the plantation house at Weelaunee; but as there were often a great many guests, and no apparent lack of room, the whole might have been aptly designated *Multæ in unâ junctæ*. Some of the rooms were neatly carpeted, and their walls and ceilings covered with paper-hangings over stretched canvas. Others, like the halls, had floors of yellow pine, waxed and polished to a degree perilous to unaccustomed feet. The offices and servants' quarters formed another group of cabins, some thirty yards in rear of the first. If, on approaching this group of buildings, whose exterior was so rude, one were reminded of the abode of some petty "hieland chief" of long ago—some Rob Roy of Scottish story—the first glimpse of the drawing-room would have dispelled the idea of rude living, by its tokens of refinement. But the table—that centre of hospitality to the hungry, at once elegant and abundant—was suggestive of a MacCallum More rather than a Rob Roy MacGregor.

During this visit, in the latter part of January and the beginning of February, the weather was delightful. The day following my arrival brought other guests to the plantation; among them, two or three army officers whose stations were not many miles distant. Some days were given to deer-hunting in the neighboring forest. Our host kept deer-hounds, and was abundantly supplied with firearms for our party. After an early breakfast, a blast from the hunting-horn called dogs and horses for the chase; and the party, well mounted, rode some miles to the hunting ground. My quondam classmate was the huntsman. Having posted the hunters at stations near which the deer were likely to pass, he went some miles farther into the forest, where he felt sure of "starting" the game, which the hounds would drive in the direction of the stations. The first day's hunt seemed to me eminently successful: I had the good luck to kill a deer.

The evenings at the plantation were given to conversation and other social enjoyments, which in well-ordered families are made healthful relaxations from the routine of daily duties. It was in these evenings that we were able to enjoy the conversation of our host. He seemed to take little interest in party politics of the day, because, as he once said, neither of the parties then contending for power even professed those principles of governmental policy to which he had always adhered. In this connection, he once mentioned meeting President Van Buren, at the White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. He had held aloof from the circle surrounding the President until one day an introduction accidentally occurred, when Mr. Van Buren smilingly remarked that he was "indebted to accident for, at last, knowing Colonel Gamble." The colonel admitted that he had not sought an introduction because, seeing the President's attention engrossed by his political friends, he felt that he had no claim to what they were so eager to obtain. "I am," he added, "an old-fashioned Federalist." "Colonel Gamble," said the President, "you belong to the only thoroughly honest party that the country has ever known; but then, it is long since *dead*."

One could not be long associated with a people in their own homes, and witness their manner of living, and listen to their expressions of opinion and sentiment on the various matters that engage the attention of intelligent people from day to day, without discovering their possible antagonism to other communities, whose social conditions differed from their own.

Different conditions require adjustment to insure harmony of action directed to a common end, and this, in social affairs, can hardly be effected when accidental differences are exaggerated to the rank of principles, and patriotism is dwarfed to sectionalism. In the South, the chief incentives to sectionalism had their origin in slavery. Of course, Florida was not exempt from it. In fact, this was the one bond of union between the South Atlantic and Gulf States. On other issues they were not united. Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Texas were Democratic. Florida, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, and Louisiana were not. Virginia and Georgia were sometimes doubtful States; and South Carolina was virtually an oligarchy, generally, though not uniformly, giving its support to the Democratic party. Prior to the slavery agitation there was no such unanimity of opinion, on questions of national concern, as could give assurance of their action. But afterward it was only necessary to ascertain how any national measure would, or ultimately *might*, affect the interests, not of the whole country, nor even of the South, but of the institution of slavery, in order to know what would be the voice of these States.

Florida presented an epitome of the social characteristics of our whole country. Outside of the large cities no other State had, within its own limits, such various elements. The descendants of the Spanish and Minorcan colonists made a considerable part of the white population. But after its cession to the United States, in 1821, immigrants came from the older Southern States, to engage in planting; and from the Northern, Middle, and Western States, to prosecute that and other industries. Apart from the differences which time had wrought between people of the same race, sometimes of the same family, when subjected to social and climatic influences as widely different as those of New England and Carolina, it had not only the negro problem, whose solution is yet incomplete, but the Indian problem, for which our Christian people have found no other solution than the death of the Indian.

Near the end of February I was pronounced able to undertake the journey to Washington. Though I had been only a few months in Florida, I had lived with rather than among the people, who seemed more like old friends than recent acquaintances. It was not without regret that I bade adieu to them and the country where, in so short a time, I had experienced the pains of almost fatal illness, and the considerate friendship of its generous people.

On the journey north, I went to Macon, and thence to Savannah. Between Macon and Savannah one of my fellow-travellers—for part of the way, the only one—was a Mr. Cowles, a large land-owner and planter; who, in the course of long conversations, gave me an outline of his career in Georgia. He was from Farmington, Connecticut. Coming to Georgia in the capacity of clerk to a merchant in Milledgeville, he had succeeded to the business of his employer. The business became successful, and wisely investing its profits from year to year, first in the purchase of lands along the Flint River and elsewhere in Georgia, and then in "hands" to work them, he very soon became a successful planter. At the time of our journey he was reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in Georgia.

Arriving at Savannah, it was found necessary to wait two or three days for the steamer making the "inside passage" to Charleston. This delay gave time to pay a promised visit to a rice plantation in Bryan County, about twenty miles from the city.

The rice plantations had none of the exterior rudeness of the cotton districts of Georgia and Florida. But, though the dwellings and grounds of the rice planters gave evidence of wealth, they were characterized by the utmost simplicity. The largest planters of the county were from Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. "Strathy Hall," the plantation at which I was a guest, was on the right bank of the Ogeechee River, and two or three miles from "Bryant Court-house." It was noted for the order and neatness of the plantation house and grounds, as well as for the order and comfort of the negro quarters. There great care was given to the instruction of the servants of the plantation, within the limits of the law, to qualify them for heaven when their work was done on the plantation. Nor were they subjected to long servitude, as all will understand who are aware of the average length of even negro life in the rice swamps of Carolina and Georgia.

On the second day of March, 1839, I left the plantation before daybreak in order to catch the Charleston steamboat that left Savannah about noon. The weather had suddenly turned cold; and as we drove to town in an open carriage, my host and I were almost benumbed before arriving at my hotel. When the steamer left Savannah it was snowing.

The "inside passage" between Savannah and Charleston, touching at Beaufort and one or two "landings," to receive passengers and freight, afforded but a passing glance at some of the Sea-Island cotton plantations. The route from Charleston to

Weldon, N. C., gave a new experience of travel by stage-coach. Much of the journey through the low country was made over "corduroy roads" and "gridiron bridges," whose quality baffles description. Only four passengers were allowed to a coach, and the speed was regulated to the necessity of making connection with a railroad, just opened to travel, at some uncertain point in the Tar District of North Carolina. One had to cling to the seat with both hands to prevent butting against the roof of the coach, and that required more strength than my weakened condition could afford. When we stopped at a way station for supper I found myself lying across the knees of two benevolent gentlemen, who kindly supported me to the supper-table, and so ministered to my necessities that I was able to resume the journey at the call of "Stage ready!" This time Maine was grateful for Southern support.

My second visit to Florida, in the winter of 1852, was spent in explorations which rarely brought me into contact with the people of the country. The belt of territory surveyed contained few settlers of any kind, and except near the Gulf coast and bordering on the St. John's River, nothing worthy of being called a plantation. It extended from Tampa Bay and the Manatee River, in the west, to Lake Mellon—an expansion of the St. John's—in the east, and comprised an area of about two thousand square miles.

As the southern limit of the exploration bordered on the "Indian Reservation," and the remnant of the Seminoles was said to be hostile, we were advised of the danger of becoming victims of "another Indian outrage." In fact, I was not free from unpleasant apprehension of lurking savages who might from some unseen covert greet one with a bullet or an arrow. The Indians were at this time much disturbed by one of those evidences of care for the "wards of the government" which have always aroused their "treacherous instincts." Their head chief had been induced to accompany their Indian agent to Washington, to "talk" with the "Great Father" in behalf of the Seminoles. Soon afterward it was reported that a new treaty had been made, by which they were to be removed from Florida to a reservation west of the Mississippi. As this is one of the corollaries to the Indian problem in Florida, it may not be out of place here to give the Indian version of its conditions, and the mode of negotiation.

On the chief's return from Washington he was landed at

Tampa Bay, where he was kindly received by Captain John C. Casey, the commissary of subsistence for the army in Florida, in whom the Indians had implicit confidence. Casey congratulated the old chief on his having made a treaty that would put an end to all disputes about boundaries, and secure the Indians from those encroachments to which they would always have been subject in Florida.

"But I have not made a treaty!" was the reply. "Ah!" said Casey, "I am sorry to hear you say that, for it shows that you do not mean to keep it." "Keep what?" said the Indian. "I tell you that I have not made a treaty. Casey, you are an honest man; and I'll tell you all about it, and then you shall tell me if I have made a treaty. The agent asked me to go to Washington with him, to talk with the Great Father for the Seminoles. I saw a good many big men there, and we shook hands. Then one of them asked me 'how many horses' we had. I said may be a hundred. 'How many cattle?' May be a thousand. 'How many negroes?' May be fifty. 'Well,' said he, 'the government will pay you for all. Of course, you cannot take them with you when you go to a new home beyond the Mississippi; but you will be paid for them, and the government will give you horses and cattle, plenty, when you get to your new country. There you will have more and better land than you have in Florida. All you have to do is to sign the treaty.' I did not go there to make a treaty to go away from Florida, and I told the agent so. He whispered to me that if I did not sign it they would never let me go away from Washington. I asked him if that was true. He said, 'Yes, they will keep you here.' Then I signed. Have I made a treaty?" "No," said Casey, "you have not, but you had better act as if you had really made it; for the white men will in one way or another kill off your people if you do not go away." The old Indian was very sad. Rousing himself, he became quite dramatic, as, pointing to some large oaks in front of the house, he said: "Casey, if those big trees were solid gold, and they would give it all to me, with all the land, the horses, and the cattle in the West, to go away from Florida, I would say no! This country is *mine*! I don't *want* any other. It was our fathers' country, and their bones are part of the ground. I won't leave it." But some time later he was compelled to go West, where he soon after died. A few Seminoles still remain hidden in the Everglades—"wards of the government"; their end will be the last corollary to the Indian problem in Florida.

The Indians of Florida, like those of the North and West, were simply savages. They were better than vicious white men, but still savages. They were generally peaceable until goaded into hostility by the frauds and encroachments of the whites. What is known as the Seminole War began with "Dade's Massacre," in 1835, and ended in 1842. It cost the lives of more white men than there were Indians in the whole territory. Its history, if truly written, would but repeat the story of all our Indian wars, varied only by difference of climate and the topographical features of the seat of war. It began with aggressions and frauds perpetrated on the "wards of the government"; and its end was as its beginning.

My knowledge of the treaty and the Indian account of its negotiation by no means dispelled apprehension of possible accidents, in exploring along the border of the Indian country. My friend Casey said there would be no danger if the Indians knew that I was a regular soldier. "But," he added, "if you wear a rough dress like the 'Crackers,' you may very possibly meet a bullet. Therefore always wear a military coat; no Indian will trouble you. You will not *see* one between Tampa and the St. John's. But they will see *you*." We did sometimes come upon the lair of some outlying native when the fire at which he had prepared his breakfast was still burning, and the coals were reeking with the odor of broiled venison; and in sounding Lake Tehopekaliga, to find its capacity as a feeder to the proposed ship canal, our advance from north to south was heralded by signal smokes at frequent intervals. But in all our explorations we *saw* no Indians.

E. PARKER SCAMMON.

MEMORIAL-SKETCH OF CARDINAL MANNING.

Henry Edward [Manning] Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—known to his English friends simply and *par excellence* as "the Cardinal"—after an episcopate of twenty-seven years and a priesthood of thirty-five years, at the ripe old age of eighty-three, entered on his reward the 14th day of January, in the year of grace 1892. He was a theologian; he was a philanthropist; he was a politician, a political economist, and a philosopher; he was a scholar and gentleman of the old school; he was a devout and devoted Catholic; and he was a most true, thoughtful, kind, and loving friend. May he rest in peace!

The career of Cardinal Manning, whether an observer looks at the beginning of it fifty or sixty years ago, or at the end of it to-day, or at its middle portion, is one of the most singular and noteworthy of the present, or of the past generation. From what we know historically, such a career had not been conceivable in the last century. From the current progress of events, such a career could hardly be imagined a century hence. It was only possible, at the date when its course was actually run, in the existing state of public opinion, under the existing position of the Catholic Church in England, and with the existing materials, social, political, and religious, of which it was composed. It was only possible in this latter portion of the reign of the Sovereign Lady of Great Britain and Ireland, in which this Memorial-Sketch is written.

It may be well to state, at the outset, what may be the scope and purport of the following memorial; and what the reader must not expect to find in the sketch. This may tend to dispel an impression which will not be realized. The article will not belie its title. No exhaustive and minute judgment on the Cardinal, under any condition, will be passed. No critical estimate of him in his inner life, as a Christian, will be attempted; none on his scientific side, be it philosophical, or political, or economical; none from the stand-point of theology, nor ecclesiastically, as a priest or as a bishop. Such estimates must be left for, and no doubt they will be made by, more competent, abler, and stronger hands. They ought to be the loving labor of nearer and more closely connected friends, or relations.

Rather, myself a layman and only in comparatively late years known to him, I shall venture to discuss incidentally Dr. Manning's career and some results of it, as it may strike a student of our own times from without. I shall also endeavor to depict in outline certain features only in his character—of which I have been for many years an observer—as it has presented itself to me from within the fold of the church. This process of mental selection will enable me to avoid contentious and critical topics, on which, whilst there may fairly exist just differences of opinion, I have neither the desire nor the knowledge to enter. It will permit me also to draw those aspects of a checkered life with which I happen to be acquainted, some details of which, at one period and both in London and in Rome, I was allowed intimately to witness. And I shall write of the Archbishop as I feel, as I have long felt for him, affectionately and sympathetically. For, amongst many of my contemporaries, I am one who is deeply indebted to him spiritually—having been received into the Catholic Church by his instrumentality; who was closely attached to him personally; and who has been an enthusiastic admirer of Cardinal Manning for at least a decade of years (if I may say so) of unclouded friendship.

A man endowed with a many-sided character, and destined to play a many-sided part during the course of a prolonged and unusually active life, at its close will naturally receive estimates which differ largely, both in various degrees of commendation and in various degrees of criticism. Such is the case of Cardinal Manning. In both church and state, and for upwards of a quarter of a century—which in many ways is unparalleled in the world's story—he held a decided, conspicuous, distinguished position in England. A great personage in the commonwealth, a dignity which, in a sense, was self-made by the possessor's great powers, intense energy, and indomitable perseverance; he was elected of God to become a great ecclesiastic in the newly re-established Catholic hierarchy of that country. In both characters, the Prince and the Archbishop will be estimated severally and apart, both by English priests and by English laymen of a common faith. In either case, probably, the estimate formed will be diverse. Of the ecclesiastical view of his Eminence, many causes combine to vary the judgment of his contemporaries. An estimate may be taken from the stand-point of a regular, or of a secular subject of the Archbishop; or, of a prelate, or of a priest; or, at different dates, of a superior, of

an equal, or of an inferior. Any one who knows anything of recent religious history in England will be aware that these different relations could not fail to produce different mental conclusions. From the nature of the case, and from the complicated and transitional condition in which the Catholic Church finds herself placed in a Protestant nation, at the date of her restoration and fresh development, such a result could hardly be avoided.

Moreover, there existed a personal incongruity—lying entirely outside personal qualities and characteristics—which tended to intensify, rather than to diminish, these variations in any estimate formed of the Cardinal's life. This incongruity consisted in the contrast, which was obvious, between the position from which he was called—Dr. Manning not having been born and bred in the true faith—and the position to which he attained, the Archbishop having been raised to the headship of the old religion in England. Indeed, the difficulties on all sides which, as a ruler, he had to encounter from human frailties and tempers; from the conflicting interests which he had to accommodate, restraining or modifying some and enlarging or encouraging others; and from the fact that an abnormal state of affairs in a country once fervently Catholic and not yet formally reconciled with Rome, demanded an unusual method of adjustment—these difficulties prevent the formation of a concise or unanimous judgment on the Cardinal's career from an ecclesiastical point of view.

Nor is the difficulty less great, either in kind or in degree, when any person essays to estimate his character from the standpoint of a lay-mind. For instance, to take but a few cases: Is the layman an educationalist? He will rejoice in unreservedly bearing witness to the large and successful efforts made by the Cardinal year by year, both privately and in public, for the Christian education of the poor and destitute, of the youth of all classes, of the seminarist and priest, and of the Catholic school-master and mistress. Such an one may, indeed, variously judge, or may hold in suspense his judgment upon, the Archbishop's views of higher or university education for Catholics. But, on every other division of the subject, his sympathy will be complete, and his praise will be hearty and without stint. Is the layman a politician? He will make his estimate in general from the Liberal or from the Conservative camp; and in particular, he will view the Cardinal's opinion on the great national

issue of his later life, viz., the burning question of Ireland's self-government, according to his own conscientious predilections, tempered, it is to be hoped, with charity and supported by historic and political knowledge. But, such an one will testify to the Cardinal's love and respect for Ireland, and his sorrow for her many woes; to his admiration for the faith and constancy of the Irish people; to his honest hatred and contempt for England's misgovernment and maladministration in the past; to his earnest desire for Ireland's political happiness and prosperity in the future.

Is the layman, again, a philanthropist? He will almost entirely endorse all that Dr. Manning has been able to achieve—in one great work of his life—towards mitigating the vice of drunkenness, one of the crying sins of his country. He will admire all that Dr. Manning has attempted to do, on behalf of any section of society on whom existing relations of life, or the requirements of our complex system of civilization bear hardly, whether these be agricultural laborers, or London cab-drivers, or assistants behind the counter in shops, or children, deserted, neglected, or orphan. And he will gladly acknowledge all that Dr. Manning has succeeded in doing in more private ways, for the rescue of men and women from the slavery of their sins and from the degradation into which such sins have cast them. But, conditional and class estimates of the polygonal and massive character under consideration, are by no means exhausted by the judgment pronounced on his life by the philanthropist, by the politician, or by the advocate of a Christian education for the children of Protestant England. In any of these cases, and much more of the composite individuality which created and includes all of them, no little difficulty will be found by a Catholic layman to reduce to a consistent and self-contained expression the true portraiture of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

A general idea of the power of the Cardinal's character, of the position to which his character raised him, of the results which ensued from the position that, in the divine economy, he secured, may be gained from a few short sentences containing an epitome of his career. The man who began life in a humble curacy in a Protestant parish of an heretical country; the man who once acted as Protestant Archdeacon of Chichester, and then by successive steps swiftly rose to the throne of the Catholic Archbishopric of Westminster—such an one could be no ordi-

nary, nor average man. The man who was held to be an accomplished theologian—however absurd the term may sound to a Catholic ear when applied to an English clergyman—and, with more reason, was accounted a trustworthy spiritual guide in his own communion; and who became a despised seminarist after he had duly learned his "Penny Catechism" as a hated "pervert" from Anglicanism, and died a Prince of the Church—could be no ordinary, nor average man. These were the first and last stages respectively in his twofold course. Its middle portion in either case, however, proved him to be neither ordinary nor average in his powers and in their exercise. It is notorious, that the some-time Archdeacon was far on the high road to eminence in the Established Religion, and humanly speaking could not have been withheld, on his merits and with his interest combined, from obtaining the chief prizes of his clerical profession, when he resigned everything at the dictates of conscience. It is a matter of history, that the future Cardinal not only was given more than the most fertile imagination could have previously conceived; but, for a long series of years, was at once the originator, as well as the co-operator, in the whole policy and much of the action which has resulted in placing the Catholic Church in England in the proud position it occupies at this day. In regard to what he resigned of secular dignity and worldly prospects, he might almost deserve to be called an exceptional, or an extra-ordinary man. He would certainly deserve the designation had there not been scores and even hundreds of English clergymen, lacking indeed the same great gifts and without securing the like grand career, who, on moral grounds and of late years could claim the same honorable distinction.

But, when we observe the results, as well to himself individually, as to the communion over which he presided publicly, which have ensued subsequently to his resignation of all that he could resign, the late Dr. Manning must be credited with playing a pre-ordained part. He may be said to fill a niche in the temple of modern English religious life at once unique and incomparable, above and beyond those who either preceded or followed him, in his submission to the Church from the errors of Anglicanism. His personal rise to power, however, is but one part, and is the least part, of his claim to distinction. To gauge the larger portion of his claim, we must estimate, however briefly, some results of the Cardinal's tenure of high office in the church. Under his fostering care, and through his discreet manipulation

and statesman-like action, the outward status of the Catholic body in England has been completely changed during the last quarter of a century, or past generation. In every phase and condition of corporate life she has advanced on her supernatural path with giant strides. Socially, politically, numerically, educationally, ecclesiastically, religiously—she is a different community from what she visibly appeared to men at the beginning of Dr. Manning's rule. Of course, the credit for much that has happened in the abnormal advance of Catholicity in this Protestant kingdom, is due to secondary causes, to the influence of passing events, and to the ability and zeal of the Archbishop's subordinates in his mighty work for the conversion of England. Still, to no single man can be ascribed so large a share of credit for the outward growth of the church in this country, for the development of her innate power of recuperation, and for the perfecting of the details of her inner life, as to Cardinal Manning. The facts on which this estimate is formed are patent to all inquirers. From their consideration, some insight may be obtained into the characteristics and powers of the spiritual ruler of whom the English Church has been bereaved and for whom every Catholic in England, perhaps without exception, sincerely mourns.

The portraiture need be taken from no limited stand-point, and will reflect no special interest, whether clerical or lay. Indeed, the memorial-sketch may assume the nature of unwrought materials from which the reader can create his own ideal of the Cardinal, rather than a direct transfer to paper of the features, lineaments, and expression of his highly composite character. The writer, in truth, proposes to deal and must be allowed to deal, somewhat widely, in generalities—although such generalities will be based on facts, on trustworthy evidence, and on personal experience. For example: to take in one view a rapid glance at the important and imposing *rôle* he acted in the Catholic drama of his age, the following assertion may be ventured upon. If it were felt to be of obligation to condense into a single adjective the Cardinal's chief characteristic, no single word could be found so entirely to cover his memory as the title of *great*. He was emphatically a great man. At different times and under different surroundings, he would be faithfully described, from different aspects, as a good organizer, an efficient administrator, a skilful controversialist, an effective speaker, a popular preacher (in the best sense of the word), a keen and even eager politician,

a generous and reasonable opponent, and a kind, fast, and true friend. But he was more than any one epithet alone describes, or than all these epithets together combined to indicate. There was an element of greatness in his character, which intensified his qualities and sublimated his powers. This is an element of which posterity will be better able to judge, and which posterity may be more disposed to allow than the present generation. Meanwhile, it may be permitted here to anticipate the verdict of posterity, if not to announce the judgment of to-day: and the indications, or tests of greatness which may be witnessed in his life, or may be evolved from his actions, are threefold, viz.:

1. That he possessed within himself a nobility of character, enriched with a variety of lofty gifts and graces which made him noteworthy amongst his contemporaries; together with a singular power of adapting himself to circumstances, and of rising superior to all accidental hindrances which stood in the way of fulfilling his high destiny.

2. That he made his mark upon, and rose to eminence in, not only the religion (if it so can be truly called) in which he was born and lived, without reproach, till middle life; but also—and this is still more worthy of observation—the faith and polity to which in middle life he humbly submitted himself to the day of his death, with the completest devotion of body, soul, and spirit.

3. That, by the divine help mainly, and in a secondary degree only by the combined, or independent efforts of others, he raised the sacred communion that he ably ruled for so many years to a position which, as a legally subordinate creed, it had never before occupied in England; and that he raised it—once cruelly persecuted and still subjected to certain political disabilities—from dependence to a position of equality amongst the contending Protestant sects, from actual powerlessness to one that commands, if not obedience, at the least deference to its interests, wishes, and will.

A man, be he priest or layman, of whom these statements can be truthfully affirmed, may fairly be called great. A few words on each of these three aspects of the great Cardinal's career will make the clearer his claim to this title, and will enable the reader to arrange the various isolated and even fragmentary elements of his character, which have been already noted, or which may be mentioned below, into one consistent and self-contained whole.

I.—Cardinal Manning was a great man in view of his mental powers, abilities, acquirements under unfavorable circumstances, and in view of his talents directly God-given. But, so far as I can estimate his character, which is but a little way, he was not endowed with what the world usually terms genius. Not that he was destitute of this gift: but, the genius he possessed was of another sort and order, and lay in another direction. The truth of this estimate will become more apparent, perhaps, if it be allowable to compare the future Archbishop, not with those his contemporaries whose privilege it was to be born within the church; but with those Oxford and Cambridge men, similarly placed with himself, who, in the maturity of intellect and vigor, and at the full tide of their professional success, voluntarily came forth from the Protestant city of confusion and took refuge in the Catholic city of peace. A few instances out of many possible comparisons with representative men will suffice.

The Cardinal did not possess the intellectual capacity, which competent judges hold to be singularly powerful, of the greatest of all the Anglican converts, John Henry Cardinal Newman. But, in comparison with a less gigantic mental stature, he would mount above the average standard of the intellect of his peers. Dr. Manning was not, I believe (for here I speak upon hearsay, though his active life is a sufficient cause for this result), so widely read in Catholic theology—whether dogmatic, or ascetic, or ethical—as some converts who have devoted themselves to the study of the Divine Science. But, his mastery over theology was not imperfect, as those discovered who, unhappily for themselves, came into contact with him controversially; the same became clear to those who read his devotional books devotionally, or who went to him for confession. The Archbishop was neither so deeply imbued with the principles of true philosophy as a teacher, nor so deeply versed in the theories of false philosophy as a censor, as the great convert Doctor in Philosophy, W. G. Ward. But, I have been told, he could hold his private opinion without disgrace, and could defend the judgments of authority without defeat, indeed with success, amongst his contemporaries, at the periodic meetings of students of mental science, in the literature of the day, or elsewhere. He was not such an elegant classic as another learned convert to the faith, though he took a high or double-first degree at Oxford; never, I believe, like many men who take good degrees, neglected his

classics; and could converse fluently and colloquially in the sacred tongue, an accomplishment which does not necessarily appertain to all English Catholic professors.

Again: he was not a scientist to the extent which other men of science not Catholic-born may claim to have reached—to name only one, Mr. St. George Mivart. But, not to mention other proofs, his essay read before the Catholic Academia, on the Darwinism of Darwin's own life, and the evolution, or rather, the devolution of Darwin's religious belief and practice, is said to have been (for I was absent from the reading of the paper) one of the most original and striking criticisms, from a Catholic point of view, which has been made. The Cardinal was certainly not a born poet, which several of his forerunners or followers from the Establishment are allowed to have been—notably Aubrey de Vere, Coventry Patmore, and Fathers Faber and Caswall. He was indeed once guilty of writing, and still more guilty in printing a hymn on his favorite subject, Temperance, of which more need not be said. But, on the other hand, he was conversant with the best poetry of the day (not to speak of the past), had a fine taste and judgment for poetry, and could read it aloud with infinite delicacy, pathos, and force. Dr. Manning was not, perhaps, a writer of the first order of purity of style, vigor, or ability, as one or two Oxford men of letters or writers who submitted to the Church may be described by their friends. Yet, he was an accomplished essayist; he was a solid controversialist; and he was a lucid annalist. He could compose devotional treatises which will live; and his old Anglican and written sermons—now, unhappily, somewhat forgotten—rank second to none of the present day for depth of spirituality and felicity of pious expression, though, of course, they labor under the disqualification of a Protestant origin. And he was, moreover, a facile, pointed, and sometimes brilliant writer for the press, whether as politician, annotator, critic, or reviewer of books. He was not, once more, a great speaker, certainly not a great orator. Yet, to use his favorite expression, descriptive of others, he could "think when standing on his legs" at a public meeting, and proved himself an effective speaker on his own selected topics. He could retain the attention of the educated classes by his clear orderly, simple, and unaffected eloquence, which went straight to the point and home to the mind. He could rivet attention in all orders of men and it may almost be said by the hour (for he was lengthy) in the pulpit, whether he preached on the morals

and ills of every-day life, on the Passion of Christ, or on sacred biography or martyrology. And he could raise enthusiasm amongst the mobile masses, when he addressed them in their thousands on any topic which touched them, or their interests, or their children, or their very vices, intimately.

The man of whom, in comparison with others, avowedly in the first rank of their several lines of life, if not standing at the apex of their respective callings, of whom (I say) these conditioned negatives may be honestly made and of whom these positive assertions may be fairly predicated, can hardly be denied the title of "great." He was a great man, less because he was gifted and graced by any one ability or virtue of surpassing power and merit, than because he possessed many virtues and much ability of a very high order and in a very unusual degree. He was a great man also, apart from all the talents already discussed, in that other quality which has been named, but cannot be dwelt upon. He was great, in the instinct he was given to foresee the future, to grasp the situation, and to decide on immediate and suitable action. The faculty by which he wielded this talent, together with his marvellous capacity for work (perhaps thrice the amount of ordinary men), and unflagging perseverance and tact to overpass, if he could not overcome, accidental impediments in his path—these characteristics afford a just claim to his friends and admirers for employing in his memory the appellation here affixed to his name. Had he not mentally deserved the title, had he not practically lived the existence which merits the title, he could not have emerged from the herd of commonplace converts to the faith, whose honorable distinction lies in the fact of the utter self-abnegation of their conversion. Had he not been a great man, he could not have held his own amongst his equals, when he found for himself, under many disadvantageous conditions, a place and a name and a new career in the Church of Christ. Had he not been great, he could not have raised himself—though he had been the last to assert it—first into distinction and then into supremacy, amongst and above his contemporaries, in so many and such various and such important departments of human thought, human learning, philanthropic beneficence and civilized life.

On one distinguishing characteristic of the Cardinal's personality it is a pleasure to dwell for a moment, before concluding this part of the memorial-sketch. It will recall much to many minds, even if the characteristic be only slightly touched. The

feature in question is one which certainly does not create greatness in the owner; though it almost as certainly is indicative, as well as a result, of the greatness of his mind. I mean, the gift of being, in the scriptural sense of the phrase, all things to all men; the grace of sympathy, consideration and thoughtfulness for others, not only in momentous matters, but in the minutiæ of every-day life. Of this side of his character, I have felt the Cardinal's charm and attraction in my own case, in a time of great mental trial and perplexity which ended happily. I have also heard the like from another, during that other's season of bodily sickness and suffering, even unto death. But, much as his Eminence was able to do for his friends in a princely fashion, it was perhaps his excessive and unaffected kindness of heart and thoughtful consideration in small things which took captive the recipient's imagination and affections, and made the man, the man of God, to be beloved. Nor do I speak here of his benefactions in the way of charity, so far as monetary assistance is concerned, but rather, in the way of kind; though, I believe, according to his limited means and the means placed at his disposal, he was truly and largely generous. But, I refer to the endless occasions which such a man, in such a position, with such opportunities, possessed of exhibiting the virtue of Christian charity in its widest human aspect—the practical love of one's neighbor. To one result of this fascinating grace may be attributed Cardinal Manning's singular popularity with those with whom he was brought into personal contact, officially or privately, by accident or by premeditation. Seldom, perhaps, has there been so much devotion and love exhibited for any ecclesiastical superior of a diocese or church—for one who by this very fact was elevated above the reach of much intimate friendship—on the part of the upper classes, as for him. More rarely still, has so much devotion and love been shown for any Archbishop or Cardinal, by the poor, who are necessarily prevented from cultivating intimate relations with a prince of the church, as for him. And this was due, on the part of poor and rich alike, to his almost unexceptional accessibility of approach—of course, supplemented by his own graciousness when approach had been gained. And this gift was shared by all who had any the least claim upon him, upon his time, upon his thoughts, upon his care. It was shared alike by the troubled, by the distressed, by the wronged, by the deserted, by the tempted, by the sinner.

To those, being laity, who came under the magic of the

Cardinal's influence, who enjoyed the benefit of his goodness of heart, or who experienced the charm of his manner, language hardly suffices to express affection for his person, or respect for his memory, or grief for his loss. He was accessible at all hours and at all seasons which he was enabled to set apart from the calls of his high office, and from the pressing duties which such office entailed: and at each such season and hour he would receive his visitor with equal courtesy and a like absence of any signs of preoccupation, distraction, haste, or hurry. If I may venture to speak from my own experience, I have been permitted to see him, to consult him and to consult with him, or to get a word from him, as the case might be, or even to learn from himself that he was powerless at the instant to give me his attention, at almost every available minute of the day. I have been allowed to call upon him on matters of real business, not, of course, for mere social intercourse, after his morning Mass, before his early dinner or daily drive, at his abstemious tea-time, or later at night when engaged in private study, or at any odd moment he could call his own. Well do I remember him, for instance, of an evening, in the winter-time, when occupying the huge, gaunt, lofty, well-stored library of the Archbishop's House, Westminster, seated in his screened arm-chair, with blazing fire and many candles—for he needed both warmth and light—reclining backwards, his person almost in a straight line, his hands and finger-tops meeting, whilst he conversed after the fatigues of the day with his wonted geniality and brightness—but in more of such retrospect I must not indulge, and must return from this short digression.

I have no reason to suppose that his Eminence was more accessible, or was more gracious to me than to any other layman who took the same pains with myself to obtain what I required, and he was always willing to bestow time, counsel, knowledge, or advice. But, on the contrary, I believe that to all, in his general accessibility and graciousness, he was equally affable and equally genial; whilst to young people, he was even playful in his greeting. He was earnest and attentive during the interview, which, however, he could keep within due limits—as I have witnessed with others. He was courteous and even deferential in his address, though I have seen him draw himself up, as it were, and assert by manner, tone, and gesture his own claim to deference at the hands of those whom he thought wanting in the like courtesy. He was patient in hearing the cause, or the statement;

prompt and exact in declaring his opinion, or judgment; pointed and decided in answering the reasons or arguments of opponents. And this was oftentimes the result of seeing him, of listening to his voice, and of submitting to his influence: whether it were from his sympathy, or from his power of attraction, or from his kindliness of manner (which was obvious), or from his complete absorption in your case (as it seemed and was)—you always left his presence more satisfied and content than you entered it. If in trouble, you felt consoled; if irritated, you became calmed; if desponding, you were encouraged; if in doubt, your doubts were replaced by certainty; if in ignorance on any special point, you were categorically instructed; if out of sorts (so to say) with yourself or with the world, you realized that the world however evil, including yourself however miserable, was bearable. Neither did the popular opinion of the good Cardinal vary materially from this individual estimate, which is intentionally just, though consciously partial. If only once a certain amount of muscular stiffness and nervous frigidity—for he was, though self-collected by discipline, of a nervous temperament—which repelled some class of minds, was overcome by his guest, or visitor, the estimate here made was generally formed. But, it is too well and too widely known to require any qualification, that, to say much in a few words, Cardinal Manning was beloved by his people, high and low, young and old, man and woman. He left his mark on his spiritual subjects, on their heart and in their affections. And one, in his position, who accomplished this feat and who gained this triumph, deserves to be remembered in the future by the title of "the Great Cardinal."

Orby Shipley.

Colway Lodge, Dorset, Eng.

(to be concluded.)

NEWMAN AND MANNING.

FOOLISH our praise and childish prattle
Over the grave they won so well!
Their ears were attuned to the din and rattle,
Their steady gaze met the flame of battle,
Till they gained the sunlit citadel
Hanging twixt Heaven and Hell.

Then shone their brow with the golden glamour
The noonday heaven can clothe withal:
But their ear heard still the nether clamour,
Where Truth seemed only to stutter and stammer,
And Error's voice like a trumpet-call
Ruled the high carnival.

Ah! but they caught, in this world's truces,
More than a glimpse of God; and yet,
Their hearts still fed with generous juices
Sinew and brain for the commoner uses
Man makes of man, till with tears and sweat
The patient cheek be wet.

Like they were as brother to brother—
Preaching no sermon they dared not do:
And see how at last the great All-Mother
Clasps now the one, and again the other,
Close to her heart: and the weary two
Slumber the long night through!

How should they feel Earth's cold embraces—
Their foreheads lit with the splendorous day?
Sooth, she hath limned their godlike faces,
Her potter's hand hath fashioned the vases—
Earth they are, and they melt away
Into a common clay!

And yet they knew with heart that despises
The fading gloss and the falling dross:
Vain to them were her sweet surprises,
Love, wealth, and fame—all the heart surmises
Worthy of gain, they esteemed as loss
If it led not to the Cross.

Kith and kin and all that is dearest
Wrung their hearts with tenderest plea:
When wreathèd bays seemed brightest and nearest,
They took up a chaplet of leaves the searest,
To weave in their proud humility
Where every man might see!

And so the world hissed after them—"Traitor!"
"Coward!" anon, and anon cried "Fool!"
Nor pastures green, nor the volleying crater
Heeded they aught, till men saw later
Something to love in that baffling School
Hatred nor love can rule!

H. T. HENRY.

Overbrook, Pa.

NUESTRA SEÑORA DE GUADALUPE.

IT is midwinter in 1531, and a peasant of active build, with dark hair and eye, trudges patiently along the stony ribs of a barren, sun-scorched hill. His monarch has been overthrown by pale-visaged intruders, coming up from the coast clad in armor impervious to Aztec arrow or obsidian glaive; their horrific thunder has dispersed the serried forces of Anahuac, trodden into the dust by the gigantic monsters of the invaders; royal ladies have been humbled by the resistless stranger, temples destroyed, altars overthrown. Of what profit to adhere to an order that had not force to maintain itself against assault, or to adore invertebrate deities powerless to secure their stately fanes. Better to bow the neck, to yield to fate, and to await the return of Montezuma to his own in patience. Thus had reasoned the man of the people. He had renounced his old allegiance to Quetzal and Montezuma, since these were of the past, and accepted the polity of the dominant power, who had admitted him to a restricted brotherhood with mystic rite, replacing his very name by the unpretentious appellation of John James, and his wife and other relatives had made similar submission.

The modest aspect and speech of the new teachers in long, chocolate-colored robes and flowing beards contrasted gratefully with the violence of the musketeers, and the desire grew upon the peasant to know more of their learning. Therefore was he trudging through the brisk, keen air of this bright December morning to hear the instruction that they constantly delivered. The man paused to survey the attractive panorama stretched at his feet. A league to the south stood the new city on the site of the ruined Tenochtitlan; to the right ranged a long succession of blue, pine-clad heights; whilst to the east giant snowy volcanoes formed a stately background to the glittering waters of Lake Tezcoco, its surface dotted with the dug-out canoes of fishermen, whilst dark flocks of ducks fed quietly on the silvery expanse, heedless of those of their fellows drawn stealthily beneath the waves by the cunning Aztec divers. Then his thoughts reverted to Tonantzin, the Juno of his people, formerly worshipped on this very hill with mild and bloodless rites.

But suddenly he hears entrancing strains of music, far sur-

passing in the sweetness of their melody the most finished performances of his own people or of the Spaniards. Then appeared to the awe-struck and wondering rustic a fair and modest princess, habited after the fashion of his people, who accosted him with kindness, telling him that she willed a temple to be built there in her honor, and directing him to convey her message to the bishop. In reverent attitude he heard and promised compliance. This, however, was not so simple of performance; and when with true Aztec doggedness he finally effected his purpose, the man was only derided for his pains as a partially reclaimed idolater, steeped in the superstitions of his early days, and evolving visions from the dark recesses of his pagan imagination. He returned to the Lady. She promises to see him again, and permits him to retire to his home at Tolpetlac, where, with Lucy Mary, his wife, he speculated as to what this might import. The next day being Sunday, he returned to the hill. The Lady repeated her injunction, and the Indian again approached the prelate. This dignitary, Don Juan Zumárraga, hereon demanded a sign, and sent the man away, who at the hill disappeared from the ken of the bishop's retainers, secretly observing his movements. He again met the Lady, who, hearing his demand for a sure evidence to satisfy the prelate, ordered his attendance the next day. Returning to his home, Juan Diego found his uncle suffering from a severe fever, and attending on him he omitted to visit the mountain as directed. Next day, his relative being in mortal peril, he started for Tlaltelolco to obtain for him the spiritual ministrations of one of the Franciscans there resident. Intent on this mission, he deviated from his customary route over the mountain's brow, where the Lady, he judged, would be sure to delay him, passing nearer to the Tezcocan lake. But she was not to be evaded by this feeble artifice; for the worthy Juan saw her coming down to him, and to his representations she merely replied that his uncle had perfectly recovered, and ordered him to gather the flowers he should find growing on the mountain, and bear them as a sign to the bishop. Now, plenty of flowers are to be found in the gardens around Mexico at all seasons, but it was an altogether unheard-of thing that roses should flourish untended on the exposed hillside in December. But the Indian, plucking the blossoms in the place indicated, placed them in his *tilma** and bore

* This is a blanket used as an overcoat. The head passes through a slit in its centre, and it hangs down front and back as a double apron.

them to the episcopal residence, where he waited with patience until the dignitary appeared. If the flowers caused the bishop some momentary surprise, what was his awe and amazement at seeing a beautiful painting of the heavenly visitant emblazoned in bright colors on the workman's robe containing the fragrant buds and blossoms! Reverently and on his knees did the bishop receive this venerable token, and, attended by his clerks, he forthwith bestowed it with all honor in his private chapel. The Indian then returned to his home accompanied by two messengers from the bishop, and there found his uncle perfectly recovered, the hour of his healing corresponding with that at which the Lady had appeared to his favored nephew. Deeply moved by these heavenly manifestations of regard, the twain dedicated their lives to the Blessed Virgin, residing thenceforth by the chapel which the bishop, a few weeks later, opened for the reception of the holy picture at the spot where the roses were found growing. The Indian and his wife took a vow of chastity, and there he died a most edifying death a short time after the Tudor Bluebeard, who made Israel to sin, expired in such woeful despair in London. One is reminded of St. Paul's words to the obdurate Jews: "Since you judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, we turn to the Gentiles"; if we renounce our promised heavenly throne God can provide for it a worthy occupant.

The down-trodden native race now had a patroness of their own, and the Mother of God, under the guise of a Mexican princess, was venerated at the hill of Tonantzin, the ancient mother of the gods. This *cultus*, therefore, has always had a national, emphatically an Indian, character, and the conversion of the population, at first beset with difficulties, now progressed apace. The papal recognition of the miracle was long delayed, and it was not till the middle of the last century that the Congregation of Rites finally set its seal upon the events here recorded, and declared Our Lady of Guadalupe the patroness of New Spain. However, the local authorities, both civil and ecclesiastical, had forestalled them in this, and the devotion was firmly rooted in the land. So jealous were the people of foreign interference, that a devout Italian client of Our Lady of Guadalupe, who had attempted to collect funds for beautifying her shrine, was imprisoned for some time, his goods confiscated, and himself expelled the country with every expression of contempt for his uninvited activity. At the revolt against Spanish

rule Our Lady of Guadalupe became the rallying cry of the popular party; it was to Mexico what St. George was anciently to England, St. Denis to France, and St. James to Spain. The priest Hidalgo, who led the revolt, took for his standard a banner emblazoned with the portrait of this Virgin, so that the devotion has a political as well as a religious aspect.

No one can live long in Mexico without having the Guadalupe image thoroughly impressed on his memory. We cannot recall any so popular a monument elsewhere. In every house it is found, of course in every temple; it is on the match-boxes and cigarette-cases, in the butchers' and bakers' shops. As to the image itself, it is not unpleasing—a young lady with eyes lowered and hands joined in devotion; her dark hair parted in the middle, with a crown resting on the head; a blue mantle studded with stars and fastened at the neck by a clasp descends to the feet, and beneath this is worn a rose-colored dress, whilst the figure stands on a moon, borne by a youthful angel. From the image on all sides radiates a golden halo. The painting is said to be on both sides of the cloth, and a commission of artists who examined it were unable to say by what process it had been executed. These circumstances excite the ire of the infidels, and a few very truculent ones there used to be in the foreign elements of the capital.

A number of churches have been erected at Guadalupe at various times, and there are now five: the collegiate church, the parish church, and the chapels of the old convent, of the hill, and of the well. The former is the most important, and has been renovated and beautified from time to time; but as it is shortly to be reopened, after having been in the architect's hands for several years past, it is premature to speak of it in detail. It stands at the foot of the mountain, and is the first noteworthy object reached on the journey from the capital. We may attain the summit by two long stone stairways, and here on the terrace, surrounded by a stone wall, stands the chapel which marks the spot where the Indian gathered the roses. The place was at first distinguished by a cross; then, after the lapse of over a century, by a chapel, which was replaced by the present structure at the commencement of the last century. It is adorned by appropriate pictures, and contains some notable monuments.

From the terrace a magnificent prospect unfolds itself, the towers and domes of the capital sparkle in the sempiternal sunshine, to the left glitters the lake of Texcoco, whilst beyond

the crests of the twin volcanoes crowned with their snowy canopy dazzle the eyes of the beholder. In the rear is one of the most remarkable cemeteries in the country, beautified with parterres of flowers, well-kept paths and lawns of emerald. Many of the monuments are works of art in marble, limestone, or the beautiful Puebla onyx. The names of warriors and statesmen, of poets and presidents, and of not a few who have attained to world-wide fame, may be read on the stone. Not the least noteworthy is the grave of Santa Aña, that brilliant meteor of war, statecraft, and ambition, which finally set in such gloomy obscurity, grim close to so restless a career.

Descending by the eastern stairway, a tall stone monument arrests the eye, which is said to represent the masts, yards, and square sails of a ship, but the resemblance is not strikingly apparent. The story of it is that a storm-battered craft tossing on the dark waters of the gulf during a hurricane was seemingly past hope and beyond human aid; the crew hereupon implored the succor of their patroness, vowing moreover that were they delivered they would in gratitude bear the masts of their vessel to Guadalupe and there deposit them as a thank-offering—which promise, on reaching Vera Cruz in safety, they actually performed, enclosing the masts and yards in a protecting envelope of masonry. At the foot of this flight of steps we come on the circular chapel crowning the well that sprang forth at the spot where the Lady stood when she spoke with the Indian. The dome of this building, formed with blue, white, and yellow enamelled tiles, is very pleasing as it sparkles in the clear sunlight. The well itself, which is said to possess beneficial properties, is in the porch, protected by a screen of ironwork, attached to which is a metal dipper; this is much frequented, and during the festivals it is hard to approach it from the throng of Indians anxious to fill empty bottles with the sacred water for conveyance to their distant abodes. Within the chapel has been much beautified of late in excellent taste, with paintings of the various apparitions. A statue of Juan Diego supports the pulpit, and an original portrait in oils of this venerable person may be seen in the sacristy. This church is a hundred years old and was a work of devotion, both architects and laborers giving their services gratuitously. In fact, so great was the enthusiasm that masons and workmen were permitted to devote Sundays and festivals, their only spare time, to the task, which in the evening they could with difficulty be induced to abandon, while gentle-

women brought such material as they could to the workers in their aprons.

Without the porch, and at the ascent of the staircase, a pillar supports an image of the Blessed Virgin which marks the position of her first appearance. The parish church is in nowise remarkable except that its sacristy was the second building erected for the bestowal of the miraculous picture. It stands on the north side of a small plaza, planted with trees and flowers and provided with commodious benches. Hard by are a series of buildings employed for school and municipal purposes; this was originally the convent of Poor Clares founded a little before the Chapel of the Well, and secularized, together with all similar foundations, on the downfall of the empire of Maximilian. Several attempts made at various periods to erect a monastic establishment at Guadalupe proved abortive, the authorities judging that sufficient religious foundations already existed in the country; however, an enthusiastic nun, one Sister Mary Ann, having obtained the favor of the archbishop, though totally unprovided with funds, obtained permission to present her petition in person to the Spanish monarch, who granted her leave to make a collection for the purpose of building a nunnery of her order at Guadalupe. Her enthusiasm proved contagious; over a couple of hundred thousand dollars were obtained, and a cloister and church were erected close to the *Collegiata*. The church is actually employed for its original purpose, and during the last few years, as the Collegiate temple has been undergoing renovation, the holy picture has been kept here.

Guadalupe was made a town in the last century and still later a city; however, it is actually a village with some three thousand inhabitants, and possesses scanty advantages in the natural order, the mortality being over sixty per thousand. Nor is this to be wondered at in view of the stagnant ditches of impure water which characterize the place. It is a trist and lugubrious little town, and stretching eastwards towards the lake through arid sandy wastes is still another *Panteon* or burial ground, not so sumptuous as that on the mountain but yet well provided with seemly monuments. A statue of the priest Hidalgo, the Mexican Washington, stands near the market-place, and the city is called after him, being officially styled Guadalupe Hidalgo. Here was signed the treaty of that name by which Mexico ceded a moiety of her territory to the United States. On the way towards the capital are some mineral baths; the

road, along which dapper little mules whisk the tramcars in jingling career, is raised above the marshy pastures where forlorn-looking cattle wade lugubriously, whilst parallel to this runs the ancient pilgrimage causeway, flanked by fifteen handsome altars of stone with representations of the Mysteries of the Rosary. But the pilgrims who take this route have now neither time nor inclination to tarry at these mouldering shrines to tell their beads; they fly past them heedlessly to the accompaniment of an ear-piercing screech, for the road is now monopolized by the Vera Cruz Railway.

So does the modern spirit roughly elbow old-world ideas in Mexico as elsewhere, but despite of this Guadalupe is a stronghold of popular devotion, and when it ceases to be so the land will be inhabited by another race and the Aztec will have disappeared.

The festival of Our Lady of Guadalupe occurred on Saturday, the 12th of December. This, with the celebration of the Immaculate Conception on the 8th of that month, made an intermission of business of eight days, including two Sundays. And the Sundays and feasts, it may be said in passing, are being observed more strictly in Mexico year by year. Many of the Mexican shops—nay, the majority—are closed all Sunday, though it is said that the assistants in the large establishments have to attend and dress the store for the ensuing week; the remainder with certain customary exceptions, tobacconists and the like, close from midday. The churches were again crowded all the forenoon, the blue draperies used on the 8th having given place to white and gold. The altars of Our Lady of Guadalupe were naturally the objects of especial devotion, and hotel streets and private residences were gaily adorned. A frequent and effective device is to stretch strings, from which depend little bannerets of blue and white paper, across the street from the upper windows of the houses; this produces the effect of a fluttering roof without impeding the sunlight. The road to Guadalupe from the capital was a merry one throughout the day; every few minutes long processions of mule-cars, those of the second class crammed with a suffocating mass of Indians, proceeded leisurely northwards. By these jogged in the dust hundreds of ragged but happy people with babies swathed in shawls on their backs. Numbers of heavy carts, densely tenanted and bedecked with flags, also crawled leisurely along, but so good-natured did the cheerful multitude appear that the mounted *gens-d'armes* had

little to do but to add effect to the pageant by the caracoling of their mettlesome chargers. Arrived in the little city the cram was appalling; but perseverance works marvels, and by a judicious admixture of forbearance and self-assertion the clamorous throng of fruit-sellers was passed and the centre reached. Here are a number of stalls for cheap and unctuous meals, fruits, cakes, and gaily-colored candles, the latter for the church.

It is not our purpose to describe the festivities of the occasion. The rumor that the Collegiate Church was to be opened on this occasion with a concourse of bishops from all parts of the Republic and the United States was an error into which many fell, thanks to some over-informed members of the press. The building has long been closed for repairs, and is likely to so remain; meanwhile the sacred picture is in the small neighboring church formerly the chapel of the Franciscan nunnery. A few policemen guide the people, preventing entrance at the door of exit; the crush is terrible, and one trembles to think of the cremation that might result should one of the numerous tapers fall amidst this cotton-robed throng. But we escape into the sweet air of heaven at length, fight our path to the cars, and return to the capital. There at night bands play in the plazas, the façade of the cathedral is illuminated, and pyrotechnic displays, so dear to the Mexican heart, are frequent; venders of sweets, peanuts, and fruits camp in the roads and do an *al fresco* business. From the houses hang illuminated copies of the image, with the legend, "*Non fecit taliter omni nationi*"; and we at length retire, musing on the indestructibility of religious faith even in a materialistic age.

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DR. BOUQUILLON'S REJOINDER.*

THE object of this second pamphlet by Dr. Bouquillon is to explain more fully the scope, statements, and arguments of his first pamphlet. Some critics have misinterpreted its meaning, and there has arisen in consequence in many minds a misunderstanding and an erroneous impression which it was highly important to correct. The Doctor explains, that it was not his purpose to speak of the religious organization of the school, or of the obligation of parents to select worthy masters and good schools for their children. His object was to show that education was a mixed matter in which there are four concurring factors, viz., men taken individually and collectively, the family, the state, and the church. He aimed at explaining the principles which must underlie a sound policy of conciliation between all these factors in education, because the understanding of these principles is a means of preventing politico-religious conflicts, the effects of which are so disastrous.

The main question at issue between Dr. Bouquillon and his critics is: whether he has stated these principles respecting the Rights and Duties of each one of the four factors in a manner conformed to the teachings of the best Catholic authorities; and specifically, whether he has or has not treated in a due manner the matter of the Right and Duty of *the State*—in education. Here is the crucial point in the discussion.

There is an ultra-democratic opinion of the nature and limits of state-authority, which minimizes political sovereignty into the smallest possible compass. There is an opposite extreme which minimizes individual right and liberty, and when it reaches the point of socialism suppresses them under a state tyranny. The doctrine of St. Thomas, Suarez, Taparelli, and the other great Catholic publicists is midway between these two extremes. Dr. Bouquillon has shown conclusively that his teaching is in entire conformity with this doctrine, and with the encyclical of the reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII.

A capital objection against Dr. Bouquillon is, that he makes

* *Education: To Whom does it Belong?* A Rejoinder to Critics. By the Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

no distinction between the Christian and the non-Christian State. The answer to this is: that, as there is no distinction in respect to right between Christian and non-Christian individuals and families, so there is none between States. The difference comes in, when the exercise of rights according to some law is considered, which is the natural law for a non-Christian State, for the Catholic Christian State, the natural law, together with the divine law and the canons of the church. Between these two, *i. e.*, the State purely Christian and the State purely non-Christian, there are intermediate States, in some sense Christian, and in another sense non-Christian. Our Republic is one of these, and is by no means to be classed with Turkey, China, and the godless republic of the French Revolution.

Another criticism relates to the proper signification of the terms Education and Instruction with their congeners. Dr. Bouquillon has been blamed for confusing two distinct things, Teaching and Education, and urging arguments which avail only for the right to teach, in favor of the right to educate. Instruction or teaching is explained to denote the formation of the intellect, education the formation of the will and the training of the moral nature in virtue. Dr. Bouquillon does not reject these definitions, and defends his use of the term education by referring to a wider and more general sense which it commonly receives. He also proves that the State has a right to educate, taking the word in its more restricted sense.

We do not agree, however, with this explanation of the difference between instruction and education. They are not indeed synonymous, but neither are they in logical opposition. Education has a wider sense than instruction, and includes it within its proper scope. It is the development and formation of the whole nature of the human subject, especially the rational part of it, the intellect as well as the will, or as common usage has it, the heart. Instruction or teaching is properly the imparting of knowledge, and has as much to do with forming the religious and moral character as with perfecting intellect and reason. We do not call an illiterate saint an educated man or a wicked scholar uneducated.

There has been a good deal more of this sort of skirmishing criticism, of what the illustrious Jesuit Father De Smedt calls "the tactical craft that strives to take the discussion from the main field of the contest and bring it to a corner"; together with suggestions of *arrières pensées* on the part of the author.

Dr. Bouquillon very justly says "that the so-called *procès de tendance* are everywhere odious, and contentions merely about words ridiculous" (p. 10).

The real gist and purpose of the contention has been to put Dr. Bouquillon's defence of the right of the State to educate into a false perspective. The impression has been produced to a considerable extent, especially in the minds of those who have either not read or not attentively considered the first pamphlet, that State authority has been so presented as to diminish or exclude parental and ecclesiastical rights, and to vindicate the neutral system of public-school education against the judgment which the Sovereign Pontiff and the bishops have pronounced in respect to the education of Catholic young people.

Dr. Bouquillon's pamphlet not only gave no occasion to such a misinterpretation, but positively and explicitly excluded it. This second pamphlet has made it even more unmistakably clear that his doctrine is in perfect accord with the judgment of the ecclesiastical authority.

The obligation of giving a Catholic education to Catholic children cannot be disputed or disregarded. There may be a difference of opinion in regard to arrangements between ecclesiastical and civil authorities as to the conduct of schools. But it is the prerogative of the bishops to determine these practical questions; and it is incumbent on all those who discuss them to do so with perfect fairness and moderation.

THE APOSTOLATE OF CONGREGATIONAL SONG.

"IF Socrates, seeking to determine by a calculation the degrees which separate the pleasure of the just from that of the unjust, could discover that the former was seven hundred and twenty-nine times greater than that of the latter, founding his calculation on a theorem of geometry, at what a prodigious result should we arrive if we employed any adequate process of a similar kind to form an estimate of the supernatural delights of the Catholic faith? For, be it ever remembered, that from the mystic consolations of authority down to the sportful play of youth upon the steps of churches, 'the fingers of the powers above do tune the harmony of this peace.' The Catholic Church, it is true, directs her faithful people to a future, not a temporal felicity; but while announcing the certainty of the former she invites them to rejoice even while passing to it, without waiting till all is ruined and repaired again; as in the Lenten hymn for Lauds:

"Dies venit, dies tua,
In qua reflorent omnia:
Lætemur et nos in viam,
Tua reducti dextera."—

The day returns, this day of Thine,
And all 's again in bloom arrayed;
Led safely by Thy hand divine,
May we the gladsome chorus aid." *

For profound erudition combined with rare poetic insight, pleasingly instructive narrative, and devout inspiration commend me to the too-little-known works of the author, from one of which the above is quoted. His clear historical view of the influence of the Catholic faith upon the "manners" of the people is unfolded to the reader as a delightful panorama, revealing to the eye, even of the profoundest scholar versed in the history of the times he undertakes to depict, the most charmingly surprising pictures of Catholic life. There is hardly a principle of truth, an element of goodness, or a sentiment of the beautiful which he fails to show found singularly marked expression and expansive influence wherever the Catholic faith had a free hand

* *Compitum; or, The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church*, by Kenelm H. Digby. Book ii. chap. viii.: "The Road of Joy."

in shaping the civilization of the age. Concluding the chapter already cited, he says with justice: "A sense, therefore, of the joyfulness which the Catholic faith imparts to a population is among the deepest impressions which result from a survey of the world; for I repeat it, we cannot even make brief sojourn with a people under its influence without being, as Virgil says:

"'Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti'"—
I know not with what uncommon sweetness glad.

What will surely strike the mind of the studious reader is that the traditions, ceremonies, and language of the offices of Catholic worship are so wonderfully expressive of, as they are so powerfully well calculated to inspire, the sentiment of a pure, serene, unalloyed joy. Truly one cannot fail to see, be he enveloped in ever so dense a mist of prejudice, that the Catholic religion is a joyful religion of a happy people, to whom the "glad tidings of great joy" have not been announced in vain.

The key to the character of any people is to be found in the character of their religion; for to their religious beliefs and practices must be referred the most powerful of all influences by which, not only the individual life, but the whole social order and even national qualities, are directed and formed.

To judge of the influence so thoroughly leavening as that of religion upon a people, one must observe the manners of the commonalty, especially the peasantry. Compare the Protestant peasantry of England with those of the Catholic Tyrol, or of those portions of France, Spain, Portugal, or Italy yet unclouded by the gloom of heresy or unreduced to the "silence of the conquered" by the snarling savagery of infidelity. Observe the stolid countenance, the jealous slowness of speech, the suspicious glance of the eye, the inhospitable frown, the grumbling, growling "Naw, I doan't know ye, an' I doan't want to know ye" air shown by the former, compared to the frank, cheery, unaffected bearing of the latter; their singularly courteous language and tone of address, yet lacking all servility; the ready smile that betokens welcome, accompanied with the common phrase, This or that, my home or whatsoever else they have, "is yours"; spoken, too, not in a grudging underbreath, but in clear, well-formed sentences assuring genuine generosity of heart, enforced by polite bows and graceful motions; forming the most charming pictures of unstudied refinement. The same marked contrast is seen even in the same nation. The Irish Catholic peasant expressively sums up the morose, hard-featured, penny-

saving character of his Protestant fellow-countryman, so opposite to his own gay, light-hearted, laughter-loving spirit, his effusive gallantry, ready wit and generous thriftlessness, when he styles him "black."

To one who has not especially looked for it nothing will be found more confirmatory of this than the abundant evidence of the inspirations of joy afforded not only by the outward splendor and cheerfulness of Catholic festivals, but by the very frequency of words in chant and prayer, from priest and choir, at Holy Mass and in the Divine Office from Matins to Compline, whose meaning is that of joy. Some such will occur at once even to the least learned of our people of to-day; despite the fact that both learned and unlearned are, for the most part, shut off, alas! by the tradition which has closed their ears to these multiple invitations to gladness, and closed their mouths against repeating them to their hearts. Such, for instance, are the titles of the two mid-Lent and mid-Advent Sundays, "Lætare" and "Gaudete," to which might be added the introit, "Gaudeamus in Domino" for certain festivals. From some preacher's voice, here and there, a few more may learn that Easter is the day of the "Gaudium magnum, quod est, Alleluia!" and that it is because of the "joy" of Christ's resurrection that no Sunday is ever a fast day. But what would be a revelation both to those who acknowledge the fact of the happiness of Catholics in their religion and know not its causes, and to the majority of even well-instructed Catholics themselves of our day, is the extraordinary frequency of the use of terms significative of joy and gladness found upon every page of the church's office books. I can imagine a highly inspiring and instructive little volume, which would be nothing more than a simple concordance of such words with references to the occasions when they are employed in divine worship. That the joy of the Christian is not banished even in seasons of penance more than one reference would show, such as the quotation from the Lenten hymn at the head of this essay. This all-pervading sentiment of joy in the Catholic religion fully accords with our Lord's teaching how to bear one's self in penitential exercises: "When thou fastest anoint thy head and wash thy face, etc."

Right here naturally comes up a question apropos of the well-proven claim which the author before mentioned makes for the realization of that Catholic joy, especially in the ages from whose history he chiefly draws his illustrations, the ages of faith—the Dark Ages, as ignorant Protestants call them. That

question is, How did the church in those times inspire her faithful children more effectively than she is doing now with the sentiment of holy Christian joy? The answer is not difficult. The more constant and brilliant presentation of what outwardly manifests and inspires gladness in the solemnization of numerous festivals, and the more common association of the masses of people in their celebration than the material demands of our later civilization permit them, go very far towards explaining the more happy results which were then achieved.

But it is chiefly to be attributed to the fact that in those times of gladness the people heard and understood the joyful, inspiring voice of the church, and united their own voices to hers in chant and psalm and prayer. That this should have been true seems to us not only marvellous, but at first thought impossible. For in those ages of manuscripts few of the common people knew how to read in their own language, much less in the Latin language of the church. And yet there is abundant evidence that they came to possess a singularly familiar acquaintance with the church's words of praise and prayer; not only enough to be able to pray and sing in her own language in the church, and at their daily avocations, but also to have an intelligent comprehension of the meaning of what they prayed and sung. This intellectual appreciation was, at any rate, sufficient to enable them to receive, through their association with the holy offices of worship, the deepest as well as truest spiritual impressions.

Our author, in his several works, instructively shows how far these impressions went to the formation of individual and social character. Despite the wide-spread diffusion of literary acquirements, and the multiplication of books and other easy means of instruction, the mass of people in our day make but a sorry show in these respects when compared with the comparatively illiterate peoples of the Middle Ages. Illiteracy does not necessarily imply unintelligence, nor does ignorance of the alphabet debar one from the acquisition of learning and wisdom; neither does it hinder the possibility of mental or spiritual development. The history of the times shows that there was a great number of schools, and many famous universities filled with many more thousands of scholars than our own such institutions can collect together; all going to prove that if reading was not widely diffused, learning was. Oral instruction supplied the means now sought for mainly from books, and many instances recorded show that the people cultivated the faculty of memory to a prodigious degree.

It was not an uncommon thing, for instance, for youths to know by heart the greater part of the Psalter, or even the whole number of its one hundred and fifty psalms.

One more consideration is worthy of note. One deprived of sight has recourse to other faculties of perception, which also become abnormally acute, and in great measure supply the loss. Whole peoples lacking the easy means of mental culture afforded by the knowledge of letters make more ready use of those other and better symbols of rational and spiritual truth supplied by nature, which exemplify the ideal more directly to the mind than alphabetical ones can, and apply their intelligence with more ardor to the oral teaching of the *élite* of their time, who confessedly evidence vastly superior originality of conception and power of ideal expression in the fields of *belles-lettres* and the fine arts than those of our age of books. Accustomed as we are to the almost exclusive use of books as the means of acquiring knowledge, too many of us have come to regard the art of reading as the sole art for the acquisition and transmission of ideas, and to rely upon it as the chiefest medium of moral and æsthetic inspiration and refinement.

I have thought it necessary to offer the foregoing considerations as a solution of the secret of the general mental, moral, and æsthetic culture of the Catholic masses, and the remarkable inspirations of genius in the days which we are apt to regard as ages of general ignorance and boorishness. Although illiterate, as we would call them, they were not beyond the refining and instructive influence of the most learned and successful teacher the world has ever known, the best and surest guide in the ways of good manners and good morals, and the yet crowned queen and generous patron of all the arts.

Now we are prepared to ask how it happened that the lives of these elder brethren of ours were so replete with serene and holy joy? and whether the church may not do for us now what she did for them then? and if so, what is this Gospel of great joy, and when is the best time to begin the preaching of it? To which questions I reply: First, that the grace of the Holy Ghost, by whose indwelling power the church becomes the inspirer, illuminator, teacher, and comforter of her children, is as full and strong to-day as it was in the beginning and ever shall be; and though minds are proud, and hearts are dull, and wills are slow for great sacrifices for God, yet he who will but bend his sail to catch the least breathing of the Holy Spirit will quickly find it drawing with wondrous power, rapidly wafting him to

the port of success. Second: that this Gospel of great joy, so mightily preached to them of aforetime, in the days when books were not, and when hearing it the hearts of the happy people of a happy religion were kept thrilling with gladness; when life was sweet, yet death not feared as it is now by the coward sceptic savant—this Message which brought truth and wisdom, and found a true echo in the minds and hearts of those who heard it gladly, is the Gospel of Song. And third: that to men of good will the preaching of this Good News will be welcome at any season, but as things now are there are especial opportunities offered by the season of Lent.

There you have the whole secret. The Catholic faith was and is a happy religion because it sings its praise, its prayer, its sacrificial worship; singing from morn to eve, and e'en hallowing the midnight hour with its melodious accents. And if such a song of a happy religion inspired its people with happiness, and spread joy and gladness like the sunlight over the land, it was because those happy people heard and responded to this glad Message. They, too, took up the refrain. They raised their voices and sang with their mother as she uplifted hers in the sanctuary; and lo! as they sang, not only the heart was enlarged, but the mind opened to receive often, surely, and I think much oftener and more readily than pride of worldly learning now admits, direct, infused knowledge and wisdom, and a clearer comprehension of the deeper meanings of nature and of grace, of the mysteries of life and of death, and of the hidden workings of the hand of God here and hereafter. It is related of the aged Cornaro of Padua that he used at the age of ninety-five to chant his prayers morning and evening with his eleven grandchildren; and who, writing to the Patriarch of Aquileia said: "Oh, how fine my voice has become! If you were to hear me singing my prayers, accompanied with the harp, like David, I can answer for it you would be pleased. I am sure that I shall die singing my prayers. The thought of death causes me no trouble, though I know at my advanced age that it must be near, and that I was born to die." His biographer writes of him: "Cornaro must have derived a new force and power of interior equilibrium in that celestial life which he had made for himself at the side of the earthly life, and in the happiness which he hoped from the mercy and goodness of God." We can now see very clearly what was the source of his "new force and power," and of his celestial elevation of soul. It was the devout practice of singing his prayers. In those days the

people heard the words of truth, and especially of divine truth, emphasized and spiritualized by the tones of song; and, what is of far greater importance for the appropriation of truth by the heart, they themselves sang what they knew and believed.

Again I say, there is the whole secret. We, alas! to-day, in the hearing of the Gospel of Joy the church announces to us at all times are like to those who are shown a piece of printed music, and to whom the notes and signs and words are read, but who hear not its melody, nor know what it is to feel one's heart thrilling with truth's joyous pulsations when we intone it ourselves, and offer in the holy temple of worship the "hostiam vociferationis."

Not in happier times of yore did the illiterate, but by no means ignorant, faithful reverently stand—more virile in body as they were of mind, where now their more bookish brethren sit with effeminate ease—in the courts of the house of the Lord, and listen like a herd of dull-brained kine to the ever-recurring invitation of the divine Singer calling to them to join in her song of prayer and praise: "Gaudete, iterum dico, gaudete! Venite, exultemus Domino, jubilemus Deo salutari nostro; præoccupemus faciem ejus in confessione, et in psalmis jubilemus ei, Jubilate Deo, omnis terra: servite Domino in lætitia, Juvenes et virgines, senes cum junioribus laudent nomen Domini! Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes, Concede nos famulos tuos, quæsumus, Domine Deus, perpetua mentis et corporis sanitate gaudere: et gloriosa beatæ Mariæ semper virginis intercessione, a præsenti liberari tristitia, et æterna perfrui lætitia; Iter para tutum, ut videntes Jesum semper collætemur." All these and thousands more of such invitations to sing unto the Lord with joy did not fall upon ears that heard not or appeal to hearts that did not understand. When the old familiar sequence was intoned by the choir:

> "Cœlum gaude, terra plaude,
> Nemo mutus sit in laude":—
>
> Heaven and earth their voice upraising,
> No one silent be in praising—

we know that such calls to the congregated worshippers were not regarded as merely formal exhortations to them as they now have so widely become, but were quickly and heartily responded to. Fervently, devoutly, with hearts throbbing with gladness, and countenances radiant with holy pride and joy, they filled the sanctuaries of religion with resounding outbursts of melody. One

of the responsories for Matins in the office of the dedication of a church proves that the people then were no idle, silent crowd of sight-seers: "When the temple was dedicated the people sang praise, and sweet in their mouths was the sound"—"In dedicatione templi decantabat populus laudem; et in ore eorum dulcis resonabat sonus."

To say that our people to-day are not happy in their religion would not be true. That it is the evident source of the greatest joy to them arouses the wonder and often the envy of the stranger to their faith. Catholics haste with eager, joyful footsteps to the church, and are seen returning home with bright and smiling faces, cheery in manner and speech. But consoling as all this is, it can be multiplied a thousand-fold. The fire of divine love which burns within their breasts can be fanned into a brilliant flame, whose light and heat shall not only consume them with ardent charity, but whose beams shall spread abroad in other minds and hearts the illuminating splendor of the divine faith they possess; and whose mission is to beatify the world. "I am come to bring fire upon the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled!" said he on whose birthday the church sings: "Hodie illuxit nobis dies redemptionis novæ, reparationis antiquæ, felicitatis æternæ."

Truth and praise and prayer can be read in a book. It is well. They can be heard by the ear from the mouths of those who are fitted by science and sanctity to speak them. It is better. They can be sung and listened to with devout consent and admiration. It is still better. But he who would have his mind thoroughly illuminated with truth, who would appropriate it, and live by it, and build his eternal destiny thereon, especially truth revealed to him from heaven, must himself proclaim it. Were it only to deepen his own faith, much more if he would aid in strengthening the faith of others, he must do more than simply utter it; he must become, in the measure of his own powers and gifts, its inspired bard, and SING it! Such a singer was the Psalmist when he chanted: "The mercies of the Lord I will sing for ever: I will show forth thy truth with my mouth to generation and generation." To the same melodious proclamation of the truth does its great Apostle stir us up when he writes: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles; singing in your hearts in grace to God!"

Would we fitly offer the sacrifice of praise and prayer?

Then also we must, with the Psalmist, consecrate it with the unction of melody. "Praise the Lord, O my soul; in my life I will praise the Lord; I will sing to my God as long as I shall live." "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; in the council of the just, and in the congregation."

"Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation." But how can the people be so blessed who are strangers to the power, the joy, and the inspiration of song? Holy Mardochai prayed not in vain: "Hear my supplication, and be merciful to thy lot and inheritance, and turn our mourning into joy, that we may live and praise thy name, O Lord, and shut not the mouths of them that sing unto thee."

O ye to whom the people look to be led in the paths of justice, truth, and peace! whose lips teach them wisdom, and at the sound of whose voice their hearts leap for joy, do ye not hear them praying to hear from your mouths this Gospel of joy, the Gospel of Song, the Gospel which will make them know God better, love and serve him with greater ardor, bless their homes and children, lighten their hours of labor, and fill them with yearnings for the hour of praise and prayer when they can come and join with their brethren in the great congregation, there to be themselves the singers of the psalm: "I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord; our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem!" As you know, you are not prayed to preach a Gospel of strange, unheard-of meaning in the church of God. Wherever the people have heard it, it has come to them as come the glad tidings of the return home of an old and true friend. Catholic instinct quickly detects what is for or against the harmony of faith; what makes for God's glory and their own sanctification. There is no need to say here, what is so well known, how eagerly they have welcomed the call upon them to break the bonds of silence so long imposed by a false tradition, nor how hearty have been the words of blessing and encouragement from bishops and priests in this and foreign lands upon every effort made to bring the people to sing. Judging from the manner of its popular reception everywhere, the common and hearty assent to every argument offered in its favor, and the gratifying success of every effort made to introduce it, observant witnesses have been led to confidently assert that "congregational singing has come to stay."

The object of this article is to urge the preaching of the good news, and without delay. Lent is, perhaps, the best time

to begin, as already said. For Lent is the time of extra devotional services, just the fit occasions to invite the crowd of worshippers to sing, as best they may, a few devout hymns. They will thus learn to unlock their silent lips. A few encouraging words, spoken with confident assurance of success, is all the preparatory instruction needed. Sufficient power and ability to use it is there; all that is necessary is to say to them—*Sing!*

The point to be aimed at is to get the people of this generation to sing, and to sing the praises of God in church. Blessed are our people that they are familiar with God, and not shamefaced to do what they feel he is pleased to have them do. So, where congregational singing has been honestly tried, no matter how unpromising the supposed or real ability of the congregation, the result has fully justified the effort, and proved beyond all question that the people, just as they are, old and young, *can* sing and *will* sing, and sing with great devotion and joy. Putting off the trial until a new generation has grown up of those who are now children is simply putting it off to a morrow that never comes. I fear these too timorous advocates of an indefinite postponement of the seasonable time to preach this joyous Gospel overlook the fact that probably the majority of the adults now despaired of as singers were not long ago children in some Sunday or day school, in which they learned to sing a little; enough, any way, to rely upon as a taste of what they naturally thirst for, and would eagerly make an effort to get more of if the chance were offered them.

Congregations are always larger in Lent; but where singing has been introduced the attendance has doubled and even trebled; and the verdict of the people has everywhere been the same: Never have we spent such a happy Lent! No wonder. Song is the expression of the happy heart. Even now, though forced to be silent before the altar, they still think most earnest thoughts of love and contrition, of praise and prayer; and many a heart is profoundly moved, even to the shedding of abundant tears, as the story of the Stations of the Lord's Passion and Death is told in their hearing. But now open their mouths that they may give full and thrilling expression to all these thoughts. Lo! the change is as the resurrection of dry bones to vigorous, warm, palpitating life! Each one becomes, not only self-inspired, but an inspirer of his brethren. That is what St. Paul meant by "admonishing one another—*commonentes vobismetipsis*—in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God."

Song is contagious; in a congregation of people who have come to pray it acts like a quick leaven with marvellous power to unify all hearts; thus realizing that desirable end, so much overlooked, which is sought by the church in bringing the faithful together at Holy Mass and Vespers and other public devotions; that the act of worship shall be not only the act of individual worship, but a common, congregational, united act, a spiritual communion of the people, *Congregati in unum!*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. The end of all religion is the love of God and our neighbor. Congregational worship cements the bonds of human and divine charity. The principle is founded in man's nature, and no religious system, true or false, has failed to recognize its truth. Catholicity, more than any other religion, confirms this prompting of nature, elevates and sanctifies it; and has succeeded in founding and maintaining a brotherhood of man past all rivalling. An example will show how strictly the church conforms her practice with the principle. When, for certain good reasons, some great and worthy families have been honored with the privilege of a private chapel at home, such private worship is forbidden to them a certain number of days in the year, and they are obliged to come and unite with the common congregation at the Holy Sacrifice, there to commune with the lowest and humblest of their brethren in Christ, though side by side with them kneel their own bondsmen. How wonderfully consistent is the church, even in matters which might seem to be of minor importance!

Joy is love's first-born. "Quam bonum et quam jucundum, habitare fratres in unum!" If, then, this great joy is to be imparted to the people, and the mission of the Christian Gospel of charity is to be fulfilled, then whatever tends to strengthen the unity of the faithful in their common congregational worship of God should be prized at its true worth, and every effort made to secure the means to this desirable end. Let them obey the call of the church to assemble in one place; let them sit, stand, and kneel as one; let their hearts be brought, by the preacher's instruction, admonition, and fervent appeal, to beat in unison with the theme of the feast or the fast that is celebrated: all that is good, and not only good but necessary that the people may be kept in love of, and made happy in the exercise of, their religion. But if this means of spiritual joy is to be carried to its fullest application, then this congregational communion must be cemented, elevated, and spiritualized by song. If it is to be said of our Catholic people with the Psalmist, "They

shall be inebriated with the plenty of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of thy delights," then must the Gospel of congregational singing, the Gospel of Love's highest expression and of the purest joy, be preached to them. I say, let it be preached. There is no doubt about its ready and fervent acceptance.

One more word to him who reads. Looking abroad upon the many and vast fields of apostolic work, and deeply moved at the view of so much of urgent importance waiting to be accomplished for God's glory and the people's happiness, may one not justly cry out with the Lord, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few!" What a glorious and consoling apostolate is here for many a true evangelist! What abundant fruits await the hands of those who love God with more than a common love and are yearning to do something for him. How many such there are blessed by him with musical gifts who might thus show a little gratitude in return for what has added joy upon joy to their own lives, and intensified their appreciation of the loveliness and charm of all things human and divine. I speak not only of priests, but of laymen endowed with this talent. Surely there is a work here to arouse the deepest interest in generous minds. May my readers pray the Lord to send such laborers into his harvest, so fully ripe indeed that less than a dozen of such apostles of song, giving their whole energies to its ingathering, might live to fill the churches of the land with song and the hearts of the people with divinest joy. Enviable priesthood consecrated to offer so sweet a sacrifice! The prophetic Singer of the old and new Israel surely saw the elect ones for such an oblation when he sang: "Circuivi et immolavi in tabernaculo ejus hostiam vociferationis; Cantabo, et psalmum dicam domino!"—I have gone about and have offered in his tabernacle the sacrifice of vociferation; I will sing and intone a psalm to the Lord.

Alfred Young.

STORY OF A CONVERSION.

I WAS born in a little village in the State of New Hampshire, and, like many another Yankee girl, was brought up with a deep love for the religion of my mother, and an intense contempt for the Church of Rome.

I became an Anglican sister in one of their communities, and after years of doubt I have at last found peace and rest in the old ship of Peter.

There are many in the Anglican communities of "sisters" who are from time to time drawn to the Catholic Church, but are misled and frightened by false guides, so that the grace passes away with no result. Perhaps, could it ever reach them, the experience of one more happily circumstanced might be helpful.

I had been some five years an Anglican sister when I received a great shock from the conversion of my only brother, a "Cowley father," to the Catholic Church. He was, unfortunately, in England. I could not see him, and I was only permitted to see his letters on condition they contained no word of controversy.

I could not believe, as I was told, that he had gone wilfully astray. I was sure his intention was to please God, however mistaken he might be. I asked to read up the question on both sides, but was refused on the ground that Roman books were a tissue of lies and misquotations. I remember many discussions with a dear young friend, who was vainly searching for light like myself. We decided there was no way of finding out the truth. We were referred to the Holy Scriptures, and to the primitive church for the only infallible authority. We knew that every one reached a different result from a perusal of the Bible, and if the translations from the fathers were so false as we had been told, it would be necessary to read them in the original to use their authority. "We had better give up the problem as impossible to solve," we said.

I was at the same time startled by the question carelessly put by a young Episcopal minister who was of the "Broad Church" persuasion. I was then very much absorbed in ritualism, and was asserting my opinion in the positive way of that positive sect. He smiled, and quietly asked, "What is your

authority?" What, indeed, was my authority for anything? I was brought up against a stone wall with no way of escape.

I went with my puzzles and doubts to one who was most justly revered and beloved by all who knew him, and the infallible authority to his sisters. A Protestant lady once said the sisters firmly believe in the infallibility of the pope, but they make the mistake of thinking the pope is Dr. ——

He frankly told me that he had had at one time a great attraction to the Catholic Church, and now never allowed himself to open a book of controversy lest his peace should be destroyed. This should have convinced me; but so desirous was I not to be convinced that I decided to do likewise, and only too soon succeeded in chasing all troublesome doubts away.

Now see the unconscious influence of this man's interior convictions. Among those he called his spiritual children there are living now a Jesuit father, a contemplative of the order of the Precious Blood, a Sister of Charity, and a Sister of Mercy. Verily there was truth in the bitter remark of one of the members of that most divided of all the Protestant sects: "The church of —— is nothing more than a gateway to Rome."

Ten years later I was working in the sisters' hospital, and was very happy. The superior made the remark, that "for once she had put the round woman in the round hole." And I said to a friend that "the only doubt I had as to whether I was on the right road to heaven was, that there was no cross." I mention this because it is always said of a convert that it was dissatisfaction, restlessness, etc., which was the ruling motive. My brother had joined the Society of Jesus in England at the time of his conversion. He had just been ordained. His old father had a great desire to see his only son again. We feared he might be sent away on a foreign mission. So I said: "Father, let us go over to Scotland this summer, in my vacation, and see ——." He readily consented, but I had to obtain leave from my superior. I was very desirous to go, but perfectly satisfied with my position and no longer troubled with doubts. I was little given to prayer, but this time prayed most earnestly that I might obtain my superior's consent. I went up to see her with a doubtful heart, and to my surprise gained the consent not only to go, but also to hear my brother preach should occasion serve.

I will not tire your patience with an account of our delightful visit in that bonny land. I was all ready to meet with "Jesuit wiles" and to resent any attempt at conversion, but

no such attempt was made. My brother simply devoted himself to our enjoyment, and said no word on the subject of religion; but he will forgive me, if I say his humility and charity were too evident not to be seen even by Protestant eyes.

One Saturday, in Edinburgh, he told us he would preach the next day, and we went to hear him. His sermon was before the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Just touching on the saint's love for the poor, he went directly off on the marks of the true church, adding the two given to St. John the Baptist—the church of the poor and of miracles.

I listened first with astonishment, and then in almost anger and growing hopelessness. It was the first time Catholic truth had been presented to me. "One, holy, Catholic, Apostolic"—had I not been saying this Sunday after Sunday ever since I could remember anything, never stopping to give the meaning any thought? Slowly and most unwillingly was the conviction forced upon me. I managed to put it away until I came back to the hospital. There, in the quiet of the wards and the chapel, I could do so no longer. There was a long and fierce struggle, but at last there came a day when I could say, Lord, if this be true I am willing to believe. After this I seemed to be carried along without any volition on my part.

The only Catholic I knew was a Sister of Charity, a convert. I will go and see her, I thought. I will ask her if she has ever repented the step she has taken. I shall know the truth from her face, even if she will not tell me.

She was praying in chapel, so she told me afterwards, and complaining to our Lord that he gave her so little to do for souls. As she came out she was met by the sister-servant, who said: "Here is a soul who needs your help, I think." I went to see her and put my question solemnly, and was quite unprepared for the burst of merry laughter which followed it, at the absurdity of the idea.

Well, the dear sister took me in hand, and did not leave me until I was received. I remember, while the struggle of my passage to the light was going on, a prayer which was constantly in my heart: "O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me and bring me into thy Holy Hill and to thy dwelling."

When I opened my new missal to assist at Mass the first thing that met my eyes was: "Send forth thy light and thy truth; *they have* conducted me and brought me unto thy Holy Mount and unto thy Tabernacles."

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE most important event in the past year affecting labor questions was the publication of the Encyclical of the Pope, by which the attitude of the church and the spirit in which these questions should be approached by Catholics has been determined. The chief source of the Sovereign Pontiff's joy at the Christmas of the past year was due to the success which has already resulted from his efforts for the solution of these problems, and the enormous influence which the Encyclical has already exerted upon both employers and working-men. In referring to this the Holy Father took occasion to point out that the mere knowledge of the true solution was not sufficient—that it was necessary to carry true principles into practical effect. For other events worthy of note during the past year we should have to mention the successful strike of the omnibus men in London and Paris, the unsuccessful strikes of the railway men in Scotland and of the dock-workers in Cardiff. What, however, would be more worthy of note is the growing disinclination to the strike-policy, the turning to legislative action as a better means of amelioration, and the more complete organization of working-men which is being accomplished by the affiliation of trade unions among themselves. The year upon which we are entering promises a further development of this movement, and as the general election will in all probability take place in Great Britain in the autumn, an opportunity will be afforded for working-men to exert their political power in the choice of representatives. It will be interesting to watch the effect upon the old political parties of their action.

In Great Britain there has been no serious conflict between workmen and their employers since our last notes appeared; on the contrary, a salutary sense of the evils entailed by these contests seems to be strong on both sides. This may be due to the fact that the volume of trade has diminished and fears are felt that times of depression are imminent. But it is not to this alone that these good results are due. For undoubtedly a better feeling has spread between the opposed forces. This is shown by the formation of a large number of Conciliation Boards in various parts of the kingdom. Our readers may remember an

account given in these notes of the action at the close of 1889 of the London Chamber of Commerce in this matter. Since that time no fewer than twenty-one boards, formed on lines closely resembling those of the London board, have been established in the principal business towns of England and Scotland, and many disputes between masters and men have been settled by their influence.

The movement in favor of the legal eight-hours day is still maintained by large numbers, perhaps even by the majority, of working-men, although it has been discountenanced, as we have already noticed, by the leaders of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone himself, appealed to by a working-man, seems to look on it with little favor in view of its involving the imposition of legal penalties upon any workman who should work for more than eight hours a day: Mr. Gladstone doubts whether this would be patiently borne by the liberty-loving British subject. The attainment of the same end by voluntary arrangement—the alternative method—has made a step forward. A large firm of engineers have, spontaneously and *proprio motu*, granted an eight-hours day to their employees, provided a reduction of five per cent. in wages should be acceded to. This has been promptly accepted, and the experiment is being watched with considerable interest. Should it be a success it will lead to a wide extension in that branch of industry.

The miners' strike in the north of France, in which at one time there were nearly 40,000 engaged, resulted in another triumph of the method of arbitration. The employers, on the one hand, and their workmen on the other, consented to appoint six representatives on each side, and after two or three days' deliberations terms were agreed upon which, while not giving to either party all it demanded, were accepted by both, and so the strike, which had lasted for nearly four weeks, and which in some places had been marked by violence and conflicts with the military, was brought to a conclusion. The employers declared their desire that the Miners' Relief and Pension Fund Bill should be passed as soon as possible, and pledged themselves to the acceptance of all sacrifices that the law might entail. On the other hand, the miners recognized the impracticability of the eight-hours day, which had been one of the principal objects of the strike, and were satisfied with an improvement in wages. The most interesting feature of the strike was the putting to the test which it afforded of the promise made by the English miners at

the Miners' Congress held in the spring of last year, that they would prevent the importation into France of English coal in the event of there being a strike either in France or Belgium. No sooner, however, had the strike commenced than the district was flooded with circulars from English coal merchants offering their coal in place of that which had been stopped. The excuse offered was that, as the orders for coal pass through so many intermediaries, it was impossible for the English miners to carry out their proposal, except by means of a general stoppage of work, which would punish the innocent as well as the guilty. This shows the difficulties involved in the plans of international action on the part of working-men.

Among the demands of the working-men a leading place is held by their claim for a more equal share of the profits produced by their toil, and loud have been the complaints that capital grasps by far too large a portion. The fact that the capital often belongs, although not always by any means, to one person, while the share apportioned to labor must be divided among a large number, accentuates the apparent inequality. Generally, also, it is taken for granted that there are always profits to share, the fact being forgotten that in most trades periods of depression occur in which there are no profits to divide. This, in fact, is the rock upon which many profit-sharing schemes have been wrecked. The result of an important inquiry instituted by the English Board of Trade into the actual apportionment of the profits of various businesses between the capitalist and his workmen has recently been published, from which we give a few examples. Taking a farm, the total value of whose produce was £5,000, what would be the labor bill? The answers given were widely divergent. In ten cases the proportion of labor to produce was between twenty and twenty-five per cent.; in seven, between twenty-five and thirty per cent.; in ten, between thirty and forty per cent.; and in eight, over forty per cent.; the ratio in one case being 75.2 per cent. These figures refer to a year in which crops were bad or prices low. If we take the farmer's accounts for periods of three to ten years, the wages bill would absorb of the £5,000 about £1,250 to £1,500. The other expenditure would leave to the farmer as profit about £100 to £1,000; sometimes, indeed, there would be a dead loss to him.

If we turn to coal-mining the figures published show that of the cost of production of coal fifty-five per cent. is for wages,

eight per cent. for royalties, twenty-five per cent. for miscellaneous charges, leaving eleven or twelve per cent. as the profits of the owners or lessees in good years. Another set of figures shows that about one-half went for wages, leaving, after all charges had been paid, only 7.8 per cent. for the capitalist. Moreover, since 1885 there appears to have been an increase of about twenty-eight per cent. in wages. In the iron and steel trade the labor bill accounts for about half the cost of production. Experts, speaking from experience in times of low prices, put the share of the workman as high as fifty-two to sixty-four per cent. The returns furnished by fourteen companies show that for every £100 worth of pig-iron, £59 go in cost of materials, such as ore and coal, £10 in rent and miscellaneous charges, £23 in labor, leaving £6 to £7 profit. In ship-building the artificers take from one-third to two-thirds of the total outlay. In the cotton industry the proportion of wages to profits is various, and no very satisfactory returns were made. One firm confidentially stated that this proportion was as 2.37 to 1, the wages absorbing about two-thirds of the total value of the products. A fact brought out in the report is that wages are much more stable than profits in most of the trades examined.

These statements are, we believe, trustworthy so far as they go. They do not, however, give a complete exposition of the matter, and it may well be that the capitalists most to blame, those who absorb an unjust proportion of the profits, are precisely the ones who have failed to reveal the facts. But making all allowances, it would seem that the employers' profits cannot fairly be said to be exorbitant. This view of the case is confirmed and illustrated by an interesting return which was published some little time ago by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics. This report deals with 10,013 factories in which were produced 69.21 per cent. of the total value of the manufactured products of the State. Of these 10,013 factories 762 made no profit. The average net profit for all the industries was 3.9 per cent. of the selling price of the goods, and was equivalent to 4.83 per cent. on the capital invested. Taking each $100 of total cost as the unit, it was found that the stock, including raw or manufactured materials, came to $67.67, salaries $1.98, wages $25.66, rent $0.64, insurance $0.38, freight $1.48, and the remainder in equipment, repair, and other expenses. Wages, therefore, on the average are more than a quarter of the total cost of production. In regard to selling price, it is found that in every $100 stock or materials come to $58.91, wages $22.34, and the whole

to $87.05, leaving $12.95 excess of selling price over cost of production. This is the manufacturer's gross profit on each $100 selling price, and is equivalent to $16.01 per cent. on the capital. Deducting from this gross profit five per cent. for interest on cash and credit capital, ten per cent. for depreciation in machinery and tools, and five per cent. for selling expenses, losses and bad debts, and 3.90 per cent. is left for the manufacturer, or 4.83 per cent. on the capital invested. Many other interesting facts were brought to light by this investigation, for which we have no space; and any reader interested in these matters cannot do better than read the report for himself.

The fidelity of Free Traders to their principles is being severely tested. New South Wales, the one colony of Great Britain which has not hitherto adopted protection, seems on the point of defection from the free-trade policy to which she has so steadfastly adhered. France has denounced the commercial treaties which were favorable to moderate duties and is on the point of making a large increase all round. Even in Great Britain there are members of Parliament whose seats are looked upon as safe on account of their advocacy of the principles of the Imperial Trade League. If we except Turkey, Great Britain is the only nation which is now in favor of free trade. There is some slight hope, however, that what cannot be secured directly may be brought about indirectly. The commercial treaties recently concluded between Austria-Hungary, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland established between those countries a system of moderate duties, and as they cannot be altered for eleven years, they will be an obstacle to the advance of protection. Germany in particular, by entering into this arrangement, departs from the policy of high tariff which was inaugurated by Prince Bismarck, and departs from it because it is generally recognized that it has not succeeded. In course of time it is hoped that other nations, Spain, Sweden, and the Balkan States, will enter this circle, and then the era of prohibitive tariffs, at all events, will close. How this will affect the nations left outside remains to be seen.

For there is no doubt that political motives have had not a little to do with the adoption of the new economic policy. The dominating states in the new Commercial Alliance are the three which make up the Triple Alliance, and it is hoped that the establishment of identical commercial interests will consolidate more completely the more important political alliances. Nor can it be said that the powers which make up the Triple Alliance

are the aggressors. Commercial war was entered upon by France with Italy two or three years ago, and by her more recent denunciation of the treaties with other nations and the adoption of a higher tariff, France is making what the *Temps* styles "an iron ring" around herself. In this action of France political motives had a large share. The outcome of all may be that Europe will be divided into two rival alliances, each of which will approximate towards free trade within its own sphere while adopting towards all who are outside a high degree of protection.

The Conference on Rural Reforms recently held in London is interesting both in itself and also as an illustration of English political methods. It was held under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation, of which Mr. Schnadhorst is the moving spirit. Consequently it was primarily a political assembly, held in furtherance of the Gladstonian campaign. Every delegate in attendance had been nominated by the local political association, and before he received his invitation the nomination was carefully scrutinized by the central General Purposes Committee. This detracts considerably from the title of the conference to represent without bias the opinions of the mass of rural laborers. However, it shows that the leaders of Mr. Gladstone's forces are not *doctrinaires* dominated by cut-and-dried theories of their own devising, but men anxious to call into counsel some of the persons most deeply interested, and most likely to know the needs of their class and the remedies for the evils from which it suffers. In the list of delegates were found such descriptions as agricultural laborer, allotment holder, small farmer, cowman, herdsman, and rural postman, and there were also present the village carpenter, the village blacksmith, and the village shoemaker.

What, in the opinion of these delegates, are the chief grievances of the rural population of England, and what are the remedies for their ills? The list of both the one and the other would be long; two things, however, were insisted upon with all but absolute unanimity. The tyranny of the parson formed the burden of every speech. "The unhappy parson's sins were rehearsed in every variety of the English tongue. Suffolk sung them, Kent and Norfolk drawled them, Cornwall rehearsed them in sharp *staccato*." That the Established Church had completely lost its hold upon these delegates was clear. The second point was a practical unanimity in favor of a land policy which should embrace the securing of land at a fair rent, land and cottages at a fixed tenure, and compensation for improvements. Only

one speaker declared for land-nationalization, and only two or three advocated peasant-proprietorship. "We don't want the land for nothing," said one fine yeoman, "but for a fair market rent." "Good culture is penal" was the cry of several speakers. The establishment of parish councils, which, among other powers, should have the control of the schools, was a proposal which met with general acceptance. It is thought that the practical outcome of the Conference will be the introduction of a new Local Government Act to establish village councils, and of a new Agricultural Holdings Act to secure for English laborers and farmers the three F's. The project of giving state help for the purchase of holdings, which was advocated at the meeting of the Conservative Association held at Birmingham, does not appear to have been discussed.

The objection entertained by many temperance advocates to the Gothenburg Licensing System, by which the licenses for public houses are placed in the hands of a company and the profits over six per cent. made over to the town, has been obviated by the method adopted in many of the cities of the neighboring kingdom of Norway. The stumbling-block consisted in the fact that the system made the development of liquor-selling advantageous to the rate-payers, inasmuch as the greater the profits the less were the rates, and consequently rendered the authorities more willing to grant licenses. The cities of Norway, while preserving the main outlines of the Gothenburg plan, instead of devoting the surplus to the reduction of the public burdens, grant it to the funds of deserving charities, benevolent societies, and other objects which are entirely dependent upon the voluntary support of the public. The smallest contribution from the rates to an institution disqualifies it for any participation in the funds springing from liquor-selling profits. The effect of this system, combined with the stringent regulation adopted in addition, has been to deal to drunkenness in Norway a staggering blow, and to bring about an immense reduction in the consumption of spirits. Moreover the charitable institutions have greatly profited.

While Mr. Chamberlain's committee is elaborating the details of its scheme for old-age pensions, and has decided that such scheme must be voluntary, Mr. Charles Booth (no relation of the general of the Salvation Army) has given to the public a plan of his own for providing for the aged poor. Mr. Booth is perhaps the best authority on the actual state of the poor of London. He has devoted his time and fortune to an elaborate in-

vestigation into the question, part of the results of which have seen the light in two volumes already published. Anything proposed by him is worthy of and will receive the most serious attention. And first of all with reference to the number for whom provision is to be made. Mr. Chamberlain estimated the number of paupers above the age of sixty-five at one-half of the total population. Mr. Booth's estimate is not quite so high, being forty in every hundred. This, however, is quite a large enough proportion of the population of the country to make the question one of national importance.

The plan for dealing with this large population differs from Mr. Chamberlain's in being compulsory. The money is to be found by taxation. At the age of sixty-five he would have every one in England and Wales enter on a pension of five shillings, or about one dollar, a week. To raise what seems so inadequate an amount the annual cost would be about seventeen millions of pounds, or eighty-five millions of dollars. What likelihood is there that the electors would consent to so large an increase of taxation as this would involve? To answer this question Mr. Booth divides the population into five classes: (1) the quite poor, £50 a year and less; (2) fair working-class position, £60 to £100 and over; (3) lower middle class, £150 to £200; (4) middle class, £300 to £1,000; more or less wealthy, £1,000 and upwards. With the first two classes (who include more than half the population, and who pay very little direct taxation) he thought the scheme would be popular, as providing at once for the aged, and as assisting to provide for their own old age. The middle class, he expected, would be much divided in opinion, and rather averse on the whole, and the upper middle and wealthy would look upon it with dread, and would need to be very fully convinced that the money would be well spent, that the scheme had elements of finality, and was not an attack on private property.

The small sum of one dollar per week which would be the total benefit derived by each individual under the scheme has been fixed as, on the one hand, sufficient to make the friends of the aged willing and able to provide for them, and, on the other, not sufficient to discourage thrift. On the principle that "he who has wants more," the certainty of this small sum being assured would lead (it is thought) working people to diligence in order thereby to add to it. The Friendly Societies, also, would find ample scope for themselves and their work in providing a more ample allowance. As every one, rich and poor, is to be en

titled to the pension on the attainment of the age of sixty-five, it is hoped, too, that self-respect will not be endangered, and that it will be free from the taint of pauperism which forms so great a blot on the present poor-law system. Such are the main outlines of Mr. Booth's scheme. Whether or not it stands any chance of being adopted, it is too soon to say. It has, however, met with wide-spread approval.

From the projects of Mr. Charles Booth we pass to the achievements of Mr. William Booth, the general of the Salvation Army. The first report of the Social scheme, the practical inauguration of which was due to the book *In Darkest England*, has just been issued. The amount raised in donations was £103,192. In addition to this the Salvation Army gave property worth £4,884, making a total of £106,135. Of this the city colony has absorbed £33,722, the farm colony £30,550, and to the over-the-sea colony £25,000 has been appropriated as a reserve fund. The latter has not yet been brought into active operation. For the farm colony 1,236 acres of land have been secured in the neighborhood of London, on which 210 men are now resident, and, although the weather has been bad, this colony has paid its working expenses within the small amount of £116. In the city there are now no less than 43 institutions, shelters, food depots, knitting and match factories and other shops worked as anti-sweating establishments. Some of these are self-supporting. 2,500,000 meals have been supplied and 347,209 homeless people received. In the labor bureau 17,142 applications were dealt with. The cost of management for the year has been £17,000. The amount of the annual expenses when all the colonies are established is estimated at £30,000, and an appeal is made for this sum. For this work of General Booth in itself nothing but sympathy and admiration can be felt. The sympathy of Catholics, however, depends upon his fidelity to the principles to which he has pledged himself. One of these was that there would be no interference with the religious belief of those to whom he might give relief. If confidence can be placed in the statements of a writer in the *Times*, this promise has not been kept. On the contrary every one in one of the shelters visited by the writer was forced to attend the religious services held by the Salvation Army. We hope this, if true, was a solitary and exceptional case, and that the general will secure from his subordinates the due execution of the engagements to which he has publicly committed himself in his appeal for help.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE late William Gifford Palgrave's posthumous and unfinished *Vision of Life** is, in the first place, very hard reading. In warp and woof the texture of his verse is as gorgeous and stiff with allusions as that of Milton, and so far-drawn and intricate are these at times, that even the faithful but anonymous editor, whose labor has been so necessary and in the main so thorough, has not always been able to unravel them. And, in the second place, though the dignified, and even stately, flow of Mr. Palgrave's verse is almost unbroken, and very frequently most beautiful, yet whoever reads this book attentively will probably be more interested in it as a revelation of its author's personality than as a poem.

That personality was admittedly noteworthy and strange. The second son of Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, William Gifford Palgrave was born at Westminster in 1826. On leaving Oxford, where he won distinction in classics and mathematics, he adopted the army as a profession, but after a few years' service quitted it to become a Roman Catholic and enter the Society of Jesus. He was received into the order at their house in the Presidency of Madras, and spent fifteen years in laboring to convert the Arabs, for whom he had early felt an especial attraction, under the banner of St. Ignatius. When their mission at Beyrout was temporarily suspended, at the time of the Druse persecution, Palgrave seems to have obtained the consent of his religious superiors to accept a commission from Napoleon III. to penetrate into Arabia and report on various matters in which the emperor was interested. He returned to Europe in 1863, and shortly after abandoned not only the Jesuits but the Christian faith. Like many Englishmen who have lived much in the East, says the brief biographical sketch prefixed to the poem, he was penetrated by the strange fascination of India, Siam, and China; Japan, above all, mastering him awhile by the spell which, in different ways, she has laid upon many of his countrymen. "Shintoism," which Sir Edwin Arnold has recently affirmed to be a religion without a God, and which is a form

* *A Vision of Life. Semblance and Reality.* By William Gifford Palgrave, sometime Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and Her Majesty's Minister Resident in Uruguay. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

of nature-worship, strongly appealed to his imagination, and while under its spell he planned his poem and apparently wrote more than half of it. In 1868 he married, and has left three sons behind him. Just twenty years later, near the close of 1888, he died suddenly at Montevideo, leaving his work unfinished. He had been "duly and formally reconciled to Rome," three years earlier, says his biographer, and ended his career

"with an inward happiness and conviction long lost, in that Communion to the service of which his best days had been devoted."

Only the first book of his "Vision" is complete, and even that does not appear in its original integrity, the conscientious editor having excised "some few passages dealing with Religion" because of his certainty that they would not have been inserted had Palgrave himself lived to issue it. He thinks it probable that in the main it would have been left as it now is, and then submitted "to the judgment of the Church, *more Romano*." The tone of the poem, which in this and part of the second book breathes natural religion only, becomes distinctly Christian and Catholic in the third. A vision of St. Teresa,

> ". . . that loveliest Form, fountain and spring
> Of Carmel's renovate streams,"

and her revelations to the poet concerning the seventh heaven and who may reach it, and by what diverse ways, fills the penultimate canto. The last is an invocation to Our Blessed Lord as God and Man. But neither of these is fully completed.

The entire poem is modelled on that of Dante's "Vision," to adopt Cary's title for the *Divine Comedy*, save that it contemplates no hell, but only progressive lustration for all who have failed, and not entirely by their own fault, of perfect cleansing here. The action passes in "the realm of those miscalled the dead," to which the author is led by the ruling spirit of the star Canopus, who is also his own spiritual prototype, ruler, and brother. There he beholds the state of those who have at least had a not ignoble aim, who have served ambition, art, literature, religion, physical science, earthly love and, finally, "the Uranian love." Thus Hannibal, Napoleon, Cromwell appear to him; the Egyptian and Grecian sculptors; the great Italian painters; Walter Scott; Dido and Helen, but not Cleopatra, who seems to be beyond ken,

"Where dateless years of gloom efface
The life misused, . . .
There all whom angered love's avenging wrath
Has doomed to second death, the punishment
Of wasted life, dark crime, and violate faith."

It is curious, by the way, that the only exceptions to the final purification and preserved identity contemplated by this poem are such as this one and that of those unlucky dogs, the scientists, for whose ploddings in matter, to the exclusion of spirit, Palgrave seems to have felt all Bunyan's contempt for the "Man with the muck-rake." He condescends to sarcasm only once, and then when drawing the image of Science and her votaries:

"Shuddering I gazed and wondered much, for there
Midmost that joyless night a woman's shape,
But queenly proud, as pampered harlots are,
Enthroned I saw; o'er her large form a cape
Broidered with strange device was thrown, whereon
Were imaged worm and fish and bird and ape;
Each interwoven and blent with each, that none
Could last from first divide; a pedigree,
Though old, unhonored; though divergent, one.
Such was the robe, the broidery such; but she
Stranger herself by far, nor to one form
Constant, but various more than cloud or sea;
Now, as when erst beheld, a shape difform
From the high crag she frowned, with bat-like wings
Shadowing the smoke-wreaths of th' involving storm,
And now with stateliest calm, that sceptred kings
Might from afar revere, a virgin Queen,
Greater than they, supreme o'er earthly things:
And now with shameless front and flaunted sheen
Of mimic pearl and gem, a harlot old,
But clad in youth's array, that Power was seen.
And a great crowd of semblance manifold,
Yet in one livery clad, her throne around,
Clustered as trooping sheep in evening fold.
While from all sides to music tuned a sound
That reverence told and worship, to mid air
Went up, like incense-mist from hallowed ground.
Yet was no lord, no god, no ruler there
In worship owned by these; nor other shrine
Confessed, nor throne, nor rival, nor compeer.
She only great, she glorious, she divine;
And on her brow and on her vestment's hem
Science, her name, was writ, her empire's sign."

Those who "with purpose fixed and serious mood pored on

earth's writhing worms"; or who "in the infinite night's magnificence a clock-work saw, no more,"

> "Vanished in darkness lost; a leaden weight,
> Sunk in the fathomless ocean depths below.
> Such progress Science brings, such triumphs wait
> Her banner's onward march, such guerdon prove,
> Who by her false-fires led, man's birthright state
> From Nature's scope divorce, from Nature's Love."

Speaking of scientists recalls a curious story told by Mr. Henry Norman in his very interesting and instructive book* on Japan. He gives a striking description of the great earthquake which annihilated Nagasaka and several other villages of northern Japan in 1888, and of whose ravages he was, in a sense, a personal witness. He came after it was all over, however, and the story to which we refer is that of the only disinterested eye-witness who escaped. The earthquake was caused by an explosion of steam which converted the Sho-Bandaisan mountain, something over five thousand feet high, into an ocean of boiling mud which overwhelmed thirty square miles of country. On the morning of this terrible calamity a peasant was cutting grass for fodder on a mountain opposite, when he heard the deafening explosion and saw the earth begin to bob up and down. Now it happened that on his way to work he had met a fox, and now knew that he had been bewitched by it—a common superstition of the Japanese peasant which here stood him in great stead. In unconscious imitation of Professor Huxley, who not long ago animadverted on the queer folly of St. Paul in allowing himself to be converted by a vision, instead of laying the "hallucination" to the account of a disordered stomach, the peasant quietly took out his pipe and sat down to watch the play out, doubtless greatly pleased that his courage was equal to all the deviltry got up by Master Reynard with the express purpose of deluding him. "He seated himself on a stone," says Mr. Norman, "took out his pipe, and watched the whole eruption, knowing it to be only a subjective phenomenon!"

Mr. Norman's two chapters on the Arts and Crafts of Japan contain remarks worth pondering over by Western collectors of "old Satsuma" and other wares. Like every other traveller, he is enthusiastic about Japanese women. It is on them, he thinks,

* *The Real Japan. Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and Politics.* By Henry Norman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

that the future of their country chiefly depends, and he is sure that future will be dreary, and "old Japan" vanish from the face of the earth, if they allow themselves to be persuaded into adopting European dress. In that case, he prophesies that

"the stream of foreign visitors will turn aside from Japan. Instead of beauty there will be ashes—instead of a charm that the world cannot surpass, there will be the ugliness from which it apparently cannot escape."

He corrects some prevalent errors concerning the Japanese standards of morality while writing of its women, and those whose information has been supplied chiefly by Pierre Loti cannot do better than read Mr. Norman's account of "The Yoshiwari," a difficult subject, but one here treated delicately. In his concluding chapters, "Japan for the Japanese?" and "The Future of Japan," notably in the former, Mr. Norman expresses himself forcibly concerning the humiliating attitude so long imposed on Japan by the Foreign Treaty Powers, and goes into interesting details of the injustice which has made the interests of a handful of foreigners paramount in importance to those of forty millions of natives.

The two novelettes * that make up the contents of "Theodor Hertz-garten's" contribution to Cassell's "Unknown" library are more strange and peculiar than interesting. They are subjective to a degree that becomes wearisome, and that in spite of their undeniably charming style. Each of them might be described as a fantasia upon abnormality bordering on madness always, and at last plunging hopelessly into its gloomy depths. Both contain impressive passages: one instances, for example, the description, beginning on page 5 of *The Red-litten Windows*, of the woman who, in a weird, unearthly fashion, does duty as heroine of the little tale. In *The Old River House*, again, it is the description of a young girl, or, rather, of her reflection in the polished wood of a pianoforte, with "sprays of flame-colored flowers, on a projecting bracket, casting a deep glow on the reflection of her white gown," which stands out most prominently in one's recollections of a couple of sketches—they are not more than that—on which an exceptional amount of real talent has been expended.

The "free translation" † made by R. N. Bain from Maurus

* *Through the Red-litten Windows*, and *The Old River House*. By Theodor Hertz-garten. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

† *Pretty Michal*. A free translation of Maurus Jókai's Romance, "A Szép Mikhál." By R. N. Bain. Cassell Publishing Co.

Jókai's Hungarian romance, *A Szép Mikhál*, is an extremely robust and vigorous specimen of story-telling. In certain ways it is strongly reminiscent of Charles Reade's best novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. While neither time, characters, nor sentiment are to be called modern, yet they are by no means unpleasantly antiquated. The author strikes the note of human nature harder than that of accidental peculiarities. Hence the witch, the headsmen, the Rev. Professor David Fröhlich and his pretty daughter, who is brought up without any intercourse with her own sex on much the same plan as that advocated by Mr. Besant in those delightful stories, "The Golden Butterfly" and "My Little Girl"—and with much the same results, by the way—the robber bands with their redoubtable chiefs, the stirring adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of Valentine Kalondai and his trusty friend Simplex, bizarre as they would seem under less skilful handling, take their place in just perspective, lose their strangeness, and enchain the reader till the whole long tale is told.

Mr. Grant Allen's *Duchess of Powysland** is also a novel that will be sure to entertain many readers. The women in it, albeit one of them is an accomplished burglaress, are all treated with that deference and kindly appreciation of what is feminine which seems to belong to Mr. Allen's theories of the sex. Poor little Woodbine Weatherly, sacrificed to that Moloch, Girton College, her "Intellectual Graces" and moral charms cultivated to the highest pitch, but her physical stamina so lowered that child-bearing proves beyond her strength, is one of his more pleasing variations on his well-worn theme. The men, on the other hand, with the possible exception of the two Harrisons, are weak enough and more than bad enough to do duty in a woman's novel. The story, however, is an interesting one, and not calculated to harm anybody.

A very admirable tale† is Sacher Masoch's *New Job*. How true the report is which claims this author as a Jew in faith we do not know. The translator's preface says that his admirers praise him "as an enthusiastic illustrator of Schopenhauer's philosophy," but that he himself denies the charge and "modestly proclaims that he tries to represent life as he sees it." If he be really a Jew, one must needs believe that he has read him-

* *The Duchess of Powysland*. By Grant Allen. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

† *The New Job*. Translated by Harriet Lieber Cohen. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

self aright, and actually does possess the faculty of seeing what lies before him in its true light. He has, at all events, in the character of the Galician peasant, Théophil Pisarenko, painted an ideal Christian hero—a hero in that hard case where endurance, patience, loving resignation to evils which come almost solely from the wickedness and cruelty of other men, are the only weapons which God allows His soldier by way of equipment. As the pastor of Zablotow very truly describes him:

"Pisarenko is a sage in his way, an Old Testament patriarch, a Greek philosopher, a boyar in the time of Ivan the Terrible, a man who has suffered everything that a man can suffer, without complaint, I may even say with cheerfulness and an unshaken trust in the Lord."

Théophil's troubles begin at his birth, when his father breaks the ice in a brook running behind the house in order to immerse the child in it. "He is born to suffer," says Luka to the mother, who feebly protests, "and he must learn betimes to harden himself." On that first day, also, he is carried to the parish church to be baptized. The christening party afterwards repairs to the tavern kept by a Jew, Wolf Abeles, who reappears from time to time in most of the hard places where the "New Job" is tried. There all of them, except the mother, become intoxicated, the baby is lost on the way home, though he is soon found sleeping quietly in the snow. A pretty scene ends the first chapter, which is called "Children and Wolves." Théophil, whose story progresses fast, has already begun to reflect on the strange ways of a world in which the lord of the manor may turn the children of his peasants out of a school-house and set the master to training his dogs instead, and sell the keys of the parish church to a Jew, so that

"each Sunday Wolf Abeles should bargain with the peasants for their souls' salvation until he had raised the sum in copper groschen which he demanded for the house of God."

He has begun to serve at Mass, moreover, and is so dexterous and modest that he is usually selected in place of the other boys for this duty. And so it happens that on one gloomy winter morning he goes with the priest out into the country to aid him in administering the last Sacraments to a dying forester. On their way a pack of hungry wolves meets the little procession, Théophil, in red gown and white surplice, marching in ad-

vance with the bell, while the pastor follows with the Host, both bareheaded and in haste.

"'Those are wolves,' said the priest quietly, beginning to pray; 'entrust your soul to God.'

"They gave themselves up for lost. A whole troop of these starved beasts of prey came slowly toward them. The brave boy crossed himself, and then began ringing the bell with all his strength, as though proclaiming to universal nature: 'Here is the Body of the Lord; make way for His servants!' And, in truth, the wolves pressed back, and as the two walked courageously forward, they followed slowly with lowered heads. It was a strange procession; the boy in advance with the bell, the priest with the Body of the Lord, and behind them the wild beasts of the forest, moving solemnly and noiselessly. So they came to the dying man."

There is the subject for a great picture in that! To our notion, no Jew save a transformed one could have written either this chapter or that called "Joadan," in which Théophil, after a successful struggle with his love for a Jewish girl, finally yields to her protest that she has never reviled the Messiah, and begins to instruct her beneath a wayside crucifix.

"'Why should I revile him?' said the Jewess. 'If He who hangs here on the cross is the Redeemer of the world, then He is my Redeemer as well.'

"'How can He save your soul if you do not acknowledge Him?'

"'How can I acknowledge Him?' replied Joadan softly. 'Who has taught me? Was I not born a Jewess according to the will of God? But it is not His will that you should hate me. If your belief is the true one, then teach it to me; show me the way of salvation; save my soul.'"

Nor does this chapter, with its touching summary of Théophil's teaching and its account of Wolf Abeles' wrath when his daughter tells him she means to be a Christian, stand alone. The succeeding one, "At the Black Stone," narrates in powerful and sympathetic strokes the baptism administered by her lover to the dying girl, done to a cruel death by her Jewish kinsfolk in punishment of her apostasy. It is curious that two recent novels of East Galician life so strong as this one and Karl Emil Franzos's *Judith Trachtenberg* should take up in such opposite ways the vexed question of the intermarriage of Jews and Christians.

A book* very admirably fitted to attain its purpose—its pur-

* *How to Get On.* By Rev. Bernard Feeney. New York: Benziger Bros.

pose being admirable likewise—is the Rev. Bernard Feeney's volume entitled *How to Get On.* We are glad to see it already in a third edition and hope it may multiply to many more. Its idea is an eminently practical one, and so is the ideal it holds up before our young people. The author believes, and not without great reason, that "a life guided exclusively by spiritual or supernatural motives looks appalling, if not unreal, to the generality of Catholics." But as it is this "generality" which it is necessary to reach, because it is always on the rank and file of an army that the heavy work comes, and it, too, that scores the grand majority of "killed, wounded, and missing," the question suggested itself whether it would not be extremely useful to try to "impress on them merely human motives for restraining their passions—for keeping temperate, pure, honest, truthful?" On this plan the chapters composing the work under consideration have been written. It is not only the plan which is good, but the execution matches it marvellously well. Plain, lucid, attractive in style, profoundly Christian though following that old plan which certain doctors of the church, and notably St. Augustine, illustrate by quoting that "the elder shall serve the younger"; that is, that nature must precede grace, just as the Old Law came before the New, making a solid foundation for it, the author has produced a work whose initial merit is that it will not begin by repelling the very classes it aims to attract.

A very good little hand-book* which, though not entirely without faults, it would be well for every Catholic family to have in the house, and which might also be used with advantage in parochial and Sunday-schools as a valuable adjunct to the catechism, is called *The Correct Thing for Catholics.* In their different lines, this brief summary of what should be known and done, and what omitted, by Catholics is as essential as the multiplication-table to ordinary business. Chapter by chapter it ought to be committed to memory by our children, and studied too by most of their elders. The behavior of the younger portion of our congregations at the Sunday Masses and evening devotions, as well as on the street, in the horse-cars, at home and elsewhere, could hardly fail to be benefited by making this book —so far as we know it has no equivalent at present—an obligatory part of their school training; and that because it does not so much aim at giving more or less abstract information on vital

* *The Correct Thing for Catholics.* By Lelia Hardin Bugg. New York: Benziger Brothers.

points essential to decorum, decency, reverence, and devotion, as at directing intelligent action.

Mr. Middleton's studies* have been carefully made and are interesting reading. They are objective, as "studies" in this line of course ought to be, but as they very often are not. They comprise the "Not Unusual Girl," who falls in love with a theological student, who does not return her love and perhaps does not suspect it; the "Literary Girl," whose quickening "disappointment" and consequent success in fiction have also to do with a flirtatious curate; the "Shop Girl," who makes a success at Macy's and elsewhere by respecting herself and attending to her business, and finally marries well and happily; the "Stage Girl," who points a moral; the "Summer Girl"; the "Wayward Girl," who also holds a beacon for the unwary; and finally, the pleasantest of them all, the "Marriageable Girl."

There is a good deal of sameness about Mr. Stephen Fiske's *Holiday Stories*,† and yet they are all pleasantly told, and with one exception, "The American Ghost," entirely free from any matter that could with any fairness be called objectionable. "Paddy from Cork," with its easy reference to old New York Bohemians belonging to a generation pretty much below the sod at present, reads like a transcript from real life.

I.—A HISTORY OF THE POPES.‡

Those among our readers who are familiar with German literature will not require to be informed of the great success which has attended the publication of Dr. Pastor's *Lives of the Popes* in Germany, and they will rejoice that Father Antrobus has, by the translation carried out under his supervision, put it within the power of the English reader to study a work which throws new light upon this subject. For through the liberal policy of Leo XIII. the secret archives of the Vatican have been thrown open to scholars, and sources of information never before accessible can now be freely drawn upon. Of this privilege Dr. Pastor has availed himself. Moreover he has ransacked the libraries of Italy, France, and Germany, and has not neglected the more or-

* *A Study in Girls.* By Edmund Smith Middleton. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

† *Holiday Stories.* By Stephen Fiske. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

‡ *The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages.* From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor, Professor of History in the University of Innsbruck. Vols. I., II. London: John Hodges; New York: Benziger Brothers.

dinary sources of information, as is shown by the list of books more frequently quoted in the two volumes under notice and which fills no less than thirty-five pages.

By means of an Introduction which treats of the literary renaissance in Italy, and of the attitude of the church towards it, and of a Retrospective View of the history of the popes from the beginning of the exile at Avignon to the end of the Great Schism, the author prefaces the main subject of his work—the popes of modern times. This period is made to begin with the pontificate of Martin V. The portion of the work so far translated carries the history to the death of Calixtus III., in 1458. Whether the remainder of the work is to be rendered accessible to English readers depends upon the reception accorded to the part now published. If we may judge from the notices which have appeared in literary journals there is good reason to hope that this result will be realized. Catholics, however, should not be behindhand in contributing to the success of this enterprise. It is deeply to be regretted that so many Catholic works of world-wide reputation should be unknown and unread on account of our apathy and indifference.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of a book notice adequately to review the present work. We may, however, indicate its special character by saying that the end rigidly held in view by Dr. Pastor has been to lay before the world the absolute historical truth without fear or favor, and to narrate the sins, errors, and mistakes of popes in the same way as Holy Scripture narrates the sins and faults of David and Jacob. In so doing the author is but carrying out the instructions given by Leo XIII. to the cardinals to whom he entrusted the publication of historical matters contained in the Vatican archives. It is only to works written in this spirit that the world will pay serious attention. To special pleaders and partisan writers it gives no heed. That he is not one of these is the main cause of the success of Dr. Pastor's book, and renders it of special value.

2.—AN ANCIENT VETERAN.*

This book, as the title shows, is not a mere monograph of the archæological glory of the metropolis of America; it is also

* *The New York Obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle.* With a preliminary Sketch of the History, erection, uses, and signification of Obelisks. By Charles E. Moldenke, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

a whole treatise on the obelisks, something like a very condensed résumé of the great work published about a century ago by the famous Zoéga. It is even more than that, for it contains in the last chapter a kind of appendix; some very valuable contributions on the geographical divisions and all the chief cities of both lower and upper Egypt; also a glossary of names and terms occurring in this book and pertaining to Egyptological subjects, including a good list of the Egyptian dynasties, and a short outline of the chief chronological systems; and, finally, a glossary of the numerous hieroglyphs contained in the work, together with their pronunciation and determinative value. In a word, one can take this book without knowing anything about Egypt, read it with pleasure, without any difficulty, and feel a beginning of a vocation for Egyptology before having turned the last leaf. We must add that the text is interspersed with fine vignettes, phototypes, and zincographs, which make the book more interesting and enhance its scientific value.

Such a work, heartily welcome everywhere, will be received with special favor by Americans, who will undoubtedly feel proud that one of them has been able to pay such a noble tribute of honor to the archæological treasure they justly boast of. We all enjoy a few moments of talk with an ancient veteran telling us of the great old times before we were born. This is the case with the Cleopatra's Needle. It will tell us many a tale of the past when Thothmes III. erected it with pomp and festivities, when Ramses II. engraved his name upon it, and the lawgiver Moses, the Israelite, played and studied in sight of it; how it escaped the fury of the demoniac ravager Cambyses, was transported by the Romans to Alexandria, escaped Mohammedan fanaticism, and was at last conveyed as a precious prize from its sunny home to our fitful climate. Here it was that it grew old in spite of its American coat of paraffine, a poor protection indeed from bleak winds and rains, and winter's ice and snow, for one who has to stand day and night in the Central Park. "It has lived its longest time on earth, and at the advanced age of thirty-four centuries it must decline until it will totter and fall. Then, having so long symbolized the Rising Sun in all its beauty, and having greeted its glorious advent with every dawn and break of day, the Setting Sun will shroud it for the last time in its light, but the new Sun of Morning will seek its old friend in vain. It will fade away, but its memory will last much longer than inscriptions on stone, which must perish sooner or later." Let us therefore, children

of a new era, go to this noble veteran and learn from him the greatness of his authors.

3.—THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM EXPLAINED.*

It is not too much to say that this neat, attractive little volume is the best and most practical manual of catechetical instruction that we have in this country. It is based upon the Catechism of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. As that catechism is the standard one now in use in our schools, the great usefulness of such a clear and satisfactory commentary thereon, familiar in style and at the same time thoroughly scientific in treatment, becomes at once apparent. Heretofore teachers in our Sunday-schools have been obliged to seek material for illustration and explanation of the Baltimore Catechism in other manuals, like De Harbe's, the *Catechumen*, etc.—works which, while excellent in themselves, had little in common, in style or arrangement, with the particular matter to be explained. Here the questions and answers *ipsissimis verbis* in the Baltimore Catechism are made the text, and the necessary commentary follows at once in its proper order and place.

We know of nothing better than this little work for the use of Sunday-school teachers, for class use in more advanced grades, for private study by those who need to "brush up" their religious knowledge a little, and for the preparatory instruction of converts.

Father Kinkead has performed his task admirably. We are sure that his book will be gratefully appreciated by all those engaged in the work of preaching or teaching our holy faith in this land.

4.—A BOOK OF PIETY.†

Any book that suggests to a confessor words of advice and consolation for a penitent in trials, under difficulties, and in affliction must have its value. And so the little book before us has its value. To the general reader it may suggest the very same thought that a confessor would place before him. The translator in the preface says: "Upon the assumption that its

* *An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* By Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros.

† *The Will of God in Trials, Difficulties, and Afflictions.* By J. Hillegeer, S.J. Translated from the German. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

readers are Christians, it will be noted especially that the author constantly makes his appeal to reason based upon fundamental Christian truths, rather than to sentiment. He therefore finds comfort for tried souls in the reasonable act as deduced from the truths of revelation. This treatment rules out religious sentimentalism and presents Christian intelligence; it avoids religious effeminacy and exhibits intelligent religious courage. In other words, in this brief volume, the *Soldier* of the Cross is held up for imitation." But it is a difficult thing always to act as a soldier; it is a rare thing always to be brave in the warfare of Christian life. Most of us need sentiment, if you so please to term it, need consolation and encouragement. There is a chapter at page 115 entitled "Comfort for the Poor." We turned to it hoping to find some new words of consolation for those whose bitter trial is poverty. The poor need indeed be *soldiers* to find any consolation there. But the book has other and good things in it.

5.—LIGHT IN DARKNESS.*

This book is a guide to assist young people in deciding their vocation to a religious life, if they have been so favored by Heaven. The great saints, St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose counsels are given on the subject, are sure guides. They address pastors of souls, parents whose children desire to become religious, and, chiefly, those whom it concerns to become religious.

The book appeals directly to the hearts of those whose want of generosity, or lack of faith, may be the cause of their opposition in an affair of such grave importance to souls, and can be recommended as such by those in charge of youth.

* *Guiding Star.* Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, NO. 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Convention of the Apostolate of the Press held at Columbus Hall, New York City, January 6 and 7, brought together from places widely separated many Catholic authors and patrons of Catholic literature. Whatever good desires for the apostolic work of the press they may have had before the Convention, were intensified by what they heard and saw on that occasion. To all who attended the meetings it was evident that the topics under consideration were intelligently discussed by men and women who represent the best thoughts concerning the work waiting to be done by the Apostolate of the Catholic laity through the medium of the press.

* * *

Catholic Reading Circles were well represented at the Convention. Miss Josephine Lewis read the following paper, showing the scope of the work undertaken for the diffusion of good literature by the Columbian Reading Union:

"In the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD an extensive series of letters have been published, beginning December, 1888, suggesting ways and means of diffusing Catholic literature, and bringing into prominence the works of Catholic writers, with a view to securing a larger representation of their books on the shelves of public libraries. So great was the demand for information on these topics that it was found advisable to establish, under the supervision of the Paulist Fathers, the Columbian Reading Union as a central organization in New York City to co-operate with those in charge of parochial and public libraries, and the managers of Reading Circles. All societies of this kind derive mutual benefit by the interchange of opinion and suggestion, encouraged and made profitable through the influence of a central body.

"The advantages of such an organization are becoming more and more evident to those who have given any thought to the study of the Catholic book trade. Much judgment is required in preparing suitable lists of books for different readers. The

young ladies who have been graduated from convent schools and academies or other institutions need books specially adapted to their plans for self-improvement. That large and intelligent class working in stores, factories, and in domestic service, enjoying less leisure, have a claim which should also be cheerfully recognized. In preparing lists for the latter due allowance must be made for their range of thought and limited opportunities for reading.

"With regard to young men, there are peculiar dangers arising from daily contact with the great tide of indifferentism and unbelief to which they are exposed. Valuable aid can be rendered to them by judicious guidance in the selection of books that deal with subjects in which they are or ought to be most interested.

"There is likewise a vast domain of juvenile literature to be classified to meet the constant demands of educational institutions and of parents who rightly exercise a vigilant supervision over the reading matter supplied to their children.

"It is evident at a glance that individual effort is not adequate to meet all these wants. To arrange guide-lists for the various classes of readers, some fully and others only partially educated, male and female, the leisured and the working classes, is a task of great magnitude. Responsible persons, such as professional teachers of literature, directors of libraries, qualified ladies and gentlemen, can do inestimable good to thousands of readers by employing their special acquirements in this direction. Lists of books arranged in this way and offered gratuitously can be endorsed and sent to all parts of the United States and Canada. So far as funds permit, these book-lists will be sent to educational institutions. By making special terms with publishers the Columbian Reading Union can become a useful auxiliary to the Catholic reading public. The facilities which it can obtain will save time, trouble, and expense in the purchase of books, facilities urgently needed by those who live in the small towns and the rural districts, and never have a chance to see the large book-stores.

"The documents already printed and circulated by the Columbian Reading Union are:

"(1) List of Historical Novels, prepared by the New York Cathedral Library Reading Circle, which contains forty standard works by Catholic authors;

"(2) List of Stories for Young Readers, prepared by the Ozanam Reading Circle, organized in St. Paul's parish, New York City. This list contains fifty of the best books for the young printed by Catholic publishers;

"(3) List of Books Relating to the Catholic Church in the United States, prepared by the Alumnæ Association of the Holy Angels Academy, Buffalo, N. Y. In this list thirty-nine of the most reliable works are mentioned;

"(4) The writings of Brother Azarias, with a reference list and

critical notices of his essays and papers published in various magazines during the past twenty years;

"(5) The writings of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, with press opinions, showing the high estimate formed by competent critics of her life-long studies in Christian Art;

"(6) List of Historical Books on the Famous Women of the French Court, by a Catholic author, M. Imbert de Saint-Amand, who has won distinction on both sides of the Atlantic by portraying the chief actors of a most memorable epoch of modern history. The publishers of these books are Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons;

"(7) A List of Books for the Young, selected from the catalogue of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. In this list the Catholic authors are given a prominent place, and Jules Verne, the prince of story-tellers, is the first on the list. By special arrangement with the Scribners a liberal discount of twenty per cent. on single volumes, and a larger discount on the complete works of different authors, has been secured for every one using the order blank supplied by the Columbian Reading Union.

"This brief synopsis of the work performed by the Columbian Reading Union will be acceptable to its members and well-wishers. The members have each sent one dollar to give substantial encouragement to the movement. Without the financial aid thus obtained the circulars and book-lists gratuitously prepared for the use of the members could not have been printed and circulated. Thus far every request for documents has been answered, even when the request was written on a postal card. About five-sixths of the total number of letters received by the Columbian Reading Union have contained ten cents in postage, which is less than the actual cost of the book-lists and circulars.

"The Columbian Reading Union's documents are in general demand, and contain information not hitherto supplied from any other source. In estimating the extent of the work already accomplished, it is necessary to add that one member of the Union in New York agreed to pay the expense of sending the book-lists *gratis* to the archbishops and bishops; and a member residing in the city of Milwaukee willingly undertook the labor and expense of forwarding the book-lists to all the Catholic colleges, academies, and select schools of the United States and Canada. Specific mention cannot be made of all who have given valuable time and experience to the formation of Reading Circles, and the distribution of the book-lists among public libraries. Certainly, it is encouraging to authors and publishers to get positive assurance that, in answer to the appeal of the Columbian Reading Union, a large number of representative Catholics have volunteered to do service in various ways—without the inducements of financial rewards—for the diffusion of good literature.

"Before the end of the year 1892 it is hoped that sufficient

funds will have been secured to pay the expense of printing a complete list of Catholic authors published in the English language; much of the data for this important list has been already collected by skilful hands. It now remains to be seen whether the patrons and members, whose generosity has thus far supplied the 'sinews of war,' will exert their efforts to provide the fund necessary for this new enterprise. Every library and every Reading Circle in the land will be glad to have a reliable list, such as the one now preparing, which will definitely show forth the influence Catholic thought has exerted on modern literature."

* * *

Though much remains to be done in organizing the Catholic reading public, a definite beginning has been made in accordance with the practical suggestions of Mr. John A. Mooney in the following able letter:

"The plan of the Columbian Reading Union evidences a full, thoughtful knowledge of Catholic needs—pressing needs. If properly organized and carefully conducted, the Reading Circles must have a wide influence for good, not on young ladies only, but also on men, young and old, many of whom know very little of the writers of their own religion, or the place of excellence these writers have attained. Instead of gratifying or nourishing ourselves at our own well-filled tables, we contentedly feed on the husks of the prodigal and call our sad meal a feast.

"The idea of the guide-lists promises to benefit publishers as well as readers. Here it is, especially, that every one can see the care with which your admirable plan has been thought out. Why should not the publisher be helped as well as the reader? As it is, putting aside the ascetic work, the publisher lacks any safe means of gauging his public. We have no way of telephoning him what we are ready for. The guide-list will serve as a publisher's thermometer as well as a reader's barometer. The readers will know when to come in out of the rain, and our publishers will be able to tell the exact temperature on an abnormally cold day and the point above zero at which we really begin to warm up. We shall have better books with the guide-lists—better in the quality of intellectual material, better in the way of book-making, however good that may be now, and cheaper.

"I see the Reading Circles creating readers and writers and encouraging and aiding our publishers. As it is, the American Catholic literary man has no field—other than Potter's Field. The writer cannot work, let alone live, without a public. At present the Catholic writer is forced to become a colorless, lifeless *littérateur*, or else to follow false gods, become un-Catholic, wallow in the muck of realistic popularity. The evil is greater than we think—a positive evil, and one worth expense and sacri-

fice and zealous work to remedy. Every thinking Catholic will hail your movement as the first one to give the Catholic writer hope of having a little home in a promised land where he may securely tend the vine and olive and uproot the noxious weed.

"Not only will the Reading Circles and the guide-lists help Catholics, but they will serve our American society at large. The public library will learn to know us better than it does. We shall be recognized not simply as readers, but also as the owners and makers of a good, honest, healthy literature—a literature characterized by a just sense of art and by a high claim, clean as well as modern, and covering every branch of literary composition.

"And our schools, convents, colleges—will not the guide-lists serve them also? In the school the groundwork of a sound appreciation of the value of good reading should be laid. To instil the sense of reading as a duty, and to make it a pleasurable habit, is one of the most important requirements of the most primary education. The guide-list should be, and doubtless will be, a valued school-teacher's guide.

"There are ten millions of us, they say. Were there only a single million we should show more real intellectual life than we do. Is there any one who will dare say that we have not the material of a reading public? With our colleges scattered all over the land, it would be a shame if we had not the material for writers competent and justly ambitious to contend with the vicious talents that so powerfully master the thought of our day."

* * *

Mr. Warren E. Mosher, editor of the *Reading Circle Review*, published at Youngstown, Ohio, was present at the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, and explained the aims and methods of the Catholic Educational Union. It is especially designed to meet the requirements of those who have had limited educational advantages, and are desirous of self-improvement:

"The plan consists of carefully prepared reading courses and wisely selected books. The studies include history, literature, science, and art. The lessons in these studies are marked in advance for each week and the amount of reading in each study clearly defined. The required reading can be done in one-half hour daily. The members procure the books recommended and read the lessons at home. If there are several persons in a parish reading the course, they may meet for mutual help and encouragement, and thus form a local Reading Circle.

"A full course requires four years' study. But one may join for one year only, and may read all or any part of the course. If a member desires to obtain a diploma, he may do so by reading the full course for four years and answering eighty per cent.

of the questions sent him. These questions are a review of the studies, and can be found in the books which he has read. The term for each year begins October 1 and ends July 1. Special courses will be prepared for those who complete the regular four years' course, so that they may continue indefinitely reviewing old studies and reading new ones.

"Among the studies are the following: Ancient and Roman History; History of the Middle Ages; English and American History; Church History; Bible Studies; English translations of Greek and Latin Literature, and English and American Literature; Christian Doctrine; Geology, Astronomy, Electricity, Physical Geography, Physics, Chemistry, Hygienic Physiology, Civil Government, American Institutions, etc.

"A person may join at any time by sending name and address and a fee of twenty-five cents. Circles of ten or more, ten cents each.

"The primary object is to encourage home reading, and individuals may become members without joining a circle. Yet the Reading Circle is the principal means of carrying out the plan. The members meet weekly to discuss the reading they have done at home and to have an interchange of ideas. Literary exercises are prepared, consisting of essays and talks supplementary to studies, and musical exercises interspersed to make the meetings pleasant and sociable.

"Every Reading Circle is a school in which are educated active and efficient workers for the responsible duty of assisting pastors in teaching the young intellects of our land sound principles and virtuous practices. By the members having a common interest in the work, and working in concert, there is an incentive for individual effort. Each member is urged by a sense of duty, and feeling assured of sympathy, does his part willingly. He is also made to feel that he is not conspicuous or alone in the work. The active, strong minds act as a stimulant in arousing the slow or indifferent members to action, the timid and diffident grow self-reliant and confident, and in time this spirit pervades the whole society.

"Many have the erroneous idea that by identifying themselves with Reading Circles it presupposes ignorance on their part. This is a mistake. Many educated Catholics have entered into the spirit of the plan with the warmest zeal, and have organized circles in which are professional men, business men, teachers, mechanics, and persons from every walk in life. Those who have been so fortunate as to have received opportunities of advanced education, sound training, and good social influences could not do a more commendable act than to ally themselves with Reading Circles and aid in lifting up those less fortunate than themselves. Good example, fellowship, discussion, and interchange of ideas constitute the educational advantages of Reading Circles.

"The Catholic Educational Union does not conflict with

other associations. On the contrary, it can be made a useful adjunct to them. If they would adopt this plan, new life would be infused into literary societies which now exist in name, and a vigor imparted which would stimulate members to renewed effort. Besides, they have the advantages of libraries, pleasant meeting places, and other necessary conveniences.

"Where there are several circles in a community following this plan they could carry out in a measure the university extension system by having men of local or national prominence as educators deliver special lectures on the course to the several circles assembled together.

"All the books of the course may be ordered from the Union at Youngstown, Ohio, or from the publishers. Information on organizing and conducting Reading Circles may be had by applying to the union with stamps enclosed to pay for circulars and reply."

* * *

The President of the Ozanam Reading Circle, Miss M. F. McAleer, read a paper before the Convention entitled "The First Catholic Reading Circle in New York City." Selections from it are here given.

"In response to an appeal issued by Rev. Thomas McMillan, the Ozanam Reading Circle was organized in October, 1886. It takes rank as the first Catholic Reading Circle formed in New York City. The members have endeavored to do an apostolic work in behalf of good reading, besides securing their own self-improvement in matters of literary value. The circle is composed of Catholic women residing in different sections of New York City, who meet together once a week in an informal and friendly way to talk about books—Catholic books especially—to take part in carefully selected literary exercises, readings from the best authors, recitations and essays. Every Monday evening the members assemble at the Parochial Library, Columbus Avenue near Sixtieth Street. This library offers exceptional facilities for getting the choicest specimens of modern literature and a liberal supply of the latest stories. It contains all books approved by the *Columbian Reading Union.* By the selection of well-chosen books in the library, and by special talks on many important topics, the Paulist Fathers have generously aided the work proposed by the members of the Reading Circle.

"A gifted writer has told us that Matthew Arnold, in one of his essays on the 'Strength of Catholicism,' says:

"If he were a Catholic living in England he would suffer

much, but he would find also much to comfort him. Among the consolations he would give himself would be a frequent visit to the reading-room of the British Museum, and there he would linger in loving contemplation of the vast section, stretching on and up from the 'Hell of the yellow law-books to the Heaven of the *Acta Sanctorum*' devoted to the Abbé Migne's collection, which contains all that concerns the Catholic Church from every point of view, dogma, discipline, art, literature, science, etc. He says: 'In this same room you may also find all the theological works of the various forms of Protestantism; but what a poor show they make beside this array of condensed Catholicism.' We surely do not need assurances from Matthew Arnold or from any other outsider of our superabundant wealth. And yet I do fear that too many even of our educated Catholics are not fully informed in this matter. Do we really need to be told how rich and varied is the store from which we can adorn and arm and feed ourselves? Whether we really need this information or not we will not discuss, but let us feel sure we are engaged in a good work in proclaiming our treasures. But this cannot be the sole motive of our combined efforts. Is it not rather to awaken in our hearts an enthusiasm for carrying the light to those who, thanks to much of the popular literature, are growing to believe that enthusiasm is a folly, that there is nothing worth striving for?

"Do we not wish to counteract the pernicious effect of the flippant reading of the day by working ourselves up to a relish for *studious* reading? And is not the means we have been advised to take something like a beginning of that after-course of studies so many have been longing for? The students in colleges, convents, and common schools can only go so far. How far? Indeed, only to the borders of the great wonderland of study. And must education be deemed ended when the medals have been pinned on amidst the flourish of pianos, violins, harps, etc.? Bishop Spalding said something boldly true at one of the commencements; something to the effect that there was a tendency to rest satisfied with the medal and diploma—that we too easily believed all-sufficient these outward signs of inward progress. It would be well to heed such warnings. But how are we going to solve the problem of a continued and studious life with the demands of our social and domestic environments? A great many seem to think the problem unsolvable and give it up, and are heard of no more among the light-bearers; they drop out of the ranks, or rather, they drop into the great nameless, aimless multitude. The Catholic Reading Circles can help us to reach a satisfactory indication of the ways and means of doing one's duty to home and to other claimants, yet leaving us time enough to strive for personal perfection in every sense of the word? The literature produced by the divinely-lighted minds of our great Catholic writers will assist immensely towards this perfection of mind and heart and soul."

One of the most active workers for the success of the Ozanam Reading Circle, Mr. Alfred Young, was unavoidably absent. With rare good taste and judgment he has recommended various practical plans for the members to follow. In a letter, written by request for this Convention, he says that his advice was intended for teachers, art students, typewriters, telegraphers, and the like. Many of them work over-time, and have little leisure :

" It would be adding one more humbug to the world's too plentiful stock to devise an elaborate scheme of reading for such busy people. Last year we only required one book to be read by all the members, and this was pretty generally and thoroughly done. The book was Cardinal Gibbons's *Our Christian Heritage*. The meetings are held every Monday evening. Every member is supposed to come fortified with a newly-acquired quotation from some prominent author, and the recitation of these quotations forms the opening exercise. Then we have a prose reading from a Catholic author or from some non-Catholic source, but upon a theme interesting to Catholics. This is followed by a 'poetical reading,' meaning an extract from some good poem, the importance of selecting real poetry and not mere jingle being urged upon the circle. This is followed by another prose reading, which we call 'A Study in Literature,' meaning thereby to illustrate by the extract read the value and beauty of style in the literary artist.

" A recitation then comes next upon the programme. We don't care for 'The Polish Boy,' and 'Searching among the Slain' at our pleasant gatherings is distinctly discouraged. Then we take a little relaxation in the shape of a reading from some popular (high-grade) novel, or from a book of sketches. For instance, one of the members read for us not long ago that delightful sketch of Miss Wilkins's, 'The Revolt of Mother.' Once in a while we have an original story or essay. The evening is closed by an informal talk from the presiding officer of the meeting. The talk is part comment, part suggestion, and part criticism. Just so much stress is laid upon elocution as may insure the adequate expression, in an entirely natural and unaffected way, of whatever is read or recited. The idea is that it is worth while for everybody to be able to read and to speak in a graceful manner with a well-trained voice. Much is made of the good old-fashioned practice of reading aloud. We think that even one night a week with Newman and Ruskin

may do something to counteract our daily dose of flippancy and cynicism in the morning newspaper.

"These proceedings of the members of the Ozanam Reading Circle do not make a very pretentious narration, but in the comparison of experiences at the Convention they may prove of interest. Recent articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD were discussed by our Circle, and just too in the line of Father Elliott's noble scheme. Now, our members have agreed that whenever they find themselves guests in a Catholic household they will, on the first fitting opportunity, ascertain whether THE CATHOLIC WORLD and other standard works by Catholic authors are subscribed for by their hosts, and, if not, in a kindly, missionary sort of way, they will urge a subscription to these publications. If this is carried out, as I hope it will be, it ought to entitle the Ozanam Reading Circle to be admittted into the Apostolate of the Press."

* * *

The members of Catholic Reading Circles will find many practical topics suggested for their consideration in all the papers prepared for the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press. They are to be published in pamphlet form at a cost of twenty-five cents for each copy. Each Reading Circle could make use of at least four copies. Orders may be sent at once to the Columbus Press, 120–122 West Sixtieth Street, New York City.

M. C. M.

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher desires to offer an apology to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for the lateness of this issue. The apology will, he knows, be accepted graciously when his readers learn that the delay was caused in their interest. The death of the late venerable Henry Edward Cardinal Manning occurred after our first form had been set up, and to make this a Manning Number, and give to his readers the two timely articles on his Eminence, necessitated the setting aside of the prepared form and starting out anew. Still he feels certain that the delay will be fully compensated for by the admirable and timely articles of Orby Shipley and John G. Kenyon.

The Publisher fancies that what is of interest to him in this department will also be of interest to his readers. And so he is pleased to announce to them that the *Life of Father Hecker*, which they have enjoyed with him for so many months in the pages of this magazine, and which has been issued in book form by the Columbus Press, has met with most encouraging criticism and a very creditable sale. The *Boston Herald*, whose notices of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are always appreciated, has this to say of the Life: "It is a perilous thing to publish a biography seriatim, but Father Elliott has made such a good story out of Father Hecker's life that the interest was sustained from month to month and even grew steadily until the end had been reached. The last part of his life was spent in gloom on account of the breaking down of his bodily health, but his faith in God was unabated amid all his bodily trials. Excepting Dr. Brownson, he was the greatest man that has entered the Roman Church from the Protestant ranks in this country. Father Elliott has made a model biography of his friend and master and teacher. There is no excess or defect in his statements."

The following is the opening paragraph from an extended notice of the Life in *The National Press*, of Dublin:

"Biography is a fashion of the day. But an admirably-conceived volume of the life of Father Hecker, by the Rev. Walter Elliott, just published at New York, has unusual claims upon the world's attention, and will not pass away when the season ends. It describes, chiefly from his own letters, journals, and recorded conversations, a man of rare temperament, whose life was no less romantic than his views were bold and original. Isaac Hecker may be summed up in a sentence—he was an American Cardinal Newman. And so the Cardinal thought himself, for, writing on the occasion of Father Hecker's death, he says: 'I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives—that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America, and I in England, and I know how zealous he was in promoting it.'"

The Convention of the Apostolate of the Press was a matter of deep interest to all Catholics, to all publishers, and especially to the Publisher of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It was a remarkable gathering of some of the brightest and ablest Catholic literary men and women ever brought together in convention in America. There were no election of officers, no resolutions, no full-dress reception, no farewell banquet, no opportunities for personal display—usually the bait held out at most conventions. Yet it brought together men and women from great distances, at great personal sacrifices, who were all filled with the idea: how to devise ways and means whereby the press might be used most effectively in the promotion of the truth and the spread of the knowledge of God among all his creatures. It was a convention unique in the history of conventions, both in its purpose and in the methods of effectuating it. It would have rejoiced the heart of Father Hecker to have stood at that convention and witnessed with his bodily eyes the realization, in part at least, of what his prophetic vision had led him to hope for twenty-five years ago.

The Publisher cannot here even mention the names of the speakers or discriminate on the relative value of the papers read; that will be the work of those in charge of this convention. But it was most gratifying to witness the earnestness, and zeal, and spirit of Catholic faith that prevailed throughout the whole proceedings. A full Report of the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press is in preparation and should be ready now, but it is unavoidably delayed for a few weeks, owing to

the fact that some of the manuscripts are being revised, and that the Editor is overworked.

The mail for the past month brought many encouraging letters to the Publisher. The letters which lie before him, from one of which he makes an extract, speak for themselves:

"Enclosed find money order for eight dollars, half of which is for my own subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the other half to be used in sending the magazine to where it may do the most good. Keep the ball rolling!"

The Columbus Number seems to have given general satisfaction. The following, from the *Methodist Protestant*, is refreshing: "The Columbus Number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for January is the pink of neatness in typography and finish, while the contents puts it ahead of its usual excellence. . . . Protestants should read THE CATHOLIC WORLD and so keep posted."

The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, who are indeed the cream of American Catholic readers, if they are in earnest and have at heart the spread of Catholic truth, should do their best to see to it that not only Catholics but also those outside the Church should be "posted." They have got the truth; they know it, they realize it; why should they wrap it up in a napkin? Spread the light!

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has in press the following works of Père Grou, edited by Rev. Samuel H. Frisbee, S.J., Woodstock, Md.:

Morality, extracted from the Confessions of St. Austin, 2 vols.; *Character of True Devotion*, 1 vol.; *The Science of the Crucifix*, 1 vol.; *Spiritual Maxims Explained*, 1 vol.; *Christian Sanctified by the Lord's Prayer*, 1 vol.; *School of Christ*, 1 vol.; *Manual for Interior Souls*, 2 vols.; and some minor works.

Also in press:

The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas of Kempen, with reflections and prayers by Père Gonnelieu, of the Society

of Jesus. To which is prefixed a biographical sketch of the author by Charles Butler, Esquire. Done into English by the Right Rev. Edward Challoner, D.D. A new and revised edition, edited by Rev. Samuel H. Frisbee, S.J.

Ready about the end of February:

Aquinas Ethicus; or, The Moral Teaching of St. Thomas. Translated from the *Summa* by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. 2 vols.

The Spirit of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of the Rev. Fr. Xavier de Franciosi, of the same Society.

Benziger Bros. new publications are:

On Christian Art. By Edith Healy. With an introduction by Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill.

An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine. For the use of Sunday-school teachers and advanced classes. By Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead.

Tom Playfair; or, Making a Start. By Rev. J. Finn, S.J., author of "Percy Wynn."

Birthday Souvenir; or, Diary. With a subject of meditation or a prayer for every day in the year. By Mrs. A. E. Buchanan, author of "The Higher Life," "A Pocket-book for School-girls," etc.

General Principles of the Religious Life. By Very Rev. Boniface F. Verheyen, O.S.B.

The Correct Thing for Catholics. By Lelia Hardin Bugg.

They will publish shortly:

A Manual of Political Economy. By C. S. Devas, Esquire, M.A., Examiner in Political Economy in the Royal University of Ireland.

Christian Anthropology. By Rev. John Thein.

Thirty-two Instructions for the Month of May and Feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Translated from the French by Rev. Thomas F. Ward.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOMILIES OF SCIENCE. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

THE CANON OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Tobias Mullen, Bishop of Erie. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

COLUMBUS. By John A. Mooney. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND THE OFFICE OF THE DEAD. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas à Kempis. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR RELIGIOUS PERSONS. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

INDEX TO SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Volumes I.–X. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

PROGRESSIVE PROTESTANTISM. By Sixtus. New York: Webster & Co.

MASS IN E MINOR. By Frank G. Dossert. London and New York: Novello, Ewer & Co.

ECCE REGNUM! By Edward Randall Knowles. Worcester: Messenger Print.

THE WORKING-MAN'S POSITION. By M. F. Vallette. Brooklyn: Nineteenth Century Catholic Club.

THE

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REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD NAMED MOTHER JULIANA,

An anchorite of Norwich who lived in the days of King Edward III.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

AND so long as I saw this sight of the plenteous bleeding
Streaming down from the thorne-crown'd Head of my worshippful Jesu,
So long I might never stint of these words—*Benedicite Dom'nus!*
Six things I understood while this shewing was made to my vision;
Of which the first is the token of Jesu's most blessèdful Passion
Shewn in the plenteous shedding of blood so precious and rev'rent:
Next is that sweet holie Maiden who is His dear worthie Mother;
Then the all blessèdful Godhead that was ever and shall be
All that is mightie; all that is Love; and all that is Wisdome.
That which is fourth is all that God in his Love hath created.
Wote I well that heaven and earth and all that hath being
Soothlie is large and fair and good in the sight of its Maker.
Why to my feeble beholding it sheweth so litle and worthlesse
Was that I saw it in the presence of Him who did make it.
Once that a soul be lifted to see the Maker of all things
Seemeth all that is made, to its sight, full litle and nothing.
Fifthly; all that is made is for love; and the same love it keepeth;
And as before said Love will keep it without end for ever.

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Sixthly; I saw how God is in all that is good; and the goodnes
Anything hath in its being He is it all, and He onlie.
All this I saw with plentie of space and time to behold it:
And tho' the sight that is bodilie stinted,* leaving no vision,
Yet the sight that is ghostlie dwelleth in my understanding.
Full of these thoughts I abode with rev'rent dreed and enjoyment,
Longing as much as I durst to see more if it were His pleasure.
Thereupon was my charitie stirred to mine own even Christian,
Wishing that what I saw and knew the same they might all see,
That it might be unto them a ghostlie and blessèdful comfort.
Then said I simplie unto my friends who were standing around me—
Thinking to die—"This day is the last of my life, and my domesday,"
For on the day of our death are we deemed as we shall be for ever.
This said I, hoping to make them have mind how short is this living:
As in my death before them they plainly might see in example,
Seeing the nought of all earthlie things they might love God better.
For as I weened to have died, it was wounder and marvaile in party,
Since methought that for them who should live this vision was vouchsafed.
All that I say of me I mean for all my even Christian,
As I am learnèd of our Lord God that He meaneth it should be.
Therefore I praie you all for God's sake, and for your own profit,
Leaving the sight of a poor and simple wretch it was shewed to,
Mightilie, wiselie, and meeklie beholding it all in God onlie,
Who of His courtesie, love, and endles goodnes would shew it.
Sith for our comfort He sheweth it, it is His will that ye take it
Joying and liking, as pleaseth the Lord Jesu Christ of His mercie.

ALFRED YOUNG.

* Stinted: ceased.

CARDINAL MANNING.

THE cloud of mourning which has recently fallen upon the Catholics of Great Britain, through the death of the venerable head of the English hierarchy, has cast a shadow over the entire Catholic world, and in an especial manner over the vast English-speaking community which owes allegiance to Holy Church. It was but yesterday, as it were, that the late Cardinal was extending the hand of fellowship to his co-religionists on this side of the Atlantic, in that touching voice-message to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore—that message which conveyed once more from the Old World to the New the imperishable and consoling truths of the ancient faith, through the medium of the latest contrivance of modern invention. "The Catholic Church in England," so the message ran, "sends its greeting to the Catholic Church in America and to all the citizens of the United States, and hopes that we may always be of one heart and one mind, and become one fold under one Shepherd." The words are still fresh in our recollections; the sweet tones in which they were spoken are even now preserved, like the honey in the hive, in the waxen receptacle of the phonograph; but the tongue that uttered them is mute—the great spirit has himself been gathered into the one fold, in the heavenly meaning of the term, to which he so expectantly pointed. That message was the cardinal's prophetic farewell to the Catholic people of America.

In the present moment of sorrow it is difficult to form a just estimate of the influence which Cardinal Manning exercised upon the age in which he lived; but the difficulty does not arise from any fear of exaggeration. His influence was of a two-fold character. It was both direct and indirect; it was practical as well as spiritual; and, while its practical side can be measured by solid and tangible results, its unsubstantial element remains a vast but still an unknown quantity. In considering the life and work of the late cardinal-archbishop it is impossible wholly to separate it from the life and work of his illustrious colleague in the Sacred College, Cardinal Newman; for, paradoxical though it may appear, though their labors were, in a measure, distinct, they were, nevertheless, absolutely inseparable. While neither, standing alone, would be in any degree less

great, it is doubtful whether either of them could, by himself, have achieved a similar amount of success. Their combined efforts were essential to the important work they were called upon to accomplish. Acting by independent and collateral agencies, they laid siege simultaneously to the two principal fortresses of the enemy. Newman appealed primarily to men's minds; Manning sought in the first place to conquer their hearts. In saying this we do not for a moment imply that they were not both of them intensely human, as well as supremely intellectual; but, while Newman's chief weapons were reason and logic, the great secret of Manning's influence and authority was to be found in the breadth and the depth of his sympathies. It is impossible to say which of the two bore the more important part in the spiritual campaign in which they were engaged, because, as we have said, the action of both was equally indispensable. Newman was emphatically the sage, the seer, the thinker, the scientific expert of the movement, before the force and lucidity of whose logic the sophistries of his antagonists were effectually dissipated. Manning, on the other hand, was the statesman, the organizer, the diplomatist, and his lot was thus cast in a less secluded and a far more active field. Newman, by a process of deep and unwearied research, had to trace the great truths of life from their source to their final destination—to draw up the chart, as it were, which might be safely followed in the future convoy of souls. Manning, as the pilot of the ship, had to guide it in safety past the shoals and rocks that hemmed it round, and to bear the full brunt of the storm that threatened its destruction. Newman's work was effected once and for all, and he survived many years after the fulfilment of his mission. Manning's labor, on the contrary, was incessant and unrelaxing, nor did it wholly cease till death struck him down, while still standing at the helm.

The career of the late cardinal was a singularly busy one, and, when its record comes to be written, it will be found to contain much that is deserving of study and imitation. Here, however, it is only possible to give the merest outline. Born at Totteridge, in the county of Hertfordshire, on July 15, 1808, Cardinal Manning spent a little more than half of his long life as a member of the Established Church of England, to which he belonged by inheritance. He was the son of a prosperous member of the British House of Commons, and early showed an inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. After passing with some distinction through Harrow School and Balliol College, Oxford, he entered upon life with the intention of pursuing a

political career, for which he was in many ways well fitted. With this purpose in view he was admitted to the English colonial office at the age of twenty-three, and there devoted himself for a time to the study of constitutional law and politics, his acquaintance with which subjects he afterwards, no doubt, found of much utility. Within the short space of a year, however, his plans underwent a complete change, and following the unerring dictates of his conscience, he decided to abandon the affairs of state for the care of souls. In this decision, it may well be said that England lost a statesman of the highest type, but she most assuredly gained what was of far more general and permanent value; she lost a politician possibly, but she gained an apostle. Returning to Oxford, Manning was elected a fellow of Merton, and was soon afterwards ordained a minister of the Anglican Church. From the outset of his ministry his influence began to grow. His intellectual activity was always intense. He took the lead in many of the ecclesiastical movements of the day, notably in the educational campaign of 1838, and, so highly were his abilities regarded, that, from being rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex, he was, at the early age of thirty-two, appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, while two years later, namely, in 1842, he was made select preacher to the University of Oxford. The stir caused by the Tractarian movement was at this time at its height, and though Manning was not himself one of the primary leaders of the crusade, he nevertheless exercised a very potent influence upon the minds of all associated with it. When, in the year 1845, John Henry Newman seceded and "went over to the enemy," Manning was looked to by many as the mainstay of the English Establishment. As the great influence of Newman had carried large numbers of earnest Anglicans over with him to Rome, so the great example of Archdeacon Manning exercised a restraining influence, and kept many equally earnest men for a time in the English Church.

But Manning had himself, by this time, begun to discern the truth. The grace which had been bestowed so plentifully upon so many of his contemporaries was already working within him, and, as his spiritual vision became clearer, his convictions grew in strength. The inducements to remain where he was were undoubtedly great, but happily his sense of duty was equal to the strain. To secede would mean to ruthlessly sever all the ties and associations of a lifetime, and to begin life again at the very moment when the greatest prizes which the Church of England could offer him were actually within his grasp. With many men the question would have rested between resisting these

powerful temptations, or resisting the voice of grace; but with Manning the question seems never to have been at stake. For a time, it is true, like Newman and others before him, he strove conscientiously to reconcile the irreconcilable; to identify the truth which his own reason, aided by the grace of God, had discovered, with that semblance of truth which was taught by the establishment to which he still belonged. The task, of course, was a hopeless one, and the breath that was needed to bring down the avalanche came, at length, from the very body which it was destined to crush. The event which precipitated Archdeacon Manning's final renunciation of Anglicanism, and his consequent submission to Rome, was the decision in the now famous Gorham case, whereby a certain Mr. Gorham, a clergyman of the Church of England, was permitted to remain in his sacred office notwithstanding the fact that he openly denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The protest signed by thirteen prominent members of the English Church proved of no avail; the decision was upheld, and shortly afterwards Archdeacon Manning and five of the others who had put their names to the manifesto, followed up their action to its only logical end—they joined the Catholic Church. The effect of the great churchman's secession was remarkable, coming, as it did, in the midst of that violent "no-popery" outburst in England which had been occasioned by the re-establishment in that country of the Catholic hierarchy. Manning's example, like that of Newman six years earlier, was followed by an immense number of those who had been content to look to him for guidance, and while the already waning influence of the Anglican Church was once more perceptibly shaken, the reawakening power of Catholicism in England received what has proved to be a fresh and permanent impetus. The year 1851 was thus rendered doubly memorable for the Catholics of Great Britain.

Writing, at a later period of his life, of his work while in the Anglican communion, when, as he said, "I knew the revelation of the day of Pentecost only in a broken and fragmentary way," and of the gradual growth of his religious convictions, Cardinal Manning remarked:

"The works I then published, even without the private records I have by me, are enough to mark the progressive but slow and never receding advance of my convictions, from the first conception of a visible church, its succession and witness for Christ, to the full perception and manifestation of its divine organization of head and members, of its supernatural prerogatives of indefectible life, indissoluble unity, infallible discernment, and

enunciation of the faith. Of those books I will say nothing but that even in their great imperfections they have a unity that is of progress, and a directness of movement, always affirming positively and definitely such truths of the perfect revelation of God as successively rose upon me. I was as one *manu tentans, meridie cæcutiens;* but a divine Guide, as yet unknown to me, always led me on. I can well remember how at the outset of my life as a pastor, as I then already believed, the necessity of a divine commission forced itself upon me; next, how the necessity of a divine certainty for the message I had to deliver became, if possible, more evident. A divine, that is, an infallible message, by a human messenger is still the truth of God; but a human or fallible message, by a messenger having a divine commission, would be the source of error, illusion, and all evil. I then perceived the principle of Christian tradition as an evidence of the truth, and of the visible unity of the church as the guarantee of that tradition. But it was many years before I perceived that such a Christian tradition was no more than human, and therefore fallible. I had reached the last point to which human history could guide me towards the Church of God. There remained one point more, to know that the church is not only a human witness in the order of history, but a divine witness in the order of supernatural facts. . . I have never thought it necessary to publish the reasons of my submission to the Church of God. I felt that those who knew me knew my reasons, for they had followed my words and acts; and that they who did not know me would not care to know. I felt, too, that the best expositor of a man's conduct is his life; and that in a few years, and in the way of duty, I should naturally and unconsciously make clear and intelligible to all who care to know the motives of faith which governed me in that time of public and private trials."

On Passion Sunday, 1851, the ex-archdeacon was able to write to his old friend, Mr. T. W. Allies, who had himself become a Catholic a few months previously: "This morning, by God's mercy, I entered the One True Fold." With this happy consummation of the dearest aspiration of his life, his mission on earth had in reality but begun. Stepping at once from among the highest ranks of one religious community to the lowest of another, and yet in that very act ascending, Mr. Manning became a neophyte in the great department of thought in which he had hitherto been looked up to as an authority. His period of probation, however, was but of brief duration, and the day was not far distant when the new guest would be bidden to go up higher. The time, indeed, was approaching, and with it the man.

Passing rapidly through the initial stages of the priesthood, Father Manning was ordained in the summer of the self-same year that had witnessed his reception into the church; and during the four years following, acting on the advice of Pius IX.,

who was his personal friend, he went through a course of profound studies at the Accademia Ecclesiastica at Rome. His religious training was by this time complete, the future cardinal enjoying the double advantage of possessing, not only a rich store of ecclesiastical learning, but a thorough and intimate knowledge of the world and of men. Returning to England as a doctor of divinity, he, in 1857, founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles in London, and was in the same year appointed provost of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Thus at the very outset he took his place among the foremost of the Catholic clergy, and, by the earnestness, the eloquence, and the intellectual force of his writings and public discourses, did an immense work in spreading a knowledge of the truth. As an important organ of English non-Catholic opinion was recently forced, honestly though reluctantly, to confess: "One of the most formidable controversial writers of the century, a man armed with a knowledge of every weak point in the Anglican harness, had placed his splendid abilities at the disposal of the church which was her principal foe." In spite, however, of his well-known powers and his commanding eminence, his selection as the successor of Cardinal Wiseman, the great founder of the modern English hierarchy, came upon most men as a surprise. That selection was due entirely to the wisdom and the prescience of Pius IX, Dr. Manning's name was not one of the three submitted by the chapter of Westminster to the Pope; but the Holy Father, knowing the man and knowing something, also, of the work that was before him, exercised his sacred prerogative, and in so doing gave yet another proof of his wonderful sagacity and foresight. The new archbishop was consecrated in June, 1865, and just ten years later he was created a member of the Sacred College.

Such, then, is a brief and hurried survey of the leading events of the great cardinal's career, yet how little of the real truth does it convey! The several distinct and visible stages of his advancement in grace and in dignity are but the punctuation points, as it were, in a continuous and edifying narrative, the greater part of which we are powerless to write. It is not in the events of a few isolated days, or in the record of a series of dates, however memorable, that we are to find the true index to the cardinal's career; it is rather in the ordinary routine of his daily existence, in the consistent and persistent prosecution of a great and lofty end, and, above all, in the secret fidelity of his inner life. To form any conception of the enormous work which he carried on during the twenty-six years he was at the

head of the church in England, it is necessary to contrast the state of things now with the state of things which existed there more than a quarter of a century since. No doubt the improved position of Catholicism in that country, and the gradual lessening of the national animosities and prejudice, are due to a variety of causes. Possibly, to some extent, the increased tolerance is no more than the natural outcome of that failing interest in religious matters generally which is to be noted, alas! on so many sides; but this, we are happy to believe, is only a partial explanation. The real secret of the extended influence of the church, and of the growing respect with which she is regarded even by those outside of the fold, is to be found in the fact that she is at the present moment better known than she has been at any time since the Protestant usurpation, and that her teaching is consequently better understood. The miserable calumnies which found a ready currency in a darker age are seldom heard of now, for they would no longer fall upon ignorant and credulous ears. The people have become familiarized with the church, and with her mode of work, and familiarity in this instance has begot reverence rather than contempt. This, we think, is the true secret of the change, and no one has, assuredly contributed more than has Cardinal Manning towards spreading this light of intelligence, and towards disarming the fears and conciliating the sympathies of the English people.

So powerful, indeed, has been his influence that some recent writers have seemed to forget, in the fervor of their tributes, the credit that is due to his illustrious predecessor in the archiepiscopal see. This is scarcely just, and no one, we are certain, would have resented it more keenly than would Cardinal Manning himself. Cardinal Wiseman was, in a sense, the creator of a dynasty. He had to initiate and carry through a most difficult and delicate enterprise, and he had, moreover, to endure alone all the odium and hostility which it temporarily excited. He had to watch over the new hierarchy during the first unsettled, anxious years of its existence, knowing, as he must have known, that the good fruits of his labors would not prominently manifest themselves until long after he had passed away. Such was the important task to which he set his hand, and he performed it from first to last with a consummate ability and with an exemplary forbearance. It is by no means the least tribute that we can pay to the memory of Cardinal Manning to say that he proved himself to be a worthy successor to Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman. The work of the one was to construct, the work of the other was to carry on and to complete; and it was clearly

something higher than any human foresight that selected the instruments for the performance of both these works.

It a curious and interesting circumstance, in connection with the career of Cardinal Manning, that the leading feature, the key-note of his success, is to be found, not only in what he did but also in an especial way in the one great work which he failed to accomplish. It would, no doubt, strike the mind of the casual and uninitiated observer as a reproach against the English hierarchy that, after forty years of existence, its principal diocese should be without a cathedral. Yet it is this apparent reproach which is, indirectly, the glory of Cardinal Manning's record. There were some who expected, and there were many who hoped, when he was first called to the archiepiscopal throne, that he would devote a portion, at least, of his energy and his resources to the erection of a majestic building, which might bear proud witness, in the very centre of British civilization, to the strength and stability of the Catholic Church. This enterprise was pressed upon him at the first public gathering over which he presided in his official capacity, but, though he unhesitatingly accepted the task, he, at the same time, pointed out that there were other works "more urgently pressing and more vital" which claimed precedence. In the first place, there were the little children, who were the heirs to the faith, but who were being robbed of their inheritance, through no fault of their own, by reason of the absence of any adequate system for rescuing them from heretical surroundings and providing for their spiritual education. Then, in the second place, there was the paramount necessity of securing a more plentiful supply of priests, who might attend to the needs of the numerous scattered districts of the diocese which were at that time denied the ministrations of a pastor. To these primary and essential matters the cardinal-archbishop at once devoted his earnest and unwearying attention. It was the invisible and living Church of God that he had, in a great measure, to build up and complete, and till that all-engrossing task was fittingly accomplished he decided that the cathedral should wait. Of what avail, indeed, would it have been to build upon the shifting sand, to raise up the stately fabric of his cathedral while the very foundations of the church herself were imperfect and insecure. Upon the multiplication of priests, he clearly realized, rested the welfare of the present; while in the care and religious training of the children he saw the one bright hope of the future. He therefore sought, by these simple yet effectual means, to strengthen and solidify the sacred rock of the faith, upon which alone a church can hope to stand.

It is impossible here to convey even the faintest idea of the assiduous and incessant labor which he devoted to both of these matters. The dearest wish of his life, as he himself declared, was the formation of good and holy priests; and, with this purpose in mind, he established a seminary in his diocese which has proved a veritable nursery of pastors; he bore the cost of the training, both at home and abroad, of innumerable aspirants to the sacred office; and, above all, he wrote that text-book to the "Eternal Priesthood" which will no doubt be the source of grace to many generations of priests. In regard to education, the struggle he waged was long and anxious, but he persevered in it with a force and courage that conquered all obstacles, and he left what we may hope will prove to be a lasting impression on the educational system of his land. As a prominent non-Catholic educationalist not long since remarked: "If England is to remain a Christian country, so far as education is concerned, we shall owe it largely to Cardinal Manning." When he first took the work in hand he found that the numberless poor Catholic children in the workhouses were compelled to attend non-Catholic forms of worship, and to receive instruction in an heretical creed. He at once entered upon a crusade against this shameful condition of things, and, by dint of an earnest agitation carried on from year to year, he at last succeeded in effectually removing this stain from the English Poor Law administration. By reason of this movement he rescued fully twenty thousand poor Catholic children from the dangers which threatened them, while the improved system which he brought into being will save countless others from being similarly threatened in the future. Nor was this all that he did for education. As the foremost champion of the voluntary schools, he has done more than any other man to make known and to enforce the claims of those admirable institutions, and the leading attitude which he assumed as a member of the Royal Commission on Education has already been productive of most beneficial results.

But education did not absorb all of his energies. He took a conspicuous part in most of the great social movements of his time, and he left his mark upon each. As a temperance advocate and reformer he stood in the very front rank of those who had devoted themselves wholly and solely to that one subject. On the great labor question he showed such a firm and thorough grasp of the situation that he was at once hailed as an authority, and his influence was sought in adjusting the balance between the divergent yet inseparable interests of employer and employed. With the housing of the poor it was the same, and

when the royal commission on that question was called into existence, the first name mentioned after that of the president, the Prince of Wales, was the name of the great English cardinal.

All this arduous and exacting work was, in a measure, outside the range of his spiritual functions, yet how intimately was it associated with them! As a pastor of the church he preached unceasingly to his flock by the earnest eloquence of his written and spoken word; but as a public character he preached no less eloquently to the world in general by the silent force of his example. He presented, indeed, a strange and touching spectacle in the mixed and complex world of modern London; for, prince of the Catholic Church though he was—and to have been this, not so very long since, would have at once drawn upon him the finger of scorn—he was, nevertheless, the one conspicuous connecting link between all classes and sections of society. He was the welcome and honored guest of princes and statesmen, yet he was, above all things and beyond all things, the friend and servant of the poor. So closely, too, were his human sympathies allied with his spiritual faith that, while it may be truly said of him that no man held a more prominent and honorable position in the eyes of men, so may it be added with equal truth that no man lived more constantly in the presence of God. His persistent asceticism, his utter absence of display, his beautiful and childlike simplicity, did as much, perhaps, to endear him to the hearts of the English people, irrespective of creed, as did any of his other more intellectual and more brilliant attributes. That the feeling with which he was regarded was deep and genuine has been strikingly shown by the outburst of national sorrow which followed him to his grave, when from all ranks—from the royal family to the dock-laborer and river-side men—there came but one sentiment, eloquent or inarticulate, and that was a sentiment of earnest sorrow and regard.

But the grief which his death has caused has, of course, fallen most heavily upon the members of his own flock, and upon the Catholic world generally, and though that grief is, in its essence, a selfish one, yet it is, after all, but natural and human. The death of a good man is always a loss to those who knew him, whatever may be the actual gain to himself. Even the festivals of the saints, which are days of rejoicing now, we cannot but think were days of mourning once; for the cloud that bears a just spirit to heaven must, of necessity, cast some shadow on the earth.

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"THE WOMEN OF CALVARY."

IT is an old and true saying that history repeats itself, and it is equally true that at different periods certain diseases which were thought dead, so long had they lain dormant, have reappeared without any apparent cause. Last year, Sir Morell Mackenzie's article in the *Nineteenth Century Review*, on the "Revival of Leprosy," proved by vital statistics the simultaneous reappearance of that loathsome malady in different parts of the globe under totally different conditions.

Together with this very disagreeable and startling announcement, it is painfully evident that another form of suffering is increasing so steadily that science is completely baffled; for it is a lamentable fact that cancer, one of the worst scourges known to humanity, is as unmanageable and irrepressible now as in the days of Hippocrates; and as in the middle ages every large town had its lazar-house, so London, New York, and other great modern cities have been forced to establish cancer hospitals.

Count Mattei, of Bologna, asserts that cancer can be cured—that he has cured it, and is curing it with his system of electro-homœopathy; and Mr. Stead last autumn went to Bologna, and, as the result of his visit, wrote the interesting article, "Can Cancer be Cured?" which appeared in the January (1891) number of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead was so convinced of the efficacy of Count Mattei's theory and practice that on his return to London he wrote to several of the leading physicians and scientists, and proposed that the subject should be thoroughly investigated by competent experts.

Meanwhile that medical men discuss and cannot decide which system may kill or cure, one truth is incontestable—that cancer is frightfully prevalent, and that no class is exempt from it. High and low, rich and poor, the prince in his palace, the peasant in his hut, the woman of fashion, the nun in her cell—no one is exempt—it attacks all with perfect impartiality.

Dr. Hubert Snow, of the Cancer Hospital in London, writing to a correspondent, says: "Cancer is increasing. The doctors cannot stem its advance. All that they can prescribe is to cut, without even a promise that the knife will do more than postpone for a little time a torturing death. Thirty thousand die every year by cancer, and as the disease takes from two to

four years to torture, before it slays its victims, there must be one hundred thousand persons upon whom cancer has laid the mark of death."

Another authority states that ten years ago it was one in six hundred, and that now it is one in three hundred that may be counted as victims to the deadly enemy.

Mr. William T. Bull, Vice-President of the Cancer Hospital in New York, when questioned, said: "I am not prepared to furnish positive data; I will merely state that cancer is certainly not decreasing; were a free cancer hospital to be opened in New York to-morrow, it would instantly be filled. It is a disease that attacks both men and women, oftenest women; and of women, most frequently mothers."

Most frequently mothers—this last statement is fearful; the mother, the guiding star, the centre of the household, the most frequently attacked! When the mother is rich, surrounded by all that luxury and wealth can lavish upon her, tended with the most loving care, the blow is terrible; but when the mother is poor, probably the bread-winner of the family, the horror of the situation is doubly increased. At first the trouble is slight, she has no time to think of her condition, her daily work must be done; gradually the pain increases, she consults a physician; he tries a palliative, and then, where there it no improvement, he recommends the hospital. And after a few months in a hospital, should she be pronounced incurable, she must leave.

Where will she go? For a woman to spend six months in a hospital, means too often the breaking up of that woman's home. Very few men of the working class are capable of keeping the family together after the centre of unity has disappeared. The husband becomes demoralized, discouraged, sometimes dissipated; the children drift away to institutions, or are distributed among relatives; so that when the incurable mother is discharged from the hospital, where is she to go to die? It may not be for a month or six months, or perhaps for years, but she is incurable, incapable of working; where will she drag out the weary, dreary remnant of her tortured life?

This thought inspired a woman fifty years ago to found an association to care for such afflicted sufferers, and now the modern Women of Calvary receive into their houses their poor sisters who cannot obtain admittance into hospitals; and their wounds are dressed, their dying hours soothed, in honor of the Passion and Death of the Divine Victim of Love, who died for us on Calvary.

The Calvary of the nineteenth century was the outcome of a woman's grief, and is the refuge of sorrows; for to enter it one must have suffered or suffer. Only widows may become members of the association; and the only patients received are women suffering from cancer or other living, bleeding wounds, equally incurable. It is fitting it should be so; it is God who, for the widow, has broken the ties which no man may put asunder; and it is by his divine will that a loathsome disease has made the poor woman an outcast from her family. Thus they meet upon common ground, and the consoler and the consoled are united by the bond of suffering under the shadow of the Cross.

Jeanne-Françoise Chabot, the foundress, was born in Lyons, on the 17th of June, 1811, of parents in the middle rank of life, and received the ordinary education suited to her position. After the preparatory school, she was sent to a convent of the Visitation, where her brilliant talents and great vivacity made her a leader in every movement. First in all the studies, she was still more conspicuous during the recreation, when with her charming gift of improvising verses, and singing them to appropriate music, she was the life of the joyous band. Unfortunately, her high spirits sometimes carried her too far; on one occasion for some misdemeanor she was severely reprimanded, and in a moment of anger she impulsively said: "I will set fire to the convent"; and for this threat she was expelled.

The next three years she passed at home under her excellent mother's care, and at nineteen she married Monsieur Garnier, a young merchant of Lyons, in comfortable circumstances and with bright prospects. A happy wife, a happy mother, loved and loving with the ardor of her passionate nature, all was sunshine around her, and her cup of joy was filled to overflowing. A few brief years of happiness, and the scene changed. At twenty-three Madame Garnier had been twice a mother, and was a widow and childless; the second child dying two days after the father.

The broken-hearted woman was completely prostrated; her grief was as intense as had been her love, and for days and weeks she remained alone in her darkened home, kneeling for hours with the crucifix upon which her dying husband had breathed his last sigh pressed to her lips. She would allow nothing to be changed in the rooms he had occupied; the furniture should remain as he had left it, the papers and letters scattered on his desk, the book half opened that he had last

read; nothing could be touched. Her only visit was to the cemetery, to adorn with flowers the three beloved graves; to reach the cemetery it was necessary to cross a bridge over the river, and she said afterwards that often she was forced to run rapidly across, so violent was the temptation to throw herself into the water and thus end her sorrows.

Gradually time, and above all her strong faith, brought comparative calmness and resignation; but even then her home was hateful to her, the empty cradles, the vacant arm-chair by the desolate hearth, made too evident the fearful void in her existence; so, to escape painful memories, she devoted herself to parish work, and in assisting the wretched and unfortunate found consolation and strength to bear her heavy trials. Her days were spent in the slums and byways of her native city, her evenings in making clothes for the poor whom she had visited; and the priests, who soon recognized her zeal and ability, confided the most hopeless cases to her care.

The horizon of her spiritual life was widening, her own personal grief was merging into the great wave of suffering humanity whose sorrows she shared, whose wounds she dressed, in honor of the Divine Leper; who in reward so inflamed her heart with the fire of his love that the words of St. Jerome in regard to St. Paula might be truly applied to her: "She wept so long for her dead husband, she thought to have died; afterwards she gave herself so entirely to the Lord, she seemed to have desired the death of her husband."

Thus in the furnace of affliction her beautiful soul was purified from earthly dross, and she learned the true meaning of her favorite chapter in the *Imitation*, which she said "in the days of her prosperity" she loved to read and apply to her affection for those whom she had so idolized: "The lover flies, runs, and rejoices; he is free, and not held. Love often knows no measure, but is inflamed above all measure, and like a lively flame, and a torch all on fire, it mounts upwards and securely passes through all opposition."

In the course of her ministrations Madame Garnier was sent to a woman whose condition was so horrible that her wretched companions had abandoned her, and only returned from time to time to throw a morsel of food to her. She lay upon a bundle of rags, in a garret so low that under the sloping roof Madame Garnier could not stand upright. The mind was as diseased as the body, and in response to the kind words and sympathetic questions asked by Madame Garnier there was only a glare from

the wild eyes, brutalized by vice and debauchery. Nothing daunted, Madame Garnier returned the next day and the next, for months. She made a blouse which she put on over her street dress on entering, and swept and dusted the room, raised the poor creature in her arms, washed and dressed the bleeding ulcers, until one morning, when she laid the aching head on the pillow, she felt a tear on her hand, and a faint voice asked, "How can you do this? Why do you come here?"

"Because you are God's creature," replied Madame Garnier, "and I do it in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for both of us."

The right chord had been touched, the truth made evident that to reach the spiritually starved soul the hungry body must first be fed; and so Madame Garnier by washing the loathsome sores had opened the approaches to the deadened heart. As the end drew near Madame Garnier wished to separate her from her miserable surroundings, and she obtained admittance for her into a hospital; and even then, after the care that had been lavished upon her, she was so repulsive in appearance that the chaplain, accustomed as he was to horrors, recoiled for an instant. To recover from the shock he moved off to another patient, and on his return he found Madame Garnier seated on the bed, holding the dying sufferer in her arms as though to reassure him.

During the long hours passed in watching by this bedside Madame Garnier thought of the many similar cases there must be in that very city; of the women dying alone and uncared for, and of the other women who should go to their relief. For such a duty who was so proper as the widow? and the inspiration came to her to found an association of widows, who should seek and relieve the most miserable and incurable among women. The association would accomplish a double end: the sanctification of the widow by charity and the salvation of the soul of the poor sufferer by ministering to the wants of the body. Like a flash the mission of her life was revealed to her; how to accomplish it became the subject of her constant prayer and meditation.

Shortly after this there was a great fire, and a young girl was rescued from the flames so terribly burned as to be totally disfigured. Madame Garnier received her into her own house, and nursed her with the greatest devotion; soon after she brought in two women afflicted with cancer. The harvest was ripening; where were the laborers? At last a widowed friend joined her;

then the question of supplies came up. The sudden death of Monsieur Garnier and the enforced liquidation of his business in the midst of an active career had left Madame Garnier with the modest income of twelve hundred francs, which had sufficed for her alone; but now that she had assumed the care of others, what would that amount to? In her leisure moments she made artificial flowers and sold them for the benefit of her helpless family, and, as that did not bring in enough, she commenced to beg for her sick poor. She preached her crusade among the widows with little success; her ideas were thought chimerical, impossible. It was admirable to go among the poor for certain hours, but that women of refinement should be asked to live with them, to repeat every day the dressing of the same wounds, was absurd; she was a visionary, an enthusiast; and so Madame Garnier, to stop the growing opposition, resolved to consult the highest ecclesiastical authority.

The Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal de Bonald, listened attentively to the exposition of her project and said: "Your idea is beautiful, it comes from God; the accomplishment will be difficult, but that also will come from God. Go forward, and rely upon me"; and then by a happy inspiration added: "Your work shall be called the 'Association of the Women of Calvary.'"

The Rubicon was passed. In the Catholic city of Lyons the approval of the archbishop was a command; purses were opened, money flowed in so freely that Madame Garnier was encouraged to look for a larger, more commodious house, and found one in the Rue Vide-Bourse (Empty Purse), a name that pleased her immensely. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "that is very appropriate. I will make the rich empty their purses into the hands of my poor."

One large carriage was sufficient to transport the entire community, and when they arrived at the new dwelling the driver was so afraid he might be asked to assist Marie la Brûlée, the poor burned girl, whose appearance was most revolting, that he pretended to be absorbed in the care of his horses; so Madame Garnier presented herself at the carriage door and said: "My dear child, put your arms around my neck, and try to keep on my back; you are as light as a feather. I shall not hurt you; don't be afraid!"

And ever in after years Marie la Brûlée would recall the incident and say triumphantly, "I was the first stone of the Calvary."

Success followed in every measure; vocations were discovered

among widows, the work was thoroughly organized, constitution and by-laws formed. There were three patients registered in the beginning; the next year there were seventeen, and so great was the constant increase that before long it was necessary to move again; and as Madame Garnier decided it was time for the Calvary to possess its own habitation, she sought and found on an eminence overlooking Lyons a suitable dwelling surrounded with beautiful grounds. With her to see was to act. Eight times in one day she called upon the proprietor, until he was so worn out with her importunity that he let her have the property on her own terms, which, of course, was a very great reduction from the price originally asked.

The final installation was accomplished on July 2, 1853, and before the completion of the year Madame Garnier had passed from the scene of her labors. She died December 28, 1853, comparatively young in years but old in good works. She had fought the good fight and had won, and her memory is held in benediction in the city whose poor she had so loved and so faithfully served, and by all those elsewhere to whom the story of her noble life is known.

For many years the Calvary of Lyons was unique. In 1874 a house was founded in Paris; another in St. Etienne soon followed, and in 1881 a fourth was successfully established in Marseilles. In 1886 the work crossed the frontier, and a foundation was made in Brussels with a similar result.

It is a work which by its nature cannot be rapidly developed or very largely extended; but wherever it has been established it has been hailed as a blessing by the suffering poor, and its utility recognized by the medical faculty, as it supplies a want long desired—a refuge for those incurables whom the physicians may no longer retain in the hospitals, and yet whose condition demands greater care than can possibly be bestowed upon them in the ordinary homes for incurables.

By the last annual reports of some of the houses we learn that in the Calvary of Lyons, which is the largest establishment and contains the greatest number of beds, there were twenty-four deaths during the year 1890. In the Calvary of Paris, for the same period, the mortality was greater, for with only forty-five beds there were forty-three deaths. In Marseilles the fifty beds were constantly filled; twenty-seven new cases were entered, and nineteen died.

The work is admirably organized, supported by the annual contributions of the members of the association, of which the

minimum is twenty francs. The associates may be counted by hundreds; the actual workers are comprised in three classes: the Dames Zélatrices, as we may call them, who are the promoters and who solicit subscriptions and seek to attract other widows to the fold; the Dames Panseuses, or dressers, those who are retained at home by their duties to their families but who give certain portions of their time and personal service to the care of the sick; and the Dames Résidentes, who live in the Calvary, pay board to the establishment, serve the patients day and night, and have the management and direction of the house.

The superioress is elected every three years and is assisted in the discharge of her duties by different officers. There is also a president of the work, selected from the outside members, who attends to exterior matters, and a council of three or four men of wisdom and experience, who aid with their advice and to whom the monetary affairs are submitted.

The Women of Calvary do not form a religious society properly so-called. The association exacts no vow from its members, either perpetual or temporary, and they enter without renouncing family, fortune, or liberty. This is the originality and strength of the work, which is strictly diocesan under the immediate control of the bishop, who always presides at the annual meetings, when the report of the year is read. And at the last annual meeting of the Calvary of Paris, March 11, 1891, after the reading of the report of the year 1890, the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, who presided, in the course of his remarks said: "In every epoch Providence raises up the works most needed for the times; and in these days of scepticism, when the great Christian ideas are weakening in society and the family, it has inspired this work in which widows, without binding themselves by religious vows, consent to live with the poor incurable women, to surround them with their care, and to shed abroad the salutary influence of good example."

Sweetest of all the effects of the life in the Calvary is the moral rehabilitation of the poor sufferers, who come in shrinking from observation, feeling themselves to be pariahs in the human family, shunned and loathed for their personal deformities and ills. But in the new atmosphere of love and sympathy they forget their dreadful fate; their hearts shake off their weary load of sorrow, and they become not only resigned but even happy. They who may not have entered a church for years on account of their fearful condition, now find that the church comes to them; for by the rule of the Calvary the chapel must

open with sliding doors into the dormitory. Those who are able to be up are seated in their arm-chairs in double rows in the open space before the door; the rest remain in their beds, but all may see the priest at the altar and assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is offered every morning at seven, and which begins the daily life of the Calvary.

At eight breakfast is served to them by one of the ladies; at nine the bell rings for the *pansement*, or dressing of the cancers, which is the special act of the day, when several of the Dames Panseuses generally come to assist. The ladies put on large white aprons and sleeves over their black dresses and enter the dormitory, and, all kneeling before the crucifix, the beautiful prayer composed by Madame Garnier is said;

"O my God! we offer thee the dressing of these wounds in honor of the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the conversion of sinners, the perseverance of the just, the deliverance of the souls in Purgatory. Grant, O Lord! to our sick patience and resignation, and to us the spirit of faith and charity."

Each lady proceeds to her labor of love; the doctor comes in, visits the patients, gives his directions, and by eleven the work is finished, and the First Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary are said by the united household assembled in the dormitory, which is the heart of the house, the centre of all operations. Their dinner, served by a lady, follows; then recreation till 2 P.M., when the Sorrowful Mysteries are recited, and another rest until 4, during which time they work or amuse themselves. At 4 their lunch of coffee and bread and butter is taken; at 5 the doors of the chapel are open and all assist at the Way of the Cross, followed by the Last Mysteries of the Rosary; at 6.30 their supper is served; night prayers follow, and at 9, when the lady on duty in the dormitory makes her tour of inspection, they are generally sleeping quietly after a peaceful, well-spent day.

The poor creatures feel that the Calvary is theirs, that it only exists for them, and they take a personal interest in all its affairs. Those who are able to work are given different light employments; they sew and mend, knit stockings, roll the bands used in the dressings, make lint, assist in many ways; they know they are no longer miserable outcasts; as one woman who had been condemned to a life of complete isolation for years on account of a frightful lupus said, after she had been a few

days in her new home: "In the Calvary we forget we have faces!"

The most difficult to reconcile to their sad fate are generally the mothers of young children. It is heartrending sometimes to listen to their mournful stories, but even in their agony at their separation from all they love faith and resignation enable them to rise to true heroism at the supreme moment. One woman, thirty-eight years old, who had struggled bravely in the world for the support of her family, was forced at last to give up and come to the Calvary. She could not be resigned to leave her three young daughters, the oldest only sixteen, and she was always hoping against hope that she might soon be better and return to her little shop, which she had made so successful. Finally she was told she must die; the last Sacraments were received and her children were sent for. She was wonderfully calm, gave her last directions to the weeping girls, told them always to be good children, to love God and one another; suddenly she paused, kissed them, and whispered to the lady at her side: "Send them away now; when I look at them I lose my courage."

In an article on "Les Dames du Calvaire," in *La Charité Privée à Paris*, Maxime Du Camp thus describes his visit to the Calvary in Paris:

"One morning in the month of April, 1883, I arrived at the Calvary a little while before the visit of the physician. The Dames Résidentes and the Dames Panseuses were already assembled, and I counted twenty-three of them. The white apron with a bib pinned over the black dress—the widow's livery—the false white sleeves drawn over the arms, the pincers in their hands, they conversed among themselves, while they walked up and down the corridor of the infirmary awaiting the moment of entrance into the dormitory. On the breast they wore the silver cross which is the decoration of the Calvary, and on the hand only one ring, that which the priest had blessed on the marriage-day when hope had bloomed, and which in its flight had left room only for faith and charity. If the dukes, the princes, the marquises, the counts, the generals, the magistrates, the great manufacturers who have lived could see what their widows are doing to-day, surely they would feel happy to know the honor of their names had been confided to such safe keeping.

"The Dames du Calvaire entered the dormitory and I followed. On the floor they knelt, their heads reverently bent before the large crucifix, while one recited a short prayer of which I only remember the last phrase: 'Grant, O Lord! to our sick patience and resignation, to us the spirit of faith and charity.'

"They arose and went to their patients. I was with the doctor, who allowed me to accompany him as he made his visits to the different beds; but while walking beside him and listening to his technical explanations I watched the Dames du Calvaire and admired the gentleness and rapidity of their movements. There is no instrument in the world as perfect as the hand of a skilful woman; the long, slender fingers have wonderful delicacy for touching the wounds without irritating them, for washing them, for spreading the lint, for winding the bands around them, and then for caressing the cheek of the patient when the dressing is finished. The work is horrible; one would not think so, to see those who accomplish it.

"Joinville relates that when St. Louis carried on his shoulders to the place of burial those who had died of the plague he was escorted by the Archbishop of Tyre and the Bishop of Damietta, who, assisted by their clergy, recited the prayers for the dead. Priests and soldiers, terrified by fear of contagion and suffocated by the odor of the corpses, held their handkerchiefs to their faces. 'But,' adds the faithful chronicler, 'no one saw the good King Louis stop up his nose, so firmly and devoutly did he work.'

"Neither do the Dames du Calvaire 'stop up the nose,' and near certain beds it is meritorious. Under their eyes I kept up, but I felt myself grow pale. Not only do they dress the wounds, but they take off the caps of the sick women, cleanse and smooth the tangled hair, and this without turning the head or any disgust, 'firmly and devoutly,' like the good King Louis. The Dames du Calvaire are women accustomed to luxury, or at least to every comfort; could they have succeeded in conquering their instincts, in changing their nature, in triumphing over their repugnance had they not possessed the faith? Never."

A French Dominican father, after visiting a Calvary for the first time, said: "*Les Dames du Calvaire sont les fleurs de l'arrière-saison.*" Very true; but though they are only autumn flowers in the spiritual garden of the church, only laborers called at the eleventh hour, assuredly they may hope that if they prove true to their mission, they will not in their old age die in the winter of discontent, but shall rise to a glorious summer in the eternal Paradise, when the Crucified will show them the prints of the nails in His Sacred Hands and Feet and will say: "In honor of these wounds you have served my suffering poor; you have dressed their wounds, you have soothed their dying hours; enter into the kingdom prepared for my faithful servants."

To a superficial observer it may appear superfluous to suggest that a similar work would be useful in New York, the City of Magnificent Charities; but the same conditions exist here as elsewhere. The poor we have always with us, and in the splen-

did Cancer Hospital near Central Park, where the greatest skill and care are lavished upon the unfortunate sufferers, non-paying patients who are pronounced incurable can only remain six months. The women who have homes may be considered relatively happy; those that are homeless and friendless seek refuge in the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island.

According to the report of Dr. Newcomb, the examining physician of the outside poor at Bellevue Hospital, Department of Public Charities and Correction, there were 35,762 applicants for passes for the different charitable institutions on the islands during the year 1890. Among those thousands of course there were cancer cases, who were first sent to Charity Hospital, but when found incurable were obliged to move on, like poor Joe in *Dombey and Son*, until they reached the Alms-house, which is the last stage in the sad procession.

The incurables of the Alms-house are separated from the other inmates and receive medical aid; but there are incurables and incurables. Some are the victims of bad habits; others are suffering from the effects of overwork, of poor nourishment, of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to; and they generally sink into a drowsy insensibility, as their pains are often not acute and their animal wants are provided for. But there is no such rest for the unfortunate cancerous patients. Their life is a prolonged agony, every moment adds to their torture; and with all the good-will possible on the side of the city officials, can they bestow the care and attention needed by these afflicted beings?

What has been made possible in France and Belgium would not be impossible in generous America, always ready to respond to the cry of distress; and the women whose gowns are fashioned by Worth and Félix should still more gladly copy the model presented by the noble self-devotion to the most miserable of the human race of their French sisters, the Dames du Calvaire.

ANNIE BLOUNT STORRS.

COLUMBUS'S ANCESTRY AND EDUCATION.

COLUMBUS WAS OF NOBLE ANCESTRY.

I WOULD not deem it of sufficient historical interest to discuss this question did it not seriously affect the moral character of the great Mariner. His being descended of a noble lineage would add nothing, but rather detract from his merits and glory. At all times, but especially in the fifteenth century, more obstacles were in the way of the plebeian to rise to prominence than in the path of those who belonged to the privileged class. But Columbus laid claim to a noble ancestry and to a coat-of-arms, which, he pretended, belonged to his family. If it be found that his claims be not based on truth and that his armorial devices were spurious, it would go far to establish his character as that of an unscrupulous and daring adventurer, and nothing more.

That Columbus, even before the discovery of America, claimed to be of noble descent there is no doubt. In the letters-patent of Ferdinand and Isabella, dated the twentieth of May, 1493, to Columbus, by which, as a reward for his great discovery, they granted him a new coat-of-arms, it is said permission was given him to insert therein "the arms which he had been using"—*las armas que soliades tener.* Nevertheless it is certain that his father was a cloth-weaver, and that Columbus himself, in his boyhood, had assisted him in carding wool—occupations forbidden to the nobility of their country. The conclusion is drawn by some critics (Harrisse among them) that Columbus, when in 1493 he became a grandee of Spain and was made to sit at the right-hand side of King Ferdinand, yielded to vainglory and to the prejudices of the times, which excluded from court circles all plebeians, and thereby practised a fraud on the Spaniards by palming himself off as a nobleman. Was he guilty of the charge? This is the question I propose to answer.

Previous articles have made the reader acquainted with the origin of his ancestry on his mother's side. She belonged to a family of the valley of Bisagno, in the neighborhood of Genoa, all the members of which were engaged in mechanical, agricultural, or mercantile pursuits. We know his father, Dominic the weaver, and we made a slight acquaintance of his grandfather, John; but all efforts to trace his family farther back in, or in the neighborhood of, Genoa have failed. Harrisse wrote page after

page to prove that Dominic had lived in Quinto and had moved thither from Terrarossa, where a large number of his relatives, he thought, had lived. But his printer's ink was scarcely dry when the discovery of the document dated the first of April, 1439, quoted in former articles, effectually felled the genealogical tree so well nursed by the New York critic. For it shows that Dominic, on that date, was already domiciled in Genoa, whereas the Dominic whom Harrisse endeavored to identify with the father of Christopher was yet living at Quinto on the 15th of December, 1445.

There were living in and around Genoa several other Dominic Columbuses whose fathers' name was also John; but it is demonstrated that none of them was an ancestor of the discoverer of America. Whence, then, was his grandfather, John Columbus? We see his name mentioned in several authentic documents as being the father of Dominic, but his occupation is nowhere given. In 1439 Dominic must have been a young man, for he was yet living in 1494. He, however, hired on that date an apprentice in his own name, and his father is mentioned in the contract only thus: "Dominic Columbus, the son of John, weaver of woollen cloth." While Dominic's occupation is given, his father's is not. Now, so careful were the notaries to insert the trade or occupation of the contracting parties named in all transactions of any importance, that in 1494 Dominic, although he was only acting in the capacity of witness to a will, is thus described: "Dominic Columbus, who was *at one time* a weaver of woollen cloth." "At one time" was inserted because in 1494 the old man needed no longer to work at manual labor, as Christopher his son had undoubtedly provided for him on his return from America. We know, in fact, that the monarchs of Spain had ennobled even his brother James, who was then no more than a journeyman weaver. The foregoing reflections go to show that the careful critic should not consider it improbable that John Columbus might have been a gentleman in reduced circumstances, forced by poverty to forego his title to nobility and to allow his son to learn a trade.

During the political convulsions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it often happened in northern Italy that noblemen of a losing faction were exiled and their estates confiscated. Many of them found a convenient refuge in the neighboring republic of Genoa, where they merged with the plebeian classes. Las Casas, quoting the Portuguese historian Barros, has the following: "His ancestors—Columbus's—were distinguished persons, at one time rich, . . . at another poor on account of the wars and factions that always existed and were never lacking in the great-

est portion of Lombardy." Oviedo says: "His ancestry has its origin from the old and noble lineage of the Perestrello, a family that dwelt in the city of Piacenza, on the Po, in Lombardy." According to this author there must have been an intermarriage of the Columbus and the Perestrello families. That there was in the fifteenth century at least one family of Columbus of noble rank in Piacenza is proved by authentic documents. Oviedo had evidently taken trouble to ascertain the birthplace and origin of Columbus, for he says at the same page of his work, *Historia general*, etc., from which the words quoted above are taken: "As I learned from men of his nationality, he was born in the province of Genoa, in Italy, where is found the city and dominion of Genoa; some say in Savona, others in a small place or village called Nervi; but it is considered more certain that he was born in a place called Cugureo." While, therefore, he could find no positive information as to the place of his nativity, he had no doubt as to the ancestry and noble lineage of Columbus. Official chronicler of Spain at a time when Diego Columbus, the admiral's son, was in litigation with the king to obtain the titles and estates inherited from his father, Oviedo was not over-friendly throughout his works to Columbus. Had he had an opportunity he would not have failed to expose the fraudulent nature of Columbus's claim to an ancient and noble lineage, nor did he lack opportunity for information, being of the same age, as he says himself, with Columbus's eldest son, Diego, in whose companionship he grew to manhood while both were fellow-pages to the royal family.

Why should not the testimony of the two contemporary historians, Las Casas and Oviedo, be taken as conclusive? As it was believed in Portugal and in Spain that Columbus was of noble origin, so it was in Italy during the sixteenth century. In Piacenza the relatives of Columbus were then known. A poet of that city, Marinoni, wrote about sixty years after the death of Columbus:

> "Cui mecum patria est eadem, generose Colombe
> Cujus avos olim præclara Placentia misit,
> Antiquæ florent et ubi vestigia prolis."

I purposely refrain from quoting the biography of Columbus by his son Ferdinand, as it has been found to be unreliable. It is useless to say that he too traces the ancestry of his father to Piacenza. To this direct evidence much more can be added of an indirect nature. It is known that during the several lawsuits instituted to determine the lawful heirs to the estate and

title of the discoverer of America, several claimants presented themselves, from Italy, before the courts of Spain. But all of them endeavored to trace their kinship to the admiral through the Piedmontese or Lombard branches of the Columbus family, which, the Spanish historian Herrera tells us, sprang from the same stock. To establish their claims they produced their coat-of-arms, in all essentials identical with the one claimed by Columbus before 1492. Columbus married the daughter of a Portuguese nobleman, named Bartolomeo Perestrello, whose father was a nobleman from Piacenza. Is it probable that such an alliance could have been contracted if the then penniless Genoese could not have proved that his blood was of gentle extraction. On the contrary, it requires no effort of the imagination to suppose that Columbus, finding himself in a foreign country, naturally fell in with a family whose ancestry had ties of kinship, caste, or friendship with his own. Could he have practised a fraud on Perestrello? Not likely; because the little island of Porto Santo, where the family estates were, like all the ports and cities of Portugal, had a colony of expatriated noblemen, adventurers, seamen, merchants, etc., from Italy, especially from Genoa and Lombardy. When again penniless and in another foreign country, Spain, Columbus made a living by drawing geographical and mariner's charts, or by selling books, or on the subventions of the court, we find him consorting with the noble families there, where he became the father of a son by a woman of gentle blood.

Peter Martyr describes Columbus as follows: "Christopher Columbus was a man of high and portly stature, . . . red in the face." Oviedo says of him: "He was good-looking and tall, above the medium height, robust, with lively eyes, and the other parts of his face well proportioned; his hair very reddish, and his face rather florid and somewhat freckled." Las Casas says: "He was tall above the average, the face long and impressive, the nose aquiline, the eyes blue, his complexion white turning to a sanguine red, his hair and beard, when young, red." We have here the Lombard type of manhood, which does not belong to the Riviera, at least in families originally Genoese.

The foregoing considerations, even if they be found not to constitute an absolute historical demonstration that Columbus sprung from a noble ancestry, taken in connection with the fact that he claimed such an ancestry, and that contemporary history left us no indications of his claim having been challenged, should expel from the mind of the unbiased critic all doubt that the brave, the generous, the magnanimous Genoese could have de-

ceived and imposed upon the Portuguese and Spanish gentry. The fact alone that his fathers and grandfathers did not consort with the noble families of Genoa does not prove that theirs was not gentle blood.

THE EDUCATION OF COLUMBUS.

In the biography of Columbus by his son Ferdinand—which is only known to us by an Italian translation edited in 1471—the following passage occurs: "In his young days he went to school at Pavia and studied enough to enable him to understand the writers on cosmography, to the reading of which he was much given. He studied also astronomy and geometry, because these sciences are so closely connected that one cannot go without the other." The substantial truth of this statement was never controverted until of very late years. Washington Irving and all his predecessors had no doubt of it. Henry Harrisse rendered a great service to American history by demonstrating in three different works that the "Histories" attributed to Ferdinand Columbus were very unreliable. But he went too far and all but asserted that they had not been written by him, but were the compilation of a pretended translator. When, however, the great work of Las Casas, *Historia de las Indias*, was published and literal quotations from the "Historie" were found in it; inasmuch as Las Casas is known to have died before the publication of said "Historie" in Italian, and inasmuch as he repeatedly professes to draw information from a history of Columbus written by his son Ferdinand, Harrisse was forced to acknowledge that the authorship of the "Historie" is genuine. Still he wrote his ponderous critical biography, *Christophe Colomb*, not only without reference to the "Historie," but, in the language of Justin Winsor, in his *Narrative and Critical History of America*, relegating "to the category of fiction" any received incident in the career of Columbus if only traceable to Ferdinand's "Historie."

Unable to reconcile the passage quoted above from Ferdinand's work with his preconceived chronological theory and the Savonese documents, Harrisse denied the truth of it. Convinced that Columbus was born not earlier than 1446, and that he spent his youth and early manhood in weaving cloth, he reasons thus: Columbus wrote in 1501 that he had taken to a seafaring life when very young and had continued in it upwards of forty years. If so, he must have finished his studies in astrology and cosmography before being quite fourteen years old, which is incredible. Of course, if Columbus was born not later than 1436 the

argument fails. But Harrisse insists: "It requires a great effort of the imagination to think of a Genoese boy of such an age, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the son of a poor weaver, himself an apprenticed weaver, starting alone from Genoa and crossing the Apennines, with the sole end in view of going to Pavia to learn astrology and cosmography."

That the methods of this critic may be better known I answer: 1st. The father of the boy cannot be properly called a *poor weaver*. Documents acknowledged by Harrisse as authentic show that previous to 1470 he owned in the city of Genoa two houses, and outside of it at least two other pieces of real estate, on one of which was a house. 2d. Nowhere is it said that the boy crossed the Apennines alone. The feat, however, would not have been a difficult one. The Apennines near Genoa are not very high or difficult to cross, being dotted in the fifteenth century, as now, with towns and villages more than half way to the highest summit. Then, as now, considerable commerce was carried on between Genoa on one side and Piedmont and Lombardy on the other. 3d. Nowhere is it said, if the documents be properly interpreted, that Columbus was an apprenticed weaver. 4th. He did not go to Pavia for the purpose of learning astrology or cosmography. The meaning of the above-quoted passage from the "Historie" is, that "he studied in Pavia as much as was necessary to the reading of the writers on cosmography, to which he was much given," and that because he was much given to the reading of writers on cosmography, he also studied—but not necessarily in Pavia—astrology and geometry.

Las Casas, who, no doubt, had before him the original Spanish work of Ferdinand, speaks of the early studies of Columbus as follows in his *Historia de las Indias*, book i. chap. iii.: "Being then a child, his parents sent him to school to learn how to read and write, and he acquired so good and legible a handwriting—I have seen it many times—that by it he could have made a living. He studied also arithmetic, drawing, and painting, by which as well he could have gained a livelihood had he so desired. He studied the first rudiments of letters in Pavia, especially grammar, and became well versed in Latin, for which he is praised by the above-mentioned Portuguese history, which says that he was a good and eloquent Latin scholar."

It cannot be objected that Las Casas relied solely for his information on Ferdinand's biography of his father, for he prefaced the passage quoted above with the following: "It seems to be proper to record the acquired graces and the occupations

in which he was engaged before he came to Spain, as can be gathered from letters that he wrote to the king and to other persons, and from letters of others to him, and from his other writings, and also from the Portuguese history—Barros'—as well as by what he accomplished."

The objection made that he had greater facilities to learn cosmography at home in the University of Genoa fails, for it is not claimed that he studied it at any particular school. His having gone to school in Lombardy adds another element of probability to the theory that his family hailed originally from that province of Italy. Dominic must have availed himself of the opportunity of giving his eldest son, Christopher, an education by sending him to live for a time where contact and intercourse with noble relatives should create in the boy a desire and the laudable ambition of causing, at some future time, his branch of the family to rank once more among the gentry.

It is useless to search among the records of the University of Pavia for the name of Columbus as a student of astronomy or cosmography. He went there to learn his classics, as a boy. Harrisse is undoubtedly in error when he says: "Nobody had dreamed of giving to Pavia the honor of being his *Alma Mater* before the publication of the 'Historie.'" The latter appeared in 1571 and Las Casas died in 1566.

It is probable that the school-days of Columbus ended at the age of fourteen. But it must not appear strange that at that age he should have finished his Latin. Education in the fifteenth century began with Latin, and Columbus never learned enough of Italian to make use of it in his correspondence. Although much given to writing, he left us not a line in that language. Even when addressing Italians he made use of Spanish or Latin. The very rudiments of his education having begun with Latin, that he should have been familiar with it at fourteen is not more extraordinary than that a bright American boy of to-day and of that age should write correct English.

How Washington Irving was beguiled to believe that Columbus studied, besides his classics, geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation—especially the last-named science in an inland town—before he was fourteen years old is not easy to understand. The two following paragraphs appear in the first chapter of his *Life of Columbus:* "For a short time also he was sent to the University of Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, cosmography, and navigation." "He entered upon a nautical life when but fourteen years of age."

Jackson, Miss. L. A. DUTTO.

DREAMS AND HALLUCINATIONS.

HOW few of us reflect what a wonderful thing sleep is. Yet in sleep we pass nearly one-third of our life. The truth is, we do not sufficiently study ourselves. Too many persons who call themselves well educated have no knowledge at all of the brain, its functions and relations. They go placidly on, satisfied with a learning in which physiology plays no part. But we believe the dawn of a better day is breaking, and that in the not distant future more weight will be given in our studies to the natural sciences. Professor Alfred Maury, author of *Sleep and Dreams*, used to engage a person to watch him while he slept, and to wake him at intervals in order that he might take fresh note of some dream, which dream had perhaps been provoked by the person watching him. He tells us that once while asleep his brother said to him, "Take a match," and immediately he dreamt that he was looking for a match. At another time a bottle of cologne-water held to his nose caused Dr. Maury to dream he was in the perfumery store of Juan Farina at Cairo. Now, in order to make such experiments and kindred ones upon ourselves it is not necessary that we should have the ability and originality of the author of *Sleep and Dreams*. All that is needed is more enthusiasm in the study of this body of ours, which is certainly the most beautiful and marvellous material thing God has created.

Sleep may be defined as a physical phenomenon which has peculiar psychical effects, and the better opinion is that during normal sleep—not the pathological sleep of intoxication—the brain is in an anæmic state, there is less blood in it, and it has been proved by observation that when a person has a dream vivid enough to be remembered after he wakes the brain envelope grows perceptibly inflated.* A Dutch physiologist, Schroeder van der Kolk, maintains that while we are dreaming only one of the cerebral hemispheres is active, and which hemisphere this is depends on which side of the head is resting on the pillow. The hemisphere which is lowest will naturally have more blood in it and a quicker circulation, and therefore more vitality. But his views are not generally accepted. Once asleep, unless roused by some external impression, we sleep on until our forces

* Luys: *Recherches sur le système nerveux cérébro-spinal.*

are repaired. Then the mere stimulus afforded by the circulation of the blood is enough to waken us. But the different parts of the body may not all wake up at the same time; one organ may be roused first, and this organ will rouse another organ of the body, and so on until we are wholly awake. And it is interesting to know that the sense of hearing is the last sense to be lost in sleep. When chloroform is inhaled, after all the rest of the system is seemingly dead the patient's ear is still able to catch the words of those who are speaking near him.

There is probably no sleep without dreams. In the deepest sleep there is no doubt some cerebral activity, although when we wake we may not be able to recall what we have dreamt. As a rule the elements of a dream are the sensations and images perceived and felt while we were awake, and which are now reproduced.

In dreams a man reveals himself just what he really is: there is no will power, no sense of honor, no fear of what others may say of him to control his thoughts; and the study of dreams is all the more interesting when we consider that dreams and hallucinations are kin to each other. Indeed, good authorities hold that the phenomena which constitute dreaming, hallucinations, imagination, and memory are not essentially different; that they differ only in degree, and are put in motion by the same mechanism, so to speak. Dreams may be called the hallucinations of sleep, just as hallucinations are the dreams of our waking state. It certainly sounds odd to be told that a dream is a species of delirium; but we know that while we are dreaming the will is in abeyance, and our reasoning powers are so diminished that the brain-pictures which present themselves, fantastic and unnatural as they may be, are sufficient to absorb our whole attention. What the waking mind does voluntarily it now does, as it were, automatically. And if we sometimes in a dream continue the same train of thought which the intellect followed while we were awake, it is because before we fell asleep our will prepared the conditions needed for this phenomenon; the brain has stayed awake only for a certain class of mental operations. There are probably few of us who do not know how well the brain can labor without the intervention of the will. We often know a lesson studied in the evening better the next morning after a good night's rest; we find a problem in mathematics hard to solve, lay it by for a couple of days, then take it up again and lo! the problem is no longer so difficult. Tortini, the composer, finished a sonata while he was asleep

which he had not been able to finish while he was awake. He saw in a dream a musician playing on a violin, and heard the very sonata he had been trying to compose. He immediately woke and wrote it out. In all these cases the brain having received the initial impulse, having been put on the track, has gone ahead and performed its task unconsciously to us. We may be sure that without the previous movement of his brain, without the first effort to compose the music, Tortini's dream would not have occurred. And this unconscious cerebration may even reveal to us bodily ailments which we are not conscious of while awake. Macario relates that a person dreamt that his leg had turned into stone; shortly afterwards this leg became paralyzed. A young woman perceived in a dream objects dimly, as if through a cloud; not long afterward her sight began to fail. These and other curious instances of seeming prophetic power in dreams arise from inward sensations being more keenly felt during sleep, when outward excitations are not present to divert our thoughts. We know that Hippocrates and Galen made use of their patients' dreams to discover their bodily ills; and Aristotle speaks of this method of diagnosis.*

But perhaps the most singular dreams are those in which we have a presentiment that something is going to happen which shortly afterwards does happen. Here the law of coincidences may count for something. Nevertheless, good authorities hold that certain judgments, based on knowledge unconsciously acquired, may be formed and elaborated by use of the depths of the brain, of which judgments only the conclusion reaches the sensorium. Here, as we do not perceive the premises nor the linking together of the facts, but only the final outcome of our unconsciously formed judgments, we are naturally very much astonished, and may even see in our dream something supernatural. And here let us say there is no more precious mine for the physiological psychologist to work upon than unconscious cerebration.

But if while we dream our reasoning powers are diminished there is one faculty which, instead of being lessened, is singularly increased, viz., memory. We may recall in a dream things which we do not remember while awake; we may also take up the thread of one dream in a subsequent dream, although during the intermediate waking state we may have quite forgotten it.

It is a mooted question among physiologists whether in the condition of the nervous system called somnambulism the som-

* *Parva Naturalia et Problem* xxx. p. 471.

nambulist is able to see; for his eyes may be wide open. We know that in this state the person can sometimes read and write. We know, too, that the somnambulist can hear, taste, and smell. But it is his sense of touch which is keenest—which is, so to speak, most awake. In somnambulism touch would actually seem to take the place of sight, and, marvellous to relate, a somnambulist with eyes closed has been known to distinguish colors by the sense of touch. Nevertheless, despite the authority of Dr. Lélut, author of *Le Génie, la Raison et la Folie*, it is generally held that in somnambulism there are no objective sight perceptions. A somnambulist engaged in writing will continue to write equally well when a sheet of pasteboard is held between his eyes and the paper on which he is writing. We may consider a person in this state as profoundly asleep to everything except what lies within the narrow circle of his somnambulistic reverie; but for everything within this narrow circle his brain is intensely active. The somnambulist is a dreamer whose marvellous sense of touch arouses an hallucination of the object which he touches, and the mental image thus exteriorized is as vivid to him as if he were wide awake.

The analogy between several of the phenomena of dreams and certain forms of insanity was observed by Cabanis nearly a century ago; and since then the philosopher Maine de Biran, although not versed in pathology, has maintained that dreams and mental alienation are not far apart.* In dreams we observe the same acceleration of thought as in madness. Those who dream aloud—the words may be only half uttered—say a great deal in an uncommonly brief space. That dreams are a species of delirium is now generally accepted, and between delirium and insanity there is no marked break. It may be said that natural somnambulism, artificial somnambulism (hypnotism), and hysteria all have their point of departure, their root in the dream. So in the dream we discover the first faint outlines of mental disturbance.

But more interesting, perhaps, than dreams to the physiological psychologist are hallucinations. An hallucination is a sense perception which has no exterior object to give it birth. All the senses are susceptible to hallucinations; but the most common are hallucinations of hearing, of sight, and of the general sensibility. Dr. Lélut says in *Le Génie, la Raison et la Folie*, "*S'il y a un caractère formel et indubitable de la folie ce sont les hallucinations*," etc. Nevertheless, some alienists maintain that hallucinations are not

* Maine de Biran: *Nouvelles considérations sur les rapports du physique et du moral de l'homme.*

an indubitable sign of insanity, and it is an undoubted fact that hallucinations may exist and persist through a whole lifetime seemingly in company with perfect reason. A careful reading of what Xenophon and Plato tell us of their master Socrates shows that he had hallucinations of hearing. But these hallucinations, which lasted upwards of forty years, did not prevent him from being the greatest philosopher of ancient times. If Socrates was mad, then it would be well if there were more like him. Yet it is only true to add that in very many, perhaps the majority, of cases persons troubled by hallucinations are not sane.

Here let us observe that all through life we are receiving unconsciously through the senses an infinite number of impressions which are stored up as images, and these images may or may not ever be revealed to us. Thus we may in early life hear read or spoken a passage in a foreign tongue, and years afterwards we may, under certain morbid conditions, repeat this very passage, to the amazement of those who are listening and who had no idea that we could speak Greek or Hebrew. Now, these images stored up as memories are the materials out of which hallucinations are formed; and between the brain-pictures of memory and of hallucinations there is only a difference of degree of intensity. In other words, the phenomenon of hallucinations, like the phenomenon of memory, is nothing but the reappearance, the thrusting forward anew, of brain-images previously localized in the brain. In an hallucination of hearing, the stronger the original brain-impression the louder and more distinct will be the hallucination. Thus, if a person troubled by hallucinations of hearing speaks several languages, the voice speaking the language he knows best will be the loudest and clearest, while the language he is least perfect in he will hear faintly, indistinctly spoken. Those who have made a study of physiological optics have proved that in memories and in hallucinations of sight the retina is impressed in the same way:* what was a memory, under certain conditions becomes changed into an hallucination; and it is surely rash to say that a person so affected is always insane. Indeed, there are cases in which persons by mere force of will have been able to make stand out objectively before them the object upon which they had fixed their thoughts. But those who possess this rare and weird power should be most careful how they use it; a step further and their reason might be overthrown—faces and forms unbidden might appear.

* Dr. Max Simon: *Le Mondes des Rêves.*

But in order better to comprehend the genesis of hallucinations we must know how the senses, especially the sense of sight, are impressed by the exterior world. Objects around us affect us through the eye by color and by form. But in reality objects have no color of their own; if they appear of this or that color, it is because they reflect or rather diffuse, certain rays of the spectrum while they absorb others. Now, it is these diffused rays of light which keep us in touch with the outer world. But light is an undulatory motion, and its rays when they strike the retina of the eye put it also in motion; and these vibrations of the retina reach the sensorium and are thence propagated through deeper recesses of the brain, where they are stored up as so many brain pictures. Now, good physiologists hold that the original vibrations of the retina, which have been communicated to particular brain-cells, never entirely die out, although they may dwindle down to an infinitely feeble movement; and that long afterwards under a fresh impulse (given, perhaps, by the will, or caused by excitement in the brain) these vibrations may be quickened and transmitted outwardly: if this outward movement be too attenuated to reach the retina, if it stop short on the way, then we have the phenomenon called a memory; but if it be intense enough to reach the retina, then it will constitute an hallucination. Let us quote from Buchez's *Traité des maladies mentales*—and his theory of hallucinations was adopted by the great Dr. Morel:

"Since it is admitted that a sense-impression goes from the sense to the apparatus of transmission, from this to the brain, why should it not be admitted that a brain-picture may take the inverse route, influence the brain marrow, and through this attack the apparatus of transmission, and through the latter influence the sense itself; that is to say, take in the end the energy and the seat of an exterior sensation?"

In other words, a subjective image follows an inverse route from the one taken by an objective image. And what gives this view of hallucinations a high probability is the fact that the retina is placed by an hallucination in the same physiological state as it is placed in after an impression made on it by an exterior object. We thus see how close the relation is between a true perception and an hallucination: in both cases the nervous machinery is put in the same dynamic state and we cannot, therefore, wonder if a person troubled by hallucinations should, at least in the beginning, firmly believe in

their objective reality. And here let us say that all the nerve impressions which come to us through our other senses are likewise the result of motion; these senses catch the vibrations in the midst of which we exist and transmit them to our brain-cells.

Hallucinations may appear suddenly, yet in this suddenness there is nothing so very extraordinary. In normal physiology we find something analogous to it. When we try to recall a word or name which escapes us and we finally give it up in despair, the name or word will often, as it were, rush before us. The only difference is that here the image-sign (for the word is indeed an image of a peculiar kind) does not appear objectively. Often, however, hallucinations come on gradually. Sometimes in hallucinations of sight they form themselves piece by piece: the eye begins by mistaking one color for another; then shortly some well-defined but oddly-shaped figure appears. A woman whose reason had been affected by an assault committed on her perceived at first the clenched fist, then the arm of the man who had attacked her; by and by a pair of eyes appeared on the fist; then the arm trebled in length, until finally the whole changed into a horrible serpent. A very interesting case of an hallucination of sight is that of the librarian Nicolaï, of Berlin, in 1791. He was at the time in good health of body and mind, and the death's-head and other figures which haunted him he at length grew quite accustomed to. After a while he heard them speaking, sometimes to himself, sometimes to one another. He got rid of these hallucinations in the end by an application of leeches. For a detailed account of Nicolaï's case see the work of Brierre de Boismont, entitled *Des hallucinations.* The influence of light on hallucinations of sight is remarkable. In some cases these appearances occur both by day and by night, but quite often they happen only in the dark and fade away the moment the room is lighted. And let us add that they always follow the movement of our eyes and hide from view objects placed behind them. Hallucinations of sight are not so common among blind persons as hallucinations of hearing are among the deaf. But Esquirol, in his *Traité des maladies mentales*, mentions several cases of blind persons who had hallucinations of sight. The active exercise of the faculties is an obstacle to hallucinations. Nicolaï, the librarian, of whom we have spoken, tells us that he tried hard to bring objectively before him by an effort of his will the images of persons whom he had seen in hallucinations. But, although he was able to see

them interiorly in his mind, he was not able to exteriorize them. Yet at one time these images had appeared distinctly, objectively before him when he was making no effort to exteriorize them. And Baillarger, in his work on hallucinations, remarking on this fact, makes a comparison between the mode in which hallucinations are produced and what often occurs when, as we have already observed, we try to recall something which escapes us; here the surest way to recall it is to think no more about it, and lo! it suddenly comes to us.

It is interesting to observe how hallucinations of sight disappear. In some cases the images and forms depart suddenly, to the unutterable relief of the afflicted person. As a rule, however, they go away gradually; they recede stubbornly inch by inch, until at length they melt, as it were, in the door or wall of the room.

But much more common than hallucinations of sight are hallucinations of hearing; for one person with the former hallucination there will be three or four with the latter kind. The simplest form of an hallucination of hearing consists in the mere repetition of one word. More complicated ones are when the person hears his own thoughts immediately repeated aloud, or when he reads to himself and hears a voice repeating what he reads. Sometimes we may hear two voices, one bidding us commit a wicked deed, the other voice imploring us not. But perhaps the most curious hallucination of hearing is where a person holds a conversation with an invisible being near him; while the person is speaking the other voice is silent. Here the phenomenon assumes an intermittent form. Tasso carried on such conversations with what he called his familiar spirit. It may happen, too, that the voice is heard by only one ear, although the other ear may not be in the least deaf. Good authorities tell us that when we hear one voice answering another voice it is because the two hemispheres of the brain are not working in harmony: the double brain gives the effect of two distinct persons speaking. As hallucinations of sight may occur among the blind, so may hallucinations of hearing occur among the deaf. Beethoven in his last years used to hear his own compositions very distinctly.

If in hallucinations of hearing and of sight we sometimes see and hear sounds and objects quite new to us, it is because the creative power of the imagination allows the ear and the eye to combine new sounds and figures out of the various sensations which have already been perceived. And here let us repeat

that every organ of the human body is capable of receiving and storing up sensible impressions, and it is these impressions which form the ground-work of memories and hallucinations.

As a rule an hallucination of hearing manifests itself suddenly. There are cases, however, in which, like an hallucination of sight, it develops little by little. It may in the beginning be only a faint sound—a tapping on the wall; then by and by a voice is heard just when the person awakens from sleep. At length the voice or voices are heard calling aloud all day long. And sometimes hallucinations of hearing combine with hallucinations of sight to deceive and worry us. An hallucination of hearing, like an hallucination of sight, generally ceases by degrees. The voice grows less frequent and less distinct; at length it becomes a mere whisper; then it dies away entirely. And let us add as a curious fact, that often a painful neuralgia will cease when an hallucination occurs and return as soon as the hallucination ceases.

After hallucinations of hearing and of sight the most common hallucinations are those of touch and of the general sensibility. In the simple hallucination of touch the person may feel an invisible hand pressing his hand, or he may feel something like a fan or a bird's wing lightly brushing over his hair. But in hallucinations of the general sensibility a person will sometimes believe that he is changed into a brute. One of the sons of the great Condé, we are told in the memoirs of St. Simon, fancied that he was a dog and would then open wide his jaws, but he did not bark. At the beginning of the seventeenth century this hallucination broke out as an epidemic in France, and great numbers of persons believed that they were wolves. In these and other similar nervous outbreaks there can be no doubt that the essential element of the trouble was an hallucination of the general sensibility; only persons not versed in morbid psychology can doubt it. At Padua, in 1541, there was a man who believed that he was a wolf, and who was captured only after he had committed many atrocities. To his captors he whispered: "I am indeed a wolf, and if my skin does not look like the skin of a wolf it is because it is turned wrong side out; the hairs are now on the inner side." This man undoubtedly had a sensation of hairs and bristles on his body.*

We are told that when this hallucination breaks out in Abyssinia the person believes that he is changed into a hyena, this

* Jean Wier: *Histoire disputes et discours des illusions des diables, etc.*" Trad. du Latin. Paris. 1888.

being the wild animal most common in that region. Sometimes a person troubled with an abnormal sense of feeling will believe that he is lifted up and carried through the air. And in former times, when sorcerers declared that they had taken long flights through space, they were merely afflicted with an hallucination of the general sensibility. And as in this hallucination—as indeed in every hallucination—*the sensation is a real one*, the unfortunate creatures stubbornly asserted, even to the death, that they had flown through the air. The opposite extreme to an hallucination is meditation, for meditation represents the highest degree of intellectual activity. There is, it is true, some analogy between them: in each there is isolation from the outer world and a suspension of external impressions. But the attention of a person who is meditating is concentrated on one point, whereas during an hallucination the attention is utterly relaxed and the exercise of the faculties is involuntary. Nevertheless, when the brain has been overtaxed then a prolonged meditation tends to bring on an hallucination, and the subject of the hallucination will then, as a rule, be the subject on which we have been meditating, or something akin to it. If the mind, too, be greatly preoccupied by anything (this, however, is not meditation)—if a frightful thought haunts us, such as that we may see a dead person appear whom we have wronged, it may happen that the dead person will really appear objectively to us. Here we have an hallucination induced by an overwrought brain.

Dr. Baillarger, in his excellent work on hallucinations, divides them into two kinds, namely, psycho-sensorial and psychical. Of this distinction we merely observe that psychical hallucinations, which are almost exclusively confined to the hearing, are quite independent of the organs of sense, and perfectly sane persons who experience them always speak as if they only *seemed* to hear a voice. They are conscious, as it were, of an interior conversation going on in their heads; and a patient mentioned by Dr. Baillarger, who had psychical hallucinations, used to say he heard the *thought* by the help of a sixth sense, which he called the sense of thought. Here let us say, for it is an interesting fact, that in the fourteenth century an Arab writer, Ibn-Khaldoun, also divided hallucinations into psychical and psycho-sensorial, and his manuscripts translated into French—*Prolégomènes historiques*—show that he was far in advance of his age.

Let us conclude what we have said on the subject of dreams and hallucinations by saying again that the human body is affected by numberless vibrations coming to it from the exterior

world; that these vibrations are gathered in by the senses, and, movement begetting movement, they are transmitted by them to our brain-cells, where they remain to form the ground-work of phenomena which in an age less scientific than ours were relegated to the province of the magician and the sorcerer. But sorcery and magic are now dead and buried, while open before us lies the wonderland of natural science. Yet in this wonderland we find in truth everywhere the supernatural, and the further we penetrate into its depths the more discoveries we make, the more we are impressed by the power and majesty of God.

William Seton.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

He sings so sweetly of Thy wondrous light
  And Thy dear love, O Lord! and gives such share
  Of tender homage to Thy Mother fair,
And tells so touchingly how hearts contrite—
Like that of Magdalen—may rival quite
  The purest bosoms in the love they bear
  When once Thy mercy touch has led them where
True love abides—that angels envy might
His matchless song. Ah! did his voice but reach
  Beyond those rhapsodies of perfect art
And grace, and lend the music of his speech
  To make for *Faith* as well as stir the heart,
His song were Heaven's. Light of the world! teach
  Thy singer how to chant a *Credo's* part!

T. A. M.

THE IRISH TORIES AND IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.*

The closing of the last session of the British Parliament has witnessed a land-purchase act for Ireland and an act to make the sale and transfer of land a simple and inexpensive operation. The latter, which is a most radical inroad on property as an institution of technical law, is mainly due to the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, M.P., attorney-general for Ireland. From the moment of his appointment it became clear that ministers had entered on a policy of justice and conciliation. He had no part in the state prosecutions which made the era of his predecessor a nineteenth century travesty of the high-prerogative times of the Stuarts; so that any legislation he inaugurated was entitled to and received consideration from all parties.

It appears that a local government bill for Ireland will be brought in upon the lines of the measures for England and Scotland. The introduction of such a measure was certainly part of the consideration to be paid for the support of the Liberal Unionists. The promise of ministers to introduce it was the reply to all questions as to their Irish policy. It is the cakes and ale after the whips and scorpions. By this promise they justified every attack upon personal and public liberty in Ireland.

Now that the time for the fulfilment of the pledge has come a great outcry has been raised by the Irish Tories. I cannot pause to point out the morality of men who acquiesced in the pledge of the government so long as the time for redemption was remote; who derived every advantage from the pledge during a period of great trial imposed upon the government by their own action and in their interest, and who now ask the government to withdraw from it; but I will pause for a moment to consider what the so-called Irish Tory party is and what title it has to countenance from the government and the English Tories.

Putting aside the two members for Dublin University, the Tories return only fourteen members for the whole country out of a hundred and one. It is a mistake to suppose that one of the most energetic supporters of Lord Salisbury from the North

* Since this article was written the British government has brought in the bill it discusses. From the opposition it has encountered it is plainly not what the writer hoped for.—Editor.

of Ireland is a Tory. Mr. Russell is a Liberal Unionist, and is very specially pledged to the support of a local government bill —so specially that he must vote against the government if they refuse to introduce one—assuming that honor has any binding force upon a Liberal Unionist at all. The way the matter then stands is: Are the English Tories justified in wrecking the future of the party to maintain the policy of a wretched Irish clique with no ability and little influence?

But in fact those who are called Irish Tories are not Tories in reality; they are a party of revolution with a policy of anarchy. They owe their origin to the Civil War of 1641 and the Whig Revolution of 1688. They were the sectaries who brought the sovereign to the scaffold and seized upon the revenues of the church. For this treason and impiety they were rewarded with estates in Ireland. They began as rebels and they have remained rebels ever since. While the Tories in England were distrusted by the court during the greater part of the eighteenth century, the so-called Irish Tories were able to trample upon the rights of the great body of the Irish people. And even when the English Tories were called to favor in the reign of George III. the so-called Tories of Ireland continued in power in that country. As they had not one common fortune so there was not one principle in common between the two parties.

The first attack made upon the Irish Church Establishment was made by Irish Tories as early as the reign of George II. At a time when the English country gentleman was passionately devoted to his church, his Irish brother looked upon the church of Ireland as the old Cornish wreckers looked upon the fated vessel running to the shore. The flotsam and jetsam were what he looked for. The Lord Primate Boulter, in an official letter as head of the Irish administration in the beginning of the reign of George II., informs us that there was less regard for the decencies of religion among the Irish squirearchy than among any set of persons, Christian or heathen, that he ever heard of. They contrived to despoil the incumbencies so effectually that no man of character could accept a country living. The result was that debauched clergy were appointed, and frequently the patrons provided for their servants by getting them ordained and presenting them to benefices on condition that they would marry a discarded mistress. At this very time the country gentlemen of England were prepared to rise in arms to defend the immunities of the church against the favorites and followers of the house of Hanover.

We witness a similar contrast between the Irish and English Tories with regard to the morality of alliances. In no instance have English Tories favored sedition in the hope of embarrassing their opponents. In Ireland the Tories have over and over again joined the party they describe as disaffected, aye, and urged them to overt acts against the authority of the crown. There is reason to believe that they are pursuing the same tactics now, in order to force the government to abandon the policy of justice upon which it has entered.

It is worth while to mention here that in its origin the Home-Rule movement was essentially an Irish Tory movement. Out of the sixty persons that formed the original committee of organization thirty-one were Tories. Their object in starting the movement is not far to seek. They desired to prove to the two great parties in England that it was in their power at any time to raise the Irish question to dangerous proportions. The English Tories should be taught that the Irish wing of the party should be respectfully treated; the Whigs should be convinced that unless the Irish Tories were permitted to rule the country in their own fashion, that they would make government impossible. A party so utterly unprincipled should have no place in politics. Their existence is a public scandal, and alliance with them must necessarily be fatal to any party.

I do not rely upon casual aberrations from the path of party loyalty. Whenever it suited the Tories of Ireland to desert their English allies they have done so; not merely this, but they have violated every recognized principle of party warfare even to the length of simulating patriotism which at other times they would call treason. They have voted for rebels against Whigs in every contest of this century when they were unable to put forward a Tory candidate, and have afterwards prosecuted the same persons for being rebels when association became embarrassing.

They joined O'Connell in 1845 to defeat Sir Robert Peel, and joined the Young Irelanders in 1848 to intimidate Lord John Russell. They opposed Sir Robert Peel's bill to increase the grant to Maynooth; they defended the grant to Maynooth in 1868 against Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment-Act. Where were their Tory principles in 1848, when they gave all their moral support to the secret societies of Europe? where, in 1859, when they preferred Lord Palmerston's policy of sustaining the assassins and revolutionists of Europe to Mr. Disraeli's policy of observing the law of nations? They have no title to be regarded

as Tories, and alliance with them is now, as always, a difficulty and a danger to the party.

What principle do they possess in common with the party? Their devotion to the church is not the same. This I have shown. Their loyalty to the crown has been well expressed by the Orange threat of kicking it into the Boyne. Their regard for religious education is not the same, for they are secularists almost to a man. They, and they alone, have maintained the godless system of higher education which has done more than anything else to alienate the Irish people from the queen and constitution. For this they are responsible, as they are for what the Tory party find so troublesome at present—the Home-Rule movement. I do not say that such a movement would not have taken place sooner or later. The strength of the sentiment on which it rests is proved by the very use which the Irish Tories made of it; but as they did so much in changing a sentiment into an active force they should be compelled to pay the penalty for all the embarrassment it has caused to the party.

Taking this view one can reasonably hold that ministers are bound to proceed with their local government legislation without regard to the threats of their Irish followers. When men sow the wind they must expect to reap the whirlwind; and if a local government bill and a county administration bill should bring disaster to the Irish Tories, they should be made to feel that their assiduous cultivation deserved such a harvest.

But any one acquainted with the fiscal administration of Irish counties can only wonder how reform has been so long delayed. The Irish grand juries are the only public bodies which can tax the people of the United Kingdom without the consent of the tax-payers. The very considerable assessments raised twice a year for all county works, from the repairing or making of a road to the building of a jail or a court-house, are levied by twenty-three gentlemen summoned by the high sheriff of the county from a certain private list of persons called the grand jurors of the county. These twenty-three gentlemen vote the sums needed for hospitals, infirmaries, and industrial schools, and they appoint the officers of these institutions. In a word, the grand juries of the counties administer all the county finances, except what is needed for the relief of the poor. But in their capacity of *ex-officio* guardians of the poor they possess directly half the voting power in the poor-law unions, and in their capacity of landlords they possess indirectly a good deal more

than half the voting power. That is to say, at poor-law elections they can secure in many instances the return of their nominees by proxy votes.

The grand-jury tax of Ireland is on an average about a million and a half sterling a year. In voting this sum or administering it the tax-payers have not one shred, not one tittle of influence. In the poor-law unions the men who are or may be grand jurors have more than half the control. Therefore, the Irish Tories enjoy the whole power and patronage in Irish local government and taxation—a state of affairs indefensible on the bare statement of it.

I shall show how this works from one or two instances: A personal friend of mine, when high sheriff, secured the election of his brother to the most important and lucrative office in the county by summoning a majority of grand jurors pledged to vote for him. There might really be no objection to this, only that the grand jurors also constitute the grand inquest, whose office it is to find bills of indictment. So that it is quite conceivable that the high sheriff I refer to might have selected persons very unfit to exercise the criminal jurisdiction of grand jurors, but quite good enough to vote a friend into a snug place. These gentlemen in their different counties have provided themselves with excellent dining-rooms and other adjuncts of a club at the expense of the unrepresented rate-payers. This accommodation is far better than that of the judges and the bar. So admirable are these arrangements in the county of Derry that another friend of mine, who resided usually in London, thought it worth his while to come over to the assizes every spring and every summer to enjoy them. He informed me that the abolition of the grand-jury system would sever his connection with Ireland. And in such matters these men act with the most perfect good faith. They are convinced that no other class is entitled to the slightest consideration. For my part, I might be sorry that they should cease to consider themselves connected with Ireland. At the same time a surrender of the rights and interests of every rated occupier in the county would, I humbly submit, be too great a price to pay for such an honor from the descendants of the broken-down tapsters and tradesmen of London and Cromwell's God-fearing peasants from the eastern counties of England. I cannot forget that early in the present century Catholic gentlemen of ancient and high race could only obtain the ordinary courtesies from these persons by the horsewhip and the pistol.

But in the grand-jury "presentments" for malicious injury to persons and property, the abnormal powers and privileges of grand jurors are seen to the best advantage. I beg the reader's attention for a moment while I try to put in a short compass what this institution means. These gentlemen, selected in the manner I have described, sit some days before the opening of the Commission of Assize to deal with the wide range of interests included in their powers. In a printed pamphlet called the Book of Presentments all the works and applications to be "presented" for are set out in numbered heads. When the numbered heads or paragraphs are voted they are said to be "presented," or passed, and become law for the county.* The grand jury may limit or extend at pleasure the area upon which the tax for any particular presentment is to be levied. The sinister significance of this power with regard to presentments for malicious injuries will be appreciated by and by.

The power of the grand juries to "present" a sum as compensation for malicious injury to property is conferred by the principal act, the 607 William IV., chapter 162—an act which repeals the antecedent legislation, indeed, but which in some subtle manner is informed by its spirit. Of this I shall say a word presently. The acts which enable Irish grand juries to present for malicious injury to the person are temporary acts—that is to say, acts limited to a certain period; but as they are usually renewed by Parliament they may be taken as an integral part of the powers of the grand juries, and as such I propose to treat them.

Should a magistrate, bailiff, policeman, process-server, or other officer of the law receive or pretend that he received a malicious injury in the discharge of his duty, he is entitled to claim compensation. In case of his death his next of kin are entitled to do so. If any person whatever is injured through the action of an agrarian or other criminal association, he is entitled to claim, or in case of his death, his next of kin. By the principal act, as I have stated, any person whatever may claim compensation for the malicious destruction of his house, offices, furniture, cattle, corn, hay—in a word, all property except growing crops—or for malicious injury to the same.

Assuming that the person claiming compensation for malicious

* Technically the presentments must be "fiated" by the judge on the day the commission opens; but this is quite as formal as the signature of royalty to a bill of Parliament—unless there was some irregularity or the matter was *ultra vires*.

injury to his property was antagonistic to the mass of the people, and therefore a *persona grata* to the majority of the grand jury, he would have little difficulty in obtaining compensation. You have then a temptation to miscreants to injure or destroy their property with the hope of obtaining a fancy price for it. And certainly you have a temptation where the injury is accidental to represent it as malicious.

It is quite conceivable that officers of the law and other persons received compensation for personal injuries during the land agitation, on account of the strained relations between the class represented on the grand juries and the great mass of the people, which they would not have received if the relations were of a friendly character. The arbitrary and capricious manner in which grand juries extended or limited the areas over which the tax was to be levied in some of these cases would warrant such an inference. The theory on which the power to grant such compensation is based is, that the inhabitants know the criminals and conceal them. This can be gathered from the history of the previous and repeated legislation upon the subject.

It is obvious, then, that if there be such criminal knowledge and concealment, that they are confined to the persons of the immediate locality. No one outside the locality would have an interest in getting rid of a bailiff or process-server, a landlord or a land agent. The wretched creatures harassed, plundered, outraged, and oppressed by these persons would alone feel the hatred or the fear that led to the act of vengeance or precaution.

Why then in certain cases should the taxation be extended over a wide area? If there were a doubt of the justice of the presentment, by extending it over a wide area the grand jurors would put a salve upon their conscience. It will not be much for each to pay, and the poor devil or his family will get something handsome, these gentlemen would say, as they dipped their hands in the pockets of the rate-payers. I think, therefore, that any party, Whig or Tory, which honestly proposes to terminate such a system is entitled to support in doing so. It is the evil legacy of evil days, and crystallizes, as it were, the worst features of confiscation and resettlement as the bases of society. It has been already stated that the act of William IV. governs the whole proceedings now. But reading that statute, no one could conceive what a baleful history underlies it, or what grand juries could do in the last century. You must go to

the preceding statutes for that purpose. It is in them you find the terrible safeguards which fenced alien settlers among a population whom they feared and hated; in them you find the Catholic freeholder and rate-payer, and them alone, liable to be taxed for every real or imaginary injury for which these insolent strangers might think fit to claim compensation. In them you find the power to "present" sums for the capture of outlaws guilty of being Catholics, or of being loyal to their exiled sovereign; in them you find the power to "present" men by name as outlaws if they were suspected of being Catholics or Jacobites. This meant the power of sending them on board the fleet, or sending them as white slaves to the settlements of North America. These acts are now known only to a few students, but their spirit lives in the present grand-jury system of Ireland. It is no wonder, then, that the Irish Tories should resent the intention of the party in England to introduce measures that must pull them down from their old monopoly of privilege and power. That resentment should be to every friend of justice the strongest proof that the government is acting wisely in this matter.

I hope that, undismayed by these threats, it will complete the doom begun by the purchase act and carried so far by the act for the sale and transfer of land.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

MEMORIAL-SKETCH OF CARDINAL MANNING.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.—THERE is no need, and it would be of little interest, both at the date at which this memorial-sketch is written, and also to the readers of it hereafter, to trace the extent to which Archdeacon Manning left his mark upon and rose to eminence in the heretical and schismatic body known as the Anglican Communion. But, it is well to place upon record this fact, if only to afford evidence that he possessed an element, though one of not much weight, which tended in his case towards greatness of character. There is no doubt that the archdeacon had become a power, and was acknowledged as an influence, if not as an authority which had to be reckoned with, in the Established Religion, at the time of his secession. He was intimately connected with and related to men of mark, of his day, both in church and state, by marriage and by friendship. He was a trusted and trustworthy guide and leader amongst the Upper-ten-thousand thirty years ago, specially in those semi-social and semi-devotional and wholly unscientific cases of conscience which agitated that class of society in the last generation. And he enjoyed the confidence and commanded the respect of the leading English statesmen of the day, specially of some who, since that date, have reached the very highest summit of political power in Great Britain. His career in the Anglican Establishment, though comparatively short, was exceptionally brilliant—brilliant, not so much for the worldly honors which were thrust upon him, as for the moral position to which he rose so speedily in the opinion and estimation of the "religious world" of the era. His Protestant career, however, proved but a foreshadow in perspective and a type foreshortened of the still broader, deeper, and clearer mark which Archbishop Manning has permanently left on the Catholic Church in England; and of the still more exalted position to which he rose—even to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, save one, in Christendom.

Such a divine ending, from such a human origin, is probably unique in the history of the church of God, at least, since the time when Saul, the Pharisee and persecutor—though the Cardinal was neither persecutor nor Pharisee—became Paul, the Apostle, Martyr, and Saint. It is unique in this way: that an ac-

knowledged leader and teacher of a non-Catholic body, after making humble submission to the Truth and seeking asylum in the Fold, should rise with such rapidity and should thereafter so fully justify his rapid rise to the Cardinalate of the Holy Roman Church by the steps of the Archiepiscopal throne of Westminster. Yet such was the Cardinal's career. And viewed from a worldly stand-point, two such unusual successes in life, from such different points of the theological compass, in a Protestant communion and in the Catholic Church—success comparative and potential in the one case, and actual and historic in the other—could not have been achieved by any but by a great man.

Two points in the Cardinal's career may here be lightly touched upon, more for what they may incidentally suggest than for what they may directly disclose. One concerns the changes which he wrought in the outward aspect and inner development of the Catholic Church in England. The other relates to the succession to the office which gave him the power to produce such results.

Meanwhile, before Dr. Manning had attained to his ultimate ecclesiastical position in the Holy Roman Church, he left one record of himself in the history of the Catholic revival in England, which to many very near and very dear to him, is, perhaps, not the least claim he possessed upon the affection and esteem of his intimates. Nor is it unlikely, that the qualities which he then and afterwards displayed, pointed out the future Archbishop of Westminster as a competent and able ruler of men. In any case, he introduced into England the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, and built the first church and priests' house of the congregation, under the dedication of St. Mary of the Angels, at Bayswater, London. But this was not all. He did more, as the Superior of the Oblates, by the hands of another. His nephew, the zealous, pious, and charming Monsignor Manning (may he rest in peace!), in many ways his uncle's second self, though not equally gifted with his greater relation, founded and built with the co-operation of the future Cardinal, and, for all too short a time as rector, governed the neighboring College of St. Charles, for the education and training of the sons of the upper orders and middle classes. These two foundations are two only out of many, and though, perhaps, nearest to his own heart, not the greatest, nor the most important for the future of religion in this country, which owe their inception to the will, and owe their completion to the perseverance, of the Cardinal Archbishop.

Of other foundations this is not the place to speak at length; nor, indeed, does space at disposal admit of a statement of the Cardinal's works of mercy, if the expression may be allowed, in brick and mortar, for rich and poor alike. It would be, however, unpardonable not to allude to them. Many are they which distinguish and illuminate his spiritual reign of which he was either originator, or suggester, or coadjutor with others, or sole creator and benefactor—homes and refuges, schools and convents, seminaries and colleges, training-colleges for school-teachers, houses of mercy and houses of retreat, orphanages and homes for destitute and forsaken children.

Into the history of his elevation to the archiepiscopal seat of Westminster, it is not my intention to enter—if only for the best of reasons, namely, that I am unconscious of the facts of the case, and that I am, and probably most laymen are, powerless to obtain the true history of it. His elevation formed a fruitful source of gratuitous comment from those, probably, who knew least of the circumstances of the case, and certainly who knew nothing of the reasons which guided its decision—anonymous writers in the Protestant press. It gave occasion, also, with a greater show of reason, to a certain amount of criticism from those who were the most deeply concerned in the wisdom, or in the unwisdom, of the choice. Suffice it to say, that Dr. Manning was placed, though not locally at Canterbury, in the chair of St. Augustine by the exercise of identically the same power which St. Gregory the Great wielded thirteen centuries previously, and practically by the like means. He was delegated by the direct nomination of the Supreme Pontiff of revered memory, Pius IX.: and the Archbishop of Westminster lived to rule the diocese, and the church of which it now forms the primatial see, sufficiently long to do more than justify the judgment of that shrewd and clever Pope in the selection he had made. In all probability, history will ratify the discretion of the choice of Pio Nono for the second occupant of the restored throne of Augustine. History, also, will possibly confirm the truth of at least one of the members of a three-fold and modern oracular pronouncement. The prophecy, so to call it, half-record and half-prediction of an intelligent observer of the signs of the times, is to the following effect: that the first three occupants of the archiepiscopal seat of the revived hierarchy of England shall, each in his order, and after his power, advance the cause of Holy Church in his own special department and line. The first of the three prelates shall advance the sacred cause of

religion in England in the way of theological science, dogmatic truth, ceremonial pomp, and ecclesiastical dignity. Here the oracle spoke words of history in regard to Cardinal Wiseman. The last of the three prelates, continues the legend, shall complete the holy work of laying again the foundation of true religion in this Protestant country, for the nation at large, by winning over and bringing under the mild yoke of Christ the most intractable and most difficult of all orders or classes of English society to manipulate or to influence. This division of English society is the great middle class, the class to which mainly for the past half-century the larger part of political power has been entrusted, when freed from the grasp of the upper orders, but from which it has now passed to the democracy. It includes, amongst other members, the shop-keeper, the educated mechanic and artisan, the mill-hand, the domestic servant, and the city clerk and man of business. Complete the work, I say; for does not another and older prophecy declare of the good work begun half a century ago, that although the holy Mass was abolished in the days of Edward VI. it will, in the divine appointment, and whatsoever the phrase may import, be restored in the reign of the next prince of the same name, King Edward VII.? This, of course, is at present but unfulfilled prophecy: yet, the heir-apparent to the crown of Great Britain and Ireland was christened Albert Edward; he would (if he ever does) ascend the throne as the seventh prince of his second name; and events do not look very unfavorably for some mystical, if not literal, fulfilment of the old hope. So also is the prophecy of the third archbishop unfulfilled—and long may it be so, is my prayer at the date of writing these words—no name, therefore, can be attached to it, though men's eyes are turned in the direction where it is as likely to become as true a forecast as the other two are true retrospects. Whilst, of the second archbishop of the selected three, the Cardinal of whom we are thinking, the oracle declares that he will principally do the work of Christ in our unhappy Protestant land, in the way of attracting to the Church, with a singular and hitherto unprecedented success, both the classes and the masses; the intelligence, culture, and self-sacrifice of the powerful, of the educated, of the rich, and the devotion, vigor, and determination of the socially humble, the politically strong, and the actually poor. This, in brief, is not otherwise than a description which well befits the character and work of Cardinal Manning.

III. The last evidence of greatness which adheres to the Car-

dinal's character, and which will here be noted, is the most difficult to treat at all, and is the most difficult to treat shortly. It has been described above to this effect, namely, that he raised the communion he ruled, for so long a period, to a position which it had never previously occupied in England since the faith of the Catholic Church ceased to be the religion of the country. Now, there are at least two ways in which proofs of this change in the position of the Catholic Church in England may be submitted for consideration. Appeal can be made, with overpowering conclusiveness, to facts and figures, and inevitable deductions from them both, in order to show to how large an extent the outward development and organization of the Church has reached, under the energetic rule, yet temperate sway, of Cardinal Manning. This expansion, in every single way in which outward growth can be estimated—whether in the numbers of churches and missions, or in the increase of the clergy; whether in the foundation of religious houses for men and women, or in the multiplication of almost endless works of mercy; whether in the statistics of education, or in the steady, regular, and unfailing influx of converts into the Church—during the last generation of men, has been more than marvellous, has been supernatural. No doubt, there may be many explanations given of these latter-day wonders of the Catholic religion in this Protestant land. Tyranny and persecution abroad, distress and misgovernment in the sister kingdom, and the consequent emigration of priests and people both from the Continent and from Ireland, may account for a part of this result. A not unnatural wish to return to the religion of their forefathers, a religion which witnessed some of England's brightest and most blessed days; and a wide-spread, if sometimes vague and inadequate realization of the emptiness, inanity, and baselessness of popular Protestantism may account for another portion. But no sentiment, no argument can explain away these figures and these facts; which, however, will be left for clearer heads and abler hands to classify and publish. In the meantime, there is another, less direct and more subtle, proof to which I would venture to draw attention. This is a proof which cannot be tabulated, and sometimes can hardly be even definitely expressed; but which may be felt, and which is widely accepted and acted on at the present time in England. I allude to the intangible extension of the influence and power of the Church in this land of non-Catholic, if not anti-Catholic feeling, thought, and speech, which is due to a large degree, though not entirely, to the deliberate but often

indirect efforts of Dr. Manning. And herein, the genius denied him in some ways in which the world looks for evidence of genius, but which entitles the Cardinal to be held as a great man, pre-eminently shone forth. For his genius, in such relations, consisted in this—that, as if he had no other object in life, as if he had no other work to do, and as if he had not had imposed upon him "the care of all the churches," he dedicated himself, it appeared, exclusively, to this special labor, *viz.*, to raise the prestige, the importance, the influence, the power of the Divine Religion into which in mature age he had been called, to the level on which, by its own inherent merits and for the benefits it has secured for humanity, it ought to stand in this country.

A few thoughts of a retrospective character will make the force of these remarks the more plain to the transatlantic reader.

The relations which existed between the Catholic Church and the vast bulk of the Protestant people of England, some five-and-thirty, or forty years ago, were undergoing a great, a note-worthy, and, probably, a permanent change. Various and different causes combined to create this change. In the first place, an atmosphere of toleration in general was silently stealing over the not very tender, and the rather torpid conscience of the country, on its religious side. This toleration was, as a fact, not directed alone towards Catholics. It was extended, with a sort of stolid indifference, to the professors and to the non-professors alike of every form of opinion, rational or irrational, as well as to the upholders of the one true belief, which was opposed to and was opposed by all other denominations of Christians. This toleration of Catholicism was chiefly due to three causes, two of a positive, and one of a negative character. The last, or the negative cause, has been already indicated, and may be expressed by a single word, indifferentism, as existing in modern English society. The first, or the positive causes, deserve a less summary treatment. Of these, toleration was due, primarily, to the return swing of the long, heavy pendulum of public opinion, from the opposite extreme to which it had been forced by the wild outbreak of Protestant bigotry and terror, occasioned by the so-called Papal Aggression of 1850. Toleration was due, also, and in a lesser degree to certain facts in connection with the more important and epoch-making "secessions to Rome" from the Established Religion. These facts were commonplaces a generation gone, though they may be taken as somewhat ancient history now. But, what men felt then was substantially this—that these important and damaging secessions had taken place, and were

past and gone. Men gratulated with themselves, that these secessions could not be repeated, at least in kind; for, we remember now and they knew then, that there were no more notable or first-class Oxford leaders, with at most half-a-dozen exceptions, left within the High Church ranks, which at once created and supplied the more eminent recruits to Rome, who, in the nature of things, either could, or would, secede. Indeed, though still alarmed and somewhat humbled, the religious world breathed more freely. It was reassured by the anti-Roman denunciations on the one hand, and by the vows of pro-Protestant loyalty on the other, and both on the part of those High Churchmen who had not seceded; and it fancied itself conscious of the worst that could happen to itself Romeward. It could estimate its losses, which from a numerical calculation and in proportion to the millions who had not passed the theological Rubicon, were insignificant even when told by thousands; it could invent or take measures to prevent the like calamitous reversals in the future; and it could afford, with more or less of conscientiousness, to be tolerant—even to Rome.

Moreover, the party in the Church of England which in mere externals most nearly approximates to the feared and hated Church of Rome, though in principle equally far with, and in consistency further than, its Protestant neighbors from true Catholicity, must be noted. Their action was such that Catholic practices, and thereby incidentally Catholic principles, became, not only to the eye and ear of the nation, but also to the nation's ill-instructed conscience, less than formerly unusual, extravagant, and offensive, though not one whit more popular to the mass of the nation, as practices or principles to adopt, or to suffer for. What may have been the inner cause of this outward growth of a toleration which, however much we may benefit by it, or rather cease to suffer from the influence of its opposite, can only be considered as a spurious toleration, towards Catholicism, it is not easy to decide. For, Ritualism, pure and simple, it must be remembered, was popularly held, and with justice, to be a bad and even a dishonest imitation of Rome; and hence, no argument can be allowed, on behalf of the Church, from the asserted popularity, even on a very limited scale, of that hybrid and inconsequential system. From a single possible cause, only, toleration of Catholics could not have arisen—if it be not a truism to say so—and that is, from the possession of the one faith which alone can inspire true toleration. For Protestant England does not believe and does not profess to believe, indeed professes

not to believe in any one sole faith; but rather, believes in many. But, the toleration from which the Church benefited may have arisen either from more or less devotion to religion in the abstract, which would charitably overlook differences of opinion; or, from a wide-reaching Agnosticism, in a literal sense of the term, and from a real ignorance of all religious systems which would ignore all differences as theologically immaterial; or again, from a genuine love, partly political, partly religious, of freedom of opinion, and respect for the rights of private judgment as applied even to others. In any case, the English nation, as a whole and of late years, had become more tolerant of divergences from its own low standard, or more truly, from its want of any standard of religious belief and practice, in the direction of dogmatic teaching founded on infallible authority, and liturgical ceremonial based on the custom of ages. As a result, amongst other dissentients from the legal communion of the Anglican Establishment, even Roman Catholicism found an amount of toleration unexpectedly yielded to its divine claims. And it was at the outset of this new-born and by no means matured spirit of Anglican toleration, on the part of the Church's bitterest and in some ways most powerful opponent, that the career of the Cardinal Archbishop, as a convert to the faith of Rome, was begun.

Such, in outline, were some external relations with which the Church in England found herself brought into contact, somewhat more than a generation ago. What were the means adopted by the new Archbishop, when he reached the place of authority and when the new-found toleration had become assured from the lapse of time, to utilize this fresh departure in Protestantism for the benefit of the Faith? In the face of these more auspicious relations between antagonists of centuries, what line did he take, in order to raise the communion over which he had been called to preside, to a position somewhat totally less different from the divine part she had enacted in this kingdom previously to the Reformation? The more obvious, natural, and public means which Dr. Manning took to this end, may fairly be left for record to those who undertake to write a formal biography of the Cardinal. I am content to be allowed to draw special attention to the indirect and incidental efforts, which year after year, and almost day by day, were adopted by him to fulfil his purpose. In effect, and to speak broadly, these efforts were as follows: Over and above the official and ecclesiastical action taken by the Archbishop to advance what may be called the national interests

of the Catholic Church in Protestant England, he seldom or never neglected to take advantage of any opportunity in secular affairs to silently advocate her claims first to sufferance, next to attention and discussion, lastly to authority and obedience. This line he adopted, whether consciously or not—and I believe he consciously adopted this line—by word, by action, and by manner, as if the divine claims of Holy Church required only to be presented to the world at large, or to the English nation in particular, in order to secure for them immediate and hearty acceptance. He seemed to believe and did believe, and he ever acted as if he were convinced, that persons with whom he was thrown into contact in the endless relations of public and private life which his position created for him, that persons (I say) who really were anxious *not* to acknowledge the claims of Rome, were only waiting for an occasion or an opening to do them honor, or at least to avoid slighting them. Neither, on the principles of Grace and the revealed will of God, was the Archbishop in error. Indeed, he might even be accused, however unjustly, of making opportunities which were not obviously offered, to place himself in touch, and through himself to place the body he ruled in touch, with all sorts and conditions of Englishmen. And this he did without a thought of self-seeking to cloud the purity of his intention—for, had he not voluntarily resigned all that England could give? had he not forced upon him from without more than England could take away? Indeed he might often be seen repressing marks of respect personal to himself, when indirectly advocating in action respect to the supernatural communion of which he was the earthly representative.

Of this action on the part of the Cardinal I will give a few instances in several different relations of life; and the number could be increased without difficulty. To advance the cause and to accomplish the end above indicated, his Eminence might be seen, at the height of the London season, at the invitation of the Prince and Princess of Wales, amongst the *élite* of the nobility of Great Britain, apparently enjoying himself, and certainly not avowedly advancing his sacred purpose in high quarters, at an afternoon garden-party at Marlborough House. For the same cause and to the like end, the Cardinal was to be seen, in the best sense of the word, fraternizing with the English and Irish masses, as the head, and not only as the head, but as the soul also, of the philanthropic movement known in England as the Catholic Temperance League of the Cross. He would mingle with the tens of thousands of its members, or of its sympathizers, at their

annual gathering in Hyde Park, or at the Crystal Palace, or at their minor meetings in that *quondam* stronghold of London Protestantism, Exeter Hall—and would thus indicate practically that not only in the Catholic Church may fraternity be found, but also, in a Christian manner, liberty also and equality. For the same cause, again, does his name appear (unless I mistake) next after that of a Prince of the Blood, or the Archbishop of Canterbury (the first subject of the realm), on the roll of the great Mansion House Committee for ameliorating the condition of the poor, especially by improving their dwelling-houses; and to the like end, his name is officially placed next after that of the chairman, and before that of the Protestant Bishop of the diocese, on the list of members of a Royal Commission of inquiry into the condition and prospects of National Education. Nor does popular opinion—it may be parenthetically remarked—fail to recognize the efforts made by the Cardinal to identify himself with the interests of the English people, and thus to interest the people in the advancement of the Church. This has lately been evidenced on two occasions. On the first, when it was popularly supposed that a Conservative government was about to bring into Parliament a bill to legalize the creation of Life Peerages, the name of the Cardinal Archbishop was the very first that was publicly suggested as specially deserving of this title of honor. And, again, when a *plébiscite* was taken by a popular Liberal evening newspaper, amongst its readers, of the men who would make ideal "County Councillors" for London, under the new Local Government Act, and in view of the approaching election (which was the first) in the metropolis, the votes of those who responded to the editorial invitation placed the name of Dr. Manning amongst the first ten of those to whom this mark of distinction and tribute of confidence ought to be accorded—the Bishop of London, as he was there said to be in reality, though not according to law.

To the same end, again, the Cardinal was accustomed to utilize private social calls and claims, and semi-public duties and engagements of daily life, on behalf of the interests of our Mother Church in England. For instance, to quote some insignificant cases, or cases which would be insignificant, if they were not part and parcel, as I hold them to be, of a well-considered and of a well-executed tactical plan for the moral resubjugation of Protestant England to the beneficent rule of Rome in matters spiritual. For example: He was wont to drop in of an afternoon (so to say, in his recreation time) at his own club,

the Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, which is the daily resort of the foremost men of letters, science, and intellect of the day—with others—in England. He would dine (probably at his usual supper-hour, on a few biscuits and a glass of toast-and-water, as I can bear witness on one occasion, in the place of wine) at a house-dinner of another West End Club, given in order to advocate the cause of the federation of this mighty empire of England and of its population of about one-fourth part of the human race. For the same great cause named above, years ago and long before the idea became less unpopular than now, he supported the incipient and strictly constitutional agitation of the British laborer for some alleviation of his hard, stern lot, underfed as he was allowed to be, and overworked, and little taught, and badly clothed, and often miserably lodged, and altogether treated as if he were scarcely a human being, created in God's image and made after his likeness. And the Cardinal took this line about the same time, whether before or after, it matters not and I cannot tell, that a Protestant Bishop of the Establishment in a western diocese (still living in 1888) in relation to the same social question, was publicly advising his hearers, on a certain occasion, *not* to throw Mr. Arch, the laborer's friend and leader of the movement, into the village horse-pond. For similar purposes, Dr. Manning frequently attended the meetings of the now historical Metaphysical Society in London; and he systematically opened the doors of the Archbishop's House, Westminster, once a month during the season, to any Protestant who was sufficiently interested to attend the like yet different meetings of the still flourishing Catholic Academia. For similar purposes, again, not unmixed with charitable instincts, his Eminence gave his support and aid to those who live one of the many hard, precarious lives amongst the ordinary employments of men in London, namely, the cab-drivers. The same support, whatsoever it was worth, he freely gave to another class of London men and women, whose lot, though less hard and precarious, from exposure, weather, and uncertain employment, still needs much amelioration, namely, servers behind the counter and assistants in shops. Whilst, perhaps, a more noteworthy instance of his indomitable determination that the Catholic Church should not be ignored or overlooked in England, remains to be recorded, in his official and political action as the accredited spokesman of that Church on two several occasions. The first of these was the introduction of the Abolition of Oaths Bill into Parliament: the second was one of many times in which has been debated in the

House of Commons the bill for legalizing in England marriage with a deceased wife's sister. On both occasions, the Cardinal delivered himself, as critic and censor of public morals, in a manner not unworthy of his high position: and on the former of them he joined with his fourteen comprovincial bishops of the Catholic hierarchy in giving utterance to a public protest, on April 12, 1888, in which he and they declare of the Optional Oaths Bill, that "to efface the recognition of God in our public legislation is an act which will surely bring evil consequences." In the usual course of events, such a national protest would have originated with, and emanated from, the official guardians of the state religion of England, the Protestant Episcopate, not from the rulers of a small non-conforming body, albeit that body was the Catholic Church.

Nor does this short statement exhaust the catalogue of instances which illustrate and prove the estimate here formed of the purpose and intention of Cardinal Manning in the matter under discussion. I feel sure that my memory has failed to recall one-half the efforts which he has indirectly but effectively made for the Catholic Church in this direction. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that no object was too high, no cause was too lowly, to attract his watchful attention, provided not only that the matter of it commanded his approval in the abstract—an approval not difficult to secure for anything worthy of it—but also that, in the concrete and by his action upon it, he was enabled to bring the Church of Christ into official connection (which at least presupposed equality) with a Protestant nation; and to bring individuals of a Protestant communion into relations (which implied reciprocal obligations) with the bulk of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Moreover, by such means, he strove to advance the true interests of the Church, by proving to all whom it concerned, and they were all with whom he was brought into contact, that he himself, as the local head of the Church; and, through him, his subjects, as the body of the Church, were, of course, Catholics first and foremost, but were Englishmen afterwards and to the backbone. The man, be he ecclesiastic or layman, who deliberately aimed at making such a revolution in public opinion in England; and who, to an extent which, though obvious, the future will alone be capable of gauging, succeeded in revolutionizing public opinion in England on this very delicate question between Protestantism and Catholicism, certainly deserves the title of Great.

This short Memorial-Sketch of the Great Cardinal may fitly end here, although no logical cause suggests an ending. The sketch was not intended to be a panegyric of Dr. Manning; and hence, the facts described, and the impression left upon the memory of the narrator of them, have been left to speak for themselves. The memorial was not meant to be a critical estimate of his character; and therefore it has not seemed necessary to the writer to discuss his failings or to proclaim his faults, always supposing that the writer was capable to perform such a task. Fortunately, the need of sounding the Cardinal's praises, or of exhibiting anything worthy of blame, has not been required in a Memorial-Sketch. All that has here been placed on record is the result of personal observation, of memory, and of thought. Advisedly, neither book, nor paper, has been consulted during its composition, or with a view to it. The Cardinal was a man whose career no intelligent person could follow without being impressed with much that he witnessed. He was one who attached to himself the deepest and firmest friendship of those who respected and loved him. I have endeavored to repeat some things in his story which specially commended themselves to my mind: and I have committed them to paper, with many imperfections which I am sure he would pardon if he could, as one who was ever allowed to subscribe himself, as he does now with infinite respect, his Eminence's affectionate

Son and Servant,

ORBY SHIPLEY.

Lyme Regis, Dorset, England.

THE BIG BOSS'S PARADE.

A SHUDDERING roar, the roar increasing in volume, the shudders quickening to a terrific degree; then a slackening and a diminishing. All is over in nine seconds: the huge, shiny wheel in the engine-house has unwound its six hundred feet of chain; the descending carriage has fallen to the bottom; the ascending one is at the surface, laden with a dozen coaly-black creatures, who step off briskly, their eyes blinking at the broad afternoon light. The engine, after a few moments for rest, is again attacked by a fit of hard breathing, and in nine seconds more will have landed from the depths another load of miners.

Each man as he leaves the lift goes straightway and scrutinizes a paper pinned up outside of the office, containing the mine report for the month. Quite a crowd had gathered here before anybody noticed a paper on the opposite side of the door.

"What's that?" exclaimed several at once, and pressed against each other for a better view. "Johnny Phinn, do ye read it to us," called some one at the outer edge of the group.

Johnny, who stood *vis-à-vis* with the closely-written sheet, pushed back his cap, crooked his elbows—thus clearing a space on either side of him—thrust out his chin, and opened his mouth. The crowd waited.

"Hurry up, Johnny; what does the dockiment say fer itself?"

"Well, it'd ta-ake a priest to tell wut it sayes; the writin's too shtylish fer me," said Johnny.

Just then the engine went through one of its periodic spasms, and, with an expense of energy that seemed sufficient to dredge out the very bowels of the earth, hauled up a fresh party of men, who at once joined the others in front of the office.

Among them was an unusually tall fellow, whose straight, yellow hair, retaining only the slightest powdering of coal-dust, hung with odd effect about his blackened face. Immediately broke forth shouts of "Here's Tom Lunday!" "Tom's the boss reader!" "Make way fer Tom to go up head!" "Johnny 'll have the bad marks 'cause he don't know his lesson good"; and in another moment Mr. Phinn had been whisked out of his position, while Mr. Lunday was pushed, unresisting, into the vacated spot.

He did not strike an attitude, but running his eye down to the bottom of the paper announced simply, in a clear voice: "This here's a proclamation by the Big Boss," and began to read.

"TO THE EMPLOYEES OF THE ROSEMILY:"

("That's us," put in Johnny Phinn, not at all humiliated by his deposition.)

"Seeing that his Excellency, the President of the United States, will shortly honor this portion of the Anthracite Regions by spending the coming Fourth of July in the neighboring city of ———, it is the desire of the undersigned, as owner and manager of one of the most important coal properties in the district, to show his individual appreciation of the distinction about to be conferred by our chief Executive; and in order that he may do this in the most effective way possible, he asks the co-operation of the whole c-co-c-o-r-p-s"—("*Corpse!*" pronounced Tom. "Hey, what's this? 'Tain't dead men he wants, is it?" he asked, turning round to his companions. "Leave off the last two letters," suggested the mine-boss, an intelligent Welshman, who stood in the doorway watching the crowd curiously. Tom sailed on)—"of the whole corps of workers in the Rosemily mine and breaker.

"It is proposed that said workers, being nearly eight hundred in number, form a regiment and join the procession of militia to meet the President at the station and conduct him through the principal streets of the city to his hotel.

"It is believed that this proposition will meet the approval of you all, appealing, as it does, to your loyalty as *American Citizens*, though natives of many lands.

"Moreover, it is the wish of the undersigned that the Rosemily Regiment appear in *full uniform*—the uniform of your profession; in other words, your every-day working clothes, each grade of workers carrying, in place of the soldier's gun, the special implement of their department. Thus will be presented to the eyes of the presidential party a uniky specticle—" ("Unique," prompted Owen Owens, the mine-boss)— "unique spectacle," continued Tom, "at the same time giving evidence of the loyalty of sentiment that exists among the mining class toward the Representative of this Great Government.

"All are requested to be present on the Common by the South Pool on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, to receive necessary directions and to go through a preparatory drill. The boys—including drivers, door-tenders, and slate-pickers—will assemble on the base-ball grounds back of the oil-house at same hour.

"Signed: LEROY HENDERSON."

An inarticulate sound of displeasure went through the body of men when Tom had finished reading.

"Is ut annything ails the Big Boss that he wants to make fools of us all?" demanded Johnny Phinn. "Niver a wan shtep 'll I go, or his R'yal Highness the Pres'dent 'll be exshpectin' me to drop him me car-rd to suppor-rt him in his next election, an', b' the saints, I'll not do ut!"

"I reckon we 'll not get out o' marchin' so easy," muttered an old miner named Kelly. He had worked fifteen years in the Rosemily and knew the ways of "the Big Boss" thoroughly.

"I reckon so, too," said Owen Owens drily from the doorstep.

"And what do you know about it?" sang out the crowd in one voice.

"I know enough, sure"; and Owen Owens withdrew into the office, taking with him unknown quantities of information.

"I'll not vote for him nor I'll not parade to him," asseverated Johnny, and, as a large part of the men were of his nationality, so also did they share his sentiments.

"What's got into the Big Boss?" asked Tom Lunday of Owens after the crowd had dispersed.

Owens rubbed the red stubble on his chin with the back of his dingy wrist. "I'll tell you," said he. "Politics has got into him."

"Uh-huh!" aspirated Tom.

Both the men were silent for a time; then Owens went on: "You know he's had his finger in it some already, but he wants to get his whole fist in. They say he's asked more favors of the legislature than any man in the State, and now he's got the biggest favor of all to ask."

"What's that?"

"He's tired of making laws up here for the Rosemily; he wants to be making them down in Washington."

Tom looked a little puzzled. "He means to run for United States senator," added Owens.

"Oh-h! an' so he's for gettin' on the right side o' the President, is he?"

"No, man, the President's got nothin' to do with it; it's the State legislature. It'll sound well, you know, when people say that Mr. Leroy Henderson has so much influence that every man that works for him goes with him in his opinions. That's why he's for making such a big show on the Fourth. And what's more"—Owens walked to the door, looked about, came back, and, standing close to Tom, said in a lower tone: "Nobody told me this, but all of you that knows which side of

your bread the butter's on had better do what Mr. Henderson says."

"Is that so?" said Tom. Owens replied by scratching his beard and screwing up his mouth.

"Do ye think there 'll be much of a turnout?" asked Tom presently. Owens shrugged one shoulder.

"Them that's got the least sense and them that's got the most 'll take up arms and march; the rest 'll kick and stay at home. Then after a while—not too soon, you know—there 'll be some vacancies to fill in the Rosemily. But they 'll be fools that lose a good place. Where else will you go to find a mine that's got no gas in it and that's so well taken care of? Where's the company that furnishes its men such good houses? One man's better than a company, *I* say."

"Did ye think I'd be a kicker? I'm one o' thim as is well satisfied," said Tom.

"I know it; you've got good sense; that's the reason I talk to you this way. There's not many of them I'd try to make comprehend the whole of the matter, but it's only fair I should give a hint around that they'd best join the parade. Mr. Henderson talked to me pretty plain—as plain as a man can be and yet not say a thing out."

Tom rose to go. "I don't feel like Johnny Phinn does," said he; "you'd think him an' his set was born Americans when you hear 'em talk about their votes. I'd be willin' enough to parade to please the Big Boss only for me head."

"Put your head in your pocket," said Owens in a careless tone, making a feint of looking over some papers that lay on the table.

Tom was just going out of the door when Owens called him back. "See here," said he seriously, "I meant what I said: *put your head in your pocket*—do you understand?"

Tom gave him a sharp look. "You said already you didn't count me among the kickin' ones."

"I know I did, but I thought you were lifting your hind leg a little too high just now. It'll have a bad effect on the rest if you back out."

"None o' your blarney," said Tom.

"I'm not blarneying; it's the truth, and you know it."

"Well, I'll see," and Tom began to move off slowly.

"Mind you see straight," called out Owens after him.

The Rosemily breaker, a noble iron structure, blocked one

end of the main street of the mining village. On this street were two rows of single cottages built in a substantial manner and on a somewhat generous plan by Mr. Henderson for the better class of his employees. Each man was at liberty to buy the house he lived in, and a number had taken advantage of this permission to secure homes, paying for them by small, half-yearly instalments. Almost the only Irishman in the settlement ambitious in this direction was Tom Lunday. Being a youngish man with a largish family, he had not until quite recently been able to save up enough for his first instalment; but no sooner was it paid down than he felt full ownership in the place and commenced making improvements, chiefly in the form of additions called by Johnny Phinn "anti-chambers on behind." These "anti-chambers" were put up by Tom himself, partly in the way of amusement—for Tom was of steady habits and preferred pottering about home to lounging in bar-rooms—and partly for the benefit of his wife. Once every twelve-month Mrs. Lunday presented her husband with a new little Lunday, and Tom could not better show his gratitude than by making life easier for her.

So first he built her a summer-kitchen and then, "by way o' leg-savin'," he moved the wood-shed up to it. Next, a chicken-house was attached to the wood-shed, and close against the chicken-house snuggled a pig-pen. This last addition was only just completed, and as yet stood empty and odorless. But Tom had his eye on a pig; he hoped to be able to buy it before long. He had meant to stop and take a look at it this very day.

Since his talk with Owens, however, he felt dispirited and went straight home. He walked out to the back of his lot and surveyed the place with pride. Those potatoes were growing well; he hoed them daily, Sundays not excepted, and Ricky and May fought the bugs for "a pinny a hunderd." The onions also were doing their duty after a stately and delicate fashion; the beet-tops looked lusty with their long, red-veined leaves, and the cabbages spread themselves as the wicked in great power are said to do.

Tom turned to his little out-buildings and owned to himself that it was "a tidy job." Did not everybody say Tom Lunday was a born carpenter? Were it not for that head of his he would now be putting up houses instead of mining. Yes, this was creditable work and all his; even the neat board-walk upon which he stood had been laid by him; he intended to run it to the foot of the garden soon. But would it be worth while?

Who was going to eat the potatoes out of those hills? Whose pig would wallow in that fresh, piney sty? What inferior breed of chickens might not be clucking and crowing in the cosy coop this time next year?

"Looks nice, Tom, don't it?" His wife stood at his elbow, a baby in her arms. She was a little woman, with a mottled complexion, a great deal too much hair, and all of her front upper teeth gone; but as in Tom's mind comeliness and wifely virtue were synonymous, Annie might fairly be called a raving beauty. "Don't it look nice?"

Tom did not speak at once. He could have cried instead; but presently he made out to say: "What if ye had to give it up, Annie?"

"Huh?" said Annie.

"Maybe we'll have to go, darlin'."

"Are ye out wid the boss, thin?"

"Not wid Owens, but maybe I'll be gettin' out wid the Big Boss before long."

"I wouldn't thin." This was no vain boast of Mrs. Lunday's: her neighbors who loved to quarrel were often sore vexed because she "wouldn't."

"Maybe I'll not be able to help mesilf from doin' it," replied Tom.

"How's that?"

Tom squatted down upon the board-walk and Annie followed his example, letting the baby wriggle out of her arms into the potato-patch, where, being on terms of the utmost familiarity with Mother Earth, it grovelled blissfully.

"You see, it's this way," said Tom; "ivery man of us is got to go marchin' like sojers to meet the President who's a-comin' on the Fourth."

"That 'll be very grand," said Annie, who loved a parade with all her woman's soul, and whose first thought was only of the fine appearance her handsome husband would make. "I'll take thim spots out o' your Sunday coat straight."

"Ye needn't mind," said Tom; "the Boss is fer showin' us off in our workin' clothes."

"Your *workin'* clothes!"—surveying Tom's sooty costume with a look of horror. "I niver heard the likes. An' will ye have to smoot your faces too?"

"Like enough," he replied, "an' us what's miners is got to shoulder a drill. 'Tain't no fun marchin' in town an' out, an' up an' down, an' around wid a fifteen-pound drill in your arms."

"That's no great thing fer a man," said Annie. "Haven't I marched in town an' out, an' up an' down, an' around wid a *twinty*-pound baby in me arms, an' two that ain't much more'n babies a-taggin' on? But what time o' day 'll it be?"

"That's just the bother," said Tom; "it'll be in the middle o' the day, an' pipin' hot in the sun, an' ye're well aware that me an' the sun ain't on the very frindliest kind o' footin'."

"That's so, dearie"; and Annie sat pensive for a time. Then suddenly: "But do ye have to go? Can't ye be let off?"

"I reckon there's no help for it."

"An' why not?"

"'Cause the Big Boss says we must."

"An' what if ye don't do what he sayes?"

Tom explained rather blunderingly the connection between Mr. Henderson's ambition and that gentleman's immediate project, not omitting Owen's darksome hints as to the further connection between a refusal on the part of the men to aid in said project, and their own more modest personal ambitions. (He did not make mention of Owen's "blarney." Tom was too modest a man to repeat his own praises, even to his wife.)

Mrs. Lunday looked hard at her husband. "An' ye mean to say, thin, that if ye don't march one way ye'll have to march another?"

"That's about the long an' short of it," said Tom.

"Oh! the blessed heart's-blood pet-lamb-pudgeon!" screamed Mrs. Lunday, plunging forward and grabbing by its clothing the baby, who had, by good hit, captured a potato-bug, and was with painful care conveying the same mouthwards. "How manny do ye suppose is down her already?" and she fingered wildly about in the little pink cavity where as yet no teeth had sprouted.

Tom looked on without anxiety, but with that peculiar air of patience which a man assumes while waiting for a woman to come back to the point. "I reckon it'll be worse fer the baytle than fer hersilf," he remarked.

Annie took no notice of this unfatherly conduct, but continued her search until assured that no immediate evil effects were to be apprehended, then, making a wide, deep lap between her knees for the too enterprising infant, she held it there safe out of harm's way.

The recoil of Mrs. Lunday's mind after this episode was instantaneous, and her voice took on its former tone as she said: "Then the long an' short fer us is to git out."

"Ye don't mean it, Annie."

"Sure'n I do."

"It'll be better fer me to march."

"Not a shtep'll ye march"; and she jounced the baby emphatically.

"A while ago ye were wantin' me to," said Tom in a dry tone.

"Yis," she replied, unabashed, "I did; me pride was on top thin, but there's somethin' else ferninst me pride that's stronger'n it."

"An' what's that?"

Annie hugged the little one and kissed it all over its bald head, rocking back and forth. "What'd we do, what'd we do, me blissin', if daddy was to be sthruck dead?" Then turning to her husband—"Promise me ye'll go an' ask the Big Boss to let ye off."

"I can't do it, Annie; I can't risk losin' me place."

"No matter fer the place; git another."

"That's easy to say an' hard to do. Ye know well I can't work out o' doors; there's no mines besides this I'd so much as go into, nor I'm not eddicated fer your fine indoor work. Thin, what's worse, we'd have to give up our home here, and lose all we've paid on it. Are ye so willin' to give up your home, Annie?"

"I'd rather give up me home than me husband," she said quietly.

"Maybe ye'll not be called upon to do either—I ain't dead yet"; and Tom bent laughing over the child, who stretched out its arms toward the shiny hat-lamp in its father's hat.

"Ye'll be dead sure if ye go marchin' in the bilin' sun," persisted Annie. "What did the doctor tell ye?"

"Doctors don't know everything," said Tom. The more his wife opposed him the more desirous did he become of pleasing Mr. Henderson. Moreover, the longer he sat among his growing vegetables and thought of all the labor he had bestowed upon his little place, the more intolerable became the idea of leaving it for what was possibly a mere notion of his own and the doctor's. That Mr. Henderson, by also indulging in a notion, might work ill to others did not trouble him much. Tom was not given to questioning the actions of the Big Boss, who, though known for an odd fish, had heretofore done nothing but what was kind and considerate.

The Rosemily deserved all the praises which we have heard

Owen Owens bestow thereupon, and it had always been the boast of the employees that their very biggest man lived in the neighborhood of his property, spent most of his money there, and looked after so much more than his directly personal interests.

In fact, no employer in the land had a better right to expect to be humored in an innocent whim than Mr. Leroy Henderson, and on an ordinary occasion he would probably have met with no difficulty in thus attempting to raise an impromptu regiment; but the approach of a national election campaign, together with the general understanding that the President was intending to run for a second term, gave, as even Johnny Phinn had been clever enough to perceive, a significance to the affair which it would not otherwise have had, especially as the majority of the miners were on the opposite side and mostly strong partisans.

True, among the hundreds employed at the Rosemily, representatives of nearly every European nation, were naturally a goodly number who knew nothing and cared nothing about the politics of the United States; but even this class contained some who, regarding Mr. Henderson's request as a command—which it virtually amounted to—resented being forced to do extra work (and on a holiday, too) merely to please a man whose sole claim upon them consisted in his paying them wages for stipulated service—the Big Boss's works of supererogation as an employer winning him little advantage here.

Still another class, chiefly of British birth, had no feelings of any sort connected with the matter save that they were strongly averse, on general principles, to making spectacles of themselves, and the desire of their chief that they should appear as a body in mining garb struck them as supremely ridiculous.

Among these various kinds of malcontents it is not surprising that individuals loving liberty above aught else and unwilling to beg a favor where they would not grant one, quietly threw up their positions rather than submit to what they considered oppressive treatment; while others, being warned by Owens and having respect to the buttering of their bread, sought an interview with Mr. Henderson.

Every evening crowds of men besieged the stately house on the hill asking to be "let off." Mr. Henderson received the first-comers very kindly, and accepted all their excuses as plausible; but when, encouraged by the success of these earliest applicants, the men began to pour in upon him by scores, his patience gave out, and he at length refused to be seen by any more of them.

Late Saturday night, when he thought all danger from petitioners over, he ventured out on his veranda and walked up and down in a state of great displeasure. It seemed to him that the whole crew of the Rosemily had been at his door during the past few days, and he felt an almost boyish disappointment at the possible defeat of his darling plan.

If ever a man took pride in his own lordship, it was Leroy Henderson. He felt a certain passionate interest in his possessions—in the rich veins of ore, in the very breaker itself. Was it not the biggest, the most expensive, with the highest "head-house" and the deepest shaft, all iron bratticed, of any in the valley?

It was christened with the combined names of his two little daughters. Every morning he looked out upon its fine black outlines, admiring it as he would a work of art. He had paid a large sum to a great artist for painting its portrait, which now hung, suitably framed, upon his walls—all of which surely goes to prove that a bloated capitalist may also be a man of sensibility. That Mr. Henderson was original of idea and had an eye for the picturesque is sufficiently shown by his conception of a miners' parade *in costume*. Upon carrying out his conception he had undoubtedly set his heart, but now it looked as if everything would fall through. He was not only disappointed, he was genuinely angry. He had not dreamed of any disaffection, supposing that the miners to a man would be only too proud to join in so grand an affair as he proposed this should be.

What an ungrateful gang they were! With everything done for their welfare could they not grant this little favor to one who, while their employer, was always striving to be their benefactor as well? What was the good of being served by men who were capable of no feelings of friendly generosity after their wages were paid? All the ill-made Polanders and stupid Hungarian scrubs would be on hand, of course, but the ones he had most counted on were the first to back out; those big, handsome Irishmen—what a grand company they would make! The biggest and handsomest of the lot, however, Tom Lunday, had not come to beg off. Owens, who had called this evening, intimated that the success of the parade now depended almost wholly upon Tom, whose character was of that mysterious make known as "influential." "There's a few," Owens had said, "that'll hold themselves stiff in any case—Phinn and his set; but the rest say that if Lunday goes they'll go, and so it stands."

"And will Lunday go?" Mr. Henderson had asked.

"Well, that's uncertain," replied Owens.

But Mr. Henderson now felt safe in assuring himself that it was certain. Tom was a good fellow, steady and honest, with a decent sense of gratitude and respect. Such stuff as he ought not to be kept down in the ranks. The next time a boss's position became vacant—

"Mr. Henderson," spoke a deep, timid voice out of the darkness at the foot of the steps.

Mr. Henderson strained his eyes. "Who's there?" he asked.

A figure moved into the ray of light shed by the hall lamp. There was no mistaking those long yellow locks.

"Why Lunday, what is it?"

"Mr. Henderson"—Tom choked considerably in getting the words out—"I've come to ask ye to let me off from paradin'. I don't mind the doin' of it, an' I'd like to please ye first rate; but I got a sun-sthroke five years ago, an'—"

"See here, my man," interrupted Mr. Henderson, "I've had enough of this. I wondered what new complaint would be breaking out among you fellows down there. How they've been able to work with all their sore toes, sprained ankles, rheumatic backs, and what not is more than I can imagine. But this is positively the first case of sun-stroke! It won't do. You've got an excellent reputation, Lunday, and I'd like to excuse you, but I can't. There's no use trying to do this sort of thing with a handful of men. Now your example goes for a good deal hereabouts, I'm told. Owens says you're the bellwether, and they'll all follow where you lead—"

"I'm no one to sthir up the men, Mr. Henderson!" burst out Tom with indignation.

"I did not say you were that, Lunday; it is to your credit that you exert so quiet an influence and always for good, so that even the whisky ring respect what you do and think. Now I understand that it virtually rests with you to say whether or not there shall be a parade. You can see, I'm sure, what a disappointment it will be to me if the thing falls through, and I tell you plainly, I count on you to help me."

"I'd like to be of assistance to ye, sir," said Tom, "an' sure it's a fine thing ye're gettin' up fer us to take part in—thim as can go into it shud be no ind proud—an' I mesilf had no wish to back out, Mr. Henderson, only me old woman she's afeared fer me health, an' she got at me an' kept at me till I was forced agin me will to come an' ask to be let off."

Ah, Tom, Tom!—at Adam's old trick? Yet blame him not, reader. Calpurnia's dreams caused even great Cæsar to halt in the path of duty, nor did he scorn to say, "My wife stays me at home."

But this admission of Tom's was very ill-timed. By making it he lost all chance of convincing Mr. Henderson of the genuineness of his plea. That gentleman burst into a fit of laughter. "Oh! well, women have their little notions," said he, "but we can't always humor them"; then in a determinate tone—"good-night; see you at the South Pool Common to-morrow afternoon"; and moved as if to go in.

"But, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Henderson!" called Tom after him, in so desperate a tone that Mr. Henderson turned back; "I can't lave ye till I'm honest wid ye; ye're countin' on me too much. It's thrue what I told ye, that I didn't come here o' me own will, but only to satisfy Mrs. Lunday; an' though ye won't say ye'll excuse me, I'll have to do in the ind what she says."

"Indeed! How so?"

"'Cause she's the boss," replied Tom simply; "if it was a matter o' business wid ye, sir, I'd putt ye first ivery time, but whin—well, whin it's a matter o' plasure, I think it's but dacent in me to give in to me old woman. Howiver," and Tom moved a little nearer, resting one foot on the lowest step, "there's wan thing I'd like to ask ye: is it the truth what they say, that thim of us as won't march 'll be turned off?"

The darkness concealed a very red face at the top of the steps.

"Oh! that's the trouble, is it?"

"Not wid her; she's only fer kapin' me above ground some longer—and indade it's a bad head I have; but what most troubles me, sir, is the fear o' havin' to lave me place what I've paid down on twice already, an' what I've planted an' hoed—" Tom choked, he could not go on.

Mr. Henderson was silent for a few moments. He was seeing himself in a very unpleasant light—that of a tyrant—and questioning how much he had really meant in his hints to Owens. These hints had not seemed to him very serious at the time, yet he now recognized the fact that in making them he had been influenced by a certain intention of coercion. There were men in his position who had been known to coerce their workmen for political ends, and he had always condemned them. Certainly, he had never intended to dismiss a man like Lunday for such a cause, and this being the case, it would be obviously

unjust to treat the others so, even though they chose to disoblige him. After all, had he any right to expect them to humor a mere whim of his?

When Owens, accounting to Tom for the Big Boss's conduct, said, "Politics has got into him," he was right as to the fact but not wholly right as to the inference. Mr. Henderson's eyes were indeed turned towards Washington, but as yet he had not—at least consciously—followed any "crooked ways" to get there. In seeking to carry out this scheme of a miner's parade he was aware of no motives beyond those of indulging a rather weird fancy and of flattering a very natural pride at being able to display so large a body of his own employees. But he now discovered that his employees had views and reasons of their own which he was bound to respect, and it hurt him keenly to feel that he was even under suspicion of failing to yield such respect.

"Who told you this?" he at length asked.

"I heard tell of it"—Tom would not betray Owens—"but I didn't more'n half belave it, sir."

"You mustn't believe it at all. Owens misunderstood me; of course it was he who told you—" Here Mr. Henderson checked himself, thinking it more dignified to explain nothing. Tom, who had all this time been holding his hat in his hand, made as if to put it on. "Mr. Lunday," said the Big Boss, in a tone of the utmost politeness, "I should be greatly obliged to you if you could see your way clear towards doing this thing for me, but of course I cannot insist, since, as you have said, this is not exactly a matter of business, and, as it seems to touch your private domestic affairs, I have no right to interfere. You must be permitted to do as you please, and we will say no more about it at present. Good-night"; and he walked into the house, closing the door behind him.

On his way down the hill Tom said to himself: "I'll not tell Annie the Boss was so aisy wid me. I'll make her think he wouldn't let me off, an' see what she says. Thin I'll go annyhow." The sensible Mr. Lunday was not a little set up. Mr. Henderson's flattering opinion, supported by quotations from Owen Owens, gave him a quite new sense of importance, which was increased by the deferential manner of his superior toward him. He had fulfilled his duty to his wife by complying with her wishes; the rest was the Big Boss's affair, not his. Tom easily persuaded himself that he would be practising no decep-

tion on Annie by giving her to understand that his petition had been rejected.

Mr. Henderson's last words surely did not express his real feeling, which had come out plainly at first. Tom now felt considerably ashamed of having pleaded Annie's objections. He was willing to be *bossed* by her in family matters, but this was a case in which a man ought to assert his right to do as he chose. He chose to please Mr. Henderson—he had meant to do it from the first—and certainly he could not refuse now after being treated like a gentleman.

When Tom related to Annie such portions of the interview as he deemed fit he was a little disappointed that she took it so quietly. For a while she did not speak, then said without emotion: "I reckon ye made a muddle of it; if it was me as wanted to git out of a thing I'd done it, sure."

This Tom could not deny; he thought his wife altogether clever.

Presently she said in a changed tone: "Maybe it'll not be a hot day; but if it is, ye'll put a wet rag in your hat an' carry an umberella along."

"Umberella!" sarcastically. "A man what goes marchin' miles an' miles wid a big iron shtick on his shoulder wants wan arm of him free to swing, else he'll get a shtiff in his back."

"An' ain't I carried a baby an' a basket an' a umberella all at the wan time? an me back's as good as iver it was."

"Looks like women is made fer that sort of thing," said Tom, and straightway dropped asleep.

It *was* a hot day—a boiling, stewing day, whereon humidity and heat seemed to be running a race with each other. Notwithstanding Mr. Henderson's apprehensions, a comparatively small number of the Rosemily gang failed him.

Between five and six hundred men and boys were congregated on the Common at nine o'clock on the morning of the Fourth. Sunday afternoon's drill had been tolerably successful, so that the final forming of companies was accomplished with little trouble. The Big Boss himself, as chief marshal of the procession, appeared mounted upon a fine black horse. The head boss of each department rode with him as assistant marshals, and these were permitted to wear their best clothes; but the rest came attired in the inky, oily raiment which they wore at their every-day labor.

By ten o'clock all were ready to start. Foremost rode the

marshals, making with Mr. Henderson a baker's dozen. They all did their best to look perfectly at ease, and every man of them held his bridle with both hands.

At a certain distance behind the marshals walked two men, one carrying a large flag, the other a banner bearing the inscription, "A welcome to the President from the Rosemily Regiment." On the reverse of the banner was a coal-breaker.

Then followed the miners—a large body—each with his drill gun-fashion. After the miners marched the laborers, some carrying picks, some shovels.

Next, a body of cavalry—the driver-boys—mounted upon mules and flourishing whips of knotted leather. The slate-pickers formed the rear-guard, ranging from youths down to boys of ten and twelve.

These last, who numbered nearly four score, having neither prejudices nor physical disabilities, were able to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion. They had blackened their faces and hands, and looked a very army of imps.

And now the whole procession was in motion. Mr. Henderson, turning in his saddle, cast a proud eye backward over the "serried files" of black figures. The hot sun glinted upon hundreds of bobbing hat-lamps, and upon rows and rows of the dinner-pails slung by straps across the men's shoulders. It was possible to keep better step than they kept, but no matter! Here actually was the Rosemily Regiment, and wonderfully effective, too. How many mine-owners would have conceived such a thing, and where was another who could have carried out the idea?

This was what came of living among your men, and joining to the best business management a sort of parental care and interest. Mr. Henderson did not feel at all bitter this morning toward the hundred or two who had refused to gratify him. There were enough without them.

A distance of several yards was maintained between the banner-bearers and the division of miners. In this space, as captain of the division, marched Tom Lunday. He was the tallest man in the regiment and further conspicuous by his long, light hair. He shouldered his drill in a truly military manner, and stepped along as only that man can whose legs are exactly of the right length. As they passed through the village on their way citywards, crowds of women and children stood watching at the gates. Few of the disaffected men were to be seen, though here and there one less shamefaced or less proud than the rest peered out from a window or even stood boldly in a door-way.

At the gate of Tom Lunday's place his little ones, large-eyed and wholesomely dirty, were huddled together, looking wonderingly for their father among this great mass of men. Tom noticed that their mother was not with them, but as the first line of "foot" came opposite the house Annie appeared at the door and passed quickly through the group of children out into the street. She was clad in a clean gingham gown and a long, white apron. Upon her head she wore a stiffly-starched sunbonnet, and carried in her hand a brown cotton umbrella of stupendous size.

Joining her husband, she raised the umbrella over his head and walked along beside him without a word.

Tom was at first speechless, but a laugh broke out among his fellow-miners, which, spreading along the ranks, grew into a roar. The meaning of Mrs. Lunday's act was well understood; "Tom Lunday's head" had long been a subject for pleasant ridicule at the Rosemily. Tom, who knew his trouble to be a serious one, had never minded the ridicule much, but the present circumstances made it unbearable.

"Do ye want to be makin' a fool o' me, Annie?" he said, trying to get his head out from under the hateful shelter. But Annie walked on, silently persistent.

Meanwhile, the laughter attracted Mr. Henderson's attention, and, wheeling about, he rode back to find out the cause of it. The huge umbrella at once caught his eye.

"Hello, Lunday! what's all this about?"

"It's not me, sir," said Tom in a deprecating tone; "it's me old woman."

Mr. Henderson looked quizzically down at the "old woman," who was blushing under her sunbonnet and looking anything but old spite of her absent front teeth. The umbrella did not shield her in the least, for Tom, being so tall, she had to hold it very high. It was a clumsy weight to support thus, but Annie grasped it with as firm a hand and carried it at arm's length as steadily as does Liberty her torch.

There was something almost pathetic in the sturdy devotion expressed by every line and movement of the little figure; in the quick, short steps, in the head held doggedly erect, in the stoutly uplifted arm.

Mr. Henderson smiled as he watched her and yet felt strangely touched. Tom's excuse came back to his mind. He had really thought it only an excuse and had paid no further regard to it. But everything in this little woman's manner showed him

plainly that here was no shamming. He returned to his place at the head of the procession, wondering how many beside Tom were unfit for what he had required of them. For a few moments his scheme looked to him both childish and selfish, but presently, remembering the apparent zest with which the men had gone through their Sunday drill and also their general air of cheerfulness this morning, he easily banished the doubts which cast a damper upon his pride. But he resolved to keep watch of Lunday, and if that excellent fellow showed any signs of succumbing to the heat, back he should go in the Henderson carriage, which was following at no great distance.

But Lunday showed not the least sign of succumbing to the heat. Possibly years of caution had enabled him to overcome the tendency to sunstroke—his sober habits were undoubtedly in his favor; moreover, the miner's costume was a light one, consisting only of a flannel shirt well opened at the throat, and trousers. The wet rag for his hat had not been forgotten, and with the big umbrella to boot he was, notwithstanding a burning sun and sultry atmosphere, comparatively safe.

For all this he felt extremely uncomfortable owing to that same umbrella. More than once did he try to take the offensive thing into his own hand, but vainly; Annie's grip was irresistible, and Tom was too much of a gentleman to tussle with his wife in public.

It might have been supposed that the Big Boss, disgusted at seeing his fine procession marred by so inappropriate an object, would order both umbrella and bearer out of the ranks, but his smile of amusement as he rode off to the front caused great disappointment to Tom.

As for Annie, she minded nothing. The whole village were welcome to laugh at her—a privilege which they made the most of.

Having resolved and undertaken to protect her husband during his march she fully intended to accomplish the same. Because he fretted under it was no reason for yielding to him; she had expected him to fret. Men to her were but children of a larger growth, and she held the umbrella over her "old man's" head in the same spirit as that in which she administered tansy or rhubarb to her babies.

Thus, raised by sheer force of resolution above all fear of comment or remonstrance, did she go forth from the village at the head of the Big Boss's parade.

Once only during their long march over the dusty country road were any words exchanged between husband and wife.

Tom, noticing that Annie's arm was growing unsteady, proposed her changing sides with him. As she did so he said: "What's become o' the baby?"

"The Lard 'll take keer o' her," responded Annie mysteriously.

"Maybe he'd 'a' taken keer o' me, too, widout your comin' along," insinuated Tom.

"Sure, an' isn't he a-takin' keer o' ye this minute?" said she.

Tom felt that he was being well taken care of, and since he had not looked for any direct interposition of Providence in his behalf, he was fain to recognize in his wife the only too-willing instrument of "the Lard."

The big town was all agog with the President's visit, an honor unparalleled in its history. Bricks were hardly visible for the bunting which covered them, and even in the poorest parts might be seen pitiful attempts at decoration, garments and mere rags of the patriotic colors being hung out where flags and other drapery were lacking.

Naturally there was considerable curiosity to see Mr. Henderson's division of the grand parade, and great was the wonder and delight expressed thereat, for, while miners in themselves were here no rarity, yet so large an organized body of them was decidedly impressive, and this spite of the fact that no amount of vigilance on the part of the marshals could keep the slate-pickers from acting even more impish than they looked, or infuse the least particle of cavalry spirit into the mules and their riders.

As they entered the city an unexpected sensation attacked Annie. Those hundreds of head-filled windows, each head furnished with two cruel eyes apiece; those heartlessly gay groups on door-steps and verandas; that jostling, jeering crowd of rudely staring men and impudent boys—the natural hangers-on of every street-show—all was indescribably painful to the modest bearer of the umbrella, who felt horribly conspicuous, holding on high the burdensome thing and trotting along in the middle of the street, "like an old cow," as she said to herself. Gladly would she have lowered the umbrella and covered her own face withal.

Every few steps somebody in the crowd propounded the question: "What's the matter with the umbrella?" And the cheerful response, "*She's* all right!" was never wanting.

Tom, too, came in for a personal share in the remarks. "So you've brought your girl along!" "Ain't he a toney one, though!" "Don't let him get tanned; he's too pretty to spoil."

Tom could have borne this cheap fun very well for himself, but it troubled him that a woman—and that woman his wife—should in so public a place be subjected to such rudeness. Still, he saw no help for it. A glance at Annie sufficed to show him the futility of trying to get rid of her. She was *grit* personified. Every time Tom shifted his drill she took the other side and shifted her umbrella.

The intensity of self-consciousness which, by reaction, had at first made her almost deaf and blind, gradually lessened, especially after reaching the better part of the town, where window and door-step comments, if made at all, were not audible to the objects of them.

She quite forgot herself in the excitement of joining forces with the regiment of State militia on the broad, green, well-shaded river-bank. Those civilian soldiers, youthful and trim, in their dainty uniform with its bravery of braid and buttons, seemed, in contrast to the miners, like birds of gorgeous plumage trooping with crows. Marching was now quite a different thing when accompanied by a band of men who discoursed through mouth-pieces of brass and silver martial music of the most inspiriting character. Annie's senses became elated to a pitch that obliterated all bodily consciousness. Surely she and Tom, keeping step together to the stately march measure, could not be common denizens of earth. Afterwards, when describing her feelings, she said: "I jist thought we was two blissed saints a-turnin' into angels."

Whether her husband fully shared her exalted frame of mind is matter for conjecture; but having, like a sensible man, resigned himself to the inevitable as represented by the umbrella, he began to enjoy the sensation of being a part of this great, music-led mass.

It had not taken him very long to resign himself. His natural feeling of vexation at the trick played upon him by Annie was quickly followed by the thought that he entirely deserved it for having deceived her. Often before, in endeavoring to manage things his own way, he had been deterred by this wise little woman. In the matter of the parade he had gained his point—only to find that his wife could even here outwit him.

How the station was at length reached; how the train bringing the President was on time; how, after saluting the troops and being cheered in return, that great man entered a barouche drawn by four gray horses and rode to his destination smiling

blandly right and left; of the speech that he made from the hotel veranda, wherein he complimented indiscriminately the city—what he had seen of it; the hotel, in which he had not yet dined; the citizens, including, of course, the hoodlums who formed one-half of the crowd beneath him; of the impressive oratorical pause which he made before apostrophizing with great sonority of utterance "Yonder imposing body of men in dusky raiment, bearing aloft the glittering insignia of a dangerous but noble occupation—you, the underground sons of toil"; of the hooting and bellowing that burst forth in answer to this timely allusion, the slate-pickers being not slow in testifying their approval by a chorus of two-finger whistles; how quiet was restored and the address concluded; of the recklessly patriotic waste of ammunition and inconsideration of the Presidential nerves in firing minute-guns all day long; also how three small boys got kicked over by the cannon, but were not otherwise hurt; how everywhere that Lunday went the umbrella was sure to go; and how returning home under it in the rain he was able to crow over the men who had whilom jibed but now envied—all these things may be mentioned but not enlarged upon.

Late that evening as Annie with the baby on one hip was bustling about to prepare supper, she heard voices outside, and presently Tom put his head in the door saying: "Come along, ye're wanted at the front."

Not waiting to set down the baby, she hastened out. At the gate sat a figure on horseback. It was the Big Boss just returning from town.

"Mrs. Lunday," said he, and raised his hat as he spoke, "I've stopped to thank you for your share in to-day's business. It was a very large share indeed. I'm convinced that but for you there would have been no parade at all."

"How's that, sir?" asked Annie innocently.

"You are very modest, Mrs. Lunday, but I must insist that it was noble in you to give in under the circumstances, and thoughtful of me, besides, when I had excused your husband. Moreover, you are a brave woman to do as you did. Very trying it must have been; but no one thought the less of you for it, I can assure you. If I had badges of honor to distribute, I should give you, Mrs. Lunday, the highest one as captain of the Rosemily Regiment." Then, shaking hands with the astonished woman and patting the baby on the head, Mr. Henderson rode off.

When Annie went back into the house Tom was sitting in a

corner, pretending to doze. She continued her work for some minutes, then walked over to where he sat and stood before him.

"Tom," she said. Tom stirred a little. "Why didn't ye tell me the Boss let ye off?"

Tom opened his eyes. "I reckon we're quits, ain't we?" looking her squarely in the face.

And Annie left unsaid what she was going to say.

EDITH BROWER.

HIC JACET.

UPON a stone with lichens gray,
'Mid mossy marbles of the dead,
A wild rose weeps itself away
In crimson tears and kisses red.

The beech upon it rains in gold;
A briar wantons over it,
And some old sculptor-hand hath scroll'd
Its brief *Hic Jacet*, quaintly writ.

But if or beauty, age, or youth
Be pillowed in the green below;
Or heart of hope, or tongue of truth,
Or babe or bride, we may not know.

Or if in life's allotted span,
Who slumbers here knew aught of love,
That, hopeless, wastes the heart of man;
Or felt the gnawing pain thereof;

What cruel caprice of circumstance
O'ertook him, or what fate befell;
What lifting wave of lucky chance,
Two words alone remain to tell.

For run as will our round of years,
In shine or shadow, peace or strife;
Let laughter be our lot, or tears,
Hic Jacet is the sum of life.

PATRICK J. COLEMAN.

Philadelphia.

THE SOUTH BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE WAR.

UNTIL the introduction of railways the great routes of commerce and travel between the North and South were the same. In the East, by sea, along the Atlantic coast; in the West, by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Carriers and traders became acquainted with the commercial centres along these routes; but only in rare instances did their casual acquaintance with the country or its people reach beyond the vicinity of commercial towns. The great body of the people, North and South, did not know each other, and each held exaggerated and false notions of the other's moral and social status. That Southern institution which was not only the occasion, but a *causa causarum*, of civil war, always precluded free inquiry or frank interchange of opinions on matters even remotely affecting it. And was there ever a question of national policy that did not, directly or indirectly, affect its productive industries? that did not in some way affect the relative values of forced and free labor? Northern artisans complain of injury from competition with convict labor, though they do not yet propose to abolish convictions for crime or prohibit sentences to hard labor.

To say that Northern men who became residents in the South were ignorant of their native country, would seem absurd. But yet the assertion is not void of truth. After long residence, even in a foreign country, one becomes habituated to the manners and customs of its people and to their prevalent modes of thought. And as these become thoroughly engrafted, the memories of early life grow indistinct or are forgotten. Such transformations are, of course, more readily effected where identity of language, of race and its traditions, leaves nothing to be changed save what is due to the accidental conditions of social life. In fact these accidental differences were the sole distinctions between the Northern and Southern people. From time to time we have heard or read of the "cavaliers of Virginia" and of the "Southern chivalry," as if those people were not of the same race or social order as their Northern neighbors. In New York the "old Knickerbockers" are posed as a social aristocracy. A few days ago a city newspaper referred to one of those names which today is a synonym for wealth as representing the "blue blood of

the Knickerbockers," though fifty years ago not one of the name had ever risen above the rank of the sons of toil. All honor to them for merited success! It deserves a higher reward than the silly adulation of a common scribbler. In Carolina the "old Huguenots" became a shibboleth of respectability. New-Englanders are proud to trace their origin to or through *old* England; partly from filial piety, partly to prove that they "come of decent people."

There were shades of difference between the Blacks, Browns, and Grays of the South and the same colors in the North. But whether bleached or blackened by the Southern sun, may, perhaps, be questioned. In all this matter is involved much of that pretentiousness of mere vanity from which communities, like individuals, are rarely exempt. And it is at least remarkable that, in a country where heredity is supposed to be lightly esteemed, these persistent claims to distinction, like long-continued possession, should be generally accepted as evidence of right. History nowhere affords a more absurdly false theory to account for sectional strife, culminating in civil war, than that given by certain writers on the causes of the "American Civil War," and accepted, not only by strangers, but to some extent by many of our own people. There were no specific differences of race that even remotely affected their peaceful relations. Nor were there any differences of social condition between the colonists of different sections or States to account for conflicting opinions or discordant tastes. Those of the six New England States, of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, the Carolinas, and Georgia, were for the greater part of English, Irish, and Scottish parentage, and the Western States were colonized from them. That of these the most important element was English is evidenced by the language, the laws, and the social customs of the country. The great influx of Germans and Scandinavians in later years has but slightly affected us, but has Anglicized them.

That there was little difference of social rank or condition between the colonists of North and South is proved beyond question by colonial records. There is no escape from their evidence; and they tell us not only who but what the colonists were. Generally they were people who sought to improve their worldly fortunes; they were neither the rich nor the powerful. The more numerous exceptions to this rule would naturally be expected, where in fact they were, among those who came to the New World to secure that religious liberty *for themselves*

which was denied them in the Old. They were notably among the Puritans of New England, the Friends, or Quakers, of Pennsylvania, and the Catholics of Maryland. Doubtless there were many others—adventurous younger sons with little fortune or prospect of preferment at home, and some whom adversity had so reduced in fortune that they were unable to maintain their accustomed stations in the Old World, but yet were left with what was comparative wealth for a new country where poverty was the rule. To this class some of the leading colonists of Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia belonged. But their number was relatively small. The pretence of gentle birth, as a characteristic difference between colonists of different States, is alike silly and unfounded. There were Washingtons, Fairfaxes, Masons, Lees, and Johnstones in the array of old names in Virginia; Tudors, Vaughans, Waldrons, Wentworths, and Dudleys in New England, as later there were Van Cortlandts, Van Rensselaers, Livingstons, and Setons in New York; and in these and other colonies a list of less familiar names which might challenge their claims to precedence. God forbid that, while insistent upon the breed of dogs and horses, we should deny or forget that the laws of their Creator respect races of men! But the government which, under his providence, is established in our country recognizes no hereditary rank or privilege, either in civil affairs or social order. Though men are not equal as compared with each other, they are equal before the law in having equal claims to justice and protection, for this is but saying that they have equal claims to the justice and mercy of God.

It has been denied that the fact of slavery was the cause of war between the North and South. But the denial was intended for those, on the other side of the Atlantic, who would favor a rupture of the Union, but could not openly sympathize with a war for the protection and perpetuation of slavery. On no other issue could the South have been united in the attempt to destroy the union of the States. No other cause of war has ever been assigned which was not directly traceable to this. The fomenters of dissension, North and South, had been powerless but for the determination, on one side to oppose, on the other to defend, the institution of African slavery.

In 1838 "Abolitionism" was hardly respectable, even in the North. Fifteen years later, when I next served in Florida, the temper of the people had greatly changed. The South had be-

come embittered by the persistent efforts of Northern extremists, who denounced not only slavery, but the laws—and the Constitution itself—for giving *any* protection to domestic slavery. In the excitement engendered by fanatical propagandists—and they were fanatical—the Southern extremists, in turn, became fanatics. They began to claim a wider "area of freedom" for slavery. The institution which, in its beginning, had been, in a measure, forced upon the South, they now defended, on moral grounds, as of divine origin; and, therefore, essentially right. As a matter of choice, they preferred the vicarious mode of submission to the judgment on "man's first disobedience"—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." But neither the moral question involved, nor the direct political bearing of negro servitude; nor the question of a tariff on foreign imports; nor the question of internal improvements and the disposition of the proceeds of public lands; nor the aggregation of all these matters in dispute, was the cause of war between the general government and the seceding States, or of that sectionalism which was its immediate antecedent. It is often difficult to ascertain even the proximate causes of natural phenomena. Analysis will not always discover them. The constituents of a most delicate perfume are identical in kind and quantity with those of a very disgusting compound. The actual correlations of these elements are not the same in both. They are differently combined. The Southern people had not been blind to the evils of slavery, nor to its initial wrong, any more than are our Northern people insensible to the evils attendant on poverty and want. In fact, to the full extent of that recognition of domestic slavery which was embodied in the Constitution, the people of the North were as much responsible as those of the South. It was the fact, not the moral quality of slavery, that embarrassed every question of national policy, even when it seemed to be in no way involved. It was so interwoven with every industry, with every material interest, with domestic life, that only by violence, with its attendant evils, could it be eradicated from our social system.

The "abolitionists" on one side, and the "State rights" theorists on the other, had dissipated all hope of a peaceable solution of questions at issue between the North and the South. The political bond between them was the Constitution; there was no other. Prior to its adoption there had been a Confederation of *quasi*-sovereign States, which was found inadequate to the purposes of peaceful government at home, and without power to maintain its claims to equality with the sovereignties of Europe.

Its inadequacy was seen and confessed by the State governments as well as by the people at large, and in 1787 a convention of delegates from the several States of the Confederation assembled at Philadelphia to discuss the articles of Confederation, and propose such amendments as the needs of government required. Instead of amending the compact between the States, the result of their deliberation was to propose an act of revolution. The first article of the proposed Constitution ignored the existing compact, and formally declared itself to be the act of the people of the whole country; not of the States, or the people of the several States, but of the United States:

"We, *the people of the United States*, in order to form a more perfect union, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Under this Constitution the powers not delegated to the general government remained with the several States or with the people at large. With the people as, under God, the actual possessors of sovereign power; with the States and the people of the several States, not by virtue of possession, but by the grant or concession of the whole people whose sovereign will was expressed in and by the Constitution of the United States. It was not without opposition that the people of the several States ratified and confirmed the proposed Constitution. They were not hoodwinked into acceptance of an instrument whose scope remained to be discovered. In both Northern and Southern States it was opposed because it gave sovereign powers to the federal government on matters of national concern; and, of course, made the powers of individual States subordinate to it. When the Constitution was submitted to the people of the several States, as directed by the convention that formed it, their representatives met in convention for its consideration. New Hampshire was the ninth State to accept and ratify it. Virginia and New York came next; so that in 1789 the government under the Constitution was organized and in operation. But North Carolina and Rhode Island did not give it their adhesion until the following year, 1790. It is well to remember that opposition to the sovereignty of the federal government was manifested in New England and the Middle States, as well as in the South; and the possibility of future interference with State institutions was foreseen and made the ground of opposition in the conventions assembled for

its discussion. In the Virginia convention it was suggested that the ample powers entrusted to the general government might be used to abolish slavery. Governor Randolph, referring to this suggestion, said: "I hope there is none here who, considering the subject in the calm light of philosophy, will make an objection dishonorable to Virginia, that at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, an objection is started that there is a spark of hope that those unfortunate men now held in bondage may, by the operation of the general government, be made free."

But the question of domestic slavery was always regarded as matter of extreme delicacy, with which the States immediately concerned were, within their own limits, alone competent to deal. Unfortunately for the preservation of friendly relations, there were Territories, not yet States, which in time would be admitted to the Union, and whose status, as free or slave States, was yet open to discussion. It was not only for the extension of slavery that the South contended for its admission to the territory of prospective States, but to insure its protection where it already existed. Every new State gave two senators to the national legislature. And to preserve a balance of power between the free and the slave States in the Senate, the partisans of either section were averse to the admission of a new State on one side without a corresponding increment on the other. Though this did not imply hostility it evinced distrust. It was *not* indicative of a united people but of rival communities, which to-day are friends and allies, but who recognize the probability of future war—of words in the forum, if not of arms on the battle-field. The alienation between them had been continually progressive from the date of the federal Constitution. It was an alienation of sectional populations whose leaders pandered to the distinctive interests and prejudices of their constituencies, until the one ceased to regard the other's domestic rights under the supreme law, and the other denied the supremacy of the law itself.

Prior to the congressional debates on questions relating to internal improvements and a protective tariff for the encouragement of domestic industries—nearly sixty years ago—the divergent interests of Northern and Southern industries had developed nothing more threatening to peaceful relations than a moderate sectionalism, due, primarily, to the accidents of soil and climate, but requiring a wise discretion to reconcile conflicting interests and preclude sectional strife. But these were questions

of public policy, which not only affected every industry, but called in question the nature and extent of the powers of government. Then, for the first time on the floor of the Senate, the real sovereignty of individual States was boldly asserted, and that of the federal government explicitly denied. On one side, the Constitution was declared to be the sovereign will of the united people; on the other, to be a compact between sovereign States. If the act of the whole people, whose sovereignty is unquestionable, the powers of the States, whether previously existing in the autonomy of sovereign States or created by the Constitution, were, from the time of its adoption, concessions from the pre-eminent sovereignty of the national will. If but a compact between sovereign States, the declaration that it was the act of the people of the United States was false and delusive, but a delusion to which the States and their people consented!

In view of the reluctance with which the Constitution was received and ratified by the people of New Hampshire and Rhode Island, New York, Virginia, and North Carolina because of the ample powers conferred on the federal government, it is difficult to conceive why they or the other States, who had subjected it to the severest scrutiny before they severally ratified and confirmed it, had so hesitated to accept a mere compact from which they might at any time peacefully withdraw. But when the interests of the country at large required a policy to which the cotton-growing States were averse, Southern politicians—notably those of South Carolina—gave an interpretation of what they called the federal compact, which, if true, made the objections urged against its adoption both groundless and unmeaning, and made the instrument itself—the Constitution—worthless for the purpose of forming "a more perfect union" or insuring "domestic tranquillity."

The political differences between North and South were purely sectional. But there was a growing disposition to affect a popular distinction, as if there were characteristic differences of race between peoples who two or three generations back were one, and who, even then, were so intermingled by migration and domestic relations that a considerable percentage of Southern notables, professional men as well as planters and politicians, were of Northern birth and education. Yet this mythical distinction of race was not without effect even at home. In Europe it was willingly accepted as a fact of history. Even England, who should have known better, affected to accept it; and later, forgetting her persistent reproaches of Americans for so long

tolerating negro slavery, her *nouveaux riches*, and her pseudo-philanthropists, pretended to sympathize with a "people struggling for independence, and separation from those of another social order." And so they gave encouragement to rebellion; but more through hostility to a great republic and rival manufacturers than from friendship for the insurgent States, or the motive of their insurrection.

It is a curiosity of political history that, in England, among the best friends of the United States, in withholding aid and encouragement from the insurgent States, were the prince consort and the queen. And that, among the sovereigns of Europe, the czar openly declared his purpose to give substantial evidence of friendship if the adverse interference of other powers should make it necessary.

Was there ever a controversy which involved the various interests of peoples living in different climates and under different social conditions where either party was wholly right or altogether wrong? Every virtue has its kindred vice; as self-love is prone to merge in selfishness, so self-respect becomes pretentious and offensive if not restrained by just regard for others. And when controversy reaches a point where parties ignore whatever might check their zeal or modify their theories of right, or else treat it as contraband, war is no longer a threatened danger, but an existent fact. In this sense the civil war between the general government and the secessionists began long before the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter. It was manifest when, at a Democratic convention in Charleston, Southern members refused to unite with those from the North in nominating a candidate for the presidency; though there had been no act of hostility, no defiance of the sovereign power, nor pretence of secession from the Union. That the whole country so understood it is evident from the fact that the first overt act of hostility was no more a surprise than is the sound of the first gun when hostile armies are in line of battle.

When secession or the attempt at secession began, that of Florida was hardly an act of volition. Without adopting the extremest theories of State rights advocated by those who denied that the Constitution was the act of the people of the United States—declaring it to be only a compact between sovereign States who might, at will, withdraw or secede from the Union—without being inflated by the absurd notion that "Cotton is King," or accepting the monstrous doctrine that African slavery

was a divine institution, her industrial and commercial interests and her geographical position made it almost a necessity that, when the older and more populous Southern States "seceded," her lot should be cast with theirs. Yet in Florida, as in Virginia, the "ordinance of secession" met with earnest opposition. In the convention assembled at Tallahassee to determine what part Florida should take in the impending crisis, the venerable ex-Governor Call vainly tried to dissuade its members from following the lead of South Carolina. And when it became evident that their course had been predetermined, he forewarned them of the inevitable result—the desolation of the South. "I," said he, "may not live to see it, but some of you who are resolved to destroy the Union will, before peace is made, see your beautiful town of Tallahassee garrisoned by negro troops." He then left the convention, grieving over calamities which he saw impending, but was powerless to avert. Death spared him from the pain of witnessing the fulfilment of his prediction.

My old friend of 1838-39, Major Ward, was also a member of that convention. In season and out of season he denounced the conspiracy of disunionists, and in his place fought against secession to the last. He was one of the largest slave-holders in the State. Never given to reticence when it behooved him to speak, he was so earnest in denouncing the treasonable character of the secession movement that personal friends cautioned him to be less violent in view of the excited condition of popular feeling. The caution was ill suited to calm his own excitement or soften its expression. He told the convention that he would lose every negro and all else that he possessed rather than see the Union destroyed. But when the ordinance was passed, and, in imitation of the solemnity of 1776 the members of the convention were affixing their signatures to the formal act, he, too, went forward, and taking the pen said to those around him: "You are all my old friends and neighbors, and though you have determined to go to the devil, I will not abandon you even now. I am going to sign this ordinance of secession, but I call you to bear witness that I do it with full knowledge that I commit an act of damnable treason!" He afterward raised and commanded a regiment in the Confederate service, and fell in battle before Williamsburg. Some of our old friends in Tallahassee assured me that "secession" had really unsettled his mind, and that he seemed to court death more than victory in the war. Many others, who opposed secession until it seemed an accomplished fact, fought in the Confederate ranks in defence of home and

life-long friends, deeming the contest a war of factions when appeal was made *ad ultimam rationem regum.* Had the Confederate armies been formed from those only who approved "secession" for the reasons which moved its leaders, and those of the Union of "abolitionists," there had been no war. There is even an apparent paradox involved in the fact that the "poor whites" of the South, whom the negroes despised as "trash," were led to fight bravely for a cause that kept them in a condition little better than serfdom, and, in regard to the comforts of life, inferior to household slaves. But in a community where color is the badge of a servile race a white skin is a patent of nobility. So the poor whites of the South, like the poor Magyars of Hungary, were zealous in defence of privilege! They were unwilling to be made no better than the negroes. The offensive zeal of Northern abolitionists had long been a threatened danger to the South, and had aroused resentments which, in turn, became causes of offence and dissipated every hope of a peaceful solution of the political questions involved. When "the institution" was assailed as a moral and political evil for which the South alone was responsible, its champions no longer stood on the defensive, no longer apologized for its maintenance as a necessity of their condition. They became aggressive and revolutionary; while its assailants forgot or ignored the fact that they had once held slaves, and that unprofitableness had supplemented their moral objections to slavery before it was abolished.

In the wars of nations patriotism is aroused. In civil wars, like ours, loyalty and sectionalism are antagonists. Loyalty is fidelity to the law, not to a party or its behests. It is an abuse of language to apply the term to persistent attachment to sectional interests or partisan opinions. Rarely are men so loyal to any government as to reject considerations of self-interest, the ties of kindred, and the love of home, to maintain the sovereignty of law. Loyalty, not partisanship, is a virtue which includes all others, for it is the spirit of obedience to God, whose will alone is law. Men may wrangle in its defence and refuse consideration of minor motives until the appeal to arms. Then there is a change of issue, and it requires a clearer perception of the boundary between right and wrong, and a sterner sense of duty than many men possess, to forsake or peril all else, even life itself, in maintenance of law.

Many years ago—for I am old—I was assured by men older than I am now and who remembered the incipient stages of the Revolution of 1776, that even in Massachusetts, where disaffection

first appeared and where the first blood was shed, the great body of the people beyond the vicinity of Boston were loyal to old England until the war began. Lexington and Bunker Hill made "patriots" of thousands who neither knew nor cared about the wrong of the "Stamp Act," or the just principles of taxation and representation in Parliament. But then the masses were aroused to fight—for liberty! It may be a false sentiment; but, though I have little traditional regard for the "American loyalists"—for we, or some of us, were "patriots"—I have always felt deep respect for the men who, in 1776, periled their all and lost all for their loyalty. When that rebellion became revolution and the new government an accomplished fact, the loyalists to the king became no less loyal to the republic. The term *loyal* has been so much abused, and in our Civil War was so often employed to disguise baseness and cupidity, that its use would sometimes provoke derision. But what other word so exactly denotes faithfulness to the law?

Revolutions are not effected by the spontaneous rising of a united people. Beginning in a conspiracy of the few who dare the attempt—it may or may not be to resist a tyranny—it becomes a revolution when the great body of a people are persuaded or coerced to give it their support or their assent. Such was the English Revolution of 1688. Whatever may have been the faults of James II. or the house of Stuart, the great majority of the people of Great Britain and Ireland were not disloyal to their rule either then or for many years after the house of Hanover had, on the invitation of a few conspirators, usurped the throne. In our country the same *rôle* was attempted in the insurgent States, but from a different motive and with different results. There was at no time prior to the Civil War anything like unanimity of opinion in favor of disunion by force of arms. Before the attack on Fort Sumter, I doubt if there were more than a respectable minority of the Southern people in favor of secession. In Virginia it was at least questionable whether the State would join its ranks. One general, who afterward played a conspicuous part in the Confederate service, was, I believe, a member of the State Senate when the ordinance of secession was discussed and adopted. He is credited with having violently opposed it, and with having abruptly left the chamber because he "would not sit there in the company of traitors"! Whether this was literally true or not I do not know; it was so reported. But I *do* know that a few months afterwards he was a major-general in the Confederate service! *Tempora mutantur, et nos*

mutamur in illis was doubtless his plea of justification. Even in Charleston itself, the crater of disaffection and disunion, the numerical majority of disunionists was not large, if even its existence be conceded. But it was powerful and *loud* enough to drown the feeble voices of the unionists, all unprepared to cope with armed and clamorous rebellion. Yet there, even when the once loyal and peaceable part of the population had succumbed to what seemed to be the popular will, there were voices in opposition that would not be silenced. Of this we had a notable example in old Judge Pettigru. To the last, when young men would annoy him with reports of Confederate victories, the old judge would strike his cane upon the ground to give emphasis to his reply of "Confederates! Rebels and traitors!" and pass without further comment on the news.

In the fourth year of the Civil War, in company with some thirty generals, colonels, and majors, I was a prisoner of war in Charleston. It is due to truth as well as to the Confederate commander and his lieutenants, to say that we were well treated. Our "prison" was a pleasant dwelling-house fronting on the Ashley River and we were guarded, rather than confined, in our quarters by a small company of infantry. Five generals occupied part of the second story of the house, having their mess-room on the floor below.

The front room of the suite opened on a balcony overlooking the river and the road along its banks. The road was the prolongation of one of the streets of the town, and a favorite drive on summer evenings. It was sometimes a pastime to sit in the balcony and watch passing carriages; to note the bearing of their occupants, which might or might not indicate their sympathy with the prisoners of war on one side of the roadway, or with the guard upon the other. Of course this was but an idle pastime of idle men; but observation suggested inquiries, from which I became satisfied that at least a large minority of the people of Charleston were for "the Union." I do not believe that either the provost-marshal or the captain of his guard was a secessionist, though they were, in every detail, faithful to their trust.

What I had observed in southwestern Virginia prepared me to doubt the unanimity of Southern people in the war for secession. When on the way from West Virginia to Richmond, the Confederate major who conducted me and two officers of my staff to the "Libby Prison," said, on arriving at a certain point, "Well, I am glad that I can now give you a little more

liberty. We have reached a part of the country where the people are all good rebels." We halted to dine at a neat country house in one of the valleys of southwestern Virginia. When, after dinner, I offered the landlady a note in payment of my reckoning, she said: "Wait a moment for your change"; she then returned the note I had given, with a glance that said, "We are Union people."

A cursory examination of their small library had prepared me to understand such a signal. And though the host was then talking with the major about the Confederate forces as "our army," Webster's speeches, holding the place of honor among books of like character, indicated the political aliment of the family, and probably their opinions.

My horse had cast a shoe and was threatened with lameness. Our major proposed that I should ride forward to a smithy half-way up the mountain-side, where the shoe could be reset and where he would rejoin me before the work was done. One of his men accompanied me "for appearance' sake." While the smith was bending over the horse's hoof he turned his head to see that the guard was not in hearing, and asked: "Are you the Union gin'ral that was took on a steamboat on the Kanawha?" On answering that I was that unfortunate man he added: "If you could give this fellow the slip and hide in the woods till dark, and then make your way to the big white house that you see over my shoulder, you would be safe. All the people about here are for the Union, though they are afraid to say so." On my telling him that I had promised not to escape, he said: "Oh! I'm sorry." I was quite sure, by that time, that the people of the valley were not "*all good rebels.*"

If my observations in the South gave assurance that its people were not all good rebels, they were no less decisive of the fact that there was in the Confederate army a considerable element of Northern men. When, a prisoner of war *en route* to Richmond, I arrived at Dublin, in southwestern Virginia, among the first to greet my arrival was a general belonging to the staff of Lee's army. We had been room-mates at the Military Academy, and were from adjacent counties in Maine. The "Southern general" expressed his pleasure at meeting me—in captivity! Only a month before this happy meeting, when, with two or three officers of my staff I went from Cincinnati to West Virginia, we stopped one night at a large country house in Ohio. Our host earnestly asked: "How long is this war to last? My three boys joined the army at the beginning of the

war. One has been killed, and I am very anxious for the discharge of the two others. I am old and need them at home." Supposing them to belong to some regiment of my command, I asked to what corps they belonged. "The cavalry," he replied; "*Forrest's cavalry!*" As Forrest's cavalry was "on the other side," I could not oblige my host by procuring their discharge.

After spending some two months in "Libby Prison" at Richmond, I, with the larger part of the captive officers, was sent first to Danville, thence to Charlotte, N. C., and thence to Macon, Ga. Our train was delayed at some point near Columbia, S. C., to allow a regiment of Georgia cavalry to pass. It was commanded by Colonel M——, the only son of that rice-planter from Pennsylvania at whose place I was a visitor twenty-five years before.

On arriving at Macon I again met the Connecticut gentleman who in 1839 had been my travelling companion between Macon and Savannah. He told me that his sons were "with the army at the front." He did not seem as cordial as in former years.

From Macon we were transferred to Savannah, but remained there but one day and night. Thence we were sent to Charleston, to be, as the newspapers said, under the fire of our own batteries. Whatever may have been the intention that was the fact.

At Savannah the five brigadier-generals of our party occupied a house in the arsenal yard. We were seated on the piazza of the house when several gentlemen came into the yard, and among them one to whom General W—— called my attention by saying "There is Jo L——." Yes, it was he, an old West Point acquaintance of General W——, who came from my own Northern State, and who had been a visitor at my house a few years before. *He did not see either of us.* I confess to being ashamed of and for him. All the more, perhaps, when a few minutes afterward he was succeeded by the Confederate general commanding the department, who brought his young son to introduce him to his father's old instructor. But the general was from North Carolina, and perhaps the quondam gentleman from the North feared to show civility to Northern soldiers; but we did not credit him with that discretion.

On being "exchanged" at Hilton Head, in the summer of 1864, I was placed in command of the District of Florida. Among the first duties, on assuming command, was that of in-

specting the provost-marshal's office. On his list of prisoners one name attracted attention, as well from the cause of arrest—disloyalty—as from its being the name of a well-known public man who, more than thirty years before, was a senator in Congress from my own State. I sent for the prisoner, and, telling him that the "cause of arrest" opposite his name did not seem to justify imprisonment, unless he had been guilty of some overt act of hostility, I advised him to be frank with me, as I should, of course, ascertain all the facts of the case before acting upon it. He assured me that he had never committed any act of hostility against the United States government. "Of course," he said, "my sympathies are with my own people." On telling him what had drawn my attention to his case, he said that he knew of the senator whose name he bore, but his own family was of Danish origin. Promising to give immediate attention to his case, I sent him back to the provost guard. On further inquiry a writing-desk was produced, which had been brought from his house at the time of arrest. It was sealed when taken and the seals were unbroken. In it was found the gentleman's letter-book, containing copies of letters, in his own handwriting, to parties in London, Liverpool, the Cape de Verde Islands, and Baia, on the coast of Brazil—all under dates just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War—advising his correspondents that the South had determined to sever its connection with the Northern States; that years must elapse before commercial relations with them could be restored; and, therefore, it became necessary to open new channels of trade for Southern products. He had given his correspondents a schedule of his property in cotton and pine lands; the number of his slaves and cattle; his steam saw-mills for the manufacture of yellow-pine lumber, etc.—in short, all information necessary to show the scale upon which he was prepared to negotiate for the sale of his products. In a second interview with the gentleman of Danish extraction, I told him that it had occurred to me that while his name was undoubtedly of Danish or Norman origin, his ancestors might have come to America by way of England, where they had possibly remained for a few centuries before crossing the Atlantic. He was, in fact, a nephew of the senator from Maine, where he was born and educated. His brother was a colonel in the Confederate army; so, of course, his sympathies were with his people. He had deliberately prepared for either the success or failure of the secession movement. If it succeeded, his foreign correspondents were forewarned of the event. If it failed, an *ante nuptæ*

deed of all his real property to his wife would, perhaps, secure it from confiscation. Northern men with Southern principles were numerous in the South before the war, and until its result was foreshadowed. Then it was wonderful to see the number of "escapes from the rebels." The gentleman of Danish extraction was not one of these. He at least avowed his sympathy for the people with whom his lot was cast, though their cause was lost. There were many of quite another type; among them two who, at the beginning of the contest, were active partisans for secession, but became converts to "loyalty" and "escaped from the rebels" when their failure was assured. One of them, a lawyer, returned to Florida as judge of the United States District Court; the other as United States marshal. At the outbreak of the war the marshal had been proprietor of "The Confederate Packing-House," and was zealous in the recruiting service of the "Confederacy." Confederate flags floated over his store-house and dwelling, and the "Confederate Packing-House" even issued scrip of small denominations for the convenience of its customers. The judge had been an applicant for a judicial office under the Confederacy, but, by an accidental delay, failed to secure it.

On taking command of the "District of Florida" I learned that several confiscations of rebel property had been decreed by the District Court, and that some of the condemned property had been sold at auction by the United States marshal. As martial law obtained in the State, and the confiscations had been made without the consent or knowledge of the military commander, he did not hesitate to cancel the decrees of the court and the sales made under them, and to forbid further action in the premises. He was led to adopt this course on examining the cases involved on their merits. It was found that one of the properties sold belonged to an alien resident; another to a female orphan who, at the commencement of the rebellion, was less than twelve years old. The first-named property comprised several town-lots, on which was a large steam saw-mill for making yellow-pine lumber. Its proceeds were about twenty thousand dollars per annum. It was sold as "water-lots" for four thousand dollars in "greenbacks"! Its hostile character was proved by the fact that, when the town was occupied by Confederate troops, the owner had supplied them with lumber for military uses! As he could not do otherwise, and as the law of war makes such supplies legitimate, it is hard to see why the property should have been condemned. The second was im-

proved city property, valued at about eighty thousand dollars, which by the sale would pass to the loyal purchaser for less than a tithe of its value. In short, it seemed an attempt to perpetrate a disgusting fraud under the forms of law.

It is worthy of record that the result of an appeal to "the executive" at Washington, in behalf of "the judicial power coerced by a military officer," was an order from the War Department forbidding confiscations and sales of property under pretended confiscations, in the District of Florida, without the approval of the military commander.

These instances of "Northern men with Southern principles" are mentioned in no unkindly spirit, but in proof that the Civil War of 1861–5 was not a war of races, but of sections whose supposed interests were antagonistic. If they show that Northern men with Southern principles were more hostile to the Union and its defenders than were their Southern comrades, they only show the truth.

At last the war was ended: Sherman's continuous successes in the Southwest, crowned by the defeat of the Confederates before Atlanta, proved his long march through the South to be indeed a "fold of the anaconda" by which the older General, Scott, at the outbreak of the Civil War, had said the rebellion must be crushed. It so narrowed the theatre of war that, after Grant's battles of "the Wilderness" and Sheridan's defeat of the Confederate cavalry, the war was ended. The surrender at Appomattox was the acknowledgment of an accomplished fact.

A few weeks after Lee's surrender I was again at Tallahassee; this time on a tour through the "Department of the South" for the examination of volunteer officers about to be mustered out of service. In the twenty-five years since my first visit the town had not greatly changed in outward appearance; so little, indeed, that old landmarks were easily recognized. The hotel where I was so long an unwilling guest, where I had endured the pains of illness and experienced the benevolent kindness of strangers in the guise of friends, seemed little changed, though its plenishing had not escaped the accidents of war. Some of it had been sold or carried away captive, and what remained bore marks of rough usage and neglect. I walked through the familiar streets almost expecting to meet old friends, whose places had long been occupied—not filled—by strangers. I entered a warehouse where I saw what seemed a familiar face, and found, not an old acquaintance, but his son in a man of middle age. While inquiring for old acquaintances in Tallahassee a young gentle-

man appeared at the door and I was invited to come in. He was the son of that friend with whom I had been so intimate in former years—the friend who fell at Williamsburg.

I called at the house of that friend who spent so many hours by my bedside, and provided for my needs in illness and convalescence. Where I had been a favored guest when everything betokened refinement and ample means, I was shocked at seeing unmistakable signs of poverty, with nothing to remind me of former days save the gentle bearing of host and hostess. My old friend—he was now old in years—saw my pained surprise, though I tried to seem unobservant, and answered it. "Yes, you see to what we are reduced. Even my household furniture, as well as lands and negroes—all that I owned, except some wild lands which I have no means to cultivate, is gone. You know that, like my grandfather, I always disliked slavery. Yet it seemed a present necessity for master and slave alike. I was glad to exchange plantations and negroes in Florida for means to purchase lands and cattle in Texas, where I desired to establish my sons on stock-farms, that so they might escape the necessity of holding slaves. I accepted Confederate bonds in payment for my Florida property, never doubting that they would be redeemed. Like many others, I regretted the secession movement, but never questioned the ability of the South to maintain her independence. I did not believe that the North would seriously attempt coercion, nor did I for a moment believe in her ability to effect it. We at the South did not realize her superior power nor her determination to maintain the union of the States. But the struggle is over and now old age and poverty have come upon me together. My lot is that of many others, who, like me, can only bow to adversity, because old age has neither time nor strength to recuperate lost fortune." And I had nothing but heart-felt sorrow for undeserved adversity to offer in return for years of friendship and the favors of the past. The son of a distinguished senator from Virginia, when senators were the representatives of States, and the grandson of Jefferson, he was a man of such exemplary life, so free from the animosities of sectionalism, that it seemed hard indeed that he should be among the victims of unholy civil war—the sequence of disloyal arrogance and fanaticism.

In view of the fact that the South had never been united on the question of State sovereignty as held by the extremists of South Carolina, that Virginia and Kentucky had, in former years,

given positive indications of their desire to be rid of slavery, whose existence implied the social degradation of a large class of their free people, it is hard to understand how the Southern States could have been united in a war for its support. Could the conflict have been confined to those who engendered strife, war to the death had been a blessing undisguised to the North and South alike. But in the Southern armies there were thousands who did not approve secession who fought, and fought bravely, to repel invasion, and in defence of home and kindred. In those of the government thousands who had hardly more sympathy with fanatical abolition than with slavery fought to crush treason in arms against the state. These, on either side, fought the battles of the war, while others, who had been active to promote dissension and make compromise impossible, remained at home to criticise defeats and reap the fruits of victory.

We raise monuments in honor of those who died in war, often with so little discrimination of their merits that they seem to have been raised rather to glorify the living than to honor the memory of the dead. But there is a class of men who periled more than life in the defence of the government to which they had sworn allegiance, who have met with little reward or recognition for faithful service. I mean those Southern men who, not seduced from their allegiance by the doctrine of State sovereignty, respected their oaths as soldiers when every other consideration urged them to join the ranks of secession. It is simply true that they were not given that consideration and confidence to which they were fairly entitled, and yet they were faithful and brave soldiers of the Republic. Names need not and should not be mentioned here. Only a few days ago I sat by the death-bed of one of these; he was a model soldier, for whose efficient service in organizing and arming the volunteers of Illinois, where he chanced to be resident at the outbreak of the war, its legislature gave him a vote of thanks. He was chief of artillery under Rosecrans and Buell in the West. He did attain the rank of brigadier-general, and—total blindness, in recompense of faithful service; that was all.

Some fifteen years ago I met in Brooklyn another of the distinguished graduates of West Point, a brigadier-general, retired in some inferior grade; I asked if he had been home since the war. "Oh, yes!" he answered, "I am at home all the time; I live in —— Street. If you mean Carolina, I have not been there;

for that is no longer a home to me. I have near kindred there, but none that would speak to me if we should meet. Yes," said he, "it is a little hard to be kept in the background, refused confidence, refused promotion, because you come from a 'rebel State,' and then find yourself rejected by your own family because you were faithful to the government that would not trust you." He, too, is dead. These, and such as these, were the real Martyrs and Confessors of the Republic in the Civil War. It would be significant of belief in loyalty as something higher than partisanship, if honors were bestowed on those who bore the pains of martyrdom under suspicion and neglect. But after the battle dead heroes too often became the prey of living vultures.

The reconstruction of the insurgent States involved more than the resumption of federal relations, or a return to the *status quo ante bellum.* Industrial conditions were changed; slavery was abolished, by which the great productive industries of the South were for a time impaired, and the necessities of war had made manufacturing too important and too profitable to be abandoned on the return of peace. Prior to the war Southern industry was planting. Products for export were cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco. Indian corn, fruits, and early vegetables were grown abundantly for home consumption and Northern markets. Mechanical industries were inconsiderable and in low repute. Even implements of tillage, as well as textile and other fabrics for personal and household uses, and products of skilled labor of every kind, came chiefly from the North.

While slavery existed there was a fancied dignity attached to the condition of Southern planter, to which "distance lent enchantment." He sometimes spoke of his negroes as "my people," almost *en prince.* The principality was not, indeed, of high degree, but high enough to inflate pretentiousness and degrade free labor. At home the negroes were well cared for by good masters; with others, they were sometimes but half-clad and ill-fed slaves. Abroad, at the North, and in other countries where they were referred to as "my people," the planter posed as a "Cedric the Saxon," and the negroes were his "thralls." But the descriptions of negro servitude given by fanatical writers, though truthful delineations of gross abuses incident to slavery, were slanderous and false as portraitures of Southern life. Not less false and mischievous were the descriptions of low cunning and dishonesty to Northern artisans and tradesmen, because of the trickeries of chapmen and pedlars. Both were essentially false,

but with enough of incidental truth to give currency to offensive falsehood, and engender sectionalism and distrust; to prepare the "Southern heart" for the repudiation of "federal sovereignty," while Northern zeal appealed to "higher law." Thus to the extremists of either section the Constitution was only a *bond* of union, which those of the North were willing to amend and those of the South were determined to destroy.

Southern industries were certainly in marked contrast with those of the North. That financially they were less prosperous is evident from the fact that, at the outbreak of Civil War, the South was so largely indebted that the confiscation of debts was mooted as a possible resource of the "Confederate" treasury. This may have been only an apprehension of Northern creditors. But, if the South was not financially prosperous when her laborers were property and employed with due regard to economy, it seemed impossible that prosperity could soon follow the loss of millions in the value of enfranchised slaves. But the twenty-five years since the close of the Civil War have demonstrated not only the possibility but the fact. The extinction of slavery has changed the industrial conditions of the South and initiated other industries which, in the near future, must largely influence the domestic and foreign commerce of our country. By limiting industrial enterprise in the South to the capacity of slave labor, resources of perhaps greater magnitude remained undeveloped and almost unknown. The mountain regions of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia are rich in minerals. Iron, coal, and salt are abundant. The coal-fields of this region cover thousands of square miles. The "*salines*" of the Kanawha and eastern Kentucky, now but partially developed, might be made to yield abundance of the finest salt for the dairy and the table. The marbles of Tennessee and upper Georgia are among the richest in the world. They have for some years been wrought, but their development is as yet an enterprise rather than an industry. Rivers whose waters are sluggish and muddy in the low-lands near the coast are, for many miles from their sources, clear streams, broken at frequent intervals by falls and rapids, which could afford motive-power for a score of Lowells. The mountain slopes and their foot-hills might afford pasturage for herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. The vine flourishes on these Southern mountain-sides, and the grapes are of richer flavor than those grown farther north. In fact, all fruits produced in temperate climates might be cultivated with profit. The narrow valleys do not give acreage for

extensive agriculture, but they are wonderfully enriched by the washings from the mountains; and the crops of corn and potatoes, of melons and other garden fruits and vegetables, might afford ample supplies for a population a hundred-fold greater than it is to-day.

When, some years before the Civil War, I lived in the mountain region of West Virginia, and, again, when for two years I was in command in the Military District of Kanawha, I had every facility for becoming acquainted with the country and its resources. It seemed almost unaccountable that it had so long remained neglected and nearly inaccessible, while the cotton grown in the low-lands of Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama was sent hundreds and thousands of miles away, to be exchanged for manufactures whose materials are here where nature has provided unlimited facilities for their fabrication.

It is evident that a raw material carried through long distances by land and sea to be manufactured must be enhanced in cost by the expense of transport and the interest accruing upon its value from the time of production to that of sale, and that the fabrics made from it must be subject to a like tax before they reach the consumer. What is there to compensate for the time, labor, and use of capital expended in the long journeys to and from the loom and the plantation or the workshop and the mine?

Our country is too vast in extent—possessing almost every variety of soil and climate and the more useful minerals in rich abundance—to make that a wise policy which requires the expense of time and labor needed to develop its resources in going to and fro across the ocean, to barter the products of the land for fabrics that might better be wrought at home. It will not be so always.

E. PARKER SCAMMON.

THE WITNESS OF SCIENCE TO THE MIRACLES AT LOURDES.*

THIS interesting book has already run through eleven editions. The author, a physician in good professional standing, learned, sincere, and fair-minded, has thoroughly studied the accounts of instantaneous cures which have taken place at Lourdes in the past thirty years, and proves conclusively that they can be attributed only to a miraculous cause, and that as facts they rest on evidence which cannot be upset. In his preface Dr. Boissarie states that the facilities afforded by the medical bureau established at Lourdes have enabled him to observe attentively the doings of the pilgrimages which have come there during a period of five years; that he has read everything that has been published about Lourdes; that he has analyzed between two and three hundred certificates of cures, and that he and fifty or a hundred other physicians as well have been eye-witnesses of cures scientifically inexplicable. As an illustration of the averment that a belief in miracles offers no insuperable obstacle to the human understanding, he quotes a forcible passage from Pasteur's reception discourse before the Académie Française. The orator, after dwelling on the infinity of space, added: "Whoever affirms the existence of infinity, which none can avoid doing, accumulates in such affirmation *more of the supernatural than there is in all miracles and in all religions.* The notion of the infinite has a two-fold character: while it compels assent it is beyond comprehension."

Dr. Boissarie considers that the history of Lourdes from the 11th of February down to the present day may properly be divided into four principal periods:

The first relates only to the apparitions seen by Bernadette and what she went through.

The second comprises all those cures which took place under the cognizance and scrutiny of Doctors Dozous and Vergez, and also the work done by the commission of inquiry.

The third begins with the publication, in 1868, of the Annals, and extends down to the present time.

In the fourth we have the latest investigative studies made by the *Bureau des Constatations* (verification of alleged facts), un-

**Lourdes: Histoire Médicale.* 1858-1891. By Dr. Boissarie. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

der the direction of Dr. de St. Maclou, the establishment of a clinique at Lourdes for the purpose of observing and diagnosing cases while the great pilgrimages are there. Dr. Boissarie states that he was a member of this clinique in 1888, 1889, and 1890, and that he was in company each year successively with twenty, twenty-two, and thirty other members of the medical profession. Dr. Gros, then in his eightieth year, formerly attached to the hospital at Boulogne, had enrolled himself among the volunteer infirmarians.

The Annals, which at present fill twenty-two volumes, are published monthly, the *Journal de Lourdes* weekly. Every formal statement of instantaneous cure is drawn up by a physician and is accompanied by a certificate and appertaining proofs. For ten or fifteen years past and now the national pilgrimages, often numbering one thousand or fifteen hundred patients, are under the direction and care of the Fathers of the Assumption, who, before starting, attend to the drawing up of the rough and, at times, very instructive preliminary statements of each case. One of the fathers and one of the missionaries of Lourdes attend during the investigation of cases and write down, under medical dictation, the particulars obtained.

As to conviction about the nature of the wonderful instantaneous cures, medical minds in France have separated into three classes. One, numbering over three hundred in France, of which Doctor Dozous and Professor Vergez, of the medical faculty of Montpellier, were the pioneers, believes them to be miraculous; another admits that they are unprecedented in the annals of medical science, in contradiction to all medical experience, and altogether inexplicable by any natural cause whatsoever. The remaining class set their faces against the conclusions arrived at by the two preceding, and try to controvert them by alleging, in an obstinate and unfair spirit, explanatory natural causes. Certificates of previous diseased condition of patients applying for them have been unreasonably withheld or drawn up in an unsatisfactory manner. An instance is cited of the certificate given to a woman, a hopeless invalid for six years in the hospital of La Salpêtrière; no mention was made in it of the fact of her deafness in consequence of a suppuration of long continuance from her ears, both drums of which were in consequence perforated. Some of these obstinately denying medical men asserted that Bernadette was under an hallucination compatible with the exercise of reason, and a certain Dr. Voisin, of La Salpêtrière, even went so far as to publish in the *Union Médicale* of June 27, 1872, the statement

that Bernadette, whom he had never seen, was confined as a lunatic in the convent of the Ursulines at Nevers. This was promptly shown to be false by the Bishop of Nevers, who, in a letter addressed to the *Univers*, stated that she had never been in that convent, but in the mother-house of the *Sœurs de Charité et de l'instruction chrétienne*, where she waited on the sick and where Dr. Voisin was invited to interview her. A Mr. Artus offered Dr. Voisin to forfeit ten thousand francs if he could prove his allegations, and finally Dr. Robert St. Cyr, the attending physician of the institution last mentioned, testified in writing that Bernadette was of perfectly sound and well-balanced mind, in nowise tending to insanity, and a quiet, reliable, and efficacious infirmarian. Dr. Voisin made no reply to the exposure of his false statement, and thus meanly avoided the mortification of withdrawing it, as he was in honor bound to do. The next ground taken by these doctors, so obstinate in their unbelief, was to assign hypnotism and fraudulent instigation connected with it, hysteria and extraordinary nervous action, as explanatory causes. But Dr. Boissarie points out that at Lourdes there never are cases of patients set to sleep by hypnotism; it would not be permitted; and he demonstrates at length and minutely, quoting the words of numerous other members of the profession in agreement with him, that the contention is wholly untenable because it is preposterous to endeavor to account on any such grounds for the spontaneous healing and cicatrization of malignant ulcers, abscesses, tumorous cancroid, and others; for the prompt disappearance of complicated chronic diseases of the eyes and instantaneous return of perfect sight; for the sudden restoration to health and strength of consumptives in the last stage, having cavities in their lungs becoming so well filled up that they ceased being discoverable by auscultation, and for the prompt healing of many cases of organic diseases given up by attending physicians as incurable. In this book we find narratives with more or less particulars of miraculous cures taken from the *Annals of Lourdes*, nearly every one of them attested by competent medical testimony. These include upwards of fifty various inveterate chronic diseases: twenty-seven of phthisis; twenty-three of cancers, tumors, fractures, and ulcers; two of obstinate diseases of the eye, two of chronic malady of the stomach, one of nervous disorder, two of hysteria, one of phthisis complicated with another grave trouble, and one of relief from the morphine habit, which last Dr. de St. Maclou would not class as a miraculous cure, but only as a natural phenomenon brought about by a

special grace from God. Dr. Boissarie had under his sole care a case of wonderful recovery, but waited fourteen years before making up his mind to mention it. He had attended for many months a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul afflicted with a severe disease of the stomach, which rejected all food and could not even retain a tablespoonful of water. She had reached the last stages of debility and marasmus. Every treatment he tried was in vain, and he was obliged to give her up and lost sight of her. About the end of 1871 she, in blooming health, full of vigor and the animation of new life, called upon him in company with the superioress of her community, who informed him that his former patient had gone to Lourdes with a pilgrimage and had been suddenly healed there, and application was made to him for a certificate giving such testimony as he could about the case. The doctor declined to give it. Only thirteen years had then elapsed since the apparition in the grotto, and he was fearful of what the profession might think and say if he were to append his name to the document asked of him.

A brief mention in conclusion of a few particularly striking cases selected from the many related in the book, and of much later date than those of which Henri Laserre has given account, seems to me not out of place here and likely to be interesting to readers.

Pierre Delannoy, during six years prior to the 20th of August, 1889, had been sixteen times under treatment for locomotor ataxia in eight Paris hospitals. The diagnosis of his case was certified by fourteen physicians, the celebrated Dr. Charcot heading the list, all agreeing that it was locomotor ataxia. The patient had been subjected to the suspension process fifty times, had been cauterized with red-hot iron oftener; issues also had been tried upon him, but all these without any successful result. He had passed into the third stage of the disease, designated by Charcot as "the paralytic period." On the 20th of August, 1889, he was on his knees in the grotto of Lourdes, from time to time kissing the pavement, exclaiming aloud, "Our Lady of Lourdes! heal me, if you please and judge it needful." Just as the Blessed Sacrament was being carried past him he felt a keen sensation of new strength prompting him to get up and walk, which he found to his great joy he could do without any difficulty or pain, and that he had recovered the perfect use of his legs and co-ordination of his movements. Since then, during a national pilgrimage, Delannoy has worked with the stretcher-bearers, who carry patients from the hospitals to the piscinæ,

and none of his co-laborers were quicker or more agile than he. In order to establish his identity he called four times in one week at the Hôpital de la Charité, and then and there astounded the attending physicians, who telegraphed back to Lourdes "that he could walk as spry as a rural postman." Dr. Petit, professor in the medical school of Rennes, after minute scrutiny of the case, declares that "only by the direct action of God could such a cure have been effected."

The case of Father Hermann, the distinguished Jewish convert, is one of the earliest recorded in the Annals. His eyesight had been failing for a year. He tried entire rest and mountain air without avail, and had to give up reading altogether, not excepting even that of his breviary. He consulted a celebrated oculist of Bordeaux, who, after a very careful examination of his eyes, pronounced the trouble to be glaucoma, and proposed an excision of the iris. Father Hermann preferred to have recourse to a novena in the grotto, at the close of which, on All Saints' day, while intent on reciting his last rosary, he suddenly felt that he was cured. His eyes were restored to a perfectly sound condition; he could stand sunlight or gaslight, which he could not do at all before, and could read as much as he needed without using glasses. He died two years afterwards of black small-pox in the fortress of Spandau, while in charitable attendance on the French prisoners of war confined there.

James Toubridge, an English Catholic, was hopelessly paralyzed in both legs from what is known in medicine as "Pott's malady." He was besides afflicted with abscesses and wide-spread sores, and an unceasing cough which showed that his lungs were affected; death seemed for him inevitable and very nigh. He was brought to the hospital of Lourdes in company with other pilgrims on the 20th of August, 1879. After having heard Mass and received Holy Communion in the grotto, to which he was borne on a stretcher, he was carried to the piscina and immersed in it three times, and a fourth time of his own accord. He came out so well and vigorous that, after returning thanks in fervent prayer, he dressed himself without assistance and walked off carrying the hand-bag and blanket which he had brought with him. Drs. Thorens and MacGeven, both Protestants, were witnesses of his instantaneous recovery, and congratulated him upon the blessing obtained. Later on in Paris, where he had found work, a Protestant minister, after having heard him tell his story, told him earnestly, "Your faith has saved you!"

The devotion to our Lady of Lourdes is very popular and

wide-spread in Belgium. Her sanctuary most in renown is that of Lourdes Oostacker at a small town near Ghent, established at the expense of a generous Belgian lady of rank and wealth, who had in view to provide for the devotion of the poor who could not afford the outlay needed for a pilgrimage to Lourdes. On the 16th of February, 1867, Pierre de Rudder, a workman and a native of Jabbeke in western Flanders, was on his way home from work and stopped to have a chat with some acquaintances of his who were felling trees by the roadside. He was resting his foot on a fallen tree when another one, very unexpectedly taking an unforeseen direction, fell upon it and broke his leg about four inches below the knee. He was carried home suffering intense pain. Dr. Affenaer, of Oudenberg, set the leg and applied the usual bandages. Five weeks later a large sore broke out on the foot, the bones became diseased and would not unite. Dr. Affenaer, having done his best, gave up the case. The poor sufferer then called in Dr. Jacques and afterwards Dr. Verriért, both of Bruges; these having also been unsuccessful, three other surgeons, respectively from Stabille, Varsena, and Brussels, were applied to with no better result. Pierre lay in bed an entire year before improving enough to be able to drag himself along on crutches. This condition of suffering and severe lameness lasted eight years and two months. The ends of the fractured bones were then a little over two and a half inches apart, and could be plainly seen at the bottom of a constantly suppurating sore. The lower part of the leg merely held on to the upper part; his foot could be hoisted in any direction, and could be bent back upwards as high as the knee. He had been pious from early youth and very devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and, having heard of the wonders taking place at Lourdes Oostacker, determined to go there, and reached his destination despite the great difficulties in his way. After having painfully tried to follow the pilgrims along the usual path, he dragged himself on his crutches to rest on a seat opposite the statue of the Virgin Immaculate, and there, begging pardon of God for all the sins of his past life, he implored our Blessed Mother to obtain for him healing of his diseased limb, so that he might be able to work for the support of his wife and family. While thus praying he felt a strange inward commotion in his entire being; he got up without using his crutches, glided through the benches before him, and knelt before the statue. Then, after a few moments of bewilderment and prayer, he recovered his consciousness and became aware that he was on his knees and

was without his crutches, which he subsequently left at the grotto. After his return to his home at Jabbeke, Dr. Affenaer examined his leg and, shedding tears, told him: "You are radically cured; your leg is as sound as that of the healthiest new-born babe; all human remedies were powerless, but Mary can avail where all physicians have failed."

Sister Julienne was admitted, when nineteen years old, into the monastery of St. Ursula, at Brives, in France, after spending eight years in an orphan asylum at Sarlat. While in the house last named she had indications of a feeble, lymphatic temperament, and was troubled with a chronic inflammation of the eyelids and of the conjunctiva. In the monastery she was assigned to the duties of sister-servant, having to attend to out-door matters, and got to be very well known in the town. In 1886 she had an attack of bronchitis joined with a general debility of the system. She grew worse, had to remain in bed for three months, fly-blisters were applied to her chest, and, as her symptoms had developed into phthisis, it was thought advisable to have her try a change of air by stopping for a month at Sarlat. On her return to the monastery she resumed her usual occupations, but in October, 1887, she began spitting blood abundantly, and had to take to her bed and not leave it from that time until August, 1889. All this while her disease made rapid progress, and was diagnosed by the attending physician as phthisis in the fourth stage, commonly known as "galloping consumption," accompanied by bleeding of the lungs, and a cavity in the upper part of the left one. During this stage of her illness she was consumed with a high fever; she could take nothing but bouillon and milk, and her death was apparently a question of a few weeks or days. She did not desire to live, did not care about trying Lourdes, although she had a firm presentiment that she would be cured if she went there; but finally yielded to the request of the mother-superior, who got Dr. Pomarel's consent to the undertaking only upon the express condition that he was to accompany the patient on the journey. She left Brives on the 1st of September, 1889, and arrived at Lourdes in such a moribund condition that the lady attendants at the piscina at first refused but finally consented to immerse her in it, near which she lay motionless, voiceless, almost unconscious, and in a profuse sweat. She was then undressed, lifted into the water, and looked as if she was about to die on the spot. She was lifted out, her right side not having been immersed, and was laid on the adjoining steps. Just as the assistants thought it all over with her a faint

color came to her cheeks ; her eyes opened, her chest expanded, she sat up, and then stood up, saying that she felt better. She refused to remain seated, dressed herself without assistance, and went to the grotto, where she remained half an hour in prayer. On her return to Brives, entirely recovered, she was welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd which filled all the room in the railway station ; six physicians attested the diagnosis of her case, seven attested her instantaneous return to health ; Dr. de St. Maclou auscultated her lungs and could not discover traces of even the slightest congestion ; they were perfectly sound.

Dr. Chetail, of St. Etienne, had attended Miss Montagnon, a dropsical patient, for twelve years, during which period he had recourse to puncture eleven or twelve times, each time removing twenty-two litres (over twenty-three quarts) of water without any successful result. The abdomen, after each operation, filled up just as before. She began a novena to our Lady of Lourdes, put a compress of Lourdes water on the diseased part, fell asleep, and awoke cured. Her abdomen, previously so protruding and distended, had returned to normal size and was entirely empty. There was no show of water either in the bed or on the floor, nor of any way by which it could have run off. "Who can tell me," afterwards wrote Dr. Chetail, "where this considerable volume of water went without leaving any trace whatever?"

Célestin Dubois was at service in the family of Mr. Heriot, cashier of the Bank of France branch at Troyes. On the 6th of October, 1879, while washing a skirt with soapsuds, she ran a needle that was in the skirt straight into the base of her thumb on the palm-side, that part called in anatomy the elevation of the thenar. Her mistress tried to draw it out by the projecting end, but broke it off short in the attempt, one-half of the needle remaining in the flesh. Célestin applied to several physicians in Troyes, but none were willing to undertake its removal. Two years afterwards she called on a Dr. Hervey, who cut into her thumb, kept the incision open with gentian-root, and during five or six weeks endeavored several times to extract the needle, but in vain, so firmly was it embedded in the flesh. For seven years Célestin suffered at times great pain, had great difficulty in getting through her work, could not bear to have her hand pressed, and had to wear a very wide sleeve for it. In 1886 she made up her mind to have recourse to our Lady of Lourdes, and set out on her journey on the 17th of August, 1886, after having obtained from Dr. Hervey a certificate reciting the case, its duration, and his connection with it.

She arrived there the 20th of the same month and went straight to the grotto. Some one having suggested to her to go to the piscina, she dipped her now doubled-up hand in the water and kept it there just long enough to say a Hail Mary. No result. Then Mrs. Recoing, of Troyes, met Célestin, and took her into a smaller, well-lit room, called the piscina of smaller baths. Célestin dipped her hand in a pail of Lourdes water, and, shrieking with pain, immediately withdrew it. Then Mrs. Recoing caught her wrist and held it in the bucket for two minutes. She shrieked, her face was wet with tears and perspiration, and when her hand was withdrawn its fingers were flexible, but the thumb remained half bent. Then Mrs. Recoing dipped the hand a second time and kept it there for a minute, Célestin suffering and shrieking all the while. After the hand was withdrawn it was perfectly free, and the needle could be discerned under the skin of the lower thumb-joint. Mrs. Recoing then dipped the hand in a third time, keeping it in the water half a minute, and when she drew it out she saw the needle projecting three-eighths of an inch out of the end of the thumb and drew it out with ease. The whole thing took only four minutes. Four physicians, including Dr. Boissarie, carefully examined Célestin's hand, and with the naked eye, as well as with a magnifying-glass, could perfectly distinguish the course, two and one-quarter inches long, which the needle had taken. The movement of the needle could not be accounted for by them nor by their confrères of the hospital of Troyes, and an ecclesiastical commission which made minute investigation of the case came to the conclusion that there was no room whatever to suspect perpetration of fraud.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin has now spread to Constantinople.

This apparition at Lourdes and the abundant miracles following upon it may well be considered as the greatest of the many great events of the present century now so near its close ; and France might well humbly pour forth exultation to God in the words of the Psalmist : " He hath not done in like manner to every nation."

The text of the book contains, in its four hundred and forty-four pages, many medical terms not intelligible to ordinary readers. The table of contents consists of useful tabulated references, but I cannot help thinking that the pages might have been condensed into a much less number without at all impairing their value. And since Henri Laserre's book has been translated into so many languages this one of Dr. Boissarie's well deserves to be translated into English. B.

THE OLD WORLD SEEN FROM THE NEW.

THE efforts recently made by working-men to bring about international co-operation have proved for a second time unsuccessful. In our last notes we referred to the strike of the miners in the north of France, and to their disappointment in not having been supported as they expected by the English miners. This month we have to record the defeat, after a long struggle, of the strongest union on the Continent of Europe—that of the German Printers and Compositors. In this case the unions of Great Britain did not prove altogether faithless, for over fifteen thousand dollars were sent by them to Germany. The United States also rendered assistance. But the sympathy felt was not sufficient to draw forth subscriptions large enough to maintain the men in their struggle with the united forces of the employers. As a matter of fact, the help afforded proved a misfortune, for by the prolongation of the strike the masters were enabled to find substitutes, and many of the strikers have been left without employment.

Many causes are assigned for this failure, and it would be idle for us at this distance from the scene of conflict to pretend to determine the real cause. We cannot help thinking, however, that this defeat may be attributed in part, at least, to the distrust of strikes as a suitable method of settling disputes—a distrust which is evidently gaining strength and influence over the minds both of the employers and the employed. The disinclination is made manifest by the reports on the skilled labor market, which are prepared each month by the labor correspondent of the British Board of Trade. The reports for the last two months show a remarkable diminution in the number of strikes, for in the month of December the number decreased by one-third in comparison with the previous month. The same thing is shown by the report just issued of the London Conciliation Board. From this it appears that the efforts of the board during the first twelve months of its existence have been almost unceasing on account of the applications which were continually being made, and the arrangements arrived at for the preventing of strikes and lock-outs. Everything, according to this report, points to the future development of the conciliation movement.

No fewer than sixty trade-unions are now more or less connected with the London board, and have accepted its principles by sending delegates to its various meetings, by means of which they were brought into contact with employers of labor, and a mutual good feeling between both has been promoted and encouraged. So great has been the success of the action of the board that it has been encouraged to develop its procedure. Instead of acting only at the request of one or both of the parties, the board will in future take the initiative and offer its assistance or mediation to both parties at an early stage in a dispute.

In yet another case conference and discussion have averted a conflict which would have involved nearly one hundred thousand men. In South Wales the rate of wages has for many years been regulated almost automatically by a sliding scale. As the price of coal went up so did wages, and *vice versa*. Of course the mutual satisfaction of both parties depended upon their being in agreement as to what should constitute the basis of the scale. With the basis as hitherto existing the masters grew dissatisfied, and gave notice to terminate all engagements under it. So long has it been since a strike took place that fears were great that the younger generation of workers, who had not had practical experience of the hardships involved in a large strike, would not be willing to consent to a change. Better thoughts, however, prevailed. The men appointed representatives and agreed to abide by their decision. After long and anxious conferences, which lasted for ten days, between these representatives and those of the employers, an agreement was concluded for a sliding scale upon a new basis; and work, which had been stopped for one day, was resumed. This success will tend to strengthen the confidence which is beginning to be felt in discussion and conference as a means of settling disputes.

In Belgium, with the same object of obviating strikes, a law establishing Councils of Industry and Labor has lately come into force, and, although these councils have no compulsory powers and can only effect their object by means of discussion and persuasion, they have within the last few months succeeded in averting conflicts on a large scale at Liège and Seraing. A few years ago the industry of Belgium was paralyzed by a series of strikes. This measure had for its object, in the words of its proposer, M. Frère-Orban, "the preventing of strikes from degenerating into civil war," and was described by him "as an effort

for protecting the workman from dreamers who dazzle him with irrealizable ideas, from the fools who would lead him astray, and, most of all, from the knaves whose object it is to get their living out of him." The business of the councils is to deliberate on the common interests of the employers and employed, and to prevent and, if possible, smooth away such differences as may arise between them. Under the authority of the government any district of the country may establish a council, and each important industry forms a section of this council. Members of the council are elected by ballot for three years, one-half being chosen by the masters, the other by the men. The authorities provide rooms for the council to meet in and make all necessary arrangements for the comfort of the members, in addition to which a small daily allowance is made to each member while actually engaged in the work of the council. The advantage of these councils consists in their affording a court always fitted by the special technical knowledge, and, it is to be hoped, by the individual character, of its members, to exert an influence over the interested parties, and to make the dictates of reason and prudence prevail over those of passion and short-sighted selfishness.

The position of power and influence occupied at the present time by English working-men may be illustrated by a few facts. No less than forty seats in Parliament at the approaching election will depend upon the support promised or refused by candidates to the movement for limiting the hours of labor for miners. The feeling against sweating is so strong that to accuse a firm of employers of this practice brings such a loss of custom that, in the event of the accusation being false, substantial damages would be allowed in a court of justice. The clearest illustration, however, is afforded by the manifestation of popular grief called forth by the death of Cardinal Manning. This manifestation is undoubtedly a sign of the extraordinary change which has taken place in the position of the Catholic Church in England in recent years; but it would be an overestimate of the strength of that position to think that the tribute was paid directly to the church. If the truth must be told, it was in spite of his being Catholic that he was so honored; and the most that can be said is, that prejudice has to such an extent been removed as to admit of such honor being paid to a Catholic archbishop and cardinal. As one of the canons of St. Paul's Cathedral said: "We have almost ceased to remember how resolute and sharp

was the war that he, a Roman of the Romans, waged in mid-life against the church he had forsaken, so deeply have we learned of late to honor and revere in him the devoted adherent of all high causes, the ally of justice, and of charity, and of heroic sacrifice under whatever form humanity gave them birth; the friend and lover of the poor." To this feeling must be attributed the fact that the cardinal's death called forth manifestations of regard which have rarely, according to the London *Times*, been paid in the present generation to any public man.

As we have mentioned Cardinal Manning's action with reference to the labor movement it may be of interest to learn that the settlement of the historic dockers' strike of 1889 was entirely due to him. A Radical member of Parliament who was present states that when the cardinal entered the room where the representatives of the men were assembled, not a hand would have been held up in favor of the compromise which the cardinal had come to propose. But he spoke, he pleaded, he wrestled with the men, and at last his personal eloquence and his lucid argument brought conviction to every mind. And according to the same testimony, since that time only a few behind the scenes know how much he has been consulted and how much he has done to prevent disputes culminating in strikes. To the poor he was a friend in need and a friend indeed. To quote from Bishop Hedley's funeral sermon: "Many have seen him with the people in some room where chance had brought him—in a shed, perhaps, or a warehouse, or a bare school-room, far from the quarters of the rich—on a winter's night, discussing, by the fog-dimmed light, with men who stood and sat around him anyhow: men straight from the street, the work-shop, or the river-side, their faces too often whitened with want and sometimes dangerous with passion—discussing, attending, questioning, suggesting, and then finally, with the dignity of his years and his priesthood, holding the assembly silent by the light of his idea and the tones of that earnest voice." The tribute paid by workingmen to the cardinal may be concluded in the words of one of their own writers in the leading organ of the labor movement: "Ah! well, I'm sorry for the Prince of Wales and family, who have lost a son; and I'm also sorry, oh! so sorry, for the people of England, who have lost a father in Cardinal Manning."

But to return to our illustrations of the position held by workers in England at the present time. They are able, in many cases, not merely to secure a fair proportion of the proceeds

of their toil, a proportion varying with the prices in the market of the product, but they claim and enforce the right of being heard in the settlement of such prices. Certain coal-owners having made contracts with railway companies at prices lower than those agreed upon by the Coal-owners' Association, their colliers gave notice of a demand for an advance in wages, as a practical intimation that they were going to have a voice in the disposal of what they helped to produce, and that they intended to have wages enough to keep them in health and strength, and to give their wives and children a better future than they themselves had ever possessed. To these demands the employers were obliged to give heed, but we have not learned the outcome of their deliberations. Other signs of the power of the working-man are, unhappily, some abuses of this power. Certain circulars have been issued by secretaries of trade-unions which have been found actionable in the courts, and have been condemned by the more responsible members of the unions. Another instance of the same spirit is the renewal of the conflict between the unions of engineers and of plumbers on the Tyne. A dispute has arisen as to the allocation of work to the members of those unions; arbitration has been tried, but the defeated party refused to accept the decision. Of the action of employers no complaint is made, and because two rival unions cannot agree thousands have been thrown out of employment, trade hampered, and perhaps even permanently driven away. So that it would appear that even in cases in which the workman is master of the situation we cannot be sure of perfect peace and quiet.

The position of the working classes in Russia has a special interest. For in that country the entire power is theoretically, but by no means actually, in the hands of one man, and at the present time his empire presents the pitiable spectacle of hundreds of thousands of his subjects upon the verge of starvation, while millions of money are being squandered in military armaments—armaments which are the chief cause of the general disquietude of Europe, and of the necessity of similar expenditure on the part of the other powers. A report lately published from the British embassy at St. Petersburg gives information respecting the normal condition of the artisan and laboring class. In Russia no such associations as trade-unions exist, and the law punishes with the utmost severity all attempts on the part of the employed by means of strikes to force the employer to increase his

wages. Wages, consequently, are extremely low. Sufficient information, however, does not exist to enable an exact comparison to be made with the wages in other countries; but a Russian economist has calculated that while an English cotton-spinner, working 10 hours a day, earns 70 roubles a month, the Russian cotton-spinner, working 12 hours a day, receives only 19½ roubles. Of course, as in all such comparisons, the difference in the price of food, clothing, and rent must be taken into account, and of this we have no information.

There is no law restricting the hours of adult labor, and there is a great difference in the hours of various establishments, for they vary from 6 to 20 hours daily in the same industries and even in the same districts. In the large majority of cases the hours of labor are 12 or under, and it is said that, taken all round, 12 hours may fairly be assumed as the normal working day in Russia. There is no legal provision for Sunday labor, but as a rule there is no work on Sunday or on about 28 holidays throughout the year, making 80 days in all. This is one of the brighter points in the workman's lot. If we add to it the fact that the law enforces payment of wages in money, and that anything like the truck-system is absolutely prohibited, we have given a complete account of this brighter side; for, although inspection of factories exists, yet owing to distance and to the difficulties of communication, as well as to the absence of persons with the requisite technical knowledge, the system is not in a satisfactory condition.

Cardinal Manning in the beginning of his episcopate wrote these words: "A Christian child has a right to a Christian education; a Catholic child has a right to a Catholic education." Little did his Eminence foresee that this principle would be affirmed and made the basis of legislation in the country which has since been the scene first of the apparent victory and then of the defeat of the *Kulturkampf*. On the very day of the cardinal's death a bill was introduced into the Prussian Diet by Count von Caprivi, the Minister-President, to render compulsory the instruction of every child in the religious faith of its parents. According to the school system as hitherto organized, out of 1,700,000 Catholic children 1,600,000 are being educated in Catholic schools. But if this bill becomes law, any school which has sixty children of a different religion from that of the majority must, and any school which has thirty may, make separate provision for their education. Further, all schools hereafter

founded must contain only Catholic or Protestant children, and all teachers must be of the same religion as the children. The bill goes even further in its requirements. No child, even in the smallest schools belonging to any religious body recognized by the state, is to remain without religious instruction, and this instruction is to be given by a teacher of its own creed. The clergymen charged by the respective religious bodies with the superintendence of religious instruction have the right to be present while this instruction is being given, may convince themselves by questions that the pupils are making progress, and at the close of the lesson may correct or advise the teacher. In Catholic parishes the priest is charged with the superintendence of religious instruction. By these provisions not only does the Prussian state recognize the necessity of religious instruction, but also, according to the statement of the German chancellor, the necessity of that instruction being definite and dogmatic in order to its being real and worthy of the name. The home of Hegel, Feuerbach, and Schopenhauer recognizes formally the insufficiency, even for state purposes, of a purely moral education not founded on Christian principles.

The foregoing are the proposals with reference to the religious bodies recognized by the state, for in Prussia the state claims for itself the right to exclude from recognition bodies of which it does not approve, or of which the number of the adherents is insignificant. What provision is to be made for the children of parents who belong to some one of these unrecognized bodies? For these it is proposed that they must take part in the religious instruction of the schools which such children attend, unless the parents are able to satisfy the authorities that they will give proper religious instruction at home. These regulations will apply to Methodists, Unitarians, and Old Catholics, as these bodies have no official recognition. And what about the children of free-thinkers and unbelievers? How are they to satisfy the authorities that their children are receiving religious instruction at home? For them the bill makes no provision, and, as the object of the emperor in causing the bill to be introduced is to extirpate irreligion and unbelief, the only course open to persons of this class is either to forfeit public instruction for their children or to submit to their receiving religious instruction in the schools.

Doubtless the advocates of secular education will make a great outcry, and accusations of bigotry and intolerance will re-

sound far and wide. But among those who know the real spirit, as manifested by their actions, of such advocates, these outcries will provoke something like derision. For the world-wide exclusion of religion from tax and rate supported schools is mainly their work and that of a large number of short-sighted religionists. A good example of the intolerant spirit of secularists is being afforded at the present time in England. To supply the need of London for a teaching university a charter has been approved of by the Privy Council Committee, incorporating University College, King's College, and some half-dozen medical schools under the name of the Albert University. But because one of these colleges is associated with the Church of England, and requires that the larger number of its professors should be members of that church, the Liberation Society and various other bodies of dissenters are offering to the granting of the charter strenuous opposition, although they have in University College a college and in the medical schools institutions without any religious tests. Although no endowment is to be given from the taxes to the new university; although even to the college in question students of every creed or of no creed are admitted, these "liberals" prefer that what is looked upon as a crying want should remain unsatisfied, rather than that a college which has religious tests should share the privilege of conferring degrees. And yet these very men have no scruples in posing before the world as the defenders of liberty, freedom, and toleration!

Should any doubt exist as to the ingrained intolerance of unbelievers and secularists, a statement of their legislative acts where, as in France, they hold the power, will be sufficient to remove it. However ready we may be to admit that there was provocation, no real and genuine lovers of liberty could so far depart from their principles as to pass laws such as have been passed during the last twelve years by the Republic. Religious instruction has been excluded from all examinations of youth. Ministers of religion are deprived of the right of watching over the instruction; they can no longer cross the threshold of the elementary schools. The teachers are permitted and even encouraged not to take their children to catechism or church. They are forbidden to allow the catechism to be studied in the school, even out of school-hours. Prayers have been abolished, the crucifix removed from the schools; men and women belonging to any order have been expelled from schools and hospitals;

and the movement for separation of state and church includes the confiscation of all the gifts bestowed upon the church during the last century and a standing and permanent incapacity to hold real property. Such is the character of recent national and municipal legislation in France; and what a wonderful and striking contrast it presents to the measures now being taken in Germany!

The relations between church and state in France, which some little time ago seemed upon the point of being established upon a friendly basis, have unhappily become strained almost to breaking point. This is due to the malevolent action of the late government in forbidding the bishops to take part in the pilgrimages of the working-men to Rome, and to the prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix for so-called disrespect to the constituted authorities. This prosecution gave reason for anticipating the abandonment by the clergy and the Catholics of France of the policy of conciliation. To this abandonment the former government, by the speeches of its members, did everything in its power to contribute. In fact, the ministers seemed to fear nothing so much as the hearty adhesion of Catholics to the Republic, for that would mean their own displacement by more responsible and worthy men. And so M. de Freycinet, who is more distinguished for adroitness than courage, except when he has to deal with those whom he considers weak, declared that he would take no steps towards reconciliation. Consequently a bill has been introduced for bringing associations both secular and religious more completely under the control of the officials. This bill provides for the dissolution of every society by a decree of the government in case of its containing a majority of foreigners among its members, of one or more foreigners among its directors, or, if it is a branch of a foreign society, of its recognizing a head residing abroad. It further provides that societies shall only possess such property as is necessary for the accomplishment of their object, and donations cannot be made to them, but only to a member personally. Any member is entitled at any time to withdraw, and to reclaim the return of the sums paid by him, even if they have been expended to his own advantage.

But notwithstanding the efforts made by the late holders of office under the Republic to alienate the bishops, and notwithstanding the schemes of royalists to entrap them, the policy of adhesion to the republican form of government has been steadfastly adhered to. In a joint manifesto the cardinal-archbishops of France have laid before Catholics the duty of a frank and

loyal acceptance of political institutions, and of fidelity to electoral duty in order to secure for the country true representatives of the will of the nation. They insist upon respect being paid to the laws of the country, except where they violate conscience, and also to the representatives of authority. The Archbishop of Bordeaux, in a circular prescribing prayers for Parliament, says: "It must not be forgotten that the crown of our kings is now on the brow of the people. The origin of the government, humanly speaking, rests in the people. Consequently everything depends upon the will and temper of the people." It would seem, therefore, that there has taken place a definite acceptance of the existing form of government, and that the efforts of Catholics are to be directed to the securing of legislation favorable to the church and to the repeal of the anti-religious legislation of the last decade. We have every hope that this recognition of accomplished facts, late and tardy though it may be, will lead to a happier era for religion in France.

There seems to be reason to think that a coolness has supervened upon the ecstatic warmth of the affection of France for Russia, and of Russia for France. With a view to gratify Russia and to further her projects in the Balkan, diplomatic relations with Bulgaria were broken off by France. Instead, however, of meeting with the expected gratitude, the Russian press disclaimed all responsibility for such proceeding, and warned the French that the famine and the efforts to relieve it absorbed all the energies of the empire, and that they wished to be spared every complication abroad. On the other hand, the advances made by Russia to obtain in France a new loan have been coldly received by the financiers of Paris. In fact, the loan recently issued, although vaunted at first as a great success, was such only in appearance, and is now at a discount. As this renders more secure the prospect of peace for Europe it cannot but afford satisfaction to all outsiders. The fearful famine which is ravaging some twenty of the Russian provinces contributes to the same result. But the sufferings it involves to so many poor peasants is so great that it is almost impossible to find in its consequences, good as they are, matter for consolation. One of the most harrowing and desolating features connected with the famine is the heartlessness which has been brought to light of traders and merchants. Grain destined for the supply of the wants of the famishing has been found to have been adulterated with every kind of rubbish to such an extent as to be unfit for food and even in some cases

injurious. The cruelties which man exercises toward man in war are bad enough, but it would almost appear that those which greedy traders exercise in peace are worse. There is, at all events, something manly and noble in dying in battle at the hand of the enemy compared with being poisoned and starved by avaricious fellow-countrymen.

The maladroit proceedings of the French ministry have resulted in its downfall. It was unwilling to take a definite and intelligible position with reference to the church. On the one hand, it would take no steps for the formal separation of church and state, as advocated by M. Clemenceau and the radicals. On the other hand, it would not respond to the conciliatory advances of the bishops, but insisted upon treating the clergy as hostile, and as salaried officials bound to submit to orders. Consequently they failed to meet with support from either side, and fell when they least expected. It has had the distinction, however, of having remained in office for nearly two years, a period almost unprecedented since the establishment of the Republic. As a rule there has been a new ministry every year; in some years two or three. The chief service which the late government rendered to the country was the decisive suppression of the Boulangist movement. For this the gratitude, not of their own country only but of the whole of Europe is due.

The German emperor clearly has complete confidence in the power of legislation and of state law to remedy social evils. We hope his confidence may prove by results to be fully justified, and, should this happen, that reformers and workers for the public well-being in other countries may be led to follow his example. Not content with promoting the school education bill, by means of which he hopes to combat atheism and irreligion; nor with the bill for the suppression of drunkenness, introduced with the object of rooting out intemperance and the evils which follow in its train, a bill has been laid by his orders before the Federal Council for the repression of public immorality. It will be remembered that last October a decree was made by the emperor by which the police were ordered to stamp out with unsparing severity the class of persons called "souteneurs." Since its publication this decree has been largely acted upon. Several hundred of these infamous characters now lie in prison, and whereas formerly three months imprisonment was regarded as an adequate punishment, five years penal servitude has been meted out to them. The government, however, the police and the judiciary,

are not satisfied with the powers already possessed, and this new bill has been introduced in order to enable them to extirpate more effectually a form of vice which is at once a shame to humanity and a danger to the state. There is, moreover, one admirable feature about the German system—that a law when once made does not remain a dead letter; officials in Germany are trained to obedience and to fidelity in the performance of the duties for which they draw salaries.

A ministerial crisis has taken place in Portugal as well as in France. The former ministry has resigned, and a new one has been formed. The country, in fact, is on the verge of bankruptcy. The man who held the position of minister of finance, and of whom much was expected, seems to have betrayed his trust, and to have taken part in some very dubious transactions. Portugal, backward though it is in many respects, seems to possess its share of robbers disguised as men of business. The new ministry has frankly taken the country into its confidence, and has called upon the citizens to make substantial sacrifices to avert the crisis. To this appeal a response has been made. The king has restored a fifth of the income allotted to him, officials have been taxed from five to twenty-five per cent. according to the amount of their salaries. An income tax of twenty per cent. is to be imposed; and the project of selling the colonies has been revived. If the nation perseveres in the spirit in which it has begun, there is reason to hope that the impending disaster will be averted.——In Spain what seems like undue severity towards the anarchists who made a raid upon Xeres has caused manifestations of grave discontent among working-men. In Austria, on the other hand, the extreme leniency of the emperor towards criminals of the worst sort seems to promise impunity for the greatest malefactors.——Elections have taken place for the Hungarian Parliament, but no question of vital importance arose, and the liberal ministry will be nearly as strong as heretofore. The prosperity of the empire-kingdom is such as to warrant the making of serious efforts to return to metal currency in substitution for the paper money which has been in use for many years.—— The most conspicuous evidence of the activity of the Italian government has been the suppression of the telegrams respecting the health of the Pope—a proceeding characteristic of "liberalism" and worthy of the power which claims to be the successor of the Cæsars. It may prove a warning to those who would enlarge the sphere of state control.

TALK ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

THE most obvious reflection suggested by the "history"* of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new hero is, that had he enjoyed a real existence outside of her imagination, neither his psychological, theological, nor practical importance to the world at large would have secured him more than the briefest of biographical memoirs, even supposing them to secure him any at all. Assuredly, five hundred and seventy-six closely-printed pages would never have been deemed his just due by publishers or readers, and as leadership was distinctly not in his line, there could have been no admiring and generous disciple found ready to portray him at such heroic length.

A kindred suggestion is that, had the concept of him as it now stands been worked up by a novelist pure and simple, deserving on his merits of such popularity as Mrs. Ward gets through a mere fluke—the accident of an anti-Christian prepossession which chimes in with the tastes of those who set the literary fashion of the day—his history would in that case also have been shorter, less disjointed, and cut up by fewer episodes like "Daddy's" long-drawn antecedents and "vegetarian parlor," and the Regnault business in David's Parisian experiences. Let us say, too, that had she been a wiser woman in her own generation, a more skilful antagonist of historic Christianity, a more knowing advocate of "knowledge" as opposed to superstition, tradition, and a credulous "desire to believe" what one would like to be true, Mrs. Ward would never have committed to cold types David's theory of how the "Resurrection stories" grew into their present form. This, in fact, is such a characteristic bit of the stuff of which the "higher criticism" is woven that we must needs quote it. It occurs near the end of the novel. David has recently lost his wife through the ravages of sarcoma, an incident which gives occasion for one of those neat mosaics of miscellaneous but veracious information which contribute so much to the length and importance of Mrs. Ward's work. Chapters seven, eight, and nine of what must have been the third volume of this novel in its English form, furnish a nice little study of malignant lymphoma combined

* *The History of David Grieve.* By Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of *Robert Elsmere.* New York and London: Macmillan & Co.

with domestic affection and Unitarianism in such generous proportions as make it entirely surpass in general interest such purely technical information as a mere medical text-book would supply. Lucy dies of her fleshy tumor after an unsuccessful operation, and David, whose love for her has in its final and best estate risen to a compassionate affection, narrates in his journal a dream in which he thought he saw her in a wholly lifelike and familiar way. "There seemed," he says, "to be a strange mixed sense at the bottom of my heart that I had somehow lost and found her again." And then comes this astounding passage, which does such honor to and reflects such light upon Mrs. Ward's comprehension of the thing she calls science, and her qualifications for estimating the critical habit and culture of the first two centuries:

"When I came back nurse was there, and everything was changed. Nurse looked at me with meaning, startled eyes, as much as to say, 'Look closely, it is not as you think.' And as I went up to her, lying still and even smiling on her couch, there was an imperceptible raising of her little white hand as though to keep me off. Then in a flash I saw it was not my living Lucy; that it could only be her spirit. I felt an awful sense of separation and yet of yearning; sitting down on one of the mossy stones beside her, I wept bitterly, and so woke, bathed in tears."

The italics in the paragraph below, which immediately follows that just quoted, are our own:

". . . It has often seemed to me lately that certain elements in the Resurrection stories may be originally traced to such experiences as these. *I am irresistibly drawn to believe* that the strange and mystic scene beside the lake, in the appendix chapter to the Gospel of St. John, *arose in some such way.* There is the same mixture of elements—of the familiar with the ghostly, the trivial with the passionate and exalted—which my own consciousness has so often trembled under in these last visionary months. The well-known lake, the old scene of fishers and fishing-boats, and on the shore the mysterious figure of the Master, the same, yet not the same; the little, vivid, dream-like details of the fire of coals, the broiled fish, and bread, the awe and longing of the disciples—*it is borne in upon me with extraordinary conviction* that the whole of it sprang, to begin with, from the dream of grief and exhaustion. Then, *in an age which attached a peculiar and mystical importance to dreams*, the beautiful, thrilling fancy passed from mouth to mouth, *became almost immediately history instead of dream*—just as here and there a parable misunderstood has taken the garb of an event—was after a while

added to and *made more precise in the interest of apologetics or of doctrine*, or of the simple love of elaboration, and so at last found a final resting-place as an epilogue to the fourth Gospel."

Could Colonel Bob Ingersoll do better than that in the way of special pleading, covert insinuation, and suggestion founded on nothing better than a stubborn prepossession against the possibility of both miracle and revelation? Look at the question-begging in the remark about the "age which attached a peculiar and mystical importance to dreams." It would be as just to call the present an age which attaches a peculiar and mystical importance to table-rapping and ghost-stories, and cite the "Proceedings of the London Psychical Society" in evidence; or an age noted for its achievements in higher criticism, free investigation, critical habits of mind, and so on, and produce "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve," Professor Huxley, and Ernest Renan as supplying sufficient justification of the brag.

Returning to the book on its merits as a novel, it is to be noted that Mrs. Ward betrays again that sort of contempt for her own sex which seems to be based on her appreciation of "intellect" as an almost purely masculine prerogative. With the exception of "Louie Grieve"—surely as detestable a figure from first to last as was ever drawn of one woman by another—her women, from Catherine Elsmere down, are good but "slight," as she would say; their strength is the characteristic stubbornness of their femininity working on a foundation of irrational creed; they may have common sense, they must have a power of self-sacrifice if they are to win her commendation; but they may not, as far at least as Mrs. Ward has yet gone in her presentation of them, have anything resembling clear intelligence. A female Unitarian, won hardly from the morass of orthodox Christianity, she has not yet tried her hand on—except under a veil, one hastens to add. Her men are not so distinctively masculine that they could dispense with a label in a land where clothes were epicene. She is just enough in her delineation of such narrow virtues as she allows a Dora Lomax, but she can as little refrain from a slur upon what she deems the secret self-love of a fanatical woman as from a kindred depreciation of the intelligence and strength of men like her own "Ancrum," who have so strong a leaning toward the Christ of orthodoxy that their inevitable end is with "Newman" and "authority." One gets the word of this enigma (the secret is hinted in the old injunction "Know thyself") by comparing the passages we subjoin. The first is Mrs. Ward's personal appreciation of the sacrifice of her

own love in favor of Lucy's which she describes Dora as making. The second describes, in David's own words, his genial attitude toward ignorant orthodoxy. And if the same note of complacent superiority, based on assurance of the possession of "fundamental truth," does not ring in both, our ear is out of practice. Dora sinks down on her knees after an inner experience comparable to "Jeanne d'Arc's visions," and makes a consecration of herself to "the mysterious sanctity and sweetness of the single life," a step which to the ordinary student of her history would seem more meritorious had there been evident in David at any time the slightest inclination to woo her. She offers up her love that it may be burnt "through and through with the fires of the spirit."

"Lucy should never know and David should never know. Unconsciously, sweet soul, there was a curious element of spiritual arrogance mingled with this absolute surrender of the one passionate human desire her life was ever to wrestle with. The baptized member of Christ's body could not pursue the love of David Grieve, could not marry him as he was now without risk and sin. But Lucy—the child of schism, to whom the mysteries of church-fellowship and sacramental grace were unknown—for her, in her present exaltation, Dora felt no further scruples. Lucy's love was clearly 'sent' to her; it was right whether it were ultimately happy or no, because of the religious effect it had already had upon her."

And now for David, whose mental poise and far-reaching sympathies inevitably suggest that Mrs. Ward studied them in a moral mirror, as Dickens studied the facial expression of the passions he wanted to portray in the friendly expanse of an ordinary looking-glass.

"I have read much German during the past year, and of late a book reviewing the whole course of religious thought in Germany since Schleiermacher, with a mixture of exhaustive information and brilliant style most unusual in a German, has absorbed all my spare hours. Such a movement!—such a wealth of collective labor and individual genius thrown into it—producing offshoots and echoes throughout the world, transforming opinion with the slow inevitableness which belongs to all science, possessing already a great past and sure of a great future.

"In the face of it" (italics ours) "our orthodox public, *the contented ignorance of our clergy, the solemn assurance of our religious press—what curious and amazing phenomena!* Yet probably the two worlds have their analogues in every religion; and what the individual has to learn in these days at once of out-

ward debate and of unifying social aspiration, is '*to dissent no longer with the heat of a narrow antipathy, but with the quiet of a large sympathy.*'"

The new Saint-Amand treats of the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, taking up the story of her life on the day when her mother left the Temple for the Conciergerie, August 2, 1793, and continuing it to that on which, as Marie Thérèse of France, Duchess of Angoulême,* she returned in triumph to France, in the train of Louis XVIII., at the time of the first Restoration, April 24, 1814. It is a sad and painful story, whose almost sole relief comes from the high and heroic virtues of the saintly Madame Elisabeth and her youthful niece and pupil. The latter, imprisoned in the Temple with her family at the age of fourteen, spent nearly fifteen months in solitary confinement there, ignorant of the fate of her mother and her aunt, and ignorant as well of the fact that her unhappy little brother, most ill-fated of all the Capetian race, was suffering almost every agony that could be inflicted on a child by mean and stupid cruelty in the room beneath her own. There is no relief at all to the pitiful tale of that infant's death in life. His sister had courage, energy, the memory of a noble example by which she had been mature enough to profit; she had books; she had soap and water, and could at least keep herself clean; a certain respect was shown her youth and innocence; she had space to move about in; she had the habit of prayer and the other habit of obedience which kept Madame Elisabeth's precepts of moral and physical hygiene in full force after Elisabeth's head had rolled from the scaffold. The boy, a bright and healthy child of seven when imprisoned, had no means of defending himself, at first from the barbarity of Simon his jailer, and afterwards against the unbroken solitude, the filth, the invading and conquering disease which harried him out of life and into a nameless and never discovered grave by the time he was ten. A more piteous and heartrending figure than his it would be hard to find in the pages of all history. One break, indeed, a real and lasting one, moreover, in the gloom of Marie Thérèse's life, occurs in the story of her marriage. Domestic happiness, saddened by childlessness, but brightened to the end by that real and faithful love which is the true crown and special virtue of marriage, was her one unmixed joy in life. Austere, religious, blameless except, as in the case of Madame

* *The Youth of the Duchess of Angoulême.* By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by E. G. Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lavalette, for a harsh lack of mercy, the history of which does not occur in the present volume, and which one can understand more easily than pardon, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Duchess of Angoulême, is like a piece of sculpture, beautiful, perfect, but cold. The Temple chilled her to the marrow, perhaps. And yet it left the love of country—a love so bound up, indeed, with love of family that it recalls the phrase of an ancestor of hers —"The state; that's me"—an invincible passion in her breast.

Pierre Loti * is an Academician at last. And small wonder. The ineffable charm of a style which subtly penetrates through the barriers put up by one translator after another, and triumphantly vindicates itself at the end of each passage, might well insinuate itself through the possibly denser medium of native and contemporary judges of what constitutes a valid claim to filiation with "the Immortals." And Loti longs all the more for that immortality which books confer, because, as he says himself, the sole spiritual reason one has for writing at all is the craving to struggle against death. What a horror, what a dread of death he has! What an animal loathing and reluctance, comparable indeed, as he himself compares it, to that of an ox smelling kindred blood at the entrance to the shambles, and resisting the more highly developed animal who leads him thither with all his puny impotence! What a blank annihilation it seems to him! With what a cat-like tenacity he holds on to places, to things, to early associations, and natural, inevitable loves! And what a contrast, sharp, characteristic, and wonderfully suggestive between this survival of the mere instinctive animal in him, shown more pathetically than ever in the sketches which make up this volume—"more my real self," he says, "than anything I have yet written"—and the other Loti who reveals himself, with the whole potentiality of reason, will, and conscience inevitably upon him, and consciously struggling back from it into instinct alone, as in the story of "Loti's Marriage"! How kinder he is to the "mangy cat," whose trouble he shares and sympathizes with, than to the soul of Rarahu, whose immortality and responsibility he does not believe in! But he is great to read, and, as we think, harmless, at all events in the present volume. But let those who are on the verge of death, and who fear it, leave all his books unread. To some of us, on the other hand, he gives a fillip of reaction, and puts as it were a jest against the "King of Terrors" into our

* *The Book of Pity and of Death.* By Pierre Loti (*of the French Academy*). T. P. O'Connor, M.P. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

mouths—much as Mrs. Humphrey Ward's chief boon to us is an intensified adoration and more vivid perception of the Word made Flesh.

Mr. MacCabe has produced a really well-constructed and well-written historical novel.* A certain stiffness of style marks it, especially in its earlier chapters, but that is probably due to the constraint of the rigid lines laid down for the novelist who aspires to be a historian and an antiquary as well as a purveyor to modern tastes. The time chosen is the last quarter of the eleventh century, when Henry IV. of Germany was in the height of his struggle with Pope Gregory VII. The heroine is his unhappy wife, Bertha. The tale is full of stirring incident, and makes an altogether commendable addition to the "Historic Library" of its publishers.

The Cassells have added to their "Unknown Library" Saqui Smith's rather clever story, *Back from the Dead*,† originally published in the New York *Sun*. Another of their issues, *Indian Idyls*,‡ is prefaced by somebody with certain hints to the effect that although the stories it contains may remind the reader of Rudyard Kipling, yet they were written "long before that gifted author began to write"; that there is "a more human element" in them, "more love in their love-affairs and more pathos in their sorrows." In short, the prefacer kindly acts both as purveyor and taster to the feast. It is not such a bad feast that one might not have got through it on its own merits, had not his palate been so needlessly stimulated. Except on the ground of locality there is no manner of resemblance to Mr. Kipling's work. Does any other work resemble his? What a ringing, swinging piece of verse his *Tomlinson* is, by the way.

The ideas underlying the Apostolate of the Press are too germane to any discussion or appreciation of current literature to permit us to omit reference here to the recently issued pamphlet§ containing the addresses and papers read at the first Convention held with that Apostolate in view. Every paper in it is well worth careful study, and many of them are admirable both in suggestion and expression. We should like to call especial attention to the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon's paper on Parish Libraries, so full is it of practical advice, sound criticism,

* *Bertha; or, Pope and Emperor.* By William Bernard MacCabe. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co.

† *Back from the Dead.* By Saqui Smith. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

‡ *Indian Idyls.* By an Idle Exile. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

§ *The Convention of the Apostolate of the Press.* Held in Columbus Hall, New York City, January 6 and 7, 1892. New York: The Columbus Press, 120–122 West Sixtieth Street.

and serviceable hints. When we shall have in working order such a scheme of co-operative parish libraries as is here outlined, and when more of our better-read, thoughtful, and zealous Catholics wake up to the fact that the call of the Holy Ghost in our day is more than ever to individual and lay effort, based on a recognition of the intelligence which supplies the rational basis of faith, we shall see an upward movement all along our lines. In connection with Father McMahon's paper the lessons of Mr. James Britten's letter should be taken to heart, and those of the kindred topics discussed by W. F. Markoe and Judge McGloin. Readers of this magazine have already had the opportunity of reading Dr. William Barry's article intended for the Convention, and the thoughtful essay of Judge Robinson, of Yale University. They will find Mr. Lathrop's paper equally suggestive—in some ways more so. Miss Conway's brilliant little essay appeals with especial force to all concerned in the production of Catholic periodical literature of whatever grade, and thus to men and women equally. But those employed in certain branches of the diffusion of this literature—mainly women thus far—will find most helpful hints, expressed, moreover, in an engaging and straightforward manner, in Miss Emma Carey's paper on "Reading in Penal Institutions" and a letter from Sister Mary Austin, of the Sisters of Mercy. But no one at all interested in one of the greatest and most characteristic works of our own day should fail to get and read this pamphlet. That is hardly the name for it either, as it makes a book rather larger than THE CATHOLIC WORLD. But it is bound in paper covers, is printed with admirable clearness and correctness, and costs only twenty-five cents.

A novel with a curiously impossible yet coherent plot, and a still more curious special pleading in favor of doing evil that good may come, accompanied by a frank acknowledgment that no good can really be hoped from such doing, is called *Ruling the Planets.** The plot hinges upon a likeness between two persons, one dead and one living, so strong as to deceive a fond mother, affectionate sisters, an adoring betrothed bride, a family lawyer, and several other persons, although it fails to impose upon a pet dog belonging to the dead man. The deception is initiated for the best of motives by the most upright and kind-hearted of men, a physician in large practice, whose only sister had been the fiancée of the deceased Herbert Fanshawe; it is carried out in a purely self-sacrificing and disinterested way by

* *Ruling the Planets.* By Mina E. Burton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Stephen Maurice, the dead man's double. And when all is done, the several complications worked out, the fortune jeopardized by Herbert's untimely death rescued from the hospitals that were to have been residuary legatees, and all at no greater cost than an apparently harmless deception which really furthered instead of thwarting the true wishes of a stupid testator, the whole turns out to have been unnecessary. The end desired could have been attained without it. But then, of course, one novel the less would have been constructed. The story is told with much elaboration and is entertaining in a mild way that will endear it to many readers who depend on fiction for most of their amusement.

In *Rose and Ninette** M. Alphonse Daudet has put himself on record against divorce, but in a characteristic way. His hero, a successful dramatist, has been divorced just two weeks from a wife of eighteen years' standing, when the story opens. He is still in the great joy of freedom from a yoke which has been galling, and has been so without fault on his part. True, for the sake of his two daughters, whom he loves with a true fatherly affection, and whose future he does not want to compromise, he has allowed himself to seem the sinner. Madame, whose reputation is uncompromised, and by collusion with whom on the part of her husband and a friendly magistrate the divorce has been obtained, presently marries the cousin who has been one of the causes of domestic unhappiness. But only one of the causes —the chief is madame herself, a cold, vain, mean, and insincere creature, studied, apparently, from the same model as that used by Daudet when he created the terrible wife in *One of the Immortals*. Régis de Fagan, the ex-husband, soon falls in love with his landlady, an apparent widow with a charming boy of ten, and is congratulating himself upon his tardy good fortune in having met a sincere, frank, honest, and virtuous woman with whom he may find the pure home-life he has always craved, when he learns that her husband is still living. One day Madame Hulin tells him the story of her remediless separation from her husband. But when he counsels divorce, she will have none of it. She is Catholic; her "dear mother called divorce a sacrilege, and I myself, brought up with her ideas—" in short, the thought is repugnant to her. However, it is not the religious objection on which Daudet lays stress, but on the impossibility of a real separation of interests between people who have been

* *Rose and Ninette: A Story of the Morals and Manners of the Day.* By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

married and become parents. De Fagan ends by finding the miseries he endured in his legitimate family merely intensified by the separation which has weakened his rights over his children without weakening his love for them or lessening his care. "Ah," he says to Madame Hulin, when the suicide of her husband has left her a widow, "when one has children, divorce is not even a dissolution of the bond." There is no solution of domestic difficulties but endurance—the integrity of marriage rests on foundations too deep to be shaken without plunging society itself into the abyss. They say that Daudet reckons this his greatest novel. If so, he is not gauging it by an artistic but a social standard. As an object-lesson it has its uses, and in point of presentation it is entirely clean. It would not be true to call it wholly Christian in its purpose, but it is doubtless sanatory.

The best "all round" novel we have read in many a day is Mr. Barrie's *Little Minister*.* The scene is laid in Thrums, where one would like always to keep the gentle dominie of the Glen Quharity school-house, since there he sees and tells of so many delightful things unrecorded elsewhere. Few of the Thrumsmen who contributed to the fun and pathos of his previous book are met with in this. Tammas the humorist and Gavin Birse the postman stand almost alone, and alas! the latter forgets to drop a word concerning Mag Lowney and what happened after she refused to "let him aff."

But whereas the other book was but a collection of sketches strung on the slightest thread of personality rather than of story, this has everything essential to a complete novel: an excellent plot, abundant incident, characters that live and breathe and act from their own initiative, a charming story of true love, just thrown into sufficient relief against a lower but yet not a base passion, as people ordinarily count baseness, to show what manner of man he is who tells it, and a delightful humor which is provocative of nothing but honest laughter. The scenes between Gavin and "the Egyptian" are perfect in their way, which is the way of a religious, pure-hearted, utterly unsophisticated man with a maid almost as soulless as Undine, infinitely more amusing, and as ready to take color from what is good. One finds Gavin very fortunate in the chance that threw him in the gypsy's way, and reflects that even the Auld Licht pulpit would not have been too heavy a price to pay for her. Yet one rejoices also in the strong, admirable scene on the island, where Gavin's faith in God

* *The Little Minister*. By J. M. Barrie, author of *A Window in Thrums*. New York: United States Book Co.

and his manliness in the face of death so overpower the Auld Lichts of Thrums that they condone even his marriage to a gypsy over a pair of tongs, and with a fearful joy, as over one who had come back from the grave, reinstate him in triumph as their spiritual leader. These pages are full of wise, witty, and tender sayings, and of flashes of insight into the heart that astonish one more, coming from a man so young, than the brilliancy and dash, and air of knowing everything without having learned it, that are so marked in Mr. Kipling's still more precocious work.

1.—THE CANON OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

This erudite and valuable work is the result of long and arduous labor by its venerable author, the Bishop of Erie. Its main object is to prove that the authority to determine the canon of Scripture was vested in the high-priest of Judaism, and transferred with all other prerogatives of his office to the Sovereign Pontiff of the Christian Church; and that, by virtue of this authority, the Alexandrine canon of the Old Testament, embracing all the books sanctioned by the Council of Trent, was recognized in Palestine at the time of Christ, and handed over to the Christian Church by the Apostles. There are other topics also treated in connection with this one, particularly the respective merits of the Catholic and Protestant English versions of the Bible.

Protestants can have no certain criterion by which to determine a complete and indubitable canon of the sacred writings. There is no such criterion except the supreme, infallible authority of the Catholic Church. Biblical Protestantism is fast sinking into the sand on which it is built. The same task which was performed by Tertullian, Origen, and St. Irenæus devolves now on Catholic scholars: to defend the Scriptures against Jews and heretics.

We welcome cordially the excellent contribution of Bishop Mullen to sacred science, and recommend it earnestly to all the clergy.

2.—A HEBREW GRAMMAR.†

There are several elementary Hebrew grammars which are

* *The Canon of the Old Testament.* By Tobias Mullen, Bishop of Erie. New York: Pustet & Co.

† *A Practical Introductory Hebrew Grammar.* By Edwin Cone Bissell, Professor in Hartford Theological Seminary. Hartford Theological Seminary.

all good and substantially alike. This one certainly deserves to rank with them, and we are disposed to think that it has some special advantages of its own. The Hebrew type is excellent.

3.—HINTS TO AUTHORS.*

One seldom meets with so thoroughly enjoyable a book of practical instruction as Mr. Dixey gives us in his little volume.

Having himself filled several editorial chairs, he is fully competent to treat his subject, and throughout shows a frank, earnest desire to make his information useful to his readers.

Any young writer, and indeed not a few old ones, would esteem themselves happy to have the friendly acquaintance of an experienced editor who would kindly tell them what he knows about authorship and its work. This is what Mr. Dixey has done: how to go about writing; subjects to choose, faults in style to avoid; how to criticise one's own manuscript, prepare it for the press; with encouraging hints to the receivers of rejected manuscripts, how to write for magazines, newspapers, the stage, etc. We can think of no more useful book of its kind to put before our college and convent classes in rhetoric.

The chapters on style, method, and the art of writing furnish many good points in the way of literary criticism which the members of our various Reading Unions might peruse with profit.

4.—THE ROMAN RITUAL.†

This is a new edition of Pustet's Ritual. For shape, size, typography, and binding it is almost faultless. We have used a previous edition continuously for years and with great satisfaction, and in saying this we bear witness to the durability of the book as well as to its general usefulness. Nevertheless, what to many priests would be a small defect may be to others a grave one: there is no table of contents prefixed to the book and no *general* index affixed. An index of benedictions there is, of course, but none of the entire contents. Familiar use will render this a merely nominal defect, but there are numbers of the clergy who have only occasional need of the complete Ritual, and who would find a table of contents and a general index of great convenience.

* *The Trade of Authorship*. By Wolstan Dixey, Editor of Treasure-Trove Magazine, etc., etc. Published by the Author, 73 Henry Street, Brooklyn, New York.

† *Rituale Romanum*, Pauli V. Pont. Max., jussu editum et a Benedicto XIV. auctum et castigatum, cui novissima accedit benedictionum et instructionum appendix. Editio tertia post typicam. Ratisbonæ, Neo Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Fr. Pustet. 1892.

5.—THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY.*

The Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States, by Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., introduces its subjects in pen colors of rare harmony and brilliancy, seen even through the thick veil of modesty which the American prelates possess. Judged by what numbers have already been issued, the work complete will contain reliable and succinct biographies of the cardinal, the archbishops, and the bishops of the territory covered in the title, together with historical sketches of the episcopal sees in alphabetical order of provinces. This arrangement gives Baltimore, with the Cardinal Metropolitan of the American Church, the first place. The author's ability to carry on the work undertaken is seen in the first subject, and his embellishing of those following is equally radiant and true. The richness of the work does not end at the desk of the editor, for to make it worthy of the aim, art, photography, engraving, and press are united to produce an effect seldom attained. Published with the concurrence and approval of the hierarchy, its exactness may be relied upon, while its typographical arrangement and insert binding, when completed, afford the subscriber an opportunity to possess an interesting and instructive volume of historical data of excellent workmanship. Each of the first five parts contains three engravures, on steel-finished print, of the title-subjects, and the typography is interspersed with reproductions of exterior and interior views of American cathedrals and episcopal residences. Sold in subscription form at an estimated number of twenty parts.

6.—HUNOLT'S SERMONS.†

These volumes are the seventh and eighth of the entire series of Hunolt's sermons got out by the enterprise of the Messrs. Benziger. The two volumes contain seventy-six sermons, adapted to all the Sundays and most of the holy-days of the year. The translator and editor, Rev. J. Allen, D.D., of East London, South Africa, has added a full index of all the sermons, and an alphabetical one of the principal subjects treated. A feature of peculiar value for practical purposes are the marginal notes, or rather, abstracts of paragraphs. These are plentifully distributed

* *The Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States*. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D. Philadelphia: George Barrie.

† *The Good Christian; or, Sermons on the Chief Christian Virtues*. By Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Volumes I. and II. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

through the work, and though not over-condensed, are brief enough to be used as skeletons of the subject-matter, marking divisions and indicating the argument or instruction to be followed.

On the appearance of the first volume of this series we expressed our welcome of it and our appreciation of Father Hunolt as a great mission preacher, as well as an instructor in Christian morality. It would be hard to exaggerate the benefit to be gained by the study of his style and the assimilation of his spirit. The mingled authority and kindliness of the Catholic preacher are well exemplified in Father Hunolt. The steady use of his matter cannot fail to improve the Catholic preacher in an eminent degree.

The present volumes treat of supremely important topics, such as the presence of God, the union of fear and love in the divine service, the evil effects of venial sin, reverence for holy things, gratitude, prayer, conformity to the divine will, fraternal love and correction, and the joy of a good conscience. Some of the sermons are short, others of medium length. Of these latter it may be well to say that they can either be used as complete discourses fully developing their topics, or broken up into two or more separate sermons, their divisions and the editor's indexes and notes enabling one to do so with facility. In conclusion we wish to express our hearty praise of the publishers, not only for the style in which the printing and binding are done, but for their services to religion in starting and continuing the series.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RELATING TO READING CIRCLES, LISTS OF BOOKS, ETC., SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION, 415 WEST FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE intrinsic value of books for children, no less than the price, is a matter of serious consideration by thoughtful parents and teachers. To secure the best results from an educational point of view, untrained minds cannot be allowed to choose at random books from public libraries. In many localities the stories most widely diffused and easiest to get present to young folks types of character unworthy of imitation. Daring acts of disobedience in school and out of school are frequently depicted in glowing colors. A vast quantity of reading matter is distributed broadcast throughout the United States which is chiefly concerned with the doings, real and imaginary, of youthful criminals. Books of this kind exert a most pernicious influence by bringing the inquiring mind of young folks in contact with the worst side of human nature.

For many reasons, healthful, interesting stories, with a good moral tone, are not sufficiently known in the home circle and in school libraries. When placed within their reach children will read attractive books. Hence the need of securing for them guidance from those competent to make a personal inspection of books adapted to their needs. With this object in view the Columbian Reading Union has prepared a list selected from the very excellent collection of *Books for the Young* published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. A special order blank will be sent with the list which will secure a liberal discount. By sending ten cents in postage stamps a copy of this list and an illustrated catalogue may be obtained from the Columbian Reading Union.

* * *

Jules Verne, the prince of story-tellers for young people, is known among his friends and neighbors at Amiens, in France, as a devout member of the Catholic Church. When a boy he began to make plans and gather material for his wonderful books, which have done so much to popularize the latest developments of science. As an indication of the plan adopted in the

list prepared by the Columbian Reading Union we give the titles of the books by this famous Catholic author. The net price shows the discount allowed:

Author.	Titles of Books.	Retail Price.	Net Price.	Postage.
JULES VERNE.—The Exploration of the World. Three volumes, each with over 100 full-page illustrations and maps.				
	Famous Travels and Travellers.	$2.50	$1.88	$0.21
	The Great Navigators of the Eighteenth Century.	2.50	1.88	.21
	The Great Navigators of the Nineteenth Century.	2.50	1.88	.21
	Michael Strogoff; or, The Courier of the Czar.	2.00	1.50	.19
	A Floating City and the Blockade-Runners.	2.00	1.50	.19
	Hector Servadac.	2.00	1.50	.19
	Dick Sands.	2.00	1.50	.19
	A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.	2.00	1.50	.19
	From the Earth to the Moon.	2.00	1.50	.19
	The Steam House.	2.00	1.50	.19
	The Giant Raft.	2.00	1.50	.19
	The Mysterious Island.	2.50	1.88	.19

Young folks should be encouraged to talk about the books they read, and, if possible, to write a short account of the reasons why a particular book is interesting. The Columbian Reading Union will gladly accept written notices of books from young readers. For some time the plan here proposed has been tested at the School Library in New York City under the supervision of one of the Paulist Fathers. A specimen of the results to be expected may be seen in the following notices of books read during the past year by a Catholic boy. He is about fourteen years of age, and has neither the leisure nor the educational environment of little Lord Fauntleroy. Truly he represents the vast army of intelligent boys working in first-class stores throughout the length and breadth of the United States. At the public libraries these boys are known as eager readers. That they might be trained to become discriminating readers may be shown by these critical notes representing a boy's own thoughts and impressions expressed in his own language:

Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. By Students of St. Francis Xavier's College. Edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S.J.

"This is a book that a person could read over and over again without getting tired of it. There is a litany at the end that every boy who reads this book should say, at least once a week. In the inside there is an elegant engraving of St. Aloysius hold-

ing a cross in his hand, and I think it is such a pretty picture that there is not a Catholic boy who would see it but would feel like trying to imitate this holy saint. It is interesting also to read about his father and his father's family, and how he gave up all his riches and elegant clothes to be one of God's chosen people."

Very Much Abroad. By F. C. Burnand.

"I think this book is more for men than for boys. The humor in it is not the kind a boy likes, and another thing, I do not think a person could read very much of it at a time. Some parts of it are very good, but there is too much of the one thing for a boy. It is kind of English, and most of the pages are stuck together. I liked some parts of it very well."

A Jolly Fellowship. By Frank Stockton.

"This story is not only a good one, but has some of the best humor in it that you would want to read. It is told in such a dry way, you would have to laugh at it if you had lost a five-dollar bill. In the introduction the author states that a man could read this book and would be pleased with it, and it is indeed the truth.

"In the story one boy is supposed to act as guardian over the other, but the guardian is led into the biggest scrapes by the one under his charge. On their journey they meet a party of a father and a mother and a little girl. The little girl leads them into more scrapes.

"The father of the little girl is a foolish kind of a man, and does whatever his daughter tells him to do; and, like the boys, he is always getting into a comical situation. At last the parents send her to a boarding-school, and she gets better. The book has nice print, and is a capital story-book. Mr. Stockton is a very fine author."

Among the Lakes. By William O. Stoddard.

"In this story the author introduces a country boy and a city boy. The boy from the city thinks he knows everything, and comes to find out he don't know half as much as the country boy.

"Stoddard, I think, writes the best story books published. In this book he writes just as a country boy acts. It has nice print, is a very nice book for a boy and would do for some girls as well, because he brings in some little girls that have an important part in the story."

Hans Brinker. By Mary Mapes Dodge.

"A fine book and a book you can learn out of if you think of what you are reading. It is a very interesting story, and the authoress explains the different places where the boys go to while they are on skates. While the boys are skating they talk of all the battles, and all the riots, and floods, and the people,

and in fact all the principal things that ever happened or occurred in Holland. Things you have learned in school and you have forgotten are brought back to your memory. The Hollander's mode of life, what he eats, how he enjoys himself, are all told you in the story. The story itself is very pathetic, almost to the end. Hans, the hero, is a big, strong boy for his age, like all heroes are, and at the end becomes a great physician, the sick father gets cured and becomes quite rich. Truly this is an interesting book."

The Boy Emigrants. By Noah Brooks.

"A story of four boys' adventures going to the gold mines; and for a boy that likes to read adventures this is just the book he wants. One of the reasons for myself liking the book is, that there is not too many hair-breadth escapes, and that each boy does not find a nugget of gold worth a million dollars, like you read in other story books of boys going to the gold mines.

"The print is nice and large, and there is no danger of hurting your eyes reading it. The story is based on some country boys starting out to make a little money to help the family get along, and they go to the gold mines to make it. On their way they meet with adventures, and get along as country boys do. Noah Brooks is a very good author, and writes just as country boys speak and act. I think this book is one of the best story books I ever read."

* * *

From a recent issue of the *Pilot* we take the following graphic account of a joint conference of the Catholic Reading Circles established at Boston:

The announcement that the Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the Paulists, New York, representing the Columbian Reading Union, would meet representatives of the Catholic Reading Circles of Boston and its neighborhood, at the rooms of the Catholic Union, Tremont Street, Boston, last Sunday night, attracted thither a large assemblage. The Circles represented were the Catholic Union, of Boston; the John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston; the Newman, South Boston; the Hecker, Everett; the Father Druillettes, Plymouth.

The meeting was called to order at 8 P.M. by Mr. John P. Leahy. He briefly sketched the work which the Catholic Reading Union has done, and is still to do, in impressing on the community at large the intellectual strength of Catholics. We can take courage and suggestion from the work accomplished by the Methodists through their Chautauqua Reading Circle movement. Referring to the large delegations present from the various Circles, he said that the opportunity for interchange of opinion thus presented should not be lost; and proposed that a conference would be in order.

Mr. Bernard L. Corr was then moved to the chair, and the

proposed conference proceeded. Mr. Corr dwelt on one especial benefit resulting from the Reading Circles—the strengthening of young Catholics in correct knowledge of history. How many of them (the reference, of course, was to Catholics educated in public schools) had thus been afforded a much-needed opportunity to correct the false notions imbibed from bigoted text-books.

Mr. Corr then requested each president to outline the plan on which his or her Circle is conducted. This was done. Mary Elizabeth Blake, president of the Catholic Union Circle, spoke of the large membership roll and the comparatively small attendance of active workers at the meetings. An animated discussion ensued as to how this difficulty might be remedied. The subject of creating more originality in the discussions was also touched upon. Mrs. Blake adverted to the fact that the membership of nearly all the Circles was exclusively feminine, and expressed her conviction that it would be an advantage to encourage the membership of young men. Mr. John D. Drum, of the Boston College English High-School, spoke on the same line, and instanced the success of a literary association which had its origin in one of the Boston evening high-schools, for the encouragement of Catholics.

Mr. C. J. Regan, president of the Hecker Circle of Everett, was proud to state that of the twenty-four active members of the Circle he represented eight were young men, and all were present (applause). F. F. Driscoll spoke for the same Circle.

To facilitate interchange of visits among the Circles the meeting times and places of each were given, as follows:

Catholic Union Circle, Boston—Rooms, 602 Tremont Street, second and fourth Thursdays of the month, 8 P.M.

John Boyle O'Reilly Circle of Boston—Catholic Union Rooms, as above, second and fourth Fridays, 8 P.M.

Newman Circle, South Boston, at the house of the president, Miss E. A. McMahon, 273 Gold Street, every other Wednesday, 8 P.M.

Hecker Circle, Everett—Basement of St. Mary's Church, first and third Mondays, 8 P.M.

Druillettes Circle, Plymouth—basement of St. Peter's Church, second and last Fridays, 8 P.M.

The flourishing Brookline Circle, unfortunately not represented, has its meeting in the basement of the Church of the Assumption, first and third Wednesdays, 8 P.M.

At this juncture Mr. Leahy entered, escorting Father McMillan, who was heartily welcomed. The presidents were invited to give Father McMillan a brief synopsis of the work of their respective Circles.

A WHOLESOME VARIETY OF METHODS.

Mrs. Blake summarized the work of the Catholic Union Circle as follows: First year devoted to the study of *Fabiola*, *Callista*, and *The Pearl of Antioch*, three novels built on the history of the Primitive Church; second year given almost en-

tirely to the works of Cardinal Newman; the third year is being given to American Catholic writers of the past and present generation, including representative churchmen, like the late Bishop England and Bishop John Lancaster Spalding; publicists, as Brownson; historians, as Dr. John Gilmary Shea; essayists, as Agnes Repplier; novelists, as Marion Crawford, Maurice F. Egan, etc. The preparation of short papers on the subjects under consideration is a feature of the work, though oral discussion is preferred. The reading of striking passages from the books in hand is always on the programme. The Circle forms no circulating library, but encourages members each to buy the book or books which may engage the attention of any given meeting—thus promoting the circulation of Catholic literature.

Katherine E. Conway, president of the John Boyle O'Reilly Circle, gave this summary of work: First year spent on the novels, "Group I.," in the Columbian Reading Union lists, based on the history of the Primitive Church. The chief feature of each meeting was an essay on some related subject, as "The Church of the Catacombs," "The Pagan Vestal and the Christian Nun," "St. Cecilia and Church Music," etc. The second year, the same series continued, alternated with evenings given to eminent personages in American Catholic history. The third year is being given to modern Catholic novelists, biographers, and essayists; the Circle being at present engaged on the works of Kathleen O'Meara. Each book is illustrated by what may be called "related work." For example, the programme for the evening devoted to Frederic Ozanam included also a brief sketch of the life of St. Vincent de Paul and a history of the local Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. The reading of literary selections and the answering of the queries given out from the "question box" are regular features of the meetings. This Circle has a small circulating library.

Miss Ella A. McMahon, president of the Newman Circle, and a veritable pioneer in Reading Circle work in Boston, gave an interesting account of how her Circle had dropped away from novel-reading, and become close students of church history. The Newman Circle had sketched out an admirable plan of work covering the interval from Charlemagne to the French Revolution. At the meetings the members alternate an event with a personage. They respond to the roll-call with a quotation from a Catholic author.

Mr. Regan, president of the Hecker Circle of Everett, said that it was managed on lines quite similar to those of the Catholic Union of Boston. Sometimes an evening was devoted to the works of some eminent modern author. They had a John Boyle O'Reilly night, which had been much enjoyed; and they had found much pleasure, too, in the works of Mary Elizabeth Blake.

Miss O'Brien, president of the Druillettes Circle of Plymouth, told brightly how their Circle got its name. Father Gabriel Druillettes visited Plymouth on diplomatic business, under the

protection of Governor Bradford, in 1651, and was the first priest ever to set foot on the historic "rock." This was at a time when priests were proscribed in Massachusetts. Her Circle was in its second year of existence; had devoted the first year to the poets of England and Ireland, and was now engaged on alternate meetings with church history and the poets of America.

After these accounts, to which he listened with great interest,

FATHER McMILLAN MADE A BRIEF ADDRESS.

He congratulated Boston on its acknowledged leadership in the Reading Circle movement, at which even New York, not readily disposed to yield any pre-eminence to Boston, rejoiced. The statements of work and methods to which he had just listened delighted him, because they showed how thoroughly the principle of Home Rule obtained in the organization. He had been often importuned, in connection with the Columbian Reading Union, to form what he called a central despotism. But he disapproved of every sort of despotism, and wished each Circle to be independent, and to adapt its methods to the local needs. He liked such a locality feeling as, for example, the Druillettes Circle of Plymouth has evinced, even in the choice of its name. He spoke of the necessity for making Reading Circle libraries, where such existed, attractive.

In the *Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly*, he said, there is a good word about the right kind of bait. Bait your libraries and your Reading Circle work generally with good, bright fiction for the young, and by degrees they will get an appetite for more solid reading.

Father McMillan spoke of the work the members might do in getting Catholic books into the public libraries. Catholics paid their full proportion for the maintenance of said libraries, and this should be considered in the selection of books. It was in the hands of Catholics themselves to see that for anti-Catholic books in public libraries antidotes should be found in the same place.

In conclusion Father McMillan said that there were people who couldn't be quite easy unless antique precedents could be found for modern enterprises. He had found, he said, a sufficiently hoary precedent for the modern Reading Circle movement away back in the University of Paris in the time of St. Thomas Aquinas. There were three students, close friends, who were clever enough, but so poor as to have only one full suit of clothing among them. This each one donned in turn to attend the public lectures, at which he was most attentive and took full notes. These he carried back and imparted to his waiting companions; and together they discussed the lecture. Here was a small but efficient Reading Circle.

In conclusion Father McMillan urged all to renewed enthusiasm and perseverance.

Then a brief reception followed, Mr. Leahy presenting the members individually to Father McMillan.

* * *

In reply to a correspondent who asks whether conversions to the Catholic Church have ceased in England, we quote a portion of an editorial notice of Cardinal Manning in the London *Tablet* of January 23, 1892: "A few years ago a statesman was seriously inquiring whether it were possible for a man to be at the same time a good Catholic and a good citizen of the English state. What a score of pamphlets failed to prove to the average Protestant reader has since been so demonstrated by one blameless life lived directly before the eyes of the people that the very problem itself has come to be forgotten. Cardinal Manning knew his countrymen well when he trusted them so wholly. He held firmly that neither prejudice nor the grotesque tradition of ages would prevent them from acknowledging and acclaiming goodness and truth when they knew it; and he lived long enough to see how surely the daily practice of his own life was setting the seal to his theory. . . . While the stream of individual converts continues to flow steadily, there is another movement going silently forward among the English people which may have even larger and more lasting consequences. As we see the whole ritual and ceremonial and doctrine of the Establishment being slowly transformed before our eyes, and its sons persuading themselves that they are not Protestants at all, so among the masses the dying out of the old anti-national tradition is opening up possibilities of conversions which shall not be by twos or threes. For the first time since the Reformation, the example of individual lives, of lives that make perfect record of the faith that is in them, has its right weight in the country."

In America also "the possibilities of conversions" are now more numerous than formerly. The road to the church is more easy to find. By the zealous efforts of Catholic Reading Circles that road may be made still more luminous and attractive.

* * *

WITH THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher feels that he should congratulate the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD as well as the contributors on the success of the Manning number. Unqualified encomiums have come from all sides, and indeed from unexpected quarters, on the timeliness and appropriateness of such an issue. Manning is a name that has touched the hearts of rich and poor, and both classes were anxious to have honor done to his memory. THE CATHOLIC WORLD was second to none of the magazines in performing this duty, and from letters received during the past month its readers have thoroughly appreciated its efforts.

The death of Cardinal Manning has been the occasion for the publication of a large number of interesting reminiscences of his life written from many and diverse points of view. Appended is a list of the most worthy of notice. In the *Contemporary Review* for last month a close personal friend of the cardinal, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who is doubtless known to our readers under his *nom de plume* "John Oldcastle," gives a brief sketch, while Mrs. Sheldon Amos, one of the many ladies devoted to charitable work in London, the Reverend Benjamin Waugh, whose great work for the prevention of cruelty to children is well known, and Mr. Percy Bunting, the editor of the *Review* give the impressions produced by the cardinal upon open-minded Protestants. In the *Nineteenth Century* we have the Anglican clergyman's view of the Cardinal from the pen of the Rev. Reginald G. Wilberforce. In the *Month* a former secretary of Dr. Manning gives an interesting account. In addition, already announcements have been made of two biographies, one by Mr. Meynell, the other by the unfortunate Mr. A. W. Hutton. These volumes, however, will be only a prelude to the full and complete life which will be published hereafter; for the cardinal carefully kept his correspondence, and has left instructions to literary executors for its publication.

The interest excited by economical questions has spread to the compilers of text-books. Father Liberatore has published a volume which has recently been translated into English, and a

writer who is highly valued and appreciated, Mr. C. Devas, has written for the Stonyhurst series a volume on the same subject.

It is a pleasure to see announced a reprint of the essays on the Relations of the Church to Society by Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J. These essays appeared in the *Irish Monthly* many years ago, and called forth the warmest commendation of Cardinal Newman. In collecting and reprinting them the editors of the valuable series to which they belong have increased the obligations under which they have placed all lovers of good literature.

The Catholic University of America is already giving to the world solid proofs of the learning which it was founded to promote. In addition to the works of Dr. Bouquillon, Dr. Hyvernat, Professor of Oriental Languages, Egyptology, and Assyriology, has lately published a large illustrated volume giving an account of the archæology and an interpretation of the inscriptions of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Mesopotamia.

The Publisher would call the attention of his readers to the enterprise of a well-known firm of English publishers. For the small sum of twelve cents Messrs. Burns & Oates have issued a series of devotional works which includes the New Testament, the *Imitation of Christ*, *Missal for the Laity* bound in cloth, and *Catholic Belief*, by Dr. Faà di Bruno.

One of the first tangible results of the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press, lately held here, is the publication of all the papers read during the two days' sessions. This book of one hundred and seventy-six pages, in uniform size with THE CATHOLIC WORLD, has been issued by the Columbus Press at the urgent request of the delegates, as well as to satisfy the demand of many throughout the country who were unable to attend the Convention, but who awaited anxiously the results of its deliberations. Here will be found, then, the utterances of prominent Catholics from all parts of the country voicing the missionary campaign spirit becoming so active in the Catholic Church. The Publisher would suggest to the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, all of whom he feels should be leaders in this missionary campaign among non-Catholics, the advisability of securing copies of this report, reading the different papers carefully, and distributing them among their Catholic and non Catholic friends.

The value of these papers as furnishing food for thought and stimulus for action in behalf of the cause of Truth through the agency of the Press cannot be overrated. The character of the articles is such as offer suggestions for practical good within the most narrow as well as within the most wide conditions, while the variety of methods suggested for furthering the spread of our holy religion through such an agency are such as to meet the wants of particular localities, just as much as they are fitted to meet every grade of capacity in the individual apostle. It is, as was intended, a hand-book for the man of zeal, wherever found and whatever his environment and opportunities.

This Convention and its work, as embodied in this report, is to the layman what the annual convention of Catholic editors is to the fourth estate of the Catholic body.

The edition is limited, and all orders should be sent at once to the office of the Columbus Press. Price, twenty-five cents a copy. A postal note for that amount is the most convenient form of remittance, which must invariably accompany all orders. It contains every paper and letter read before the Convention, thirty-five in number, and touches every point where the press can be applied in the cause of Catholic truth.

The editor is much annoyed that the name of Mr. John A. MacCabe, Principal of the Normal School, Ottawa, Canada, and one of the most prominent members of the Convention, was omitted in preparing the list for the press.

The Publisher would suggest that a form of labor in behalf of the work of the Apostolate of the Press, and one that has been repeatedly suggested in these pages, is the very practical work his readers can do in behalf of the extension of THE CATHOLIC WORLD among their acquaintances. How much good can come from a reference to it in conversation, to a discussion of the articles or a particular article found in its pages! Make the magazine better known and feel that it is your duty to do so.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. has recently published:

Succat; or, Sixty Years of the Life of St. Patrick. By Very Rev. Mgr. Gradwell.

Ireland and St. Patrick: A study of the Saint's character, and of the results of his Apostolate. By Rev. W. B. Morris, of the Oratory.

Memoirs (chiefly autobiographical) of Richard Robert Madden, M.D. Edited by his son, T. More Madden, M.D.

Seeds and Sheaves: Thoughts for Incurables. By Lady Lovat. With prefatory verses by Aubrey de Vere.

Ballads and Lyrics. By Katharine Tynan.

Frequent Communion. By Father Joseph Hube. Translated by Rev. C. A. Barchi, S.J.

Works of St. John of the Cross. Edited by David Lewis. Second (final) volume.

The same company announces:

The Letters of the late Archbishop Ullathorne. Edited by Augusta Theodosia Drane. (Sequel to the *Autobiography.*)

The Position of the Catholic Church in England and Wales during the last two Centuries. Retrospect and forecast. By Thomas Murphy. With a preface by Lord Braye.

The Conversion of the Teutonic Race. By Mrs. Hope. New edition, in two volumes, at reduced prices.

The Passage of Our Lord to the Father. Conclusion of *Life of Our Life.* By Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. New volume, Quarterly series.

The same company also has in preparation a complete and uniform edition of the Works of Père Grou, edited by Rev. S. H. Frisbee, S.J., of Woodstock College: *The Interior of Jesus and Mary* has already appeared. The others are: A new translation, in two volumes, of *Manual for Interior Souls*, commonly known under its mutilated Protestant dress as "Hidden Life of the Soul"; *Morality Extracted from the Confessions of St. Austin, The Character of True Devotion, Spiritual Maxims explained, The Science of the Crucifix, The School of Christ, The Christian Sanctified by the Lord's Prayer;* and minor works.

By arrangement with the executors of the late Monsignor Preston, the Catholic Publication Society Co. has taken over the plates and stock of his books from his publisher. New and improved editions will be issued as soon as the present ones are exhausted.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ORIENTAL RELIGIONS AND CHRISTIANITY. A course of Lectures delivered on the Ely Foundation before the Students of Union Theological Seminary, New York, 1891. By Frank L. Ellinwood, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A., etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GLORIES OF DIVINE GRACE: A free rendering of the Original Treatise of P. Eusebius Nierenberg, S.J. By Dr. M. Joseph Scheeben, Professor in the Archiepiscopal Seminary at Cologne. Translated by a Benedictine Monk of St. Meinrad's Abbey, Ind. Second edition. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

THE REALM OF NATURE: An Outline of Physiography. By Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc. Edin., Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, etc. With 19 colored maps and 68 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOFFMANN'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY FOR 1892. Milwaukee: Hoffmann Bros. Co.

MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. T. Gilmartin, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

THE MEMOIRS (CHIEFLY AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL) OF R. R. MADDEN, M.D., F.R.C.S., formerly Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, etc. Edited by his son, Thomas More Madden, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Ireland and St. Patrick. By William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

Life of Our Lord upon Earth (considered in its historical, chronological, and geographical relations). By Samuel J. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Ceremonies of some Ecclesiastical Functions. By the Rev. Daniel O'Loan, Dean, Maynooth College. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

Life of St. Vincent de Paul. By John Morel (translated from the French). New York: Press of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Mount Loretto, Staten Island.

PAMPHLETS.

Guiding Star; or, Light in Darkness (choice of a state of life). Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

The Meaning of the Ethical Movement. Fifth anniversary address. By W. L. Sheldon, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis. St. Louis: Commercial Printing Co.

Education: To whom does it Belong? A Rejoinder to the Civiltà Cattolica. By the Rev. Thomas Bouquillon, D.D., Professor of Moral Theology at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Visits to St. Joseph for every Day in the Month. Dedicated to the zealous clients of that Saint. By a Spiritual Daughter of St. Teresa. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church. By Rev. J. W. Book, R.D. Fourth edition. Published by the author, Cannelton, Perry Co., Ind.

The Reasonableness of the Ceremonies of the Catholic Church. By Rev. J. J. Burke. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.

The Fall and the Resurrection of the People of Israel: A translation of the last chapters of "Les Nations Frémissantes contre Jesus Christ et son Église," by the Abbé Joseph Lémann. New York: The Vatican Library Co., 84 Church St.

Mission Work among the Negroes and Indians, What is being accomplished by means of the annual collection taken up for our missions. Baltimore: Foley Bros., Printers.

The Supremacy of the Spiritual. By Edward Randall Knowles. Worcester, Mass.: Published by the author.

The State Last: A Study of Doctor Bouquillon's Pamphlet: "Education: To whom does it belong?" With a supplement reviewing Dr. Bouquillon's Rejoinder to Critics. By Rev. James Conway, S.J., Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

GOLD DUST.

"Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," so I want to speak of "Gold Dust." I have proved it to be so good that I want every woman who has to work to know how much easier it will make their work. It is somewhat similar to other Washing Powders, but is much cheaper and more effective. When I got the first package, I emptied some into a pail and put it on the table to experiment with in any and every place where I would use soap. I have found it to be better than the best soap I ever used. When washing dishes it makes the water soft for the hands; silverware washed with it keeps brighter; tinware requires only about half the work to keep it shining; and last, but not least, is the clean, sweet dish-cloths which you can have with far less trouble than if soap is used. I had some stove zincs which were all specked from ashes or some other cause; I had tried everything on them that I knew of, but one cleaning with Gold Dust was worth more than all the rest.

And now a word about washing with it. I don't put my clothes asoak Sunday night, any other night, but Monday morning I get breakfast and *eat it;* then I sort over the clothes and put them to soak in warm water, to which I have added a level tablespoonful of Gold Dust Washing Powder for each pail of water; next, I wash dishes, make beds, and so on, for about two hours; then I finish my wash, by rubbing, boiling, sudsing, and rinsing as usual; but the rubbing is more in name than in reality, except in a few badly soiled places; and I only let the clothes fairly boil up. I get my wash out in good time and the clothes are clear and white. It does not hurt my hands, so I will risk the clothes. Several months' use has only added to my appreciation of it for all kinds of kitchen and laundry work. Try it, sisters, and be convinced.—Mrs. Eva Gaillard, Box 209, Girard, Pa.

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